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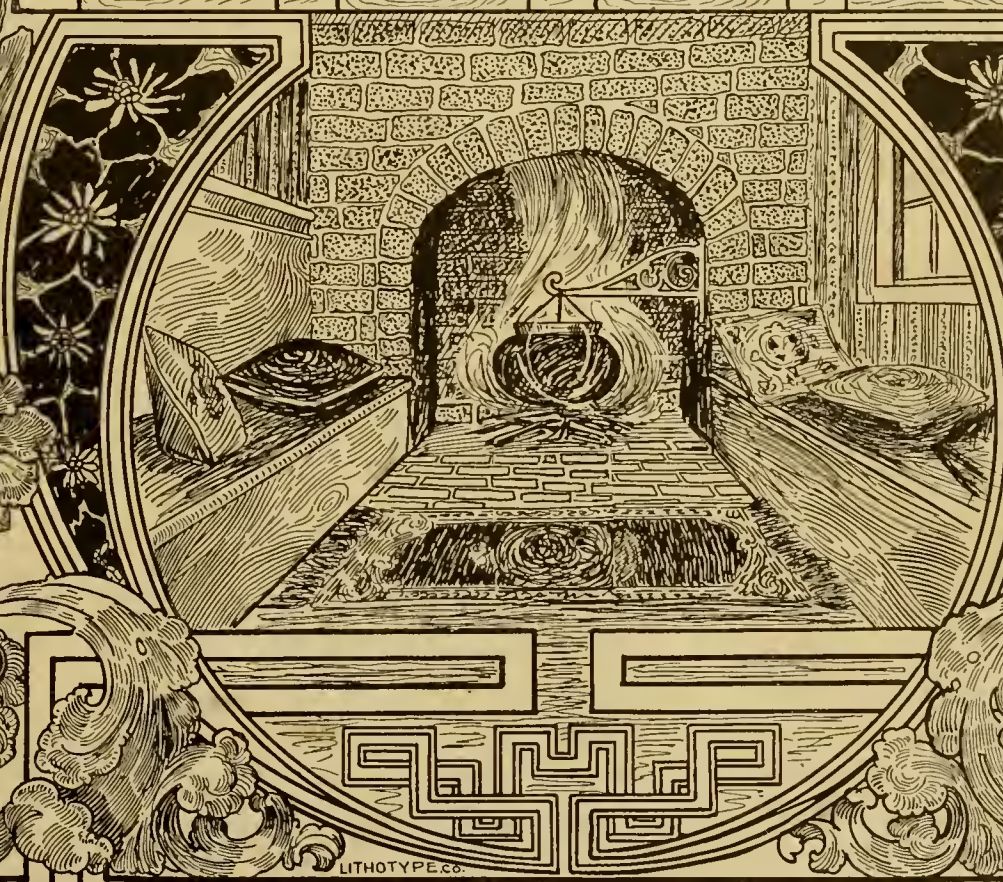
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

—Holmes.



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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

January 1, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 1. Vol. IX

Many New Congregations and Upbuilding of Others

Will Undoubtedly Result from

Annual Meeting

in

CALIFORNIA

WHEN the first Annual Meeting west of the Missouri River was held in a park owned by the UNION PACIFIC Railroad Company, in what is known as Bismark Grove, Lawrence, Kansas, in 1883, there were but sixteen congregations in Kansas, none in Oklahoma or Colorado, and but few in Nebraska.

In 1889 when the writer removed to California there were seventy-nine congregations in Kansas, several in Oklahoma and Colorado and quite a number in Nebraska and but one in California.

The Annual Meeting of 1907 will find over twenty congregations in California, and over twenty-five congregations in Washington, Oregon and Idaho.

As Elder H. C. Early, of Virginia, recently said in the *Gospel. Messenger,* there is no question but what many crowded congregations in the east would be benefited by some of the Ministers, Deacons and Members moving into some new section of the country in the west and there building up a new congregation or strengthening some weak one.

Look around in your own congregation and see if there are not some who would better their conditions both temporally and spiritually by moving west and then think, is it not your duty to render them every assistance possible to accomplish the same? Do this understandingly, join one of the co-operative excursions that will be run by the Union Pacific Railroad Company to the Annual Meeting, as they will pass through (either going or returning) some of the congregations in Idaho, Oregon and California and give you time to visit and see for yourself what the Brethren are doing.

S. A. Hutchison, Excursion Manager, 120 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois, will give you information about these excursions or you can write Geo. L McDonaugh, Colonization Agent of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, Omaha, Nebr.

These are Facts, Just the Same!

SOME men are very careful and industrious farmers: they rise early and work late but they are on rented farms and with the high rentals they simply cannot get anything saved ahead for a rainy day. They sometimes feel disposed to blame the landlord, who in some instances may be to blame, but in the majority of cases is not, for he is charging just as little as possible. With land at $150 an acre and high taxes and the necessary repairs, how can he come out even when he allows you to take half of the crops?

Other men who are just as honest and industrious as the others, think that it is not the best way to own a farm to rent all the time as the first man did but they think it is best to

Buy a Farm at Once

and borrow the money and pay interest instead of rent in the hope that they may decrease the prinicpal a little each year. Of course he has to mortgage the farm in order to get the loan of the money; who would want to loan him the money, when they know the history of such cases, unless they have the security of a mortgage? You know the rest. Bad crops. Hard times. Bad luck. Hog cholera. Strikes. Late seasons. Early frosts. Another loan. Worry, sickness and death of the wife, perhaps. Mortgage closed and the farm gone.

There is a Way Out of all This

Where are the farmers that have made the largest percent gain? They are the fellows who went west. That was true in early years, and it is true now. They got their land cheap. It was new. It was not worn out. It did not require all their time to build it up for some one else. They moved west and kept their own latitude, hence practically the same crops. They did not have to learn over. There is the secret of the whole thing.

Young Man, Go West!

Go to Butte Valley. Many have gone. More are going. Why stay here where you can hardly raise two tons of hay on land worth $150 per acre when you can raise five tons to the acre there and the land costs $25 per acre? Fuel is there in abundance and it can be had for the asking. The coal strikes do not worry the people there. Write for particulars now.

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Gift David Wampler May 1965 $5.00

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is not a so-called patent medicine—not a cure-all—but a reliable household remedy, carefully compounded from medical herbs, leaves, roots, barks, etc., according to the prescription of a learned Swiss-German physician, which has been handed down from father to son for four successive generations.

Many a discovery in medicine has been hailed with delight only to be thrown aside because it could not stand the test of time. Not so, however, with DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, the old blood-cleansing remedy. It has been in constant use for over one hundred years, and thousands have gladly testified to its curative properties.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is an article of acknowledged merit. It is distinctly different from all other medicines. It may have its imitations, but it has no substitute. It not only expels the disease from the body, but it creates new, rich, red blood, and sound, solid, healthy flesh. It has won its way into popular favor without gaudy newspaper advertising, solely on its own merits.

It Purifies the Blood.

It Promotes Digestion.

It Acts upon the Liver.

It Regulates the Bowels.

It Acts upon the Kidneys.

It Quiets the Nervous System

It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates

It Opens the Pores of the Skin and Induces Healthy Perspiration.

In short, it is a family medicine in every sense of the word, and ought to be found in every household. It is pleasant to take and contains nothing but what will do good. It is not handled by druggists, but is supplied to the people direct by special agents appointed by the proprietors.

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Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

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Brawntawns will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

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VICTOR REMEDIES CO., Frederick, Md., U.S.A.

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will save his fruit trees from San Jose scale. It is well worth while and not hard to do. We sell the apparatus used by State Demonstrators and give free recipes for standard mixtures. Write for price lists.

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Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

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By Elder S. N. McCann,
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We are showing a splendid line of Chenilles, Felts, Silks and Velveta this Fall. We have patterns and designs never before shown, and they are sure to please you.

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Complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned, authentic Jewish historian and celebrated warrior. To this are added seven dissertations concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, James the Just, God's Command to Abraham, etc. This is the translation of Wm. Whiston, A. M., with an introduction by the Rev. H. Stebbing, D. D.

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It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and are all simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

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Should Take Advantage of the

Special Homeseekers' Excursions

To Points in Idaho Along the

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Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 3rd Tuesday in December, 1906, and on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of January, February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

These Winter Excursions will give the busy farmers of the east an opportunity to see Idaho when they have leisure time.

Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

Four Beet Sugar Factories

Will be in operation for the crop of 1906 in Idaho — with a daily capacity of about 5000 tons of beets. These factories are all located on the line of The Oregon Short Line R. R.

The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

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D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Uta

Or to
S. BOCK, General Immigration Agent,
Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX JANUARY 1, 1907 NO. 1.

Sunshine or Shadow

Mary C. Stoner

There's a world of joy around us,
There's a world of sorrow, too.
There's a world of pain and pleasure,
There are friends both false and true.

There are clouds that hide the sunshine,
There are showers of cooling rain,
There are frosts that kill the flowers,
There are stores of golden grain.

There is joy and peace and gladness,
There is sorrow, pain and strife,—
We may fill the days with darkness,
Or abound with rapt'rous life.

We may weep o'er wrong and evil,
Or rejoice in good we meet.
We may feast on others' failings,
Or 'upon ambrosia, sweet.

We may mourn o'er piercing thorn pricks,
Or enjoy the roses' scent,
We may chafe o'er bitter trials,
Or rejoice in blessings lent.

We may only see the storm clouds,
Or the rainbow's glorious hue.
We may ope' our hearts to falsehood,
Or to things sublime and true.

We may grovel in the darkness,
Or may soar above life's ills;
We may dwell alone in valleys
Or ascend the heavenly hills.

We may make our lives a menace
Or a balm to aching hearts.
We may waste the joy of living
Or may choose the higher arts.

We may grow away from beauty
Into discontent and strife.
We may grow into the grandeur
Of transfigured holy life.

We may turn away from virtue,
From the path of truth and right,
Into passion's baser motives
From the power of quick'ning light.

We may rise from self to glory.
Into glory's nobler height,
Till transformed by God's own spirit,
Bear his image, blest of light.

North Manchester, Ind.

The Mescalero Apache Indians

James M. Neff

A LARGE majority of the Indians of the various tribes that are now living in the peaceful possession of lands and at regular intervals are receiving a stipulated quota of rations from the government are enjoying these things in compliance with the terms of treaties that were years ago negotiated between the tribal leaders of the Indians and the United States government. After years of war and bloodshed the Indians, reduced in numbers and disheartened, finally decided to recognize the sovereignty of the United States and lay down their arms upon conditions that the government would do so and so. The terms of the treaties with the different tribes of course vary, but most of them provide for distribution of rations and clothing to the Indians for a term of years and grants of land. This is the price Uncle Sam has paid and is paying the Indians for being good.

The Mescalero Apaches, however, do not enjoy privileges equal to those of many other tribes. They own no lands. They receive no rations. Proud in spirit and desperately warlike, they were the last upon the warpath. While other tribes were negotiating terms of peace, the Apaches were up in arms with apparently no thought of anything but fighting it out to the last. Finally, when there was nothing else left to do, they sullenly succumbed. For years, now, they have been a peaceable people, but not because they had agreed to be; a treaty was never signed. As a result no land was ever granted them as a tribe or allotted them as individuals. The lands upon which the Mescalero Apaches are now settled was withdrawn from the public domain by President Grant during his administration for the use of these Indians or others that the government might see fit to settle on it. It is still public land and the Mescaleros are only tenants at will under the government. It is rough and mountainous and only a small proportion of it fit for cultivation. Here, four hundred and sixty Indians (about one hundred families have the privilege of choosing the best out of about 475,000 acres of land, thus giving nearly 5,000 acres to the family. Their wigwams are grouped together in camps or villages of ten to twenty families each, and situated here and there in choice valleys among the mountains of the reservation. While encouraged to till the soil and live a settled life, they are allowed to remove hither and thither from camp to camp at will.

Here among these mountains, isolated from the rest of the world, this little band of Indians have lived for generations. They have married and intermarried till they have become one big family, each member of the tribe being akin to practically everybody else. And this fact is sadly telling upon their physical well-being. Many of their children die in infancy and the adults possess a remarkably low degree of resistance to disease. Remarkable as it may seem, though living in a region whose climate has proved to be one of the finest in the world for the white man's pulmonary



Squaw and Girls Returning from Market at Mescalero.

diseases, pneumonia and tuberculosis claim many of these Indians as victims. All the physicians who have been stationed by the government at Mescalero in recent years, as well as others who have made a study of the physical condition of the tribe, are unanimous in the view that the one thing most needful to reduce the death rate among them is the infusion of new blood.

Various recommendations have been made, the bringing of other Indians to the reservation, with whom the Mescaleros might intermarry, the encouragement of intermarriage with the Mexicans, etc., but strange to say, the department has taken no steps of any kind to relieve the situation. And unless some such steps are taken it will only be a matter of

time till the Indian question will have settled itself at Mescalero, and the last one of this band of red men, once of proud spirit and magnificent physique, will have succumbed to disease and death and the tribe will be known only in history.

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

Building Character in Children

O. H. Kimmel

THE world is full of children. The child from the mansion, the one from the cabin, the little fellow from the hovel, the unfortunate from the unhappy home and the bright-eyed youth from happy and comfortable surroundings "have we always with us." As this is true, we at once realize that social conditions and environments begin to have their effect upon the urchin from its birth. And as on every side we see the imitating boy and girl, we begin, in a way, to realize that we are all being "copied" by these young folks.

Every person who comes in contact with children is, in a somewhat general way, a teacher of children. Every parent, every grown brother and sister, every aunt, uncle, cousin, and last, but by far not least, good grandma and grandpa are ideals of the child. Every teacher who makes it a business or profession to do the work of the schoolroom is by virtue of her position a legalized person in whom the parent entrusts the teaching and training of the child.

People are prone to neglect the wants of children. It is too often customary to put the desire of the child aside as a trivial or a "childish" admonition. True, it may seem childish to the person somewhat aged, and to the person who has forgotten that he was ever a child, but nevertheless these things, little to the older person, mean much to the child.

You do not really heed this! Look back over your own life to a time when a stern parent denied you something which you still feel should not have been denied you. Was it not so in your case? Will it not still be so in the child? Children may be, by virtue of their surroundings, rich or poor, good or bad, spoiled and petted, neglected or degraded, yet the same general desires, and the same general ideas and thoughts burn in the minds of these children, and the "thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Environments may be of such a nature as to degrade a child or even almost make it depraved, and caste and inheritance may put in its way almost insurmountable barriers when it is being trained for citizenship, but even these conditions are not sufficient to prove to the world that the same gentle nature and sweet disposition do not exist in children in these circumstances.

Much of the duty of working out the lives and character of all children falls upon the school-teacher. It is within the walls of the free school that the potter and the clay spend their years together. The real teacher here blends natures, builds new dispositions and models the New Republic. It is here that the street urchin is picked up and put on a common plane with the highest born in the land. It is at this place that the child of the vagabond meets the child of the reverend man. And it is in this institution that the seemingly vicious, lawless, depraved child may meet the best in the community: and right here the task of teaching, *i. e.*, training, asserts itself. Anyone may teach, but who can train? That is the question that many an individual has answered with sorrow, for after all, only a few can really train aright.

Those who come in contact with children, even of these circumstances and of these dispositions are in duty bound to train them. We are seldom, nay never, able to do this in a cruel, gruff or harsh manner. When a building is being consumed by fire, the igniting of another portion of it would promote its destruction, but water applied would tend to destroy the flame and save the building. The working of opposite forces is just as prominent in child nature. When by nature of the surroundings, the child, by cruelty and misfortune, is standing on the brink of destruction, a little more harshness, a little more cruelty and lack of sympathy may cause it to fall into the abyss of destruction, when the application of sympathy and kindness might save it.

Even in these days of enlightenment and psychological research we still find so many people who consider these matters lightly. We still find communities which tolerate the unqualified use of the rod, where the animal is forced into submission and the soul is driven out into despair. "The teacher who said, as he stood before his school: 'Do you see that cane? Would you like to feel it, eh? Well, break any one of my forty-eight rules and you will feel it all right,'" was a tyrant, a "bombastic monstrosity," who is calculated to destroy happiness, blight natures and send souls to perdition.

Would we, with Pete Jones, still advocate the idea of, "No lickin', no larnin': lickin' and larnin' is the good old way," or shall we behold as we investigate that instead of being the "good old way" "lickin' and larnin' was the *bad* old way?"

The discouraged father of a "bad" boy had ex-

hausted about all of his muscular resources in bringing his boy into submission. One afternoon he commanded the boy, after punishing him, to work out every problem in arithmetic in his next day's lesson, "Then," he added, "you may go out and play ball with the boys." The father, thinking he would keep a sharp eye on the boy, picked up the paper and began to read as the boy began to work. Soon both were deeply absorbed in their respective duties. Finally the father began to hear such expressions as: "baseball," "three base hit," "champion record," "another game won," etc., and became convinced that the boy was only shamming, but on investigation learned that by ingenuity, the boy had turned the difficult problems into a baseball game, and had solved them all, and was ready to join his comrades in the square. The parent opened his eyes, and worked his way into the light of the boy's disposition and by a single stroke learned the disposition of the boy of whom he had despaired as depraved.

We see even from this example that punishment though intended for the best are often unjust. An example is again seen in "Little Dorrit," when Arthur Clennaur gives the account of his early childhood and early training. He said: "I have no will. That is to say, next to none that I can put in action now. Trained by main force; broken, not bent; heavily ironed with an object on which I was never consulted and which was never mine; shipped away from home to the other end of the world before I was of age and exiled there until my father's death there a year ago; *always grinding in a mill I hated!* Now what is to be expected of me in middle life? Will, purpose, hope,—all those lights were extinguished before I could sound these words."

Ah! what a picture. And yet do these influences still assert themselves and are we causing children to "grind in mills they hate?" Do we rule with the czarlike rod, and thank the God of heaven that we are firm as steel. Again I quote from Dickens where he says: "The evil consequences of imperfect instruction, the evil consequences of pernicious neglect, the evil consequences of unnatural restraint and the denial of humanizing enjoyment will all come from us. They will spread far and wide. They always do—they always have done—just like the pestilence."

Now, can "humanizing enjoyment" come from gruffness, unkindness, unjustness and stiffness? Can a child develop into full usefulness who must grow up under such harsh influences? Or can a child bloom into full usefulness who must approach maturity under the ban of even a part of these influences? Would we conquer children by harsh methods and make lovable, loyal even-tempered men and women of them, or will we see them grow into vicious, ill-tempered, unreasonable and narrow-minded beings who live the lives of those who feel that they are either under suspicion or partial condemnation?

But on the other hand if we point out to them the beauty of goodness, the mild harmony of nature, and live this all in our contact with them, if we gain access to the child disposition and appreciate it, are we still liable to build a vicious character? Or will be build a nature that harmonizes with nature, one who realizes that he is growing into a world of usefulness; one who realizes fully that he is living in confidence with his elders, who realizes that obedience is justly due to them, and therefore is blending his life with the lives of his elders? If this is done, the child, instead of being "quelled" and stunted, is developed, and the very age when imagination and imitation are running high the child is taught to realize that:

"The sweetest song has not been sung,
Nor has the loudest bell been rung;
The brightest jewel still lies deep,
The fairest rose is still asleep;
The greatest ship has never sailed
The highest mountains are unscaled."

When the child has been taught these things he is well on the way of the right highway of life. He will develop into an ambitious, intelligent and upright citizen who will be a blessing in his sphere, and the ones to whom his training has been entrusted have done all that can be done. These persons have caused the child to—

"Breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix,
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

E. St. Louis, Ill.

THE LIGHT OF A SMILE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

One peep of the sun fills the world with light,
And banishes dark and the gloom of night;
And so will a smile fill the souls of men
With joy that returns to their hearts again:

While sorrow and pain from their thoughts depart,
As light of a smile will delight the heart,
And fill all the soul with such wondrous light,
That all of the world is appearing bright.

Moorestown, N. J.

"THERE are great problems ahead of us as a nation, but the really greatest problem is the problem of making better men and better women of all of us."—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

No man is useless while he has a friend.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

"GET the habit of happiness."

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Five.—The First Snow.

"GOOD-BYE, ma. I've got to hurry. I want to make a real fine fox-and-geese ring," said Nat, hurrying into his mittens and kissing his mother.

There had been flurries of snow, but no fall deep enough to admit of the game of fox-and-geese. But this morning the white carpet lay everywhere, soft and light, about an inch deep, and the low, gray clouds effectively protected it from the sun-ray lungs that would have breathed it all away.

The schoolroom was dusky in the early December morning light, except for the fire that had just sprung into flame in the big, rusty stove.

"Get a move on you, Tubby," Nat said to "Tubby" Maier, the janitor, "Le's get out and make a fine fox-and-geese ring before the others come."

"Somebody's sp'iled the snow back of the schoolhouse," said "Tubby," otherwise Cornelius, stolidly, "They've tracked 'crost it. It wuz done 'fore I got here."

"Big tracks or little ones? Come on, we'll see 'bout it."

"Well, if that ain't mean," he continued, pointing towards a tall boy who was meandering in a roughly circular course through the snow.

"Jud Parsons, you old scalawag! Why don't you make a decent ring? We'll break our necks dodgin' to keep in that wigglin' track."

Jud grinned. "Thought you'd be 'long purty airly," he said. "Come on and help finish. You and Tubby can make the paths and the den and I'll git the other ring made."

"You can make it all and you can play in it. I'd be 'shamed to be runnin' on such a crazy lookin' ring. It's sprawlin', just like you are, Beanpole." And Nat, seeing the lurch Jud gave himself, sped away toward the schoolhouse. Jud followed, propelling his raw-boned body and pitchfork arms like a miniature Dutch windmill in motion, mounted on the propulsive handles of a pair of sledge-hammers.

Nat was beyond the far corner of the building before his pursuer, and in time to make ready, what, on its instant reception, made the flapping arms of the windmill descend to the central region of its front and then clutch from the ground the round, white missile that had caused the woe.

"Snowballin'! The skezicks!"

Nat had a half-dozen icy-hard balls in a heap on the other side of the schoolhouse when Jud came around there, and began hurling them immediately on the latter's appearance.

But Jud, his head bowed to protect his face, swung his sledgehammers at such a mad pace that Nat, confused, could but cast another snowball indiscriminately and then whirl to dart beyond danger of the assailant.

Long fingers grabbed the little boy's coat collar and he was brought lunging back, the top of his head near where the first snowball had taken effect on Jud's person.

Every effort Nat made to release himself was rewarded by a tighter choking, so he did all he could, —walk out to the big circle in the snow, back of the schoolhouse and then trot round and round and round it until his captor's revenge was complete.

Tubby Maier was discreetly tending his fire. Three or four first and second reader boys had arrived and interestedly surveyed the performance out-doors. When they saw the sturdiest one of their age in the angry clutches of the fourteen-year-old Jud they had no desire to do more than stand and look on. Although all the fleet among the smaller boys knew themselves perfectly safe when they were permitted to trust to their heels, they feared the long arms and bony fingers, awkward as those members were, when they were pounced upon unawares.

When Jud finally released Nat, he set to work again to tramp down the fox-and-geese ring, calling on the new arrivals to assist him.

Two or three girls, Cecil Ryan and another boy who had come, besides part of the little chaps, responded, and, in a few minutes more, began playing the game. But Nat and his especial chum, Harry Ryan, walked away to the front yard.

"Well, le's fix *him* some way," remarked Harry. "We could throw the stuff out of his dinner bucket or hide his slate or somethin'."

"No, sir. We've got to get ahead of him 'bout that old fox-and-geese ring. We've got to be slick 'bout it and do it right 'fore him."

At the first recess nearly every pupil was racing over the circular tracks and upon the paths in enjoyment of the game. So absorbed were the "geese" in escaping the "foxes" that nobody noticed that Nat and Harry had brought a long board, fallen loose from the fence-posts, to each end of which plank stout strings were attached.

Hesitating not an instant, the two boys sped across a portion of the "ring," dragging the board behind them. Somebody seized Harry and Nat, ran on, scattering to right and left a goodly portion more of the untrodden snow that divided the beaten tracks, before his maneuvers could be checked.

"What did you do that for?" cried one girl.

"Oh, now we can't play!" wailed another.

"You brat!" yelled Jud Parsons, seizing Nat.

"Fair play!" screamed Harry Ryan.

"Fair play! fair play! Nat was too quick for us," said a dozen voices, their owners shoving and tugging at the big pupil.

"Ding! dong!" clanged the bell, and the small children scurried away in answer to the summons.

"He sp'iled the ring jist for 'cause I got ahead of him and got to make it. And he's got to fight if *he* plays fair," said Jud to the boys who had entreated him to release Nat. "He's got to fight to-night. If he don't—" There was no need of his finishing the threat; every boy knew, from personal experience or from observation, that Jud Parsons clung to the intention of revenge with bulldog tenacity.

The gray clouds drifted sullenly all day, and by mid-afternoon great white flakes dropped slowly here and there.

Nat watched them dash softly against the window-panes, there to become naught visible.

Suddenly the boy drew himself erect. Cecil, who had found his place in the room too dark for comfortable work, was studying at a desk between Nat and the window.

The moment the teacher tapped her bell for dismissal, Nat muttered to Cecil, without turning his head, "Get Beanpole to snowball with a fort to-morrow."

Cecil rapidly passed the word among the other boys and they all agreed. Some, as Cecil, disliking a bullying fight, as such an one as that between Jud and Nat, so unmatched in size, could hardly fail to become, others, eager for an active interest in the fray.

The Beanpole, in so far as he felt himself capable of licking another "feller," provided, of course, it was a small enough one, stood in dread of the combined antagonism of all his schoolfellows. In such a mental state, he could but accept the plan, resolving, what all the others knew, that Nat would receive all his attention.

On the morrow, the white carpet was thick and soft. The boys, contemning the gambols of fox-and-geese in favor of really stern sport, set to work immediately on each one's arrival to roll the snow into great cylinders. Each one was wound like a roll of cotton or of carpet, acquiring layer by layer as it was revolved onward across the schoolyard.

One by one the masses were packed upon one another in a rude barricade. Even the girls helped, and by the noon intermission everything was ready for the battle. Heaps of snow balls, a large one and smaller ones, were stacked in the slight concavity of the fort. In the open in front were lesser piles of balls. Jud Parsons assumed the right of making first call for volunteers to his captaincy and of first choice of position.

As soon as the boys had disposed of the contents of their dinner-pails, they rushed to the field of impending conflict and took their places in line with their respective leaders.

With Jud, who had chosen to combat from the open, were all but one or two of the larger boys. They were those who fought because they wanted active interest, while in the rear of the fort were Nat, Cecil Ryan, Tubby Maier, and all the smaller fry. These latter were so numerous in the limited space that Nat requested that certain of them be denied participation in the battle. But Jud's "You'll play fair, you," made him submit to the uncomfortable pressure and jostling and the obstructed elbow room back of the fortress.

The besiegers, being on the offensive, hurled the first snowball.

"Throw at 'em," commanded Nat, "and Cecil and me 'll make a few holes through the snow to see through."

A half-dozen balls went floating aimlessly over the fort, driven by six zealous soldiers. These were followed at once by a second half-dozen, and then by a third volley.

"Oh! Boo-boo-oo-oo!" One of the chart boys had been wounded and had to run away to neutral ground, rubbing a welt that was fast appearing on his head and bellowing in agony that was more inside his cranium than outside it.

The largest pile of missiles was already half gone and Nat, with sharpened judgment, ordered a less wasteful dispensation of the supply.

"What you throwin' at?" he asked. "Harry, *you* ought to have more sense. Throw at them fellows, and don't throw 'less you're purty sure you'll hit one."

"Ouch!" whimpered another little boy, but he stayed with his comrades.

Tubby Maier was rubbing and patting a spot on his leg, but at the same time he was looking through a sight-hole at Dan Gibbon, who was vigorously massaging a highly-colored chin.

Thick and fast now fell the balls inside the fort and two more made haste to join the ex-soldiers among the spectators. Two more went, singly, within another ten minutes, and then there remained to hold the fort only Nat, Cecil and Harry, and Tubby Maier. Outside were Jud and his four soldiers.

"Cecil, I wish you'd lose us," said Nat.

"That wouldn't be fair," said Cecil.

"Well, old Beanpole's got it in for me. You fellows give it to him every chance you get 'less you can hit one of the others hard enough to make him quit."

And on that system the combat continued.

The besiegers came steadily closer. Every one of the besieged had welts and burning spots. The supply of snowballs was exhausted and Harry was directed to make others. That proving not wise enough, all four went rapidly to work, digging the snow from the barricade, and only occasionally sending out to the enemy a mute, swiftly flying statement of their continuing defensive hostility.

When four generous heaps of balls were again ranged beneath the wall, four taciturn, sharp-eyed boys had still a greater number of stinging, pink marks upon their persons. And the five without were nearer.

Whiz! went a ball from Tubby's fat fingers, and Ray Loxley stood, swinging his right hand in a frenzy of pain. "I won't stay here any more," he announced, clasping his wounded hand with the other one.

Tubby had made small, deadly compact balls. The one that he fired at Ray's hand burst a nasty wound across the boy's finger joints and made the whole arm tingle and ache from the impact.

Jud and his decreased force attempted a rush, but the shots came so hotly from behind the fort that they had to fall back to their former position.

Up they crept once more. Jud was suddenly aware of four more stinging places that had all together come into existence. His comrades taking advantage of the seeming disregard of them, ran briskly forward almost to the outer side of the fort. Their heads were at a height to receive a missile from an upheld arm, but their eyes were too low to direct a return volley.

Jud followed his men.

Tubby Maier had tossed his captain some of his small snowballs.

"I—Jud!" whispered Nat.

The other three cast with desperate, vicious strength, obliquely upward at their co-equal enemies. Nat, on the instant, sprang to his feet, his shoulder just above the protecting wall. Jud was bringing himself to a standstill, but the little captain's sturdy arm had already fired a ball like that which had wrought first havoc among the larger soldiers.

The light snowball, fiercely driven to its target, brought the blood spurting from Jud's nostrils. His three companions turned at their captain's exclamation as he put limp fingers to his nose.

The four defenders looked on in silence,—except for Cecil's whisper, "Le's keep our mouths shut."

The fort had been held.

THE TRAVELERS IN THE ORIENT.

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

From Shore to Shore.—Number 4.

WE live in and about the Holy City during eighteen days. Our first days are spent in rest because of a slight malarial attack on several of the party.

We early enjoy a thirty-mile donkey ride across the summit of Mizpah to Emmaus and return through Ain Karim. Thus we pass the Tomb of Samuel, the resting place of Jesus, and the birthplace of John. From Mizpah we view the surrounding country from the mountains of Moab to Jaffa. Before us lies Gibeah, over which stood the sun until the religious destiny of the world was decided. At Emmaus, the beautiful Christian spirit of the monks and the quietude of the monastery made our lunch one of commemoration.

Our second donkey ride, encircling the city walls, takes us to Solomon's quarries, Gordon's Calvary and the summit of Mt. Olivet in time to view the sunset over the Judean hills.

Our first carriage journey, of forty-five miles, takes us to Rachel's Tomb and the Cave of Machpelah, which is so zealously guarded by the Mohammedans that we may only ascend six steps and view a hole in the wall of the mosque. Abraham's oak is a much dilapidated specimen. At Bethlehem we are amid the scenes of the nativity, and view the fields of Boaz in the twilight.

Our second carriage journey of fifty-five miles, is down, down, down to Jericho, and its environs. We taste the sweet waters of Elisha's fountain (ancient Jericho), and later some of the bitter waters of the Dead Sea, gravity seemingly having lost hold on our feet. Amid the nodding tamarisks and rustling canes of the Jordan we gladly wash away the prickly saline incrustation which so lately we eagerly acquired. From Gilgal we take our last view of Nebo and environs, clothed in the delicate coloring of the twilight. In modern Jericho, the howling dogs, squalling cats, crying jackals, growling camels, chattering natives, buzzing mosquitoes and biting fleas make night so miserable that we arise and arouse our cabmen and leave at three o'clock. Thanks to all these for our moonlight view of the Mount of Temptation and cañon of Cherith, the scene of Elijah's feeding

and the subject of the twenty-third Psalm, and the Inn of the Good Samaritan at sunrise. We rest at the Apostles' Fountain and Bethany.

The ample time given enables us to visit and revisit the various pools, tombs, valleys, hills, gates and churches of the Holy City. To enter the temple space it is necessary to take the cavass of your consul and a Turkish soldier. Here about the Rock of Sacrifice, the threshing floor of Omri, later the Holy of holies of the temple and now the mosque of Omar are the costly rugs presented by the Sultan, upon which we see the most humble Moslem pilgrim kneel. Without the walls of the temple we see the wailing Jew. These two scenes coupled with the tread of Turkish soldiers within the church and grotto of the Nativity, in order that the Christians may not come to blows, is food for much thought, and we often find ourselves wandering to these places, scarcely believing our first impression. Our eighteen days seemed very brief indeed.

Leaving the Holy City we pass through the Valley of David's single-handed victory, and the beautiful lemon and orange groves of the plain of Sharon, into Jaffa. Here we enjoy the extreme pleasure of being entertained in the home of our friend and interpreter Jameel H. Nissaire. Kind hands have prepared a banquet of native dishes. The hospitality of the Oriental home is unbounded. The parental regard sincere. It is indeed a Christian home. Before embarking for Egypt we visit the scene of the opening of the way for the acceptance of the Gentile.

The days about the Holy City have clearly shown me that: "I may not live a little, petty, self-centered life, because the love of Christ constraineth me to reach out and realize in my being all that he calls me to be. I may not dwell at ease in my narrow tent, because the love of Christ constraineth me to care for all who feel the weight of sin, the power of temptation, the press of struggle, the pain and bitterness of losses. I may not seek to perfect my own soul, just for the joys of a timeless heaven, for the love of Christ constraineth me to find my joy in helping to bring the heavenly life into as many lives as possible. I may not wear a gloomy face nor lose heart over the trials or evils of this present world, for the love of Christ constraineth me to enter into the joy of service, the victory of faith and the grandeur of life."

Stratification and Joint-Planes

N. J. Miller

ONCE the railroad bridge across Pine Creek near the Pines was slightly farther east than now. Then it consisted of a long stretch of wooden trestle-work, frequently catching fire or washing out by heavy, rushing water. Finally the authorities saw fit to blast through a neck of solid limestone a channel large enough to carry the water of the creek, build across the channel a stone arch reaching from rock-strata to rock-strata, serving as buttresses, turn the creek from its original bed into the artificial and replace the old trestle-work with a long and high grade of gravel. The new bridge is attractive and each year is visited by gilded students in parties or classes, clannish or open-hearted, regardless of natural tendencies. Nearly everyone having a camera takes a snap-shot of the bridge. Each vies with the other to get the best bridge scene. What more could be wanted than the artificial arch, the road-bed above, the natural buttresses of clearly-defined rock strata, the beautiful gravel bed and trees showing through the arch, and the clear rushing water?

Could the rock-buttresses speak they could tell of many never-to-be-forgotten incidents. They could tell of students wading the creek, crossing the stream by stepping from stone to stone, walking across on a fallen tree, making wild leaps from stone to bank, false steps into the water or gallant rescues,—of thrilling adventures, stories, speeches, poems and college songs. There is, however, a bit of history they do tell and most clearly too. Let us stop to chronicle them:—

It is a piece of common knowledge that stratified rock were once sediments carried to the sea bottom by rivers, etc. These sediments accumulated to great thickness so that finally they became very heavy. This pressure together with heat gradually converted the sediments into rock. So these very rocks had their origin in the sediments of a great inland sea that covered this section of the country in the long-time-ago, a time designated by geologists as Silurian.

You notice how the rock buttresses are split up in large horizontal layers (strata) and the large layers or strata are composed of smaller ones (laminæ). Each of these tells us of changes in the climate, etc., when the rock sediments were laid down. For example, a rainy season would cause the rivers to bring more mud to the sea than dry conditions, all of which would be faithfully chronicled in the sediments (later converted into rock). Even heavy rains in different localities in the head waters of great streams would produce a marked effect in the sediments transported. In the Arkansas River valley in Colorado this effect can be observed. When the irrigating waters are

inky black with sediment the farmer says, "It rained in Black Mountain yesterday. I can tell it by the sediment carried in the water." When perhaps the next week the water is yellow and sandy, he says, "It rained in another mountain yesterday. The sediments are yellow and sandy." The water he used to irrigate his crops the first week left an inky black layer of sediment, that of the following week a yellow and sandy layer or stratum on top of it. The same thing occurs in the sediments finding their way to the sea. For example, when rainfall is heavy in the head-waters of the Mississippi river the sediments carried render the water dark. Should rainfall be heavier in the head-waters of Red River the red sediment of that stream pouring into the Mississippi renders the mouth waters of the latter reddish. Should one make a cross-section of the sediments of the gulf or especially of the Mississippi-delta he would find it stratified with red, dark, etc. Each stratum faithfully chronicled the rain conditions and areas that existed in the great valley. So it seems clear that rainy seasons and the particular areas of rainfall, periods of desert alternating with periods of vegetation, periods of storm alternating with periods of calm; these with an infinite number of conditions cause differences in the accumulations or sediments on the sea bottom which, after being subjected to pressure, produce stratification like that so clearly shown in the rock-buttresses of the bridge.



Limestone Cliffs Showing Joint-Planes.

However, the joint-planes, that is, vertical clefts in the rock strata, are not well shown in the rock-buttresses of the bridge. The cliffs a little beyond show them clearly. Some of the joint-planes are straight as a plumb-line, bending neither to the right nor to the left. These joint-planes intersect each other so that the entire cliff consists of rhombic columns. It is the consensus of opinion that the enormous strain (torsion) to which these rock were once subjected broke the strata in rhombic areas, resulting in these joint-planes. Experiments show that if twisted glass is



The Railway Bridge.

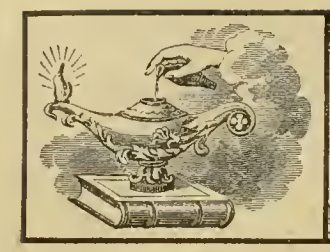
subjected to a shock it will break into rhombic areas with straight lines of cleavage. So it seems that rock when under a great strain and then subjected to a shock—an earthquake or tremor—straight lines of cleavage or joint-planes like these are made. Of course, other factors depending upon contraction, etc., enter into this phenomenon which we must dismiss without a word. Then, too, joint-planes of molten rock like those of the palisades of Michigan, the Hudson and the Giants' Causeway are due to different forces altogether.

Denver, Colo.

MONEY-GETTING AND MONEY-USING.

A CRY is often raised against grasping after wealth. Some methods of getting money are altogether sinful, of course, but no kind is worse than sloth and carelessness and neglect of opportunities. The church of Jesus Christ needs money. Christian people are the only kind on earth who know how to use money for the cause of Christ; therefore they ought to strive for money. It is the duty of Christian men to seek the treasures of earth, not for laying them up, but for use.

Don't cry out against money-getting, but give instructions in money-using. It is needed. Don't preach a negative gospel when an affirmative one is much more needed.—*Christian Evangelist.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

C. G. PETRY.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

"In the beginning was God" is the record that holy men, inspired of God, have given us concerning the Genesis, or the beginning, of this world. This primary fact in the history of our creation is thus given to us in this simple and plain statement. Many of every age have stumbled over the very simplicity of its declaration, and have doubted the truth of it. The sceptics that reject this simple testimony of God's own revelation to us, and which is attested to by faithful men of old, have never guessed that thus they are refusing and losing "the true light coming into the world." The heavens and the earth declare the presence and the glory of God, but they have no voice for those that have closed their ears to the Word.

In the beginning *God created the heavens and the* earth. "In six days Jehovah made heaven and earth." In both his works and his Word he has left us faithful witnesses to his creation. The entire universe bears testimony in abundance to us that the works are his. Men of God, filled with the Spirit of truth, have declared it in the Word. "The invisible things of him, even his everlasting power and divinity, are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made." The truth of this is shown by the fact that God is worshiped in some manner in every nation. Some of them are crude, and some have degraded even to demon worship; but the recognition of a superhuman power is thus acknowledged among them. An early church father, Tertullian, used to say, "Every soul is a Christian by nature." Paul gives us the same idea in Romans 1:21-25, and shows why such great defections exist. But listen to those sweet strains of that immortal lyric in the 119th Psalm, tuned to the rythm of the universe. David heard a voice in the heavens and in the earth declaring the majesty and power of God. A later writer says:

"We can see God, if we will, everywhere;
In the earth, in the sky, in the animal,
In the plant, in the tree, and in the air;
In the sunshine and in the rain;
In the seasons as they come and go.
These, Almighty God, these are but the varied form of thee."

And the Psalmist joins him with hallelujahs in the 148th Psalm. Let us not "exchange the truth of God for a lie" and "worship and serve the creature rather than the Creator."

A workman is known by his work. So may God be known by his work. The present age will be given in history likely as one of great and unprecedented industry and inventive genius. Yet it is far beyond the consummate skill of man to create anything, animate or inanimate. He may alter or transform, retard or hasten a created thing, but he can never originate its substance. Much less can he give it life, "All things were made through him, and without him was not anything made." "Know ye that Jehovah, he is God: it is he that made us, and not we ourselves." "The earth is Jehovah's and the fullness thereof." Eternal Sovereign of the world!

The shepherd psalmist looked up into the starry sky night after night as he tended his father's sheep. He had eyes to see with. His spirit was moved within him. It burst forth in the 8th Psalm. Like every man that gets a large vision of God, the Psalmist was overwhelmed within himself by the magnitude and the goodness of God. He examined himself. "Why has God remembered and blessed weak and sinful man as he has?" The Word came to him then. It told him that God created all things, even the very least, for his own glory. "Thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created." God made man in his own image, and, as the eternal Sovereign of the universe, committed to his offspring the dominion of the world. What a noble creature, as this first man stood before his Maker, "clothed with glory and honor," and to be for but a little while "lower than the angels!" Had he kept this first estate, where might he have been at the time Jesus the Messiah came to be his ransom? Alas, he bartered his birthright. He left it as the summit of his progress. It should have been the base for him to ascend from. The history of the world is to-day the story of his downward course instead. The Bible is the old, old story of the gracious pursuit of the Father after us to love us back to himself.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and all that is within them; and, "behold, it was very good." Alas, that his own children should have so marred his handiwork. Sin entered and defiled this

garden of God, until, in order to preserve and consummate his original purpose, God had to decree an end to all things that he had made. "And the world passeth away." As God was in the beginning of the old creation, so is he also in the beginning of this new heaven and earth that the Revelator saw. Man can have no hand in the making of it. His touch would only defile it. Man, in his highest development is only as a crystal, a stone, beautiful to look upon, but without life, and doomed to be cast away at last. "Ye must be born from above." "He that hath the Son hath the life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not the life." Instead of entrusting the dominion of this new creation to his children, God has reserved it for his own supervision. "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God." Glorious creation! Maranatha.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Another year is all dawning,
O, Father, may it be
Unto my soul the warning,
To make my peace with thee!

Through days of toil and labor,
I've shared thy love divine;
And in return I render
My all, forever thine.

This year that lies before me,
With pages clean and white;
To thee shall be devoted,
By walking in thy sight.

And as I turn its pages
And view them one by one,
May I, through future ages,
Repeat: "Thy will be done."

And should I find before me,
New fields of labor spread;
O, Father, from thy fountain
May my needy soul be fed!

THE LOAF OF OPPORTUNITY.

OLIVER CROMWELL is said to have observed very sapiently, "It is a good thing to strike when the iron is hot, but it is a better thing to make the iron hot by striking." The successful man is he who to a great extent creates his own occasions, and, instead of waiting for things to turn up, turns things up while he waits. The wise laborer works with a small opportunity until the Lord gives him a great one. And the Lord is apt to give the larger chances to the man who has proved himself willing to make the best use of little things. To him who gathers up the fragments, the whole loaf of opportunity is finally given. —*Word and Work.*

FOR A PROSPEROUS YEAR.

ANOTHER suggestion for a prosperous new year is that we should fill its every hour with duty well done. Duty is a large word. It includes all that we owe to God—honor, love, obedience, faithfulness. It includes all that we owe to men. No year can be happy or beautiful with God left out. Some people strive to render all love's duties to their fellow-men and then suppose they have done all that needs to be done. But all the while they have forgotten God, giving him no honor, not seeking to do his will, never bowing in homage before him. It is a poor life that has no heavenly outlook. A picture without sky is defective. A life without heaven in it lacks the chief glory of life. Duty toward God must fill the year that is to be deeply happy. Prayer must bring down into all its days heaven's grace and strength. The flowers must have the sun, and the rain, and dew of the skies to fill their cups with fragrance. So do we need God's blessing in our life.

Then there are duties to man. If we love God we shall love our brother also. St. Paul said he was a debtor to every man, Greek or barbarian. He meant that he owed to everyone the duty of love. Every relation of life brings its obligations. We make gladness for ourselves only when we do our duty as well as we can, wherever we are. It never can be found in selfishness.—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the way;
New courage, new hope, and new strength for each day;
New wine in the chalice, new altars to raise;
New fruits for thy Master, new garments of praise;
New gifts from his treasures, new smiles from his face;
New streams from the fountain of infinite grace;
New stars for thy crown, and new tokens of love;
New gleams of the glory that waits thee above;
New light of his countenance, full and unpriced,—
All this be the joy of thy New Year in Christ!

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

DR. ARNOLD'S DAILY PRAYER.

"O LORD, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear, and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in that busy world. Now, ere I enter upon it, I would commit eye, ear, and thought to thee! Do thou bless them, and keep their work thine: that as, through thy natural laws, my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine for them, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind cannot consciously turn to thee to commit each particular thought to thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

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A happy New Year to all our readers!

INGLENOOK RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, we are upon the threshold of a new year which promises opportunities without number for great advancement in the cause of right and truth. And

Whereas, the Inglenook, as it goes to its thousands of readers, carries a great responsibility because of what it may do to influence these thousands toward high and holy living, therefore,

Resolved, That we consecrate anew all the powers at our command to make of the magazine a helpful companion in the everyday life, and a faithful advocate of those principles that blend the everyday life with the higher life. And further,

Resolved, That we solicit the assistance of every reader in our endeavors to reach this standard and disseminate these principles.

THE NEW YEAR.

IT is the most natural and harmonious arrangement we can conceive of to have the beginning of a new year follow the anniversary of the event for which Christmas stands. Having our thoughts centered on the birthday of our Lord and his mission, we can easily enter into the spirit of Paul, when he says, "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." And our desire to make the change a complete one finds its satisfaction in the closing up of old records and such like, and the beginning of new ones.

The often expressed idea of beginning a new volume in our lives with the year, or beginning a new leaf with renewed energy, is not altogether the product of fancy. It harmonizes with the psychological fact that the mind responds more readily to a new impulse or emotion. A professor in one of our colleges once said that the plan of having the school year broken up into terms is a better one than having one continuous term, though the work could be arranged to fit the latter plan, because the students accomplished more work, for the reason that we have mentioned above.

Since, then, we have this division of time whereby every three hundred and sixty-five days we begin our count anew, what shall constitute a fresh beginning aside from the change we make in our calendars? How shall we direct this renewed energy and enthusiasm that takes possession of us at the beginning of a new year? To what cause shall it be applied?

The direction of any force or activity ought to be governed by our idea of the meaning and purpose of life. If we already have decided convictions on this subject we shall not need to hesitate long. We will simply attach this additional force to those already employed in the working out of our convictions, and as a result experience the satisfaction of making a long stride toward the goal.

If one's ideas of life are so indefinite that he cannot decide exactly how he shall give vent to the emotions now clamoring for increased activity, it is high time to be waking up. So many hands are pointing out the way and so many voices calling to the highest and best, that one is almost compelled literally to shut his eyes and ears if he would remain in ignorance of the real purpose of life. And the new year, with its golden opportunities, that now await his bidding, is adding many responsibilities to those already resting on his indifferent shoulders. Oh, ye idle, and indifferent, and ignorant, wake up! The rosy morning of 1907 is dawning!

This enthusiasm that comes with the beginning of the year is a splendid thing, but the keeping up of it through all the days that follow is better. A good plan by which this may be done is to consider that

"Every day is a fresh beginning."

By looking upon each day as a new lease of life, another opportunity to surpass the efforts of yesterday and retrieve its mistakes, and living it as if its short span were the span of our life, we shall be brought to the opening of another new year with greater strength and courage than we now possess. And the days of the year will not then present the appearance of a procession which begins with a grand display of lively music, prancing steeds and gay trappings, and ends with a few sickly looking stragglers that try to slink into their places unseen.

The new year is strong in hope and new life, but each day as it comes to us is in proportion just as new and hopeful and full of life. Let us keep this thought in mind, and the inspiration of to-day will abide with us through all the year.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

We have no wishes in common with the poet when he implored time to reverse its course and take him back to the experiences and scenes of his childhood. We would not mar the sacredness of that memory by giving it a present reality, and, besides, the disappointments and sorrows of that period were just as keen and bitter as those we bear at present, and perhaps even more unbearable, because there were so many things we did not understand.

But the past is capable of furnishing us more help and strength than we are in the habit of looking for in that direction. And now as we stand on the threshold of the new year, filled with high ambitions and new life, might it not be well to take a parting look at the present for the purpose of impressing more deeply upon our minds those things that may serve us well in the struggles to come? Our mistakes may furnish us the surest stepping-stones in our climb upward, but in order that they may do so we have to keep them in mind more or less,—run our hand over the place that was bruised by the fall, so to speak. The mother points to the little burnt finger when the child approaches the stove, and none of us ever get too old to learn by the same method.

We give this direction to your thought at this time, not that we would have any one brood over the past, but that we may take a healthy survey of the road traveled with the determination to double its smooth stretches and bridge over the miry places.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

In the round of work we have come to that time when it is necessary in the business department to know whether a subscriber wishes to continue as a reader of our magazine, or whether he prefers to part company with it and therefore with the rest of the family. That is, this is the condition in the case of most of the subscribers. Of course not all subscriptions begin or end with the calendar year.

Now if the question were left to the editor, the clerks in the business department would soon be in possession of the necessary knowledge and could pursue their work in regular order. But that cannot be. Each one must decide this matter for himself, just as he must decide in the case of everything with which he comes in contact.

However, an outside party may exert an influence in this matter of deciding, and it is the hope of influencing you to remain with us another year that prompts us to write as we now do. We do not ask you to make the decision simply on what we say. Let it be based alone on the merits of the paper. Is there in its pages facts and sentiments that add to your knowledge and inspire you sufficiently to compensate for the sacrifice in money you must make in order to receive it?

In the consideration of this question bear in mind, too, that we are not resting on our oars. We are not satisfied with present attainments, but shall, in our field, endeavor more fully to supply the needs of every reader for instructive, wholesome reading matter. We have received great encouragement in our work from the many kind words that have come to us, and from the fact that our family has grown far beyond our expectations. May we not count on the strength that would come from your support for 1907?

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

One peep of sun fills the world with light
And banishes dark and the gloom of night;
And so will a smile fill the souls of men
With joy that returns to their hearts again.

—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

To know nature is to know God, and to know God is life eternal.—*Charles Ronk.*

We need to feel that our place is where work is to be done, where obstacles are to be met and mastered. —*Oma Karn.*

We may grovel in the darkness,
Or may soar above life's ills;
We may dwell alone in valleys
Or ascend the heavenly hills.

—Mary C. Stoner.

It is within the walls of the free school that the potter and the clay spend their years together. The real teacher here blends natures, builds new dispositions and models the New Republic.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

You will need a clear eye, steady nerve and quick brain to go through the world successfully, and to have them let stimulants alone.—*Robt. E. Ericson.*

Too often the letter that should be written is not, and day after day the old father and mother wait and wonder when they will hear from the boys and girls.—*Wealthy A. Burkholder.*

A workman is known by his work. So may God be known by his work.—*C. G. Petry.*

There can be no high and holy living without high and holy thinking.—*James McLeod.*

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE largest marine gasoline engine in the world, of 1,600 horse-power, has been shipped from Baltimore to Russia. It is one of four ordered by that government, at a cost of $100,000, to be used in Lake submarine torpedo boats.

THE population of Goldfield, Nev., decreased from fifteen thousand to about half that number in a week's time, because of a strike being called. The miners left by the train load. A few mines are still running, but will not be long unless a settlement is reached.

AMERICAN tea is something new, this being the first year it has been marketed on a commercial scale. For some years tea has been marketed from the government experimental farm at Pinehurst, S. C. The past season twelve thousand pounds were raised on a plantation near Charleston, S. C.

A PROFESSOR at the Berlin, Germany, technical high school is reported to have invented a method of producing artificial rubies which cannot be distinguished from the genuine. The chief material said to be used is thermite which is composed largely of aluminium.

THE searchlight on board the new British battleship *Dreadnaught* is of a new type, being double-ended, so as to throw powerful beams of light in exactly opposite directions, to facilitate semaphore signaling. Each light is of nearly fifty thousand candle-power, and, placed on top of the tripod mast, will be visible twenty miles.

THE senate and house naval committee do not favor the addition of a "Dreadnaught" to the naval equipment. Instead, two battleships of 16,000 tons each will likely be built, appropriations having been made two years ago. Several scout cruisers and five torpedo boat destroyers will also be built, and the enlisted force increased by 1,500 men.

NOTWITHSTANDING President Roosevelt's recommendation it is believed that there will be no citizenship granted to the people of Porto Rico by this congress. The objection to citizenship is based upon existing conditions of the people, a large percentage of whom are of mixed Spanish and negro blood. The proportion of illiteracy is naturally large, and while much progress has been made in the school system, yet about seventy-five per cent of the persons of school age are not receiving instruction.

THE Yudin collection of eighty thousand volumes on Russia has been added to the Congressional Library at Washington. Mr. Yudin donated two-thirds of the collection and the others were bought. There are many works on Russian history, literature, art and archæology; also much Siberian literature, very difficult to acquire. There are also about two hundred manuscripts relating to early Alaska, before the American occupation.

MOST grain elevators that we see are square, but recently some companies have been putting up enormous round tanks, as they claim that the round elevator can resist the tremendous pressure of the grain better than the square one. Grain swells with the presence of a little moisture, and to exclude as much of this as possible an interior and exterior lining of glazed tile is used in these great elevators. This also insures a good flow of grain in the delivery to cars which run through a tunnel under the elevators.

THE Great Northern railway is finding it so difficult to secure men for various positions that it has established an employment bureau. Those are wanted, mainly, who have had experience and are capable of promotion. Mr. Johnson, who has charge of one branch of the service says: "Too many men come to me with, 'Give me any old thing so I can make a living.' These are the ones I cannot use. They must be ambitious or I cannot use them. Besides trainmen, station agents and telegraphic operators are also badly needed.

SINCE Oct. 10th the United States treasury has put into circulation more than seventy thousand dollars in half dollars of the Columbian World's Fair coinage of 1893. In the year of the exposition nearly two and a half million dollars were coined and a large part of the money was never put into circulation but was dumped into the reserve fund. The government began buying silver some weeks ago for the coinage of subsidiary coin, but the price of silver went so

high it stopped buying and began putting out the Columbian half dollars. It had been so long since these coins were in circulation that some of the merchants at first refused to take them.

Secretary of Interior Hitchcock appeared before the senate committee authorized to investigate the property rights and citizenship situation of the five civilized tribes of Indians. He declared that the Standard Oil Co. has a monopoly in the oil production of the Indian Territory. It controls the pipe lines, he said, by means of which the price of oil has been forced down to thirty-four cents a barrel and that but fifty thousand barrels a day were being produced, whereas two hundred thousand barrels a day could be obtained should the field be worked to its normal capacity. Scandals in connection with the sale and leasing of the oil lands in the territory have been frequently charged, and it is to avoid these in the future that the committee is working.

At a meeting of the creditors of Zion City, December 19, the receiver announced that conditions have reached a point where they demand that immediate arrangements be made for selling the entire property. He said many of the creditors are in absolute poverty and others are borrowing to meet living expenses. Three possible ways out of these straits are proposed: First, selling the estate immediately under the hammer. In the opinion of the bank appraiser this would realize eleven cents on the dollar for the creditors. Second, selling of the estate gradually through land brokers and real estate men. It is estimated that this course would bring the creditors twenty-five cents on the dollar. Third, disposal of the estate to the creditors, or a board of trustees appointed by them, after all prior claims have been settled. It will require a three-fourths vote of all the creditors before any of the three plans is adopted.

A writer in the *Technical World* magazine tells of a new engineering device, invented by William E. Murray, of Los Angeles, Cal., by means of which it is possible to build in the open sea structures that usually require solid rock foundations, such as breakwaters, lighthouses, forts, bridges, etc. These will remain perfectly steady, no matter how turbulent the surface of the sea may be. This result is obtained by immersing the floating structures deep down in the still waters in such a way that the surface vibration can not affect them. The simplest form is a hollow upright cylinder of iron, with a broad, projecting flange. This base will act as a lever to counteract any horizontal pressure at the top. In this way it is hoped that torpedo stations may be placed far out to sea, forming an impenetrable barrier to an attacking fleet. Again, it is proposed to thus erect floating wharves, which would rise and fall with the tide.

Various trade reviews report that business operations throughout the country on the whole are in a flourishing condition and the outlook favors a record-breaking Christmas trade. Throughout the Northwest and other sections, as has been the case for some time, there is a car shortage which has seriously trammeled grain deliveries. In some sections fifty to seventy per cent of the spring wheat crop is said still to be on the farmers' hands. In some sections foundries have been compelled to shut down because of inability to get deliveries of pig iron, and at numerous points coal supplies are running low. All over the country manufacturers are busy, the pressure being so great that in many cases plants are running night and day. Scarcity of labor that has been apparent for some time continues, wage advances have been made, but the tendency toward higher wages seems to be growing unabatedly. Supplies in pig iron are smaller than usual, steel trade is good, and choice grades of copper are quoted at twenty-three cents a pound. In cotton goods the strength of prices is steady, and all goods are sold from three to six months ahead.

No surprise was felt when it was announced that C. Hauge, the minister from Norway, called at the White House a short time ago and informed President Roosevelt that the Norwegian *storthing*, the congress of Norway, had conferred on him the Nobel peace prize for his services in ending the Japano-Russian war. The prize amounted to $37,127.65, and the president has announced that the whole sum will be turned over to trustees for the purpose of establishing at Washington a permanent commission for the settlement of disputes between capital and labor. "The object," said the president in accepting the prize, "will be to strive for better and more equitable relations among my countrymen who are engaged, whether as capitalists or wage workers, in industrial and agricultural pursuits. This will carry out the purpose of the founder of the prize, for in modern life it is as important to work for the cause of just and righteous peace in the industrial world as in the world of nations." Alfred Nobel, the founder of this prize, a Swedish chemist and physicist, it will be remembered, after having spent most of his life in inventing high explosives and acquiring millions, became convinced that peace should rule the world and to that end a fifth of the income from his millions, at the time of his death in 1896, is donated to that purpose. The prize is given annually to that person or body making the greatest strides toward advancing the cause of peace among all nations.



IF CHRIST SHOULD COME.

If Christ should come to my store to-day,
What would he think, what would he say?
If his eyes on my opened ledgers were laid,
Would they meet a record of unfair trade,
And see that, lured by the love of pelf,
For a pitiful price I had sold myself?
Or would he the stainless record behold
Of perfect integrity, richer than gold?

If Christ should come to my schoolroom to-day,
What would he think, what would he say?
Would he find me giving the self-same care
To stupid and poor as to rich and fair,
And struggling, unmindful of praise or blame
Through tedious tasks to a lofty aim,
Guiding small feet as they forward plod
In paths of duty that lead to God?

If Christ should come to my workshop to-day,
What would he think, what would he say?
Would his eye, as it glanced my tools along,
See that all my work was staunch and strong,
Closely fitted, firm-welded, and good,
Of flawless steel and of unwarped wood,
As sound as I trust my soul shall be
When tried by the test of eternity?

If Christ should come to my kitchen to-day,
What would he think, what would he say?
Would he find me with blithesome and grateful heart
And hands well-skilled in the housewife's art,
Bearing sordid cares with a spirit sweet,
And making the lowliest tasks complete.

Comes he not, who said as he went away,
"I am with you still while the world shall stay."
Oh, thought that our weary hearts must thrill,
In our toilsome ways he is with us still!
At counter and forge, in office and field,
He stands, to no mortal eye revealed.

I think if we only could realize
That ever those gentle yet searching eyes
Gaze on our work with approval or blame,
Our slipshod lives would not be the same;
For thrilled by the gaze of the unseen Guest
In our daily toil we would do our best.

—Effie Smith.

"HOUSEWORK is for to-day, home-work is for eternity; and every father and mother must make the choice as to which shall receive the most attention."

GRATITUDE is life's sweetest pleasure.—*Martin Luther.*

HELPS.

AUNT MARY.

"WELL, Mrs. Watson, wasn't that piece of work done with dispatch? All of that fifty-foot border planted, the house plants potted, and everything cleared away! I feel like hugging myself and everybody else."

"Yes, Lois, that was well done. But you may always be certain of this fact—that when the 'Aid Society' turns out to help, there will be something done. And everyone of them *wanted* to come, and that made easy work for all. Now, here are still three hyacinths, and the pips of the lily of the valley. The hyacinths we will pot, and put in a dark, cool place to make roots, then, in a month or two, they can be brought to the light, but not direct sunshine at first, when they will be regal in their beauty. The others, I advise you, put among the shrubbery. They have scapes of lovely flowers, but they (as Mrs. La Mance says in a late number of the *Mayflower* about the Oxalis Deppii) 'increase like scandal,' and are sure to go where you do not want them, unless you can use the hoe or spade among them. Now, I must tell you that 'the society' wants to come and help you another day, if you do not object. What do you say, girlie?"

"Oh, I would be so glad, but how will I manage the dinner?"

"We always take our dinners, when we stay all day, and put all on the table, and have a social meal, and we get so much more done."

"That will surely be nice for me, at least," said Lois, her face beaming with fond anticipation. "Shall we arrange some of the work now, Mrs. Watson?"

"Yes, Lois, that is one of the greatest helps—to have every detail in readiness. I remember, so often, of attending a 'sewing' where every band, facing, lining, and every part belonging to a garment was cut and fitted exactly, rolled up, and tied, and a very satisfactory amount of work was done. And another gathering of the same kind left the lady of the house with a quantity of unfinished garments, because nothing was complete; and the lady nearly distracted, hunting for this, that, and the other," etc., etc. You

spoke of piecing comforter tops, making mittens and cutting down stockings for the twins."

"Here is the basket of scraps, Mrs. Watson."

"How nicely you have kept them, Lois, all in rolls, and not tumbled in, as I have seen them. You know 'order is heaven's first law.' Keep that principle, Lois, in all your work, and it will prevent many perplexities and much confusion. This roll of 'outing' will make a warm, soft cover, and the roll of prints will do nicely for another."

"Mrs. Watson, will it do to cut them in strips about as wide as a brick and as long as the scrap will allow?"

"Yes, that is a good plan. We will cut them now, then when sewed in a continuous strip they can be rolled up and set together with a strip of some contrasting color. This strip may be as wide as the pieced strip, or by having it narrow you will not need to buy much material. Why not use those sugar sacks that we colored last week? That bright purple will contrast well with all your print pieces."

"How glad I am that we thought of them, as I scarcely knew how to use them," said Lois, darting into the wardrobe and bringing out a neat box containing the sacks all smoothly pressed and ready to use. "Here are some woolen pieces that I wanted to make mittens of for Eunice to wear to school and to wear in doing outdoor chores. Will they do, Mrs. Watson?"

"Nicely; and the 'Society' has a good-fitting pattern and can make working mittens, too, for your papa, from this piece of 'cottonade' lining with Canton flannel or outing. They also have a good pattern for cutting down stockings which will be here when we all meet again."

A NEW YEAR'S FORGETTING PARTY.

IDA M. HELM.

"HELLO, Beryl! Will you come to my New Year's party?" said Bernice.

"Of course I'll come. Who all are you going to invite?" inquired Beryl.

"All the girls in school except Gladys and Edith; they're mean, and I am going to show them that I can have a party without them," said Bernice, with a haughty air.

"I have been thinking of having a party and grandma gave me a lovely plan, but since you are going to have one I will not have any. Shall I tell you Grandma's plan?" said Beryl.

"Yes, tell me about it and if I like her plan I will follow it," said Bernice.

So Beryl began: "You know that on the first day of January the old year has passed away and we begin a new year. Grandma says we ought to forget about all the disagreeable things that happened during the old year and if we have wronged any one we should ask them to forgive us and if any one has wronged us we should forgive them and forget all about it and begin new lives with the new year. You know we say the Lord's Prayer every morning in school, and if teacher does not watch us, sometimes we say it so fast that we do not give the meaning of the prayer one single serious thought. Grandma's plan is to have the words, 'A New Year's Forgetting Party,' printed in large letters at the top of each invitation card, and the morning of the party after the girls have all arrived the first thing for us to do is to think real seriously of the true meaning of the Lord's Prayer, then all say it slowly in unison and when we say, 'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,' we must all forgive everybody that has wronged us in any way. You know we must forgive people that have wronged us before we can forget about it and it is only after we forgive other people's debts to us that God will forgive us the debts that we owe him. If I were you, I would invite Gladys and Edith to the party and after we pray the Lord's Prayer every wrong that any of us are guilty of will be forgiven and we will all be ready to forget all the unpleasant things that occurred during the past year and we can all start new together, and through all the coming year whenever we are tempted to do wrong if we earnestly say these lines: 'Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil,' the coming year will have fewer dark blots of wrong than the last."

"Let's go and tell mamma," said Bernice, "and if she says so, I'll follow your grandma's plan."

So two pairs of feet started swiftly along the road toward Bernice's home.

Her mamma thought it was a good plan and she said she thought it might be a good plan if older people would have forgetting parties sometimes.

Soon all the girls in school knew about the New Year's Forgetting Party, and the week before New Year's day they were all busy as bees getting ready to have a pleasant time. By the time the day for the party came, each little girl had shown the others how charitable she could be, and all their misunderstandings and little quarrels were forgiven and they were ready with forgiving spirits to repeat in unison, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

All day they played and sang and read, not one cross word or scornful look was given.

In the evening as they walked home, each one carrying a happy heart, they felt that grandma's plan was a good one and they felt sure that by following it they would have a brighter volume to close in their life's story at the end of the year. And Bernice thought, "How glad I am that I invited Gladys and Edith to my forgetting party."

VISIT THE SCHOOLS.

Every mother has the strongest reason to take an interest in the schools to which she sends her little children. There are many things which will appeal to the mother that the father will overlook to the great hurt of the child in many ways. For a large part of each day, the little child, for whose moral and physical health the mother is held responsible, must be sent to the schoolhouse and turned over to the care and influence of the teacher, of whose fitness and responsibility for the trust the parents are entirely ignorant. Much of the child's wellbeing depends on the character of the school and teacher, not only in a mental, but in a moral and phyiscal sense, as well. If the teacher is chosen merely through favoritism, or because of erudition, with no question as to other as necessary qualifications, much harm may be done to the little, timorous child, which should be carefully guarded against. Country school-teachers are, many of them, young men, whose only interest in teaching is that it gives them a fairly satisfactory means of livelihood, or a salary that helps pay expenses in getting their own education. These young men are often very unsuitable care-takers for even the larger scholars, but are especially unprepared to look after the comforts and health of the tiny tots who go to the country school. When the teacher is a young girl, it is hardly better; but even elderly men and women are not always proper persons to whose care to trust the threefold health of the young, impressionable child.

Mothers will notice, quicker than the fathers, if the schoolhouse is unsanitary, or the drainage of the grounds, the ventilation, the atmosphere, the provisions for lighting and heating, are not such as they should be. The habits, manners and language of the teacher should be investigated—use of profane language, slang, indulgence in intoxicants, tobacco or cigarette smoking, none of these should be tolerated in a teacher. A child is very imitative, and such usages have a bad effect on the manners and morals of the little ones.—*The Commoner.*

RELIEF FROM CHOKING.

Do not follow the advice given in a recent publication for the relief of a child with a morsel of food in its windpipe. The advice was to seize both hands and hold the arms straight up. The theory given was that the expansion of the chest would move the obstruction. No theory could be more erroneous, and no advice more dangerous, because no air can get into the chest except through the windpipe, and rushing through the windpipe the air would only carry the obstruction farther down.

A person suffocating or choking should hang head downward, and be struck smartly on the back. If a child, hold him up by the heels, and slap smartly on the back. If two persons are in the room, one should hold the child up as directed, and the other should place one hand against the chest to steady it and slap the back with the other hand. The compression of the chest between the two hands will in nearly every case remove the obstruction by forcing it out by pressure of the air behind it.

If the treatment does not relieve, the obstruction is probably in the wind-pipe, and in this case the danger is not quite so imminent, as the patient can likely breathe enough to keep alive. In this case run your finger down the throat, and if you can reach the offending material remove it.

If you fail in either reaching or removing it, tickle the throat with the finger to provoke vomiting. This will throw out the foreign body. A lady patient of mine once became terribly frightened by seeing her little child, who was playing on the floor, turn black in the face from having got her thimble into its windpipe. She seized the child under her arm, and rushed with it, head downward, out of the house to find a physician. The jolting of the child and the weight of the thimble loosed the latter, and it rolled to the ground, and the child was saved en route. Act quickly, as every effort to breathe or swallow forces the obstruction farther down. And if the air is entirely shut off the patient will die, so that while doing what you can, some one should be running for a physician.—*Vick's Magazine.*

POTATOES FOR CLEANSING.

The following recipe is highly recommended for its excellence in cleansing fabrics without injuring the texture or affecting the color, however delicate: Grate two medium-sized potatoes into a bowl containing one pint of clean cold water; stir well and strain carefully through a sieve or cheese-cloth, allowing the liquid to fall into another vessel containing an additonal pint of cold water. Let this settle, and then pour off the water, being careful to allow no "settlings" to go off with the water, and bottle for use. Softly rub the soiled fabric or garment with a sponge dipped in the potato water, after which wash it in clean water, dry carefully and iron.—*Selected.*

Everton Taffy.—Dissolve a pound of granulated sugar in a teacupful of water, add one-quarter pound of butter that has been beaten to a smooth cream; flavor with lemon; cook until it "cracks" from the spoon; turn out on greased pans or slab and mark into squares with a greased knife.

Read this to the Little Ones

ELIZABETH'S DOLL.

It was not really a doll, and it was not really Elizabeth's but "Elizabeth's doll" is what Dr. Andrew Kent calls it to this day.

It happened one spring morning that Elizabeth was summoned hastily from the schoolroom and driven across the city to her Uncle Andrew's; her own little trunk was on the back of the carriage, and as they rode Elizabeth's mother explained that she was called out of town for a few days, and that Elizabeth was to stay with Uncle Andrew and be very, very good.

Then Elizabeth and the little trunk were left at Dr. Kent's, with a hurried good-by, and the mother rode away to catch her train.

Elizabeth felt quite dazed as she sat watching Uncle Andrew's housekeeper unpack her trunk—it was all so sudden! Then, as the last little garment was lifted out, Elizabeth made a discovery.

"Mrs. Lane," she cried, with quavering voice, "mother didn't pack one—single—doll!"

Mrs. Lane did not seem to feel the full horror of the situation.

"You're only going to stay with us a few days, you know, my dear," she said comfortably, "and your mother was called off in such a hurry, it's a wonder to me she remembered your clothes! I'll find some old magazines and you can cut out and dress some pretty paper dollies."

Elizabeth played with paper dolls for two whole days. She could not go to school, for the distance was too great; Mrs. Lane was kind, but busy; and Dr. Kent, though the jolliest uncle in the world, was not much comfort, because he was at home so little. Elizabeth tried to be contented, but she did long for a real doll to talk to.

On the third morning of her stay at the big house, Elizabeth was standing at the hitching-post, feeding lumps of sugar to Uncle Andrew's black horse, when the idea struck her—an idea so bright that it brought smiles out all over her face.

"Uncle; oh, Uncle!" she cried, as Dr. Kent ran down the steps and sprang into the carriage, "May I play with the hitching-post?"

Jerry, the black horse, started off at a run, but Dr. Kent leaned back to wave a hand at his little niece. "Yes! Yes!" he called, and to himself he added: "Is it as forlorn as that for the poor baby?" and made a note in his little red book.

Elizabeth skipped up-stairs to Mrs. Lane.

"Please, Mrs. Lane," she said, "may I have a big, *big* piece of old white cloth? And may I go to the corner store and buy some colored crayons?"

Mrs. Lane found a big bundle of white cloth and, gently patting Elizabeth's head handed it to her.

"You're the best child to amuse yourself!" the kindly housekeeper said admiringly; and then Elizabeth ran out to the hitching-post and set to work to make herself a doll.

It took her a long time to carry out her plan, but she finished at last, and then hurried into the house, brimful of laughter, to call Mrs. Lane. That lady, in a state of great excitement, met her in the hall.

"Elizabeth," she exclaimed, "I have something important to tell you; your mother's come home! She's telephoned, and she wants me to bring you home this minute, and I'm going to spend the day with you. Put on your other jacket, quick! I've sent word to the doctor—and we will go out the back way; it's nearer the car."

And so they hurried off, and Elizabeth in her rejoicing never gave another thought to the new and unusual doll that she had left standing at the curbstone before the door.

As Dr. Kent drove toward home that afternoon, he wondered why so many acquaintances smiled broadly as they nodded to him.

As he neared the door he saw a curious figure in a fluttering blue frock standing motionless at the curbstone. Jerry tossed his head nervously, but the doctor urged him closer still—and then, on beholding the unique figure, leaned back in the carriage to laugh and laugh, while the passers-by smiled sympathetically.

Surely such a hitching-post never was seen before; it had been transformed into a rag doll of giant proportions. The iron framework was swathed in the white cloth received from Mrs. Lane, and then attired in a blue dimity dress of Elizabeth's, with empty sleeves dangling helplessly; the round white head had brilliant colored cheeks, lips and eyes, shaded by an enormous sunbonnet of Mrs. Lane's.

When the doctor could draw a long breath, he called a little boy to hold Jerry while he divested the hitching-post of its strange apparel. Then he went into the house and telephoned to Elizabeth's mother.

Elizabeth herself, with all her dolls gathered about her, wondered what her mother found so amusing at the telephone.

When the conversation was over her mother, still smiling, said, "Elizabeth, Uncle Andrew wants me to tell you that he has adopted a doll—a very superior, well-dressed doll, he says—and that the next time you come to see him you won't be reduced to playing with the hitching-post!"

"Oh!" exclaimed Elizabeth, "I had forgotten the hitching-post! It was rather a pity," she added seriously, "to take it to pieces!"—*Hannah G. Fernald.*



THE RURAL LIFE

CARE OF FARM ANIMALS IN WINTER.

D. Z. ANGLE.

HIS stock-raising is the chief source of income or profit on a large number of farms, so the proper care and attention of these animals will determine in large measure the extent of profit derived in that branch of farming; as well as for those who keep horses and a few cows as a means to carry on grain farming.

Horses.

Probably these animals occupy the most important place on most all of our American farms. They are used most generally in the preparation of soil and cultivation and harvesting of farm crops. For the same work, but to much less extent are used the steam engine, mules, and cattle or oxen. The horse seems better adapted for farm work than any of the others named, the engine being useless or unavailable in many parts of our country. When horses are overheated from work or driving, they should be allowed to cool off somewhat before water or grain is given them, and they should not be allowed to stand in cold draughts of air. If it is necessary for the horse to stand for a time when heated, during severe weather in exposed places, a good warm blanket should be buckled around him to prevent his chilling; then if he is a spirited horse he will not be quite so hard to hold, as being more comfortable, he will not be in such a hurry to hunt a warmer place. We try to feed our horses regularly and about the same amount of feed each time, except, when at heavy work more feed is required. We judge that a horse eight years old and one thousand two hundred pounds weight should require at ordinary farm work eight average-sized ears of corn or one gallon of good oats, three times a day, in addition to fifteen or twenty pounds of hay each day. Larger or smaller horses should be fed more or less in proportion. Each horse should have a tablespoonful of salt once each day, or a small handful two or three times a week. Salt keeps their digestive organs in good shape and occasions thirst in winter so the animals will drink sufficient water to insure health and good condition. We usually stable all our horses in winter during nights if weather is severe, but if a barn is not always available a good shed will answer very well. But the horse probably minds the cold less than the cow, and when used to it for a time, running in pasture, in fields, or on the range, seems not to suffer greatly as he usually keeps going and on the move, doesn't stop, stand still and freeze so often like the cow does.

Cattle.

The cow is probably man's most useful animal, for she can pull his plow and furnish him food, drink and clothing. Here in America we do not use them much as beasts of burden, but in much of Europe where farms are small, they are tilled by the help of cattle, almost to the exclusion of the horse. As cattle have no upper front teeth they cannot bite the corn off the cob like horses, but must chew it up, cob and all, if given to them in the ear. To feed corn to cattle it should be shelled, or the ears ground up finely, cobs and corn together, if a mill is handy and preferable, or the ears may be broken or cut into short pieces which boss can readily take into her mouth. From one gallon to a peck of corn, twice a day, is probably sufficient grain to fatten cattle, but good wheat bran, or bran and corn together, is most profitable for the milk cow as a milk producer. Milk cows are fed grain in proportion to amount of milk they give. The usual sized ration running from one-half to one and a half gallons of either bran or chopped corn and all the clover hay or pea hay or corn fodder she desires. During winter, cows should be stabled at night. All cattle should have some protection in very severe weather, if only a good shed. They should have salt convenient to eat, if wanted, each day, and should all be regularly watered at least once each day. Some cold days cattle will not go to water if far away, even if they desire it, but must be driven to it and the old cattle prevented from driving the calves away before they get to drink.

Sheep.

Sheep can stand more dry cold than they can wet cold weather, consequently they should have access at all times in winter to an open shed or house where they may go in or out as they please. When cold rains or snow comes, the sheep like to go under a roof, for if their wool gets wet and weather remains cold, they of course are liable to take cold and suffer. When there is no snow on the ground and some pasture, sheep do not require to be fed much, if any, and when snow is on the ground they don't seem to

need much water, but will do very well on clover, pea hay, or corn fodder, and a grain ration of one and a half gallons of chopped corn or oats to each dozen sheep. Salt regularly and give sulphur occasionally. If they get snotty noses put pine tar or coal oil on their noses. Put the tar on with a little paddle and pour the oil in small quantity into nostrils from a bottle or machine-oiling squirt can. Keep sheep well bedded with straw in stable, and out of the mud, as a preventive to foot rot and soiling of wool.

Hogs.

Corn and pure water do very well as food for grown hogs, especially those being fattened for pork. But young hogs and pigs, in addition to some corn, should have milk, bran slop, pumpkins, apples, or clover in their season. Any or all of these promote the growth of muscle and bone, and maintain the digestive organs in good condition. Hogs should be fed about three times a day when penned up, and we believe in giving them only as much grain or concentrated food at a time, as they will eat up clean. If they are foundered on corn, especially young hogs, it appears to put them back and render them unthrifty for a time at least. Of course, thrifty hogs can be raised to consume a large quantity of food, as they seem to be born with capacious appetites and strong stomachs, but feed quantity is to be determined by the individual owner with reference to his needs and plans for early or late maturity of his swine. Green feed on grass is desirable for them in winter as well as summer, but isn't usually obtainable except in fall or early spring. When grass is not to be had, slops, turnips, small potatoes, pumpkins, etc., prove fair substitutes. Hogs stand cold weather very well, but should have access to dry warm sheds, especially at night and during snowy inclement weather. The hog house need not be of expensive material, but the roof should turn the rain, and the sides of boards, poles, or straw constructed sufficient to protect from the chill, piercing winter winds; a ground floor is probably best, containing a bed of wheat straw or forest leaves. Oats straw is rather too heating for hog bedding, and if used it should be used sparingly. If hogs sleep at a straw pile they are liable to get too hot and become diseased, so it is best to carry the straw to them.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

III. In the Hide Cellar.

IN our first article, "The Modern Beef Abattoir," we left the animals' hide lying in a heap where it fell at the last stroke of the hide-dropper's knife. Two men designated to that work now quickly spread it upon the floor, flesh-side upward, where it is examined for cuts and scars by the "hide inspector." Any cut, scar or other defect is credited to the butcher who is responsible for it and several are the devices the butchers use to conceal their errors.

After inspection it is folded loosely together, loaded upon a truck and with a dozen or more others is unloaded into a deep, vertical shaft extending to the very bottom of the packing house, the hide-cellar.

The hide-cellar is not, as the name would seem to imply, some room beneath the ground-level, for, as a rule, packing houses have no such rooms. The first floor is almost invariably known as the cellar, and it is generally the most uninviting room in the establishment, as the following points will indicate: The cellars are divided into apartments by brick walls and steel or iron fire-doors, brick columns at intervals supporting the building. The floors are of brick or wood, generally of wood in hide-cellars. There are but very few windows and artificial light is the rule. The atmosphere while by no means foul, is by no means agreeable, having the odor characteristic of curing hides and being damp because of the saturated condition of the same. Such conditions naturally make a wet floor and these environments make the tendency toward the development of tuberculosis and other lung troubles, as well as troubles of the feet very great indeed.

One or more apartments are set apart as salt storage rooms and in these may be seen great piles of salt to be used in the curing of hides.

When the hides reach the cellar, having fallen a great distance from the top floor, they strike with a loud, dull thud, which, once heard, is forever after recognized. Here they are re-loaded upon trucks and taken to various parts of the cellar to be spread out upon great piles, salted and cured. When the curing process is over they are folded into bundles about two feet square, secured by heavy cord and loaded into cars for shipment to various industries.

Packing houses are infested with an unusual supply of rats, and it is in these hide-cellars where they are found in greatest numbers. Every evening in well-regulated abattoirs, each night-watchman carries from three to a half dozen wire traps to his particular beat, and in this manner they are kept from becoming unbearable. It is hardly necessary to say that it is out of the question to endeavor to poison the rodents for about the same reasons that the farmer does not poison them. Be it understood, however, that rats are by no means common outside of hide-cellars and stock-pens.

These hide-cellars, while by no means inviting by day, are still less so at night. The writer of this article had occasion to patrol one of the large abattoirs

by night and made it his duty to make from four to a dozen beats through these rooms nightly and between great, black piles of hides, an occasional white pile, the dim light made by the incandescent lights, one here and there, the wet floors and damp atmosphere, rats running here and there, and occasionally meeting a lone night-watchman all at once, it was a place to be avoided as much as possible at those hours.

No meats are handled in a hide-cellar, and as the workers have the privilege of dressing suitable to the conditions, which are in proportion possibly not much worse than their own homes at various times, it is still by no means the worst of places in which to work.

Chicago, Ill.

CROPS AND WEEDS.

(Chapel talk before the student body of Indian School, Carlisle, Pa., by Miss Newcomer.)

THE wild flowers that grow along the roadside and in the grain fields and meadows are not so charming to the farmer as they are to the artist or poet. He is apt to look on them all with disapproval and call them "weeds," and he has a right to do so as soon as they begin to make him trouble; for according to the best authorities a weed is any useless plant growing in cultivated ground to the injury of the desired crop of vegetation.

Crops are so planted that each separate plant will have just enough room to enable its roots and leaves to obtain sufficient nourishment and sunshine with no room to spare. If weeds feed from the same soil and sunlight the crop will suffer, so if we wish to raise a good crop we must remove the weeds.

According to their habits weeds are divided into three classes: annuals, biennials, and perennials.

The annuals germinate, blossom, bear seed, and die in one season. Most of our garden weeds belong to this class. Some of the most common annuals are the Jamestown weed, lamb's-quarters, rough amaranth (pig weed), rag weed, Spanish needle (beggar's ticks), wild mustard, prickly lettuce, Russian thistle, sunflower, Rocky Mountain sand bur, buffalo bur, and cockle bur. These weeds multiply solely by means of their seed, and they should never be allowed to go to seed. The seed once in the ground lives and will germinate the second or even the third year.

Biennials begin growth one season, live through winter, and blossom and ripen their seed the next season. To this class belong the common or bull thistle, burdock, moth mullein, teasel, viper's bugloss, wild carrot, and wild parsnip. They store up nourishment the first year in their root-stocks for the second season's growth. Many of them will live three years or even longer if seed production is prevented by cutting the stem above the crown of the root. Cutting off the main stem often induces it to branch out at the base and send up several stalks instead of one. Cutting the root below the crown usually kills it. A spud is the best tool for this purpose. It is a tool that looks like a chisel on the end of a fork handle. Biennials are readily killed in cultivated fields and are most common in old pastures and by roadsides. They must be destroyed in these places if the work of keeping the seed out of cultivated fields is to be effective.

Perennials continue to live and bear seed from year to year. A few like the cinquefoil and Bermuda grass propagate by means of runners above ground, but most of them do so by means of bulbs or of buds on underground stems. To this class belong the Canada thistle, horse nettle, dandelion, sneeze weed, bind weed, smartweed, toad flax (butter and eggs), wild onion, ox-eyed daisy, yellow dock, and long-leaved plantain. Farmer's Bulletin No. 28 gives the following methods of exterminating perennials:

1st: The underground portion of the plant may be dug up and removed. This remedy can only be applied in small areas.

2nd: Salt, coal oil, or strong acid applied to the freshly cut root-stocks destroys them for some distance from the point of contact.

3rd: Roots may be starved to death by preventing any development of leaves. This may be done by building straw stacks over small patches, by thorough cultivation in fields, by the use of the hoe or spud in waste places, and by salting the plants and turning on sheep in permanent pastures.

4th: The plants may usually be smothered by dense sod forming grasses or a crop like hemp, buckwheat, clover, cow peas, or millet, that will exclude the light.

5th: Most roots are readily destroyed by exposing them to a direct action of the sun during a drought or to the direct action of the frost in winter. Plowing at such times becomes effective.

6th: Any cultivation which merely breaks up the root stocks and leaves them in the ground, especially in wet weather, aids in their distribution and multiplication.

Copperas and several other chemicals when applied as a spray or in the form of powder will destroy many varieties of weeds without injury to cultivated crops, but as this method of exterminating weeds is quite expensive it is not practical for the average farmer. All experiment station reports on the subject urge the farmer to provide the required conditions for the growing of healthy crops and to depend on their aid, with that of frequent cultivation, for getting rid of weeds. If the soil is covered with a good, healthy crop of grain or vegetables, weeds get little chance to grow, but if the land is poorly drained and the crop is drowned in patches or fails from drought or lack of nourishment, or is ruined by insects, weeds creep into the unoccupied places and gradually take pos-

session of the field. If the crop fails the field should not be neglected but should be properly prepared and reseeded.

If cultivated ground is so full of weed seeds that there is little chance of raising any crop it is sometimes given a summer fallow. First it is burned over to destroy as many as possible of the weed seeds on the surface. It is then plowed shallow so as not to bury the remaining seeds too deeply. After these seeds have sprouted it is cultivated in order to destroy them. The land may then be plowed deeper and the cultivation repeated until the weed seeds are cleared out to as great a depth as the plow ever goes. This method, known as barren summer fallowing, is often practiced to clean out weedy land, but usually corn, potatoes, cotton, cabbage or beets may be grown, the best results coming from crops that require most cultivation. Frequent cultivation, which is so necessary for preserving moisture is also one of the best means of exterminating weeds. Cultivated land should never be left idle in the growing season. Potato, corn, and stubble fields raise big crops of weeds every fall where a profitable crop of crimson clover or winter oats or rye might be grown.

Roadsides should be mowed two or three times a summer and grain fields should be mowed about two weeks after harvest. Fence corners should be kept clean to prevent the weeds from spreading into the fields. The farmer should regard each separate weed as a thief who is just waiting to break in with a whole band of followers and steal the profits of his hard labor. He must keep faithfully on their tracks from early spring until late autumn with his mower, scythe, hoe and spud and must be sure to rake together all rubbish and burn it so as to destroy weed seeds.

(Concluded next week.)

ELECTRIC VERSUS STEAM POWER ON OUR RAILROADS.

THE broad question of the entire displacement of steam locomotives by electric traction on railways for passenger and freight traffic is still open, the matters of efficiency, reliability and economy of operation under all conditions, climatic and otherwise, being yet unsettled, and all that has been done hitherto in this direction, except for tunnel and terminal service, may be regarded as largely of experimental or tentative nature. Thus the effects of sleet and snow upon the movements of heavy traffic under electrical operation are as yet unknown. The effect of congestion of heavy traffic at one point of a road is also a matter of conjecture, while the possibility of the tie up of a division by the destruction of a power house must be reckoned with.

Further, the prominent electric railway engineers, and the large manufacturers of electric railway equipments are not altogether united upon the best and most economical methods of operating long-distance railways. For example, the advocates of what are known as the "direct current" and the "alternating current" methods of electric traction are more or less widely divided as to the respective merits of these methods. Certain advantages of electric traction on such roads are readily admitted. For instance, that the safety of the traveling public can be better safeguarded by electric traction than by any other known means of railway locomotion. Thus it would be quite practicable to so arrange the blocks of an electric railway that as a train passed from one block into the next it would cut off the power in the block behind, so that collisions would be next to impossible.

It would also be practicable, by suitably arranging the power circuits of an electric railway, for the operator at a tower station to cut off the power from any block into which a heedless motorman might have entered in the face of warning signals.

The experience gained with electrically operated trains has made it clear that with proper attention to roadbed construction and car equipment, a speed of at least one hundred miles per hour is feasible. But to operate a long-distance steam railway for the purpose of operating a few high speed trains per day would be prohibitive as to cost. It can be done more economically by a steam locomotive, since the engine carries with it its own motive power; and requires no extra rails, wires or power houses for its operation. On the other hand, where trains are frequent, practice has shown that under certain conditions, it will doubtless be more economical to burn coal under one large boiler in a power house and have this power conveyed by wires in the shape of electrical energy to the electric locomotive or the motor car.—*From the Electrification of Steam Railways," by William Maver, Jr., in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for December.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

A GOOD 100-acre farm for sale, 90 acres in cultivation; good up-to-date buildings, abundance of good fruit, good water, good market. Twenty-four miles to Portland, two miles to Brethren church. $90 an acre. John Barnhart, R. R. 1, Newberg, Oregon.

WANTED, a matron for McPherson College. Please write at once. McPherson College, McPherson, Kansas.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

The Open Life.

Are you living a life with the blinds clear up,
An' the doors flung open wide?
Have you nothin' hid in your closets—eh?
Where nobody looks inside?

If not, then you'd better spruce up a bit
An' h'ist up your winders some,
An' open the doors so's the sweetenin' sun
Can shine right into your home.

The life that is hid is a dangerous life;
The Tempter can sneak in, sly,
An' show you his samples an' sow his seed—
A harvest will come by-and-by!

Now, maybe this reasonin's new to you—
Hain't knowed it myself for long;
If everyone knows what you're goin' to do,
You shorely won't do much wrong!

—Selected.

He Was Consistent.

Prof. Lounsbury, the noted grammarian of Yale, has democratic and liberal views on the subject of the English language. He strenuously opposes the displacing of simple terms by others of pedantic character. Recently he told this story while discussing the subject: "There was a little boy who began to keep a diary. His first entry was: 'Got up this morning at 7 o'clock.' He showed the entry to his mother, and she, horror-stricken, said: 'Have you never been to school? Got up indeed! Such an expression! Does the sun get up? No, it rises.' And she scratched out 'Got up at 7,' and wrote 'Rose at 7' in its place. That night the boy before retiring ended the entry for the day with the sentence: 'Set at 9 o'clock.'"

Wedding-Bells and Butter.

Miss Jennie Jones and Bob Henry were married at the Jones mansion last night. The bride is the daughter of our worthy constable, Jones, who made a good officer, and will undoubtedly be reëlected next spring. He offers a fine horse for sale in another column.

The groom runs a grocery store on Main street, and is a good patron of our advertising columns, and has a good line of bargains this week. All the summer he paid two cents more for butter than any other store in town.

The happy couple left on the ten o'clock train for Milwaukee to visit the bride's uncle, who is reported to have lots of money and Bright's disease. Bob certainly has an eye for business.—Cooleemee, N. C., Banner.

Aphorisms.

Marriage is the bloom or blight of all men's happiness.—Byron.

The choicest pleasures of life lie within the ring of moderation.—Tupper.

One lie must be thatched with another or it will soon rain through.—Owen.

The less we parade our misfortunes the more sympathy we command.—O. Dewey.

The highest manhood resides in disposition, not in mere intellect.—H. W. Beecher.

Malice sucks up the greater part of her own venom, and poisons herself.—Montaigne.

Good breeding consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners.—Johnson.

There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world see them to be in downright nonsense.—Swift.

Of all virtues magnanimity is the rarest; there are a hundred persons of merit for one who willingly acknowledges it in another.—Hazlett.

Recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle.

The late Sam P. Jones, the revivalist, about whom revolve a legion of anecdotes, was preaching in Dallas, Texas, on the rarity of a perfect life. He suddenly interrupted his discourse with the query:

"How many of you have ever known a perfec' man, entirely perfec' without any fault at all?"

He glanced fiercely at his silent audience that made no sign. Then evidently to show his fairness he asked:

"Well, who's ever seen a perfec' woman? Any one's ever seen a perfec' woman please rise."

To the evangelist's utter amazement a tall, middle-aged woman, whose big dark eyes set in her sallow face were fixed upon the preacher, arose from her seat on the front bench.

"Madam," he thundered, "do you mean to tell me you've seen a perfec' woman that never did no wrong at all?"

"Wal," she said slowly, gazing at her interlocutor with the air of one who feels that she has the basic truth on her side and who is solemnly conscious that she should adhere to the letter of it, "wal, I cayn't say as I ever did 'xactly see her, but I hearn tell a powerful sight about her—she war my ole man's fust wife!"—Selected.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think;
Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.

—Delanne.

After taking measurements of the height of women in France, England and America, a doctor announces that an English woman is the tallest and the American woman comes next. The average height of the French woman is five feet one inch. The American woman is nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain half an inch taller than the latter. American women, however, weigh slightly more than either of the others, their average weight being 117 pounds.

A Hopeful Farmer.

"So you enjoy seeing your son play football?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntassel, "if he ever gets into the habit of workin' that hard, mebbe we'll make the farm pay yet."

Neff's Corner

Some Questions Answered.

Since I have been telling the Inglenook readers that a property that can be had here for $250 will rent for $5.00 to $7.00 per month, some are wanting to know what the conditions are that make rent so high and whether they are likely to continue. This is my answer: As long as we have an attractive and healthful climate, people of delicate health and aged and retired people will continue to come. They nearly all rent a few months and some a year or two before they buy. People who come here with several thousand dollars to invest find the agricultural lands such profitable investments that few are interested in building houses in town to rent. Then the stable and permanent growth of our town and surrounding country is assured by the fact that so many men of means are spending their money in its development. Hundreds of artesian wells, each of which will irrigate about 320 acres of land, are being put down at a cost of about $3,000.00 each, and many substantial improvements in the way of orchard planting, erection of good buildings, etc., are being made. You know that as a rule it pays to invest where others are investing.

Then some ask why I encourage people to invest here. Well, as I have said, every dollar of Brethren's capital invested here helps the Brethren's cause here in a general way. With houses to build we can give Brethren employment who need it or create a good impression by giving it to others. With houses to rent we can accommodate Brethren who want to come in. Some contractors laugh at the idea of erecting such houses as I am having built for $250. They say it's too cheap. But by hauling the material onto the ground in the Mission Wagon, and doing some of the light work myself, I can have a little left for my time. And the renting and looking after these properties gives me some employment suited to my physical condition. Yes; I frankly admit that I aim to figure so that those of you who invest here through me will be helping me some while you are helping yourselves; but if I did not honestly believe that these investments will pay you and pay you well, I would never recommend them.

People are still coming in. Several in a great strait for houses to move into again this week. If you want to help to relieve the strain by having one of the $250 houses built or if you would like to contribute $10.00 or more toward one and receive your pro rata share of the income, or if there are other things you'd like to know about it, write to

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

L. SHATTO, Denbigh, N. D. J. E. KELLER, Tipton, Iowa

HOMESTEAD LOCATORS

HOMESEEKERS' OPPORTUNITY

Lands may he had for the taking, of homesteads in the beautiful

PARADISE FLATS

of northeast Montana, where fine homes can be made by the sturdy tiller of the soil. These homes are for the Brethren. The locators' object is to locate a colony of Brethren on these fine lands, in order to have an organized church from the start. Personal correspondence solicited and arrangements will be made to locate in numbers. For low railroad rates, either of the above may be addressed

44-13 J. E. KELLER.

Our First Homeseekers' Trip to Texas

resulted in sales of over 2,400 acres from 30,000 now coming on the market. We remind you of promptness in securing a holding in this favored region. This locality offers a mild and equable climate, with sufficient and well distributed rainfall and cheap fuel.

Crops growing on adjoining lands bear testimony to fertility of soil and its responsiveness to man's industry. Our Brethren are good judges of the possibilities of agricultural regions. Come and see!

Personally conducted parties leave St. Louis first and third Tuesday of each month at 8:32 P. M. via M. K. & T. R. R. with no further change of cars.

Address Elder L. A. Bookwalter,
838-40 Reibold Bldg.,

Christian Workers' Outline Booklet

(Jan.-June)

is now ready for mailing.

It contains

one page of outlines and references on each subject for six months, beginning with the first Sunday in January.

A Christian Workers'

organization in every congregation, using the outline booklet as a help in stimulating the work, would come near being ideal along the Christian Workers' line.

Has Your Church

an organization? If not, organize at once and get your young people to work.

Conference has asked that an organization be effected in each congregation and has outlined of what it should consist. These recommendations are found in the booklet. Order your booklet now.

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THE REEDLEY TRACT

In Fresno County, California, is without doubt the best proposition on the Pacific Coast for the Brethren and others who want homes where pioneering is a thing of the past. No Floods; Good Water System, Good Land at reasonable prices. Raisins, Wine Grapes, Table Grapes, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Berries, Alfalfa, and Lumber are the chief products.

The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Betts are the resident ministers.

Why not look into the Reedley proposition? It will stand thorough investigation. Write for booklet.

LYON LAND COMPANY.
Reedley, California.

Petrified Forests

Near Adamana on the Santa Fe, lie the famous petrified forests of Arizona. There, thousands of acres are covered with the agatized trunks of trees that flourished with the forests that made the beds of coal we use today. Some of these trunks are 200 feet long and the largest is 10 feet 7 inches in circumference.

A trip to the Petrified Forest may not be of sufficient interest to warrant a special side trip on your part; if not, you will find many things equally interesting directly on the railroad.

The special Dunker train will stop at many points of interest, not much time will be consumed, but ample opportunity will be afforded to see the things you have learned in your history and geography.

The Santa Fe is well known as a scenic route and traversing sections of country replete with historic interest.

Special trains will be provided for the exclusive use of brethren, consisting of tourist sleepers and chair cars. Each train will be personally conducted. your every comfort will be anticipated.

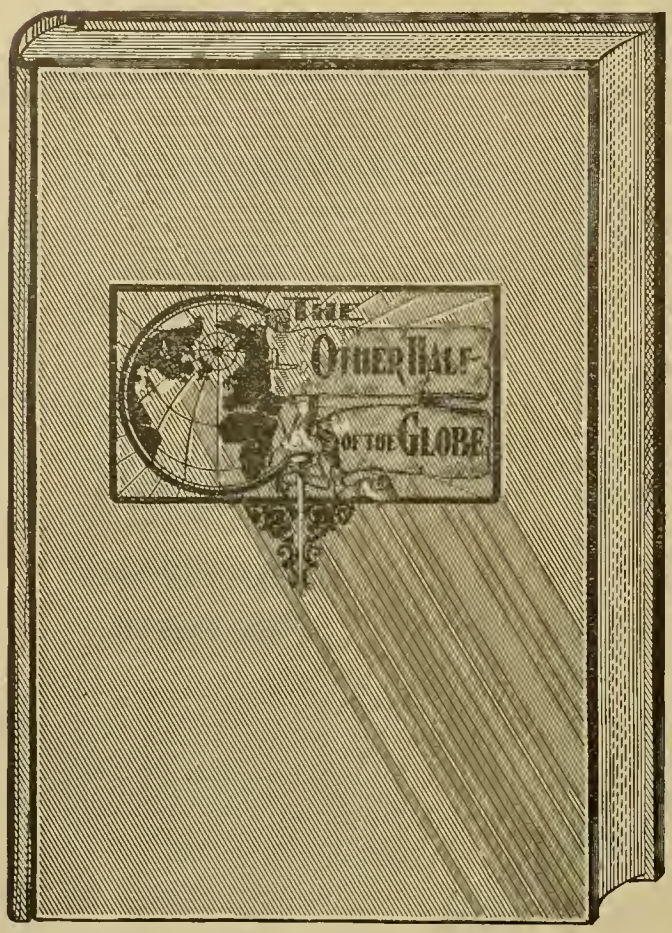
The train will be scheduled to reach all points of interest at a seasonable hour so that everything of interest may be seen while en route to the meeting.

If you contemplate going to California this winter, write us about rates and illustrated literature. Four trains daily. Pullman and tourist sleepers and free chair cars. No change from Chicago or Kansas City.

W. J. BLACK,
Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe,
1117 Railyway Exchange,
Chicago, Ill.

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Is undoubtedly one among the best of D. L. Miller's many works and discusses countries and people that we know very little about. Much time has been used in preparing this work, and it is well-written throughout. More than 100 illustrations are woven in which makes the book exceedingly interesting.

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No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 16 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

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No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes Nos. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood will cost you $1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

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All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 60 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

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This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncy A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

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For Sunday Schools and Christian Workers' Meetings

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PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER

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An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

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We deal direct with the sufferer, direct from our Laboratory to you. We have the most approved remedy, the most perfect cure mailed on ten days' approval. Delays are dangerous and will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications.



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Now we do not ask you to take our word, nor that of the cured hundreds. Instead, we want you to try this treatment, entirely at our personal risk, at our expense. Just say the word and we will send the treatment to you without pay or promise on your part. If, at the end of ten days' treatment you do not feel like a new being, if you do not honestly bless the day that you answered this advertisement, simply return the treatment to us. You are nothing out. Isn't that a fair and honorable offer?

If you feel bad or miserable at any time, take one Tablet and you will get quick relief. They are perfectly harmless for children and adults.

It is **Nature's Remedy** and is the right treatment for all diseases of the Digestive System. It cures Constipation, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Lame Back, Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Stomach and Bowel troubles. Don't overload your stomach with medicine. Only one Tablet a day is required. No alcohol, no narcotic evils.

In most people, Uric Acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

We Lead

others are trying to follow. Sixteen years of successful business in giving the people at all times more than their money's worth have placed us beyond the novice.

When people write to us for our treatment they know they are getting something that must give satisfaction, or they have the privilege of returning it. We always try to deal with the people so that our conduct and merit of our goods establish confidence on general principles.

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a full size $1.00 box of our Herb Tablets to any sick or ailing reader of this paper. We want no pay unless it benefits you. We take all the risk in furnishing you the treatment, paying the postage, the cost of this advertisement, our reputation and all. The treatment will last you from 30 to 50 days.

It will occupy about one minute of your time each day to take this treatment.

Not to exceed 50 minutes in the 50 days.

Can you afford to be sick? Certainly not.

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is composed of simple herbs, scientifically compounded to meet the requirements of human ailments. No medicine has a better reputation or more adherents for the time used.

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Each small box contains merit equal to gallons of much of the so-called liquid remedies.

Thousands of human beings have died drunkards from the early effects of alcoholic liquid remedies. Avoid them.

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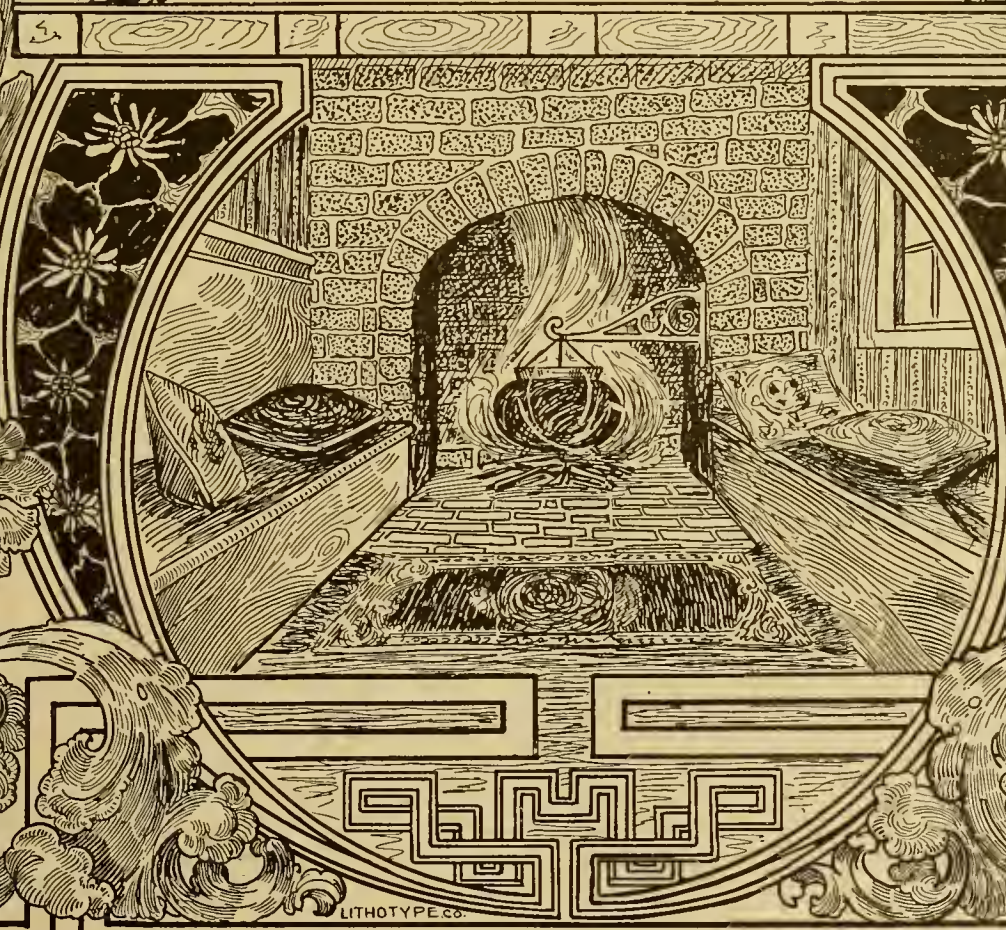
ASHLAND, OHIO

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Travelers in the Orient.—No. 5.
Pike's Peak.—N. J. Miller.
Why the Compass Varies.—J. S. Flory.
Halters and Holders.—Oma Karn.
The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.
When the Boy or Young Man Awakes.—George S. Grim.
Aunt Betsy.—Barbara S. Funk.
Ill Temper.—Richard Seidel.
Helping Mother.—Wealthy A. Burkholder.
A Pet Squirrel.—Maggie M. Winesburg.
Fruit Tree Propagation.—Wm. Mohler.
Be Independent.—Robt. E. Ericsen.



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January 8, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 2. Vol. IX

Will There Be a

SPECIAL TRAIN

to

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

For Brethren who Intend Moving their Families, Household Goods, Live Stock and Farm Implements Next March?

A NUMBER of people who intend to move to Butte Valley in the Spring have asked the above question. We have had to tell them it was too early to answer it until we could hear from all who intend to move in the spring; as to the number of people there would be in their party and number of cars of household goods they would have and where they expected to start from, so we can try and arrange to consolidate these parties into a special train.

You Will Confer a Favor and be Benefited Yourself

if you will advise me by first mail if you are thinking of moving to Butte Valley in the spring, giving above information so we can arrange to run the train through as the Brethren moved from Belleville, Kansas, to California, three years ago.

All Brethren who are thinking of making this move would do well to make their arrangements so as to get into Butte Valley early in March as possible that they may get settled down and their crops ready so as to be ready to participate in entertaining the

SPECIAL TRAIN TO ANNUAL MEETING That Will Stop at Butte Valley

Arrangements are being made for a special train to leave Chicago about May 1st *en route* to the Annual Meeting, which will enable the Brethren to visit Sterling, Denver, Colorado Springs, The Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, The Royal Gorge, Fruita and Junction City in Colorado; Salt Lake City, Utah; Nampa, Payette and Weiser, Idaho; Portland, Oregon, and arrive at Butte Valley, California, in time to attend the Dedication of the new Dunkard Church at that place and from there go to Sacramento and San Francisco, arriving at Los Angeles, Saturday, May 18th.

As the Annual Meeting commences on Tuesday, May 21st, this will enable many people to visit their friends and relatives *en route* and be at Los Angeles in time to rest up for the Annual Meeting.

Write for particulars of both special trains to—

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,

Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R. Co.,

Omaha, Nebr.

Butte Valley Church

You will please notice in Gospel Messenger, bearing date of Dec. 29, in the Notes from Correspondents on page 828, the announcement of the organization of the Butte Valley church. Elder E. M. Wolfe was chosen as elder and pastor; Bro. Herschel F. Maust, as clerk. A committee on church erection was appointed, consisting of H. F. Maust, E. M. Wolfe and J. C. Funderburg.

The California Butte Valley Land Company

has donated one acre of ground and sufficient material for a good, plain, substantial meetinghouse, 40 by 60 feet. The territory of the church will be Siskiyou county, until other organizations are established. The next regular council will be Jan. 5, 1907, at which time the church expects to complete the arrangement for the building of the church. The Brethren propose to have the house ready for dedication by the time the

Brethren's Special Co-Operative Train

arrives in the Valley. You will notice this item is scheduled in the itinerary of that Special Train. The Brethren desire the presence and assistance of as many of the eastern brethren and sisters as possible to attend this dedication and lend their encouragement to the work.

Those Who Move to Butte Valley in the Spring

ought to begin to make their arrangements so as to take advantage of the Special Colonist train to Butte Valley. Their stock, implements, furniture, household goods will be lined up in one train, with sufficient sleepers attached to accommodate the families, where they can cook, eat and sleep the same as at home. And when they arrive in Butte Valley their implements and household utensils and stock will all be there, and they will not need to wait and worry. Some of the Brethren remember that a similar thing was done about three years ago for the Brethren from Belleville, Kans.

Those parties who want us to make arrangements to this effect for them will notify us early so there will be no delay. Address—

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Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

Brawntawns are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

Brawntawns will make you healthy, bright and cheerful.

Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food Digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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THE FARMER WHO SPRAYS

will save his fruit trees from San Jose scale. It is well worth while and not hard to do. We sell the apparatus used by State Demonstrators and give free recipes for standard mixtures. Write for price lists.

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Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE
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We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford Indiana. We answer all letters.

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We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

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No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black, cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

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No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

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Frederick, Maryland.

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This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncy A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

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Elgin, Illinois.

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How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Simons has selected the fifty-two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 846 large pages. Publisher's price, $2.00; our price, bound in elegant cloth, beautifully stamped, $1.35.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JANUARY 8, 1907. NO. 2.

The Travelers in the Orient

By One of the Party

From Shore to Shore.—No. 5.

OUR embarkation on the calm sea at Jaffa was a surprise to us. One night's sailing brings us to Port Said, from which place we begin a journey of one thousand miles by rail through the land of Goshen.

Our headquarters are at Cairo, the largest city of Africa and second city of the Turkish empire. Here we observe both the oriental and occidental types. A beautiful, shady drive of five miles, with mud flats on either side, brings us to Ghizeh, from which place we enjoy a dromedary ride through the Libyan Desert about the Pyramids and Sphinx. A single obelisk marks the site of the famous ancient Heliopolis (On). A few scattered blocks of granite and two colossal statues lying among the palms of the mud flats are the last vestiges of ancient Memphis, one of the most populous and famous capitals of antiquity. Old Cairo, too, is but a heap of ruins. The large sun-burnt bricks of Nile mud, used in all construction except that of palaces and temples, largely accounts for the few fragments left intact. The ancient Nilometer on the island of Rhoda; the tombs of the Mamelukes and Khalifs; the citadel of the Muski, the chief thoroughfare and gardens, are well preserved works of recent times.

At the rate of fifty miles an hour we passed by mud hovels, through cotton fields, across the fertile delta of the Nile to Alexandria. On a slight eminence, strewn with fragments of ruins, supposed to be the site of the library destroyed by Omar, stands a single Assouan column, the only well-preserved relic of ancient Alexandria.

Again we hear the monotone song of the sakiyeh as they raise the water from the river, or hoe the newly-sown flax about us on our journey to Suez. Again the little sailboat, such as we used in crossing the Nile to Helouan, the artificial oasis of the upper Arabian desert, takes us across the Red Sea to "the desert of the sea" shore, from which is plainly visible the oasis of the Wells of Moses, with the frowning heights of the Sinai mountains in the background.

The desert shores are thickly strewn with beautiful, motley-colored shells. Upon these shores Miriam sang her beautiful song of praise recorded in Exodus, fifteenth chapter. Upon these waters plied the treasure-ladened ships of kings Hiram and Solomon.

We next pass the full length of the Suez Canal. Here the large ships and fast trains seem very magnificent as they move through the midst of the desert.

From Port Said we take passage on the royal mail steamer *Orient* from Australia. Our eleven-hundred-miles' sail again enables us to enjoy a view of Etna by day and Stromboli by night.

Once more we are in the harbor of Naples. We visit the museum and ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum on the slopes of Vesuvius; Puteoli, the landing place of Paul; Sorrento, ancient Campagna; Capri and the beautiful azure grotto.

We enjoy Thanksgiving dinner aboard the good ship *Pannonia* on our return journey from "Shore to Shore." Thanks to him who has kept guardian watch o'er man's mortality and ordained that:—

"In childhood's hour with careless joy
Upon the stream of time we glide,
With youth's bright hopes
We speed to reach the other side.

"Manhood looks forth with careful glance
While time steadily plies the oar,
And old age calmly waits
To hear the keel upon the shore."

* * *

IT was well said once that "great thoughts come from the heart"—a beautiful expression, but I should like to add to it a little prosaic rider of my own—great thoughts come from the heart, but they go around by the head.—*John Morley.*

* * *

SELF-RESPECT is the foundation of all true manliness and womanliness. When a person has lost this, there is little that can be done for them.—*C. C. Everett.*

Pike's Peak

N. J. Miller

A CENTURY ago, Nov. 15, 1806, Major Zebulon Pike first sighted the king of the eastern range of the Rockies. That intrepid soul caught sight of it when over one hundred miles away, the mountain appearing on the horizon as "a small blue cloud." After marching several days westward, the major with three companion soldiers set out to reach the top of the snowcapped monarch. They began to ascend Cheyenne mountain, hoping to find a trail from here to the top of their coveted goal. But they were caught in a snowstorm after reaching Cheyenne's crest (some say it was Black Mountain),



Four Mountain Climbers.

and found to their disappointment that the great peak was inaccessible from that point and miles away. The major believed and chronicled the same in his records that "no human being could ascend to the summit."

Though the explorer never set foot upon the peak bearing his name, to him is given the credit of first describing the lofty mountain lifting its head over 14,100 feet above sea level. Just how the "lord of the range" appealed to Pike I do not know and cannot imagine; however, any clear morning he is kingly as he pushes his head so far upward, his form clear-cut against an azure sky, his naked head capped with white and his feet dotted with a robe of conifer green.

To-day, one may reach the summit on foot, by burro, carriage, or passenger coach. Ascending the mountain on foot is perhaps the cheapest method and by far the most interesting to one who loves to come in close touch with scenery and its little crannies. The burro ride is very popular. The climb along the old trail "is slow but sure" so long as the burro's donkey tendencies do not take you in the wrong direction or halt and refuse to move forward at all. Perhaps the majority of tourists go up by rail, a very rapid but expensive method. The iron-road is slightly more than eight miles in length and the fare is five dollars for the round trip.

We didn't take the passenger coach for several reasons. First, the price did not inspire us with the old slogan, "Pike's Peak or bust," but we rather felt that should we pay the price for the Miller quartette we would actually realize the experience of some of the early gold seekers. They left the east with the motto "Pike's Peak or bust" on their covered wagons, but when their caravan stuck in the mud, mules died and purses became lean, they in grim humor expressed their condition by tacking on the stranded wagon, "Busted." Second, the flanks of the peak were interesting enough for us and, third, we didn't care to risk the dangers in rapid ascent to such heights. Many an individual ascended the peak by the iron horse and had ill experiences or did not live to tell the story. High altitudes try one's heart and rapid ascent has a greater tendency to bring instant heart collapse. I am told that it is nothing unusual for tourists to become sick and some never recover en route the peak. The sick are usually put off the car and left to be picked up on its return. Some become sick and faint on the summit and are hurried by carriage down the slope. An acquaintance of mine, and a strong man at that, had a similar experience. His friends advised him not to make the ascent by rail, yet he would. Reaching the bare-swept summit he fainted and was quickly hurried down by carriage. Several days lapsed before he fully recovered from the severe effects of the ascent. Now, for him there is nothing attractive or picturesque on the snow-capped peak. We did not care to recklessly try our heart, sometimes weak, in that way.

So far as railway accident is concerned, the ascent of Pike's Peak is safe, the road-bed is entirely without trestle-work, the maximum grade is 1,320 feet per mile, the maximum curvature sixteen degrees, and the track is held rigidly to its foundation by cross-sections of masonry. Two cog rails in the centre of the standard gauge track are interdigitated with the cog-drive-wheels of the engines. The engines and cars are built on an eight per cent slant which gives them an odd appearance. Since the maximum rate of speed is but eight miles per hour, greater safety is assured the traveling public on the peak-climbing iron trail than on other roads.

The only thing of interest on the peak is the bare, stony surface, with snow here and there not swept

away by the wind, and the summit-house. Here, too, is a national observatory, the telescope of which was recently overhauled. Last month an addition to the summit-house was completed. On its tower is



Pike's Peak from Colorado Springs.

operated a big search-light which sheds its dazzling beam from the peak every evening. Its light, it is said, can be turned upon Denver, Cripple Creek, Pueblo, and over into western Kansas. It is usually played on the passenger trains crossing the Colorado-Kansas line coming to Colorado Springs at night.

The scenery on the flanks of the Peak is splendid. It is the most fascinating scenery I have ever seen. As to what may be seen from the mountain's summit I cannot speak from personal experience. The sunrise viewed from the peak is said to be worth many times the cost of the ascent. Its beauty is woven in song and art, and is world-renowned. The scenery viewed from this point has been described by a writer as follows:

"The view from the peak once beheld can never be forgotten. The first sensation is that of complete isolation. The silence is profound. The clouds are below us, and noiselessly break in foaming billows against the faces of the beetling cliffs. Occasionally the silence is broken by the deep roll of thunder from the depths beneath, as though the voice of the Creator were uttering a stern edict of destruction. The storm rises, the mists envelop us, there is a rush of wind, a rattle of hail, and we seek refuge in the hotel. Pause a moment before entering and hold up your hands. You can feel the sharp tingle of the electric current as it escapes from your finger-tips. The storm is soon over, and you see the sunbeams gilding the upper surfaces of the white clouds that sway and swing below you half-way down the mountain sides, and completely hide from view the world beneath. The scenery shifts, like a drawn curtain the clouds part, and as from the heights of another sphere we look forth upon the majesty of the mountains and the plains. An ocean of inextricably tangled peaks sweeps into view. Forests dark and vast seem like vague shadows on distant mountain sides. A city is dwarfed into the compass of a single block; water courses are mere threads of silver laid in graceful curves upon the green velvet mantle of the endless plains. The red granite rocks beneath our feet are starred with tiny flowers, so minute that they are almost microscopic, yet tinted with the most delicate and tender colors."



Summit of Pike's Peak.

Denver, Colo.

❧ ❧ ❧

"Earnestness alone makes life eternity."

WHY THE COMPASS VARIES.

J. S. FLORY.

We have an idea that many of the Inglenook readers are interested in scientific investigation of the present age and are desirous of keeping abreast of the theories advanced that they may prove all things, so far as possible, and hold to that which evidence seems to indicate is good. It is certainly unwise to denounce what we don't understand, yet wise to investigate and then treat the subject with reasonable discretion. Such persons make good conversationalists and their company is of a nature to add something of worth to another. To write a letter or have a conversation with a person without having accomplished some good is simply squandering time to no purpose. If our purpose is to do some one good we shall not lose our reward. The best of it is, we ourselves are benefited.

We note the following new theory relative to the reason why the magnetic needle varies in its station or standing—not always pointing directly north or south. The writer says: "Solar force is central in the east and lunar or sun-shadow in the west; and with the rising of the sun every foot of the earth's surface, as it comes under the influence of the solar rays, receives the positive life current which streams westward along these rays. At the same time the lunar or negative currents flow eastward; and with the setting of the sun the daily direction of these currents is exactly reversed. The sweep of this solar current of electric energy westward being much stronger than the polar currents, deflects the northern current in the same direction; and the lunar current has a corresponding effect upon the negative current from the south, carrying it eastward. This is doubtless the reason that the needle of a compass and a magnet never point exactly to the poles, being deflected east of the north pole and west of the south."

She also has said: "The positive current upon the physical plane of life, the sun-breath—is always reckoned as the daytime of life; and the negative as the nighttime. The positive is the period of activity; the negative of receptive brooding and preparations *by rest,* for further activity."—*Mrs. A. Fletcher in "Nautilus" for October.*

Meditating upon these scientific deductions, we contemplate the meaning in the sayings: "We are children of the day," "The night cometh when no man can work," "A *rest* remaineth for the people of God," "I am the resurrection and the life," "In the morning it shall be light," "Then I shall be satisfied when I awake in his likeness." We also consider the importance of breathing the sunlight air in preference to the night air. The sluggard and the law-breaker who prowl around at *night* have to suffer the penalty of a breach of God's eternal law that has to do with our life *here.* Let us think of it and be wise.

Los Angeles, Cal.

HALTERS AND HOLDERS.

OMA KARN.

"If you can't pull, go up there and push!"

A number of workmen, led by their foreman, an active little Scotch-Irishman, were pulling on a rope, making strenuous efforts to raise an immense slab of stone to the top of the viaduct at which they were working.

For some reason, the cause of which I could not understand, one strong-looking man held back and when ordered to "take hold" put forth such a feeble effort that it was not only a hindrance to those who were trying, but was so annoying to the leader, that he sharply ordered him back to where a number of others were making energetic efforts to help move the heavy mass by pushing with all their might.

As I stood and watched the heavy stone, as the many willing hands slowly and surely moved it to its position, I found myself comparing the incident with some of the tasks of life. How often, in every phase of life that goes with the world of work, do we find these halters standing by, unwilling either to pull or push. Not only standing in their own way, but hindering those who are willing to take hold and pull.

Not all of us are able to pull, and only a few are qualified as leaders. But we can all push, and there is no lack of places in which to find room to push. We need to feel that our place is where work is to be done, where obstacles are to be met and mastered. Our place is not among those who are drifting along in search of an easy time, but with the persistent toilers who are striving to take hold of whatever opportunities present themselves and to hold on until they leave the world better than they found it. If you do not feel strong enough to pull, then get back there and push, and help along those who are able to pull. The probability is, that if you push with the right kind of spirit, you will soon be strong enough to take a place in the pulling line.

Covington, Ohio.

No cosmetics, no arts of dress, no studied adjustment of light and shade, can adorn the human face or form like health. The perfection of all colors on earth is the flesh color and the perfection of that is seen only in the rosy tint of health.—*Dwight.*

Of all flowers, the human flower is the one that needs sunshine most.—*Michelet.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Six.—Preparations for Christmas.

"MISS BARRET said there will be a Christmas tree at the schoolhouse this year, so I don't think we need to get one for Nat here at home," remarked Ellen Kemper to her husband one day while they were together at dinner.

"Well, there ain't any small enough cedar tree we could get unless we'd buy one, and, someway, I feel as if I ought to keep my pocketbook shut except for things we have to have," returned John.

"Then I guess you didn't get that silver-trimmed music rack I've been wanting," said Ellen, laughing merrily.

"No, Ellen, you'll have to content yourself with silver enamel this year," said John, entering a little into his wife's mood. He well knew that if she were actually a musician she would have been satisfied with nothing inferior to the most artistic music rack to be obtained.

"But we haven't decided on Nat's gift," went on John. "He is old enough now to have something more than a mere plaything. How would skates suit you?"

"Oh, we can't get anything to please Nat more than skates will." Mrs. Kemper hesitated a moment and then continued, "I haven't been able to keep from hoping that we'd see our way clear to getting him a piano. He seems to be fond of musical instruments with keys. You know how he tugs away at that old accordion Uncle Charley gave him. And every time he gets a chance to touch Racy's piano he plays the chord Blanche Racy taught him. Blanche says he holds his hands well and has a right good touch. He is just at the age to begin music."

"Yes, Ellen, it would be a good thing for Nat to have a piano. He's worth what it would cost. The trouble is, we can't exchange him for the piano, and there isn't cash enough to pay out for one."

"Another year, John. And if Nat still takes an interest in music, let's do try to satisfy him. It seems to me it wouldn't be wrong to get a piano partly on credit." Ellen knew she was taking a bold stand there. For John Kemper could not feel it right to go into debt except under assuredly necessitating circumstances, having only his very small farm and his limited educational ability to use in regaining any deficit.

"We'll do the best we can for Nat." Then, laying a hand over one of Ellen's that was resting on the table and looking full into her eyes, he said, "And, dear, don't trouble yourself about the matter. The 'best we can' often proves far better than the 'best we would.'"

"I'll be satisfied with skates for Nat's Christmas this year, anyway, I think I can make a stocking of popped corn. It will be something new and will please him instead of a tree."

It had not been difficult for John Kemper to make up his mind to get skates for his little boy. He was desirous that Nat learn the art of skating, and there was a fish pond on the Racy farm that was open to any and all patronage.

It was not so easy to decide upon a gift for Ellen. He really wanted to get her a velvet waist pattern, and he knew that would be very acceptable to her, but at every thought of it there came that peculiar reluctance to open his purse-strings for acquiring luxurious things for which there was no special need

It was not a presentiment that whispered advice to be frugal. There was no gloom accompanying it. Only a sort of psychological sensation that before another Christmastide there would be some unusual demand upon the toil-earned dollars.

As for Ellen's gift to John, it would be the one of custom,—a new book to increase his little store. It was already in its pre-Christmas nook, where he knew she always put its predecessors, and though he always saw them, now and again, before the rightful morning, he never peeped inside their wrappings. This time it was that angel of old New England life, Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," and another, a smaller, more expensive volume, that told of one whose life was broad enough to span a hundred pages.

Nat had been more fortunate, or more shrewd, than his father, in finding a gift for the housemistress.

He had watched his mother at her sewing and mending, workbasket and garments on the floor beside her or on a chair or table already well-covered with other articles. Down at the big white Racy home he had, one day in summer, seen Blanche with her needlework laid conveniently on a slender, three-shelfed stand.

"Where did you get that?" Nat asked.

"At Notion's, in Luville. Paid only seventy-five

cents. Isn't it the handiest thing for this sort of work?"

"I'd like for ma to have one. There are more at the store, ain't there?"

"There were quiet a number yet, the other day. But if you'll keep Trix from carrying away any of these things I'll telephone to Notion's and have them set aside a stand for you," proposed the girl.

"I'll watch Trix," Nat said heartily.

A few days later there was brought in the Racy phaeton, and deposited in a corner of Blanche Racy's own room, another triple-shelfed stand; and, bound among the wrappings was a fifty-cent purchase, a heavy, keen-bladed "Barlow" jack-knife, which would in due time bear the tag, "For Pa."

Nat went over to Racy's the evening the parcel came from Luville. When Blanche had offered to care for the gifts until time for their bestowal, Nat was too abashed by his gratitude to speak.

"Come up to my room," invited the girl, laughing, "and I'll show you that I have a place to put them that your mamma would never see."

"It's right back of this curtain. Nobody would dare peep into this private corner," she added, placing the articles out of sight.

It was just growing dusk when Nat trudged across the lawn on his way home. Blanche was standing on the veranda, watching the sturdy little figure. As Nat turned to latch the gate he lifted his fingers to his lips and then threw the osculated impress to the girl.

"Oh!" she called, "won't you give me a 'really,' Nat?"

Nat was shy of kissing outside the family, but the tone bore such a wistful note that he had never before heard from Blanche, that he answered "Yes," and walked back to the house.

Blanche's thin face looked as white as the soft ribbon that floated from her throat, except for the vivid spots on either cheek, and her lips felt burning against Nat's cool, firm ones.

The little boy had a feeling of sad wonder, such as he had had when he saw Blanche baptized at his father's church.

"I wish you'd teach our school this winter," he said in a hushed voice, lingering a moment.

"I wish so, too. Wouldn't we have jolly times?" The light-hearted cadences were in the voice again.

Nat ran away, and Blanche, giving rein to the spasm of coughing that seized her, lay down in the hammock, exhausted.

Now, in mid-December, the young girl still wended her quiet way among her friends. Her step was slower, but as springy. The vivid spots were now all day on her cheeks. She coughed more frequently and for a longer time, and two or three times, after the most violent of the paroxysms, blood gushed from between her lips and for days thereafter she had to leave untouched the beautiful embroidery and the dollies' dresses and the warm mittens that at Christmastide would be bestowed on every household and every tot in the neighborhood.

Miss Barret, the school-teacher, came in one evening to consult Blanche about the coming entertainment at the schoolhouse. Although Blanche was not strong enough to take part in either the pre-arrangements or the evening's program, she could give helpful suggestions for decorations and roles.

"If everything could be as easily put into place as the branches of evergreen, and the candles and candy on the tree, I wouldn't be so perplexed. Of course I didn't expect all play and no work in drilling the pupils for their parts, and I am satisfied in general. But when it comes to dealing with unusual stubbornness and pure selfishness, it's trying."

"I don't understand what you mean, Dora," said Blanche.

"Indeed, I don't want to complain," said the teacher, "but I thought you may help me. It's Nat—Nat Kemper. He must have everything the best, and, as it happens when he's in connection with others, he is determined to have the best of everything. I have assigned him two choice parts for himself and now he comes coaxing me to give Victoria Ryan the 'Lily' tableau. He insists that Victoria's face would look prettier than any other within the lily, and that a thick powdering of flour would conceal her read hair."

"You see, we had decided on that tousled little Elsie Black to be the center of the lily. She has such a mass of golden curls that would be exactly suitable. But one of the child's eyes is crossed, and Nat was bold enough to throw that in my face. He has made the same arguments to the other pupils and all but five or six are clamoring for Victoria in the lily You know what that means. The children will carry their discontent home to their parents.

"I would cancel that number on the program, but Elsie knows and is so eager to be in the 'lily' and her shiftless mother is so joyful,—I won't change my plan for all the well-to-do families of the district."

At no time had Miss Barret brought herself to any other decision on the matter. She was indignant about it, and overwrought by extra duties, and had pictured to herself the attitude of the audience, in exaggerated outline, perhaps.

"It is too bad," said Blanche, sympathetically.

"Can anything be done? Can I do anything?" asked Dora.

"Go ahead as you are doing. I think that is the only right thing. And I'll see, this very evening, whether I can't do something to help you."

Accordingly, as soon as Miss Barret had gone, Blanche lay down and took a nap in order to conserve her frail strength for a call on Nat.

Dan Racy took his daughter on her mission, the two well tucked in beneath fur robes, in the light cutter sleigh.

Blanche found Nat and his mother in the kitchen rubbing and coddling a dilapidated looking kitten.

"There are four such pretty kittens at the stable, —not half grown. And this evening, when pa was feeding, he left a bucket of slop standing while he gave Jen her corn. When he went back to the bucket this kitten was in it, half-drowned. Nat and I washed it. It's gettin' a little sprightly again."

Mrs. Kemper laid the kitten on an old cushion in a basket near the stove. Nat stayed by, stroking the soft, damp fur.

Mrs. Kemper invited Blanche to go with her into the sitting-room.

"Let me watch the kitten with Nat," said the girl. "And if he wishes, he can bring his book, and study."

"They're all named," began Nat, eagerly, when Blanche had seated herself in a low rocker near him and the basket. "The gray one with the white throat is Baby; the all-over gray one is Silver; the black and white one is Beauty; and we call this one Stripe,— it's such a dingy black, and that yellow streak don't help its looks."

"Why don't you have one of the others in here to play with,—one of the pretty ones?" asked Blanche.

"Oh, they didn't fall in the greasy slop. They don't need to be in here."

"But one of them would look prettier in the basket than this one does. You could have left this one at the stable to take care of itself."

"Why, Blanche, it would 'a' froze. It was all wet. It needed to be washed and warmed. It's just a kitten, like the others." Nat spoke sharply, looking into Blanche's eyes with a gleam of indignation in his own.

"Is that the reason you are treating it so kindly, Nat,—because it needs this care?" the girl asked.

"Yes, it's just a kitten," repeated Nat.

"It will be a happier kitten, too, won't it, when you take it to the stable again?"

"Yes."

"You think it's not so pretty as the others, don't you."

"It ain't near 's pretty?"

Blanche waited a little, collecting all her tact and her sincere sympathy for the purpose of gaining a similar response from the boy. Then she leaned toward him and spoke in a low, rapid, eager voice.

"There is a little girl who isn't very pretty and who never gets her yellow, tousled hair curled nicely. But it would make her very happy to have her hair in neat curls and to show it at the center of the lily."

"We want Victoria Ryan in that lily," Nat said, sullenly.

"But if Elsie *needs* to be, Nat?"

The sullen grimace became heavier over the lips, but the eyes, still downcast, had a look of shrinking.

"You gave the kitten what it needed."

Nat fidgeted.

"They're just the same,—Elsie and Stripe, don't you think, Nat? Elsie isn't pretty, but she's just a little girl, and nice things don't come her way very often. Aren't you willing to have her be in the lily?"

"I'm willin'."

"Will you tell the others in school?"

"I'll tell 'em you asked me to."

"Tell them that, then. But tell them it's because Elsie needs to be made happy."

The following evening Elsie herself brought Blanche a note from Miss Barret.

"Dearest Blanche," it read, "to-day Nat told Flossie Reynold something and she told me. Nat had said, 'Blanche Racy said Elsie will be tickled to get to stick her head in the lily. Won't you tell the kids, Flossie?' Flossie herself had not been partial about the girl for the lily, but she went to each one with Nat's message, and I have heard none of the old complaint from anybody."

WHEN THE BOY OR YOUNG MAN AWAKES.

GEORGE S. GRIM.

Boys are a large problem. We often think that parents and educators should be more interested in this problem, because it largely depends on the boys for the prosperity of the future in all the departments of life.

The time of great responsibility and even the destiny of boys is when they wake up and become alive to their duties in coming manhood, and the battles which they expect to fight in after years.

The dividing line between boyhood and manhood is not the time when a boy lengthens his trousers, or leaves high school, but when he opens his eyes and becomes awake and sees the work of life, and puts his shoulder to the wheel to push on the work, through all the years of his life. This awakening comes to all boys to a greater or less degree. And we find the words, "you ought" have often risen high on his horizon. He has found there are things he likes which he needs to turn away from, and some things he dislikes which he needs to do. And "you ought," with its pressure, either becomes distasteful and burdensome, or begins to shine and beckon him.

Happy is the boy who lives in this moral atmosphere, where he sees the sun shining on the words, "you ought" until when the crisis comes he does decide for himself what he will do, and is loyal to the command. Then that awful day of decision is passed.

Louisville, Ohio.

Aunt Betsy

Barbara S. Funk

MOST writers expend their pity upon those mothers who, to use the conventional phrase, "have only one servant, a maid of all work," but plenty of money to purchase comforts, nice houses to live in, and many luxuries besides. There are many poor women who have never a picture nor a book, and entirely unthought of is such a thing as provisions to last a whole week. Living in hovels, accustomed to squalid poverty, is it any wonder their children grow up in misery, want, and sin? I must confess that my sympathies go out to the latter class; and, like the poor tramp in "In His Steps; or What Would Jesus Do?" I get puzzled when I see so many Christians living in luxury, and singing—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;"

and then think of these same poor who have nothing to leave and to whom decently respectable clothes are an utter impossibility. This is my only apology for giving INGLENOOK readers this true memoir.

Some of my readers in my native county, Rockingham, will remember Aunt Betsy, as she was familiarly known ever since I can remember. There was nothing striking about her appearance save the fact that no one else in that region ever wore such rags as apologies for clothes. Then, too, she was wrinkled and brown as a mummy. She could not be otherwise; for scant clothes, poor fare and pine lights are not beautifying agents certainly. All who knew her admired her devotion to her seven children, even though they were almost as ill-favored and lean-fleshed as were Pharaoh's ill-favored kine. Strange, too, that in point of numbers they were also the same. How bravely she stood by those children, supporting them entirely by her own efforts; though every nerve, and muscle, and fiber of her being was called into play to keep the wolf from the door. She always received charitable gifts with gratitude. By some strange fatality, life always offered her its seamy side; yet I never saw her down in the mouth, or heard her murmur at her hard lot. I have often wondered what she got out of life to repay her for all she put into it. Many a morning she was out of bed before the stars faded from the sky, scaling the mountains in search of huckleberries, where rattlesnakes were common. Next day the huckleberries were carried down to the Valley and exchanged for such things as the family most needed. Strawberries, grapes, and blackberries were each gathered in their season for the same purpose. Then she made scrub-brooms from hickory sticks, which were sold both at the stores and at private houses; and from the sale of which she realized quite a little sum. Once, I remember, when the load which she was to deliver at a point three miles beyond my home, was unusually large, and she seemed really fatigued, my father kindly proffered a horse for the purpose of carrying the load. She placed a boy of fifteen upon the horse, gave him the load, then walked every step of the way there and back, leading the horse by the bridle lest harm should come to that boy. For herself and children she collected all the old, decrepit, toeless, soleless and heelless shoes, apparent wrecks; and, with the aid of such old boot-legs as she could gather, the former came out of her hands restored to some resemblance of shoes, prepared to start upon another period of service. She was an inveterate smoker; and I can see her yet as she lit her pipe and adjusted her load preparatory to starting home. Then with a cheerful "Well, a good day to you all!" she would stop a moment in the open door to comment upon the state of the weather. With a quick glance toward Little North Mountain she would most generally conclude, "We'll have some fallin' weather soon, it's gittin' cloudy behind."

Knitting was, I think, her only womanly accomplishment. She often begged my mother to give her yarn with which to knit stockings for us children. With a sincere desire "to help the poor to help themselves," the yarn was sometimes given her; but not always did the stockings come back. I think my mother understood, but I never heard her utter one word of censure.

I think it was December, 1865, that the Shenandoah Valley was visited by a terrible snowstorm. It snowed for days; and, as the wind blew a perfect gale, the snow was drifted until the fences were in many places entirely hidden. Even after the storm was over and the sun ventured to look down again, it was some time before persons left their comfortable firesides. It must have been near noon on a bitter cold day, I do not know how long after the storm, that someone descried a queer-looking object in a large field on my father's farm. No one could account for the strange appearance, as not even a horseman had yet ventured out. It was watched by every member of the family as, bobbing up and down, now standing still, then entirely disappearing, it slowly but surely came nearer. Finally, one of the watchers recognized the well-worn plaid shawl which always enveloped the form of Aunt Betsy upon her winter outings; and by and by she succeeded in reaching the porch, wet, numb and almost exhausted. My father said, "Aunt Betsy, how did you get here, and what made you come out in such a snow?" "Mr. F———, I had to come; we were starving." Then, with the flattery which the very poor know so well how to use, she added: "I

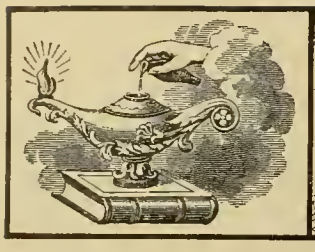
knew if I reached your door we'd be saved from starvation. You've never turned me away empty-handed." She was taken to a warm room, given dry clothing; and, after a rest by the fire she was ready to enjoy the nice dinner which my mother knew so well how to prepare. I think her spirits, like those of Ichabod Crane, "rose with eating as some men's do with drink," for she even spoke of her husband's shortcomings with apparent good humor. It is needless to add that she did not go away empty-handed; but, long ere the sun sank behind the mountains, she was trudging upon the return trip to her home, which was a rude log hut three miles away in a little mountain hollow, which she reached in time to give her children their first meal that day.

Several years after, I was returning from school with two of my schoolmates about my own age. She had just left my home a few minutes before. Her appearance seemed to amuse them very much. They drew up their scanty skirts, stepped away off to one side of the road; and, with mock courtesy, said, "Good evening, Betsy." It belonged to her code to resent an insult. Instantly her blood was up, and the tirade she delivered against those girls in the shape of advice was "a plenty," to say the least. As an afterthought she added, by way of a sop, "'Twa'n't Mrs. F———'s little gal; she's been too well raised."

My narrative would be incomplete without further reference to her husband, who, like Rip Van Winkle, had an "insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor." He spent his summers trying to keep cool, and his winters trying to keep warm; and the intervals between raising a few potatoes and storing them away, which he had no intention of sharing with the rest of the family. He did not believe that the earth was round, nor that it revolved upon its axis. He had time and again climbed a tree with a pocketful of stones which he let fall, one at a time, to see if they fell at the same spot, and they always did. He could neither read nor write, and to him the law of gravitation was unknown. Neither did he believe that God made the world in six days. "The job was too big," he said. Then he was sure, too, that "God never made one man Adam, and one woman Eve, and then stopped; anybody might know that when he was fixed to make 'em, he made more'n that." I heard him tell my father all of this once when he broke the record and came down to assist the latter in corn planting. He never learned that bare facts have never been able to satisfy any one; that, after getting the facts, men have ever sought to connect them with something higher than the facts,—the spiritual law of which the fact is but the expression. Yesterday I saw a flock of geese obeying the instinct that teaches them to fly away over strange lands to be rid of the cold; and I thought that we, likewise, as dependent creatures, must give ourselves up to the law of our being which moves us to feel that "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." To a minister who sat by his bedside in his last moments, urging him to give his heart to God, he murmured in broken sentences, "Yes, yes, I don't know where God came from. Who made him? I can't understand these things;" and thus he was ushered into the Great Beyond. I suspect, that, like king Jehoram, "he departed without being desired."

I am glad to record that Aunt Betsy's last days were her best days. Once, after my marriage, she came to see me; not as a common beggar, however, but as an honored guest. One of her sons had learned a trade, and his efforts to requite her kindness were quite commendable. She was neatly dressed in calico, and her feet were encased in a pair of new shoes. She had then united with the Baptist church. She confided to me that she would have preferred the church of the Brethren, but there was none near enough for her to attend, being then unable to walk far. I told her they did not obey all of the New Testament. She said, "They told me they were right, and how is one who cannot read a word to know what is right?" I wonder, too; and I have good authority for the assumption that such as she are beaten with few stripes, the many being reserved for those who know the Lord's will and are too proud to do it. Soon after, we left Virginia, and I never saw Aunt Betsy again. While we were away she was called up yonder. I sincerely hope to join the great multitude who stand before the throne clothed with white robes: for truly "she came out of great tribulation." It must mean much to such as she to know they "shall hunger no more." No wonder the Word of God contains so many promises to the very poor. What an uplift for such to know that "the Lamb who is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Who shall say that Aunt Betsy's life was lived in vain? Have I carried from the happy home of my childhood all these pictures in my mind without being made better, more tender, thoughtful and kind to the poor? I think not; and when I have felt a wave of ingratitude or discontent welling up in my bosom, thoughts of Aunt Betsy's patience and the fortitude with which she bore the hardships of a life of poverty, have caused me to think that, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places," and I have resolved anew to fulfill faithfully the duties of my station: "To be content, to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always and not for the praise of man but for the sake of God."

Bedford City, Va.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—The Creation of Man.

S. Z. SHARP.

"So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them."—Gen. 1: 27.

1. THE CREATOR. In the original the Creator of all things is called *Elohim,* the plural of *Eloah.* This plural form is used with singular verbs and adjectives. *Elohim,* therefore, designates the fullness of divine power and is rightly called by Delitsch the plural of intensity. It also foreshadows the doctrine of the Trinity so clearly taught in the New Testament.

The expression in verse 26, "Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness," implies a council of the persons of the Deity and fully harmonizes with the plural idea of the term *Elohim.*

2. THE CREATURE, MAN. His high estate is indicated by his relation to his Creator, bearing his "image and likeness." Though less perfect, his image is like that of the second person of the Trinity as he appeared later on. The magnificent objects in the universe, the suns and systems, the majestic Alps and Himalayas, the vast oceans and the innumerable creatures in sea and air, are but *things,* man is a *person* and bears affinity to his Maker, his body being animated by the soul which God himself breathed into him. He is God's son and bears the image and likeness of his Father.

There is an affinity in the intellectual nature of man to that of the Divine. In some degree man thinks by the same laws as his Creator. He was also made to have a spiritual resemblance in his original purity, innocence and goodness though he is now a prodigal and has lost much of his original estate.

3. THE GREAT COUNCIL. The words, "Let us make man," implies the conclusion arrived at in a council of the Trinity, and the term "us," proves that all three persons in the Godhead had part in man's creation as they now have in his redemption. The wonderful plan for creating man of such a character that he could fall and then be redeemed by the sacrifice of one of the Trinity, was something beyond the comprehension of angels until it was demonstrated to them.

4. MAN'S DUAL FORM. The expression, "Male and female created he them," coming in opposition with, "In the image of God created he him," goes to show, as Luther observes, that woman also was created in the image and likeness of God and that the word "man" should be used in the sense of mankind, the *genus homo,* including both man and woman.

5. THE TIME OF MAN'S CREATION. Both the book of Nature and the book of Revelation teach that man was created last and stands highest in an ascending scale—the crowning work of God's creation. From the creature first formed to that formed last, there is a clearly marked order of more highly developed beings, but man was *created* not *developed* from a lower order. The term "created" occurring three times in our text, is emphatic in showing that God made man and did not simply develop him from a lower order. Nor did God make man until the conditions were first made favorable for his reception. Earth and air as well as the herbs and animals were first made suitable and conditions were conducive to his happiness before he was called into being. A garden, a paradise, was first prepared for man's happiness and delight. In this is manifested the deep interest God has in the welfare of man.

6. MAN'S DOMINION. There is something in man's appearance that inspires respect from the lower animals. Even the lion, the king of the forest, allows himself to be tamed and subdued by man as do all the other animals. "Have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air and over everything that moveth upon the earth," is the divine decree that gives man authority over all earthly beings. His regal power extends over the entire earth. Even the elements submit to his behests. He commands the lightning and it obeys him. The grandeur of his dominion is only befitting a being that bears the image of God.

Fruita, Colo.

ILL TEMPER.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

ILL temper is one of the worst passions of the human mind even in its mildest form, and when fully and freely exercised becomes disgraceful and despicable in the extreme. In this beautiful world, filled as it were with the presence of the Deity, and fragrant with incense from unnumbered altars of praise, it is almost impossible to conceive how an element so painful and base as this

could find a place even for a moment of time. To be angry in any degree is to sin. The command is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

Following are a few quotations from authors who have denounced in meaning terms the evils of ill temper. If any of them were guilty subjects, their fault condemned and confessed became at least half redressed. We can all agree in the truth of their sayings, learn the lessons which they present, and exercise them practically upon our own lives. It was Cumberland who, comparing ill temper, put it in the superlative degree; he said:

"Of all bad things by which mankind are curst
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst."

Webster felt likewise, when he wrote:

"There is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deformed, so beastly
As doth intemperate anger."

Dean Swift said: "Our passions are like convulsion fits which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker forever afterward." Marcus Antonius expressed the same sentiment long ago in the following: "Consider how much more you often suffer from your anger and grief than from those very things for which you are angry and grieved."

"If anger proceeds from a great cause," said Jeremy Taylor, "it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness, and so is either terrible or ridiculous."

Clarendon likens angry and choleric persons to thunder and lightning, ungrateful and unsociable, being in themselves all storm and tempest; but quiet and easy natures are like fair weather, welcome to all.

Still another condemnation appears in the words of Johnson who said: "The round of a passionate man's life is in contracting debts in his passion which his virtues oblige him to pay. He spends his time in outrage and acknowledgment, injury and reparation."

"An angry man is again angry with himself when he returns to reason," says Publius Syrus. This is true with all who care for reputation, morals or character; conviction and repentance are able to correct all the wrongs of human life. Anger blinds the moral vision, numbs every sense of propriety and disgraces the individual over whom it gains control. It is as desperate as a furious and frightened horse which, when under way, still plunges along till its force is spent and pain and suffering become a consequence.

Cotton likened it to "intoxication, which like that of grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves, and we injure our own cause in the opinion of others, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it."

It is impossible that any of enlightened mind or conscientious principle should willfully or willingly allow themselves indulgence in such wanton ways, or at any time so far forget themselves as to be easily ignited into a flame of feeling by offenses or circumstances, be they ever so annoying; or in any way to approve it: for it is a terrible enemy to gentle peace and happiness. Neither power, place or condition fortify the soul against the upheavals of the carnal mind; the superior faculties in man, divinely inspired, must dominate and overcome in every state and stage of his existence, otherwise there is no salvation. The great and the wise; artists, poets and even musicians whose souls it would seem must live in the realm of ceaseless harmony, have given themselves up to those abnormal feelings, and many becoming victims to their deadly discharges have fallen to rise no more. It is dreadful to contemplate, but it is true that on the throne and in high places it has burned like the fiercest, and found the most fuel. It has opened many a gloomy pit with its murderous hand when in a moment of frenzied passion thousands have been condemned to die, often guiltless and without trial. It is the despoiler of home loves, the destroyer of friendship, and is often a fatal injury to the health of those who yield to its influence.

Whoever finds ill temper among the foes of his soul should seek earnestly and sincerely to be filled with the power of God's love, which is the germ of moral excellence, the fullness and completeness of all the excellence of God, and is able to help us to rise above the imperfections to which we are all more or less subject. Our greatest heroic aim should be to control and conquer ourselves. Said the ancient Dhammapoda: "If one man conquer in battle a thousand times a thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest conqueror." Conquer thyself! till thou hast done that, thou art a slave in bondage more than that realized under unjust despotic law.

It is wise to be moderate. "Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues." It is virtuous to be forgiving, "Never does a human soul appear so strong as when it foregoes revenge and dares to forgive an injury." It is Christlike to be patient. "How poor are they who have not patience," who hath it not is out of possession of his soul. The lives of all good men and women testify to the virtue of an humble spirit and a well-governed mind.

Fort Hancock, N. J.

"You are able to control and regulate your sensations, feelings, passions, emotions, tendencies, desires, thoughts and environments just as easily as you can control and regulate the movements of your hands and feet. It is only a matter of training in the new spheres of mental action."

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everwhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

AS WE MEET EACH OTHER.

A RECENT journey which took me among strangers impressed me anew with the use we make of that gift,—instinct one might almost call it,—by which in a sense we come to know utter strangers by giving meaning to each facial expression and gesture.

Though unconscious of it, the development of this gift must begin with those whom we have learned to know by daily association. When we have come to know these characters, we see that such and such traits belong to such and such peculiarities of expression and gesture, and so by putting two and two together we find ourselves in possession of a code that will work fairly well in the reading of any character. And the more we are thrown among strangers the more we use this gift and the more perfect our readings.

We often wonder why some people will give themselves away so plainly by the peculiarities of gesture and expression which serve as so many indices to their traits of character, never thinking that our own personality is advertised in the same conspicuous manner.

However, one is sometimes conscious of the fact that his everyday manners are not the most pleasing and attractive, and so he adopts a set for special occasions —sometimes designated Sunday manners. But these are likely to be more or less stiff and ill fitting from lack of use, and the keen observer is not deceived. Moreover, this hypocrisy only adds to the repulsiveness of the character as it is revealed in its true light.

The only way in which we may make the impression we desire, as we meet each other, is to begin on the inside by the cultivation of those graces which, as they work out into speech and act, shall not only afford attractiveness, but a never-failing source of inspiration to those who are attracted, to say nothing of its salutary effect upon ourselves. One may unconsciously dispense a wonderful amount of good by this means, and the cultivation of any grace that may broaden this field of influence ought not to be neglected, even though this were the only avenue through which such good might flow.

"THE TERRIBLE STORY OF THE CONGO."

OUR readers have heard more or less of the horrible cruelties perpetrated in the Congo Free State, of central Africa, in the name of civilization. But it is a story that will bear repetition so long as the terrible conditions remain and Christian nations do not exert the power to remove them. In the December number of *Everybody's* Robert E. Park gives a clear and full write-up of the subject under the above heading, and follows it in the January number with "The Blood-Money of the Congo." Most of what is said here is taken from the former article.

"Who is the owner of the vastest private estate in the world—900,000 square miles of it? Who is the promoter of the most stupendous scheme of loot and robbery that modern times can show? Who, single-handed, has laid waste a country, drenched a land in blood, offered up tens of thousands of human lives on the altars of his greed and his lust for gold, and hoodwinked the powers of the earth into believing that he did it in the interest of philanthropy and civilization? Who but Leopold, King of the Belgians?—the astute, the wily, the conscienceless, and the philanthropist—always the philanthropist!" How he can consider this state so absolutely his own possession that he bequeaths it away in his will, and how he "has reached such a pinnacle of despotic power, in a day when personal government is a thing of the past, and a sovereign is more or less a figurehead" is a long story. We have space for only a few words which may give the reader some idea of the process used.

In 1876 the African International Association met in Brussels, summoned by Leopold, "to discuss measures for stamping out slavery and its concomitant horrors in the Congo" as practiced by the Portuguese slave-traders. "The scheme was broadly philanthropic and entirely legitimate, and as such was entered into by the powers." Immediately following the organization "Leopold set about obtaining for it the status of an independent government." In his character of philanthropist he enlisted the aid of the explorer, Henry M. Stanley, who obtained "those treaties with the natives on which the Association based its claim to sovereignty in the Congo Basin." After nine years of expensive experiment and wire-pulling in Europe, in 1884 the Association was replaced by the Congo Free State. Leopold's remaining steps to complete possession were likewise gained under the plea of philanthropy and civilization,—one being the promise to suppress the slave-trade, root and branch, and another being the promise to regulate the sale of liquor.

"What this tragedy was to be, none could have foretold from its beginnings. Upon a day, white men appeared on the banks of the brown, oily river, rolling its swollen length through the rank, luxuriance" of the tropical forests of that dark land, "and held palaver with the chiefs. 'There was rubber in the forests; bring much rubber, basketfuls of rubber, and it would be paid for.'

"This was something new—the idea that rubber might be bartered for objects of price. It looked like an easy way of obtaining red cloth, blue beads, bright rods of brass. Rubber poured into the stations: cloth and beads and brass were given in exchange; fair and honest trade was established along the Congo. And this was not so many years ago.

"But before long the white men demanded more rubber—for the same amount of beads and cloth and brass. The natives demurred. Fewer and fewer rods were forthcoming; more and more rubber was required. The natives grew sullen; the State sent out soldiers to uphold the demands of the white men."

Among a number of other things the writer then discusses the native army of 20,000 men "thinly veneered with discipline and training," and continues: "What were the methods of coercion that such an army would be likely to use? And what are the results of these methods? To these two questions the answer is a tale so horrible in some of its instances as to be unprintable. What may be told is this:

"A certain amount of rubber, or copal, is demanded from a village within a certain time. It is brought by the blacks into the station, weighed, and, if found up to measure, paid for after this fashion:

Production.	Payment.
Per basket of pure rubber, worth $5.25.	1 knife, worth 12 cents.

"Six and one-half tons of gum copal, worth £364, or about $1,750, is levied yearly from a single village. In payment for his full year's work, each adult householder receives thirty-one cents. Again, another village, with a total population—including children—of two hundred and forty persons, is compelled to provide for the government one ton of carefully prepared foodstuffs per week, receiving in return a total sum of $3.80. More commonly, payment consists of a certain measure of salt and a yard or two of calico. And these are but three isolated instances. Multiply them by ten thousand and you will still fall short of a realization of actual existing conditions.

"Now, suppose the tale of rubber or copal is not complete. The offending village is raided by the soldiers. Men, women, and little children are either dragged away as 'hostages' to be held until their fellow-villagers have contrived to make up the deficiency, or are shot down like dogs, and their right hands cut off and turned over to the State as evidence of duty done. Cartridges cost money; and for every cartridge gone from a soldier's belt a hand must be produced."

The writer then gives particular instances of this cruelty. The article closes with some of the excuses offered by Leopold, or some of the plans used by him to escape being convicted of these crimes. In the second article the writer discusses at length these plans to hoodwink public opinion and show up the conditions as they should be, and not as they are. He also tells plainly how Leopold spends the millions secured at such a sacrifice of life.

AN EXPLANATION.

Some of our readers may have noticed in last week's Inglenook that several quotations appeared under the head, "Worth Repeating in this Issue," which did not appear in any article of that issue. The quotations are taken out when the copy is prepared and are set up along with it. Later the type is made up into pages, and it is at this point that such mistakes are likely to occur. In this case more copy had been set up than could be put in the pages of one issue, and the "Worth Repeating" column was not revised accordingly.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

The "best we can" often proves far better than the "best we would."—*Mary I. Sensenman.*

It must mean much to such as she to know they "shall hunger no more." No wonder the Word of God contains so many promises to the very poor.—*Barbara S. Funk.*

To write a letter or have a conversation with a person without having accomplished some good is simply squandering time to no purpose.—*J. S. Flory.*

It largely depends on the boys for the prosperity of the future in all the departments of life.—*George S. Grim.*

The listening to the stories told by fruit-tree agents has cost the farmers of this country millions of hard-earned dollars.—*Wm. Mohler.*

Neither power, place or conditions fortify the soul against the upheavals of the carnal mind.—*Richard Seidel.*



THE Hungarian railways have established a special invalid's car service. One room has a dispensary and if a passenger is taken ill he can be attended to immediately.

WHILE digging fifteen feet beneath the surface of one of the streets of Brooklyn the other day, a gang of workmen unearthed the skeleton of a whale which is supposed to have been there since before America was known to history.

PRESIDENT SMITH, of the Ohio Northern university, has announced that a tax of one dollar will be placed on all students in the university who smoke. "All pipe smokers and cigarette smokers—in fact all smokers of tobacco in any form—will be taxed one dollar per term more than others in the future," said he. "This extra tuition is to be a license for the habit."

JOHN WESLEY GAINES, of Tenn., (Dem.), introduced in the house a bill providing that each member who is absent from his duties at the capitol a single day be docked $13.70 for each day unless he has a valid excuse. Should a bill like this pass, some congressmen would draw very little salary. Wm. R. Hearst, of New York, for example, is rarely ever in his seat in the house.

THE Chamber of Deputies at Brussels has voted, 127 to 30, in favor of the proposal to accept the terms of King Leopold's will bequeathing the Congo Independent State to Belgium, on condition that the royal private domains be maintained integrally after its annexation. This means that Belgium will proceed to annex the Congo after a full accounting of its obligations and concessions.

THE German Society of Wireless Telegraphy announces that it has recently succeeded in holding telephonic communication without wires between Berlin and Nauen, a distance of twenty-four miles. Professor Slaby, who is enthusiastic on the subject, says that the problem of wireless telephony is now solved and that the time is coming when a man will be able to speak wirelessly with a friend in any part of the world.

THE longest balloon voyage of the year just closed was accomplished by Mr. Leslie Bucknall, an English æronaut. Starting from London, he crossed the English channel, passed over France for a long distance, entered Switzerland and landed at Veney, on the shore of Lake Leman, having covered a distance estimated at four hundred and seventy-two miles. The balloon is the one used by Santos Dumont on the occasion of the Gordon Bennett cup race starting from Paris in September.

FOR some time a plan has been talked about for harnessing Victoria Falls on the Zambesi river in Africa, for the purpose of supplying the Rand goldfields with electricity for lighting and power purposes. At first the scheme was rather airy, but now it has assumed definite form, and preparations are being pushed toward receiving the necessary power from the South African government to permit the work to proceed. The electric power will have to be transmitted over a distance of six hundred miles.

THE *Scientific American* tells of a new method of lubrication for steam engines intended for use in the open, such as traction engines, where the lubricator is liable to become clogged in cold weather. To obviate this difficulty the invention provides a steam jacketed oil chamber which prevents the oil from freezing; furthermore, the oil is forced from the oil chamber into the cylinder by means of live steam. The flow of oil is regulated by a needle-valve through a sight-feed which is constantly under the eye of the engineer.

CHANCELLOR DAY, of Syracuse University, has again put himself on record as against the legislative control of great corporations, in an article for *Leslie's Weekly*. He refers to the movement as millionaire-phobia, and declares that if the returns of great businesses are made sufficiently small and uncertain by petty legislative restrictions, we "shall not be troubled by the genius of a Rockefeller, a Hill, a Morgan, a Carnegie, an Armour or a Swift. He insists that fortunes are not the only things that have swollen, but salaries and wages as well, while hours of labor have shrunken. He declares that $100,000,000 is no more a swollen fortune to-day than $100,000 was in the last century.

Dr. J. A. Gilbert in the *Medical Record* emphasizes the conclusion that the milk which is richest in cream is not the most nutritious, for the simple reason that the rich milk is less easily digested and absorbed than the milk in which the fat percentage is low. The valuable proteid ingredients which go to the building up of the tissues, he says, remain very much the same in all varieties of cow's milk, and frequently skim milk is more flesh-forming than rich milk. In the light of this conclusion Dr. Gilbert questions the value of the Jersey cow, which sometimes gives milk so rich that it cannot suckle its own calf.

Mr. Louis Auer, a prominent real estate dealer and builder of Milwaukee reports the success of his flats in that city. Many apartment houses do not allow children in them, but Mr. Auer has built his apartment houses with every provision for the rearing of children and offers a bonus of one month's rent for every child born in the buildings. These houses have won the sobriquet of the "Baby Flats." He is said to have in the course of building another apartment house with two wings—one for bachelors and the other for bachelor maids. He promises that whenever two of these decide to mate he will contribute as a wedding gift one month's rent in the apartments for married persons.

President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, says great dangers as well as great advantages lie in our relations with Asia. The good will of China and Japan are an asset, he says, while the mere overflow of superfluous Japanese and Chinese is a menace. "I belive," he says in the *World Today*, "that exclusion laws should be jointly framed, so that the people we deal with will not be humiliated by them. Any sort of exclusion law is an evil. An overflow of people of less intelligence, less self-reliance, and less patriotism than our own, whether from Japan, China, Poland, Africa, or elsewhere, is also an evil. If we choose exclusion acts as the lesser evil, we should not make them offensive to those we do not need to exclude. We must always let our neighbors 'save their face.'"

A plan for holding and developing coal lands in the Indian Territory belonging to the government has been made public by Secretary Hitchcock. A large corporation is to be formed, in which the Indian tribes and the government are to control the stock, the mines to be operated by employes or leased on a royalty. It will be the first time in our history that the government becomes a stockholder in a private corporation. The life of the company is to be twenty-five years, with option of continuance or sale at the end of that period, the directors to be the President of the United States, Secretaries of the Interior, Treasury and Commerce and Labor, Commissioner of Indian Affairs and a member of each of the Choctaw and Chickasaw tribes.

It seems that public opinion was somewhat divided regarding the bestowal of the Nobel peace prize. In Norway and Sweden, where the Nobel beneficiaries originated, there was a strong sentiment favoring giving the prize to the Karlstad commission which negotiated the peaceful separation of the two countries. The well-known Norwegian authoress, Elizabeth Schoyen, led the fight on the Norwegian side. She contended the commission had averted a war, while President Roosevelt aided in making peace after all the harm had been done.

Senator Hale, of Maine, made the declaration that two-thirds of the revenue of the government are now devoted to the payment of inheritances from past wars, and expenditures for future wars. He called attention to the arguments of the army promoters that it was no use to have an army unless you have guns and fortifications, and now that $100,000,000 had been appropriated for seacoast fortifications, the argument was, "What is the use of having guns and fortifications unless you have men?" Thus, he said, it was the constant pressure of the army to aggrandize itself first for men, then for guns, and then guns and then men. On account of this vast expense, Senator Hale said it was impossible to get appropriations for the marine, the river and harbor improvements and for public buildings.

One of the first decisions of Oscar S. Straus, the new secretary of commerce and labor, was that the prohibitions of the contract-labor laws have no direct application either to a state or to an officer of a state acting in its behalf and according to its authority. This decision will be particularly favored by the Southern states, some of which have passed laws with a view to attracting desirable immigration. It will be remembered that South Carolina created a state department of agriculture, commerce, and immigration and appointed a commissioner to make arrangements with steamship companies and immigration bureaus here and abroad for desirable immigrants. Last November about five hundred immigrants were brought in, the passage money having been paid by the state. At the time some protest was made by representatives of labor organizations. The secretary's decision settles the matter until further action is taken by the department of justice or the federal courts.



THE OLD COTTAGE CLOCK.

Oh, the old, old clock, of the household stock,
Was the brightest thing and neatest;
Its hands, though old, had a touch of gold,
And its chime rang still the sweetest.
'Twas a monitor, too, though its words were few,
Yet they lived though nations altered;
And its voice, still strong, warned old and young,
When the voice of friendship faltered!
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, quick to bed—
For ten I've given warning;
Up, up, and go, or else, you know,
You'll never rise soon in the morning!"

A friendly voice was that old, old clock,
As it stood in the corner smiling,
And blessed the time with a merry chime,
The wintry hours beguiling;
But a cross old voice was that tiresome clock,
As it called at daybreak boldly,
When the dawn looked gray, o'er the misty way,
And the early air blew coldly;
"Tick, tick," it said—"quick, out of bed,
For five I've given warning;
You'll never have health, you'll never get wealth,
Unless you're up soon in the morning!"

Still hourly the sound goes round and round,
With a tone that ceases never;
While tears are shed for the bright days fled,
And the old friends lost forever!
Its heart beats on—though hearts are gone
That warmer beat and younger;
Its hands still move—though hands we love
Are clasped on earth no longer!
"Tick, tick," it said—"to the churchyard bed,
The grave hath given warning—
Up, up, and rise, and look to the skies,
And prepare for a heavenly morning!"

—Charles Swain.

HELPING MOTHER.

WEALTHY A. BURKHOLDER.

Recently an aged mother telling me of a visit of a daughter to her home, spoke of what a comfort it was to have her in the home circle again and added, "Lizzie helps me so much." I thought over the remark and wondered if all mothers could say as much of their sons and daughters.

If children could more fully realize the care and anxiety their parents have had for them that they make a success of life, there would be more of a desire to assist them in any way they could when age is creeping on, and both would be happier. Too often the aged ones are left in solitude and neglect, and instead of rejoicing over the successes and well-doing of their children, they mourn over their dissipated lives, and sometimes are ashamed of their conduct.

Obedience to parents is a commandment that is very often broken, and as a result we have shorter days, shortened by dissipation, and the evil results that follow disobedience to God's commands. When parents grow old they very much appreciate any little act of kindness bestowed by those whose babyhood and tender years they so carefully guarded, and hence children should be more careful that these things be not neglected. Too often the letter that should be written is not, and day after day the old father and mother wait and wonder when they will hear from the boys and girls who long ago made the home lively with their noise and play. It is a small matter to write a few lines—only a few will tell that the old folks at the old homestead are still kindly and lovingly remembered. Some day—all too soon—the news will come flashing over the wires that death has entered the early home, and that father or mother has been called from earthly scenes, and then the home will not be the same. Then, more than ever, are children reminded of any neglect they may have shown toward the one that is gone, and often there is bitter remorse where it might be a mind conscious of having tried to show the fidelity, love, and sympathy towards those who are entitled to it. The command is, "Honor thy father and mother that thy days may be long upon the earth."

"The tender words unspoken,
The letters never sent
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking
For these some loved ones wait.
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late."

Newburg, Pa.

"Perfect health depends principally upon perpetual harmony. Discord produces disease, mentally, physically and morally."

"Justice is truth in action."

WHEN THE BOY IS GROWING.

If the good housewife becomes the possessor of a choice plant, she watches it carefully, and not only feeds and waters, but prunes and bends the branches in the way that will make it most beautiful to the eye. The farmer does likewise with his fruit trees. Yet too often both will let the boy, the best production of the farm, run wild, and come up in his own way without the little bendings and prunings which would mean so much to him in later years.

Many little physical defects could be entirely overcome in babyhood by a thoughtful and careful mother. At this time the little bones are very pliable, and it is no difficult task to firmly press and rub each day the nose which turns up and finally bring it to a more desirable shape. The little limbs, which too early have borne the child's weight and become crooked, may be straightened if the mother is persistent in her treatment.

The average child is quite apt to be guilty of pulling the hat or cap over the ears, bringing them forward, instead of tucking them under as they should be. As a result, the ears grow that way and another otherwise fine looking boy is doomed to carry this deformity through life. A little observation and precaution at the right time would have remedied it.

We have all observed with regret the tendency among our growing boys to stoop or be round shouldered. It is not always the admonition to "straighten up" which carries the remedy. Sometimes it is wiser to give the muscles some exercise or work which will overcome the difficulty. Boys are sensitive about personal defects, and will aim to be straight and well formed if they have the proper training.

Mothers, be more observing and trust less to luck in the growth of your boy's body. This is a matter of great moment and you have a great responsibility. Do not fail to realize it.—*Mrs. George Gray.*

A LETTER HOLDER.

IDA M. HELM.

Take two pieces of card-board, one fourteen and the other eleven inches square and cut them into the shape of a star, take mucilage and fancy colored tissue paper and trim the edges, then take some pieces of card-board an inch square, (or round them if you wish) and cover them with bright colored or black cloth and fasten the two pieces together by sewing the covered squares on at the corners of the smaller star, then fasten a ribbon to the back of the star to hang it up by.

Ashland, Ohio.

CLEANING FURNITURE.

The sweeping and dusting which take place at this time of the year are of a most particular kind. Moisten a cloth and fasten it around the broom just over the broom part. This will keep the dust from rising, and make the work easier. Sweep always with long firm strokes, away and to the front of the sweeper. The dust cloths should be soft, old silk, and nearly every housekeeper has on hand old umbrella cases, gowns, and petticoats to furnish silk dusters; failing those of silk, cheesecloth is the next best; but do not use a cloth dampened with water. For varnished furniture, dampen the cloth with kerosene; but for genuine polished surfaces a different treatment is required. When the polished surface of the piano is soiled and dull looking, wet over with paraffin oil, and let it remain for two hours. Apply the oil sparingly, and at the end of the time, polish with linen and chamois. This is cleaning, however, and not dusting. Always use two cloths for dusting, one in each hand. Then, every time the left hand rests on a polished surface there will not be left the trace of soiled fingers and perspiration. It is a great mistake not to have on hand so generous a supply of dustcloths that one can afford to change very often, for dusting furniture with soiled cloths does much to injure the finish, especially of polished furniture. For carved furniture that is dusty, use a fine paint-brush dipped into kerosene oil; brush over the carvings, and they will appear bright as when new; or dip the brush in a good furniture polish.

Who is not tormented with "white spots" on the dining-room table? To remedy, have ready three cloths and three saucers containing one kerosene oil, one alcohol, and one sweet oil. Apply the kerosene first of all. If kerosene or raw linseed oil is applied as soon as the spot is first made, is will often remove it at once. After the stain has been allowed to stand for some time, however, first apply the kerosene, then the second cloth with alcohol, and finally, the third cloth with sweet oil or linseed oil, rubbing the last in thoroughly until the spot has disappeared.—*Housekeeper.*

EXPEDITIOUS CORN POPPING.

In popping corn for a large number of people, a quick and satisfactory way is to take a tablespoonful of lard, place it in a deep kettle (an iron one is preferable), set it over the fire, and let it get smoking hot; then add a cupful or more of popcorn. Place a cover on the kettle, and, when the corn starts to pop, stir it with a large spoon, so that it will not burn, and soon you will have a large kettle of corn which has taken only a few minutes to prepare.—*Mrs. Rose Lawbaugh.*

"Diligence is the mother of good luck."

RIGHT WAY TO USE DRIED FRUIT.

CALIFORNIANS would spurn a mess of dried fruit put upon the stove to stew as has been our custom when we deigned to cook them at all. They claim twenty-four to thirty-six hours is none too long to soak the fruit in clear, cold water, and those of us who have eaten it after such treatment can substantiate the claim. The soaking restores the fruit to its original size and flavor. The fruit is then allowed to simmer gently for a few minutes in the water in which it has been soaked. Try this with California prunes, and you will be surprised at their sweetness, requiring no sugar, for the ordinary taste.

Perhaps no fruit loses so much of its lusciousness as the peach in drying, canning, or preserving, and yet the dried peaches which have been soaked the prescribed hours and served with sugar and cream, almost defy detection. Its half-sister, the apricot, is also most delectable when so prepared.

So many who have tried and failed to make an appetizing dish for the children from the dried fruits will find the solution in the soaking for hours and simmering for minutes. The golden rule is never to throw away the water in which the fruit has been soaked, for in it lies half the virtue of your "sauce"; simply rinse the fruit thoroughly before putting it to soak.—*Unidentified.*

COOKING DRIED CORN.

WHEN you wish to prepare corn for a meal, place over a slow fire and let cook for two or three hours as you would beans; one doesn't mind that when there is a constant fire. When cooked serve with gravy made with cream, or better still, try the old southern way: When the corn is swelled and tender turn into a skillet into which has been placed a generous amount of smoked meat drippings and fry for a short time, just long enough to give it a smoky flavor. Cooked either way it is equal to canned corn and then—one need not worry about salicylic acid.—*Selected.*

CHICKEN PUDDING.

AN improvement on old-fashioned chicken pie is chicken pudding. Cut up two chickens, if a good-sized pudding is wanted, and fry them in a very hot saucepan with chopped salt pork and a few slices of onion. The frying is merely to seal the outside, and five minutes is ample time to allow for this. Fill the saucepan half full of boiling water, season with salt and pepper, and stew the chicken until it is quite tender. Remove from the liquor, and place in a baking-dish. Make a batter with flour, milk, a teaspoonful of butter, and three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately. Pour this over the chicken and bake Boil down the liquor in which the chicken was stewed, thicken with a roux of flour and butter, and serve in a saucepan with the pudding.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

A SIMPLE WAY TO CLEAN THE HAIR.

RUB powdered orris-root into the hair and on the scalp. This is best done at night. Next day give it a thorough combing and brushing, and the hair will be clean, soft and fluffy. The orris-root is especially good for oily hair.—*Selected.*

PLEA FOR PURITY.

ARE angels my attendants? Then I should walk worthy of my companionship. Am I so soon to go and dwell with angels? Then I should be pure. Are these feet so soon to tread the courts of heaven? Is this tongue soon to unite with heavenly beings in praising God? Are these eyes of mine so soon to look on the throne of eternal glory, and on the ascended Redeemer? Then these feet and eyes and lips should be pure and holy, and I should be dead to the world, and live for heaven.—*A. Barnes.*

Read this to the Little Ones

A PET SQUIRREL.

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

ONE day two boys were chopping wood in the woods, and in the trunk of an old hollow tree they found a squirrel's nest with one baby squirrel in it, and one of the boys took the young squirrel home with him, for a pet.

At the boy's home there was an old gray cat whose last kitten had died the night before; and she immediately assumed the part of a mother to the young squirrel.

The cat and the squirrel seemed to be drawn together by a common bond of loneliness, or perhaps the young squirrel did not know the difference between the cat and its own mother. The cat and the squirrel occupied the box that the cat and kittens had. It was a strange sight to see the squirrel spread out enjoying its meal of cat-milk, while the old cat licked it and purred over it. the same as she had done over her kittens. And that was the only time that the squirrel would bite; and bite it would if you tried to take it from its foster mother.

The cat brought mice and birds to the squirrel and seemed very much disappointed when her frisky kitten refused to eat them. I have seen the cat bring a mouse and lay it down on the floor, and then call the

squirrel like she had her kittens. The squirrel always came at her call, but instead of eating the mouse it would frisk around it for a while and then run away again. Then the poor old cat would pick the mouse up in her mouth and follow the squirrel, mewing for it to take the food she had brought to it.

The family named the squirrel Dick, and as Dick grew older, he was not only the pet but the torment of the household, for he roamed through the house like the cat did, and he was far more mischievous.

If the cupboard door was left open, Mr. Dick would go into the cupboard and help himself to bread or sugar, and sometimes both; and at mealtime he would mount upon the shoulder of some member of the family and beg for a piece. If they did not give it to him immediately, he would wait until they went to raise a piece of bread to their own mouth, and then he would snatch it and skurry off to some hiding place and eat it.

One day one of the girls and her cousin were eating a lunch before they started on a visit, and they left their lunch on the table while they raced out into the garden. When they came back in again they found Dick cooly finishing up their bowl of sugar. Of course the girls screamed at him, and he turned a flip-flop from the table into a pail of water that sat close by; from the pail of water he leaped like a flash to the mantlepiece, where he sat and shook the water from his coat, and looked at them with his bright eyes, as much as to say, "Look what you made me do."

Probably the squirrel would not have been so mischievous if the children had not teased it so and encouraged it in its tricks, as children will do, for fun.

At last five dollars tempted Dick's owner to part with his pet, and Dick's new master took him to the city. One day Dick went out on the street, and a boy threw a stone at him and broke his leg; from that injury the poor squirrel died.

When Dick's former owner heard of his death, he bitterly regretted that he had let money tempt him to part with his pet.

Steel, Ohio.

TABLE MANNERS.

The bluejay is a greedy bird; I often watch him eat,
When crumbs are scattered from our door, he snatches all the treat.
He drives smaller birds away, his manners are so rude,
It's quite a shocking thing to see him gobble down his food!
And sometimes, when I'm not polite, I hear my mother say:
"Why, now I see a little boy who's eating bluejay way!"

The sparrows are a noisy set and very quarrelsome,
Because each hungry little bird desires the biggest crumb.
They scold and fight about the food, all chirping, "Me! Me! Me!"
And sometimes, when we children are inclined to disagree
About the sharing of a treat, my mother says, "Why you
Are acting now the very way the silly sparrows do!"

The jolly little chickadees are perfectly polite;
They never snatch, they never bolt, they never, never fight.
They hold the crumbs down daintily with both their little feet,
And peck off tiny little bites—we love to watch them eat,
And, when my sister's good at meals, my mother says, "I see
A little girl who's eating like a darling chickadee!"

—Good Housekeeping.

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"TELL us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"O, about something that happened you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once, when I was a little boy," said Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes, so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat, and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone, and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head, and it struck him."

"O Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes. He gave a little cry, and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded into the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it, I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down the stream, but no men were near to help me.

"But as I went down under the deep waters, something took hold of me and dragged me toward shore. It was Roy. He saved my life.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried, and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Rob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy, anyway?"

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil,—"the best dog I ever saw."—*Sydney Dayre, in Our Dumb Animals.*



THE RURAL LIFE

THE OLD FIRE-PLACE.

THE blessed old fire-place; how bright it appears,
As back to my boyhood I gaze,
O'er the desolate waste of the vanishing years,
From the gloom of these lone latter days;
Its lips are as ruddy, its heart is as warm,
To my fancy, to-night, as of yore,
When we cuddled around it, and smiled at the storm,
As it showed its white teeth at the door.

I remember the apple that wooed the red flame,
Till the blood bubbled out of its cheek;
And the passionate popcorn that smothered its shame,
Till its heart split apart with a shriek;
I remember the Greeks and the Trojans who fought
In their shadowy shapes on the wall,
And the yarn, in thick tangles, my fingers held taut,
While my mother was winding the ball.

I remember the cat that lay cozy and curled
By the jamb, where the flame flickered high,
And the sparkles—the fire-flies of winter—that whirled
Up the flue, as the wind whistled by;
I remember the bald-headed, band-legged tongs,
That frowned like a fiend in my face,
In a fury of passion, repeating the wrongs,
They had borne in the old fireplace.

I remember the steam from the kettle that breathed
As soft as the flight of a soul,
The long-handled skillet that spluttered and seethed
With the batter that burdened its bowl;
I remember the rusty, identical nail,
Where the criminal pot-hooks were hung;
The dragon-faced andirons, the old cedar pail,
The gourd, and the peg where it swung.

But the fire has died out on the old cabin hearth,
The wind clatters loud through the pane,
And the dwellers—they've flown to the ends of the earth,
And will gaze on it never again;
A forget-me-not grows in the moldering wall,
The last, as it were, of its race,
And the shadows of night settle down like a pall
On the stones of the old fire-place.

—Omaha World.

FRUIT TREE PROPAGATION.

WM. MOHLER.

NEARLY all of the many kinds of trees grown by nurserymen are started by planting seeds, —the exceptions are where trees or vines can be grown readily from cuttings. Grape and currants are familar examples of the latter method of propagation. Cuttings always reproduce fruit like the plant or tree from which the cutting was taken. But it is a rare thing for the seedling of the cultivated fruits to bear fruit like that from which the seed was taken. The tendency is to go back to their wild nature. Seedling trees grown from the seeds of the finest apples are generally of a rough, thorny growth, that bear fruit of an inferior quality.

In the early days seedlings were planted in the orchard, and good fruit was top grafted into the trees that bore poor fruit. Now the nurseryman grafts or buds one-year-old seedling roots and grows named varieties of fruit trees to be planted in the orchard.

When the nurseryman buds trees he takes a bud from a tree that bears the kind of fruit he wants and then inserts the bud into a seedling about two inches above the soil where it soon grows fast to the seedling, the following spring the seedling top is cut off just above the inserted bud, that the bud may make the tree. Budding is usually done in August. When budding is done in June, little trees may be grown from the buds the same season. These are called June buds; but the little trees are too tender for planting in the north. They are used quite extensively in the south, especially June-budded peach trees.

All kinds of fruit trees are generally propagated by budding except the apple tree, they are generally grafted. Budding is a good and a cheap method of propagation, but where grafting can be successfully practiced it produces the best trees. In grafted trees the union between the scion or graft and the seedling root is beneath the soil. Cherry and plum trees are budded onto roots that do not sprout. Peach trees are always budded because it is cheaper than grafting, and in the peach a budded tree is as good as a grafted one.

In grafting the common practice is to take a twig, called a scion, from the kind of fruit wanted and fasten it to a yearling seedling root in such a way that the two will grow together. The seedlings are dug in the fall, stored in cellars, grafted during the winter and then planted in the nursery the next spring. In planting, all of the graft but the top bud of the scion goes into the soil. If the scion is long enough it will send out roots of its own above the seedling piece of a root.

In what is called whole root grafting a scion three inches long is grafted to a whole seedling root, shortened to a length convenient to plant. The short seed

ling roots are sorted out for this purpose. In common piece-root grafting a scion is grafted to a piece of root about three inches long. First-class seedling roots that may be cut into two or three pieces are used in the best piece-root grafts. Fully ninety per cent of the apple trees grown are piece-root trees. Nearly if not quite all of the orchardists of experience prefer piece-root grafted apple trees to those grown by any other method. After thirty-five years of experience in growing nursery stock and orchards, I prefer a graft made by using a scion about eight inches long and a piece of root two and a half inches long, just enough root to give the graft a good start.

The seedling apple root is not only uncertain as to variety but it is also uncertain as to hardiness. For severe climates, by using a long scion of a hardy variety, the seedling root will be so far under the soil that there will be but little danger from frost and then the scion will put out roots of its own that will stand much more cold than the seedling roots commonly used. In fact the trees, by using long hardy scions, are proving to be better in the cold climates than the hardiest of the imported seedlings.

Where hardy scions have been used the more tender varieties may often be grown successfully by top grafting them into the hardy trees. I know that tree agents tell a different story than the one given here, but it must not be forgotten that their business is to get the cost price and the selling price of trees as far apart as possible. The listening to the stories told by fruit tree agents has cost the farmers of this country millions of hard-earned dollars.

Falls City, Nebr.

BE INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Boys, I want to have a little chat with you—that is, with you farmer boys. What I have to say may suit the town boy also, but I want to talk to *you*.

What are you doing? What are you planning to do? Have you an aim in life? Whatever you do, be independent. I don't mean saucy or conceited, but self-reliant. Don't be a parasite or a satellite.

Are you in school now? If so don't copy your seatmate's problems. His *eating* will not benefit you, neither will his *thinking*. Remember the mind grows by exercise just as the body does.

Throw away that cigarette and *never* smoke another. My business has been to associate with boys, for perhaps longer than you can remember, and I have never yet seen a cigarette smoker amount to anything.

You will need a clear eye, steady nerve, and quick brain to go through the world successfully, and to have them let stimulants alone.

Don't swear. When you use profane language you lower yourself in the estimation of yourself and of all persons whose regard is worth having.

While you are training the mind, train the hand and eye. Do you want a sled? make it yourself and *do your best*.

Learn to cook. Some may sneer at the idea of a boy cooking, but, my friend, you can't live long without eating, and you may sometime be situated where you must do your own cooking or go hungry.

When you go home to-night and find the baby fretful, mother more sick than well, and supper not ready, don't throw your hat into one corner and your coat into another; see what you can do to help her with supper. Try to fry the meat or potatoes without letting them burn, while you set the dishes on the table.

Make the coffee for her, or pare the apples for sauce or pies. Put the beans on to boil, watch that they do not burn, and at the proper time season them. Roll the pie dough. Put the dough in the pans and smooth the edges. Learn to regulate the stove so that the pies bake properly—neither soggy nor burnt

If you like cookies or cakes, learn to make them. My favorite cookies are *sweet crackers*, and my choice of cake is *gingerbread*. (If you want my recipes, say so, and I'll furnish them.)*

O never mind the burnt fingers! You'll learn to be careful.

I once showed my sister how to make gingerbread by using my recipe and I put cream of tartar instead of soda into my sour milk. I was more careful next time. Ask your sister what that bread was like.

Did I do all I have mentioned? My opportunities to learn were limited, as I was the only boy among a "houseful" of girls. My only culinary accomplishments were making Indian pudding and turning griddle cakes.

Later, I found myself homeless, and compelled to board, get married, or learn to cook. From necessity I chose the latter. Since then the knowledge thus gained has been useful to me; once tiding us over a period of several weeks of sickness, when suitable help was not to be found.

Do I enjoy cooking? Well, it beats *fasting* or eating *some* boardinghouse fare. Besides, you do not know when the knowledge may be handy.

The boy who can cook has one more chance for employment if he needs it, for cooks are the last to lose their positions in mining, lumber and construction camps, and their time goes on independent of the weather. He will have more sympathy for his wife, when he gets one, and in case of sickness he may be independent of the hired girl.

Illinois.

*The editor would like to have those recipes for the home department, even if the boys do not care for them.

CROPS AND WEEDS.

(Continued from Last Week.)

It is very important that the seed which is planted be pure, that is, free from weed seeds. Many farmers grow their own seeds and can be certain that they are pure. Grass and grain seeds should be bought only from reliable dealers. The experienced farmer has learned by careful observation of grains to detect impurities. Chess in oats and dodder in clover seed are especially hard to detect.

The farmer must be on the lookout for new weeds. Weeds are like tramps. They travel from one country to another. If the first Russian thistle which appeared on a farm in this country in 1873 had been carefully rooted out millions of dollars and much hard labor would have been saved for the farmers of this country. If you have ever been in a section of country lying between the Rocky mountains and the Mississippi river you probably know what a pest to that great farming district are the sunflower, Russian thistle, buffalo bur, and Rocky Mountain sand bur, weeds which are hardly known here, but which are traveling east. Many of the weeds which are troublesome here such as the Jamestown weed, ox-eyed daisy, and the Canada thistle are practically unknown in that section but will sooner or later give trouble. An ounce of prevention with such is worth many pounds of cure and the stranger tramp should be exterminated without mercy.

Foreign weeds almost always get their first foothold in this country on vacant city lots. We can see how this comes about through the transportation of stock and merchandise. From these lots they soon spread to the neighboring farms. Vacant lots in many cities are commonly given to poor people who do the community a good turn by keeping out the weeds and at the same time making a nice profit for themselves from the vegetables and fruit they raise.

The underlying principle is to fill the world so full of good and useful things that there will be no room for the harmful ones.

Birds are always considered the farmer's friend because of the insects they destroy but few people realize how much good weeding they do. The blackbirds, bobolink, English sparrow, and meadow lark are especially fond of certain weeds and pay for the grain they eat many times over by the weed seeds they destroy, but the birds which accomplish most are the native sparrows which flock to the weed patches in the early autumn and stay until late spring. They are great eaters and consume bushels of such noxious weeds as rag, pigeon grass, crab grass, bird weed, smart weed and pig weed.

Every state has certain weed laws and it is the duty of the farmer not only to know what these laws are and obey them himself but also to see that they are properly enforced and to recommend the passage of such new laws as will be helpful to his community. You have all seen copies of Millet's famous picture of "The Man With the Hoe" and have doubtless been impressed with the dull, heavy features of the peasant. The successful farmer of to-day does not look stolid, but wide awake and intelligent. He knows his difficulties and meets and conquers them with the ease that comes with the skillful training of mind and hand. —*The Arrow.*

ECONOMY THAT COSTS TOO MUCH.

A paris bank clerk, who was carrying a bag of gold through the streets dropped a ten-franc piece, which rolled from the sidewalk. He set his bag down to look for the lost piece, and, while he was trying to extract it from the gutter, someone stole his bag and ran away with it.

True economy is not stinginess or meanness. It often means very large expenditures, for it always has the larger end in view. True economy means the wisest expenditure of what we have, everything considered, looking at it from the broadest standpoint. It is not a good thing to save a nickel at the expenditure of twenty-five cents' worth of time.

Comparatively few people have a healthy view of what real saving, or economy means. I have seen a lady spoil a pair of fine gloves trying to rescue a nickle from a mud puddle. Several people have been run over by street cars or teams in New York while trying to rescue a dropped package, a hat, an umbrella, or a cane. Bargain hunters are often victims of false economy. They buy because they are cheap, a great many things they do not actually need. Then they will tell you how much they have saved. If they would reckon up what they have expended in a year, they would generally find that they have spent more than if they had only bought what they actually wanted, when they need it, and had paid the regular price for it. Many people have a mania for attending auctions and buying all sorts of truck which does not match anything else they have. The result is that their homes are a veritable nightmare as to taste and fitness of things. Then, they never get the first best wear of anything. The second-hand things are often just on the point of giving out, and constantly need repairing. This foolish buying is the worst kind of extravagance. Quality, durability, should be the first consideration in buying anything for constant use. Yet many people keep themselves poor by buying cheap articles which do not last.

No greater delusion ever entered a business man's head than that cheap labor is economy. Trying to cut the pay roll down to the lowest possible dollar has ruined many a concern. Business men who have been successful have found that the best workmen, like the best materials, are the cheapest in the end. The break-

age, the damage, the losses, the expensive blunders, the injury to merchandise, the loss of customers resulting from cheap labor are not compensated for by low wages.

Anyone who tries to get superior results from inferior methods, from cheapness in quality or material or service, deludes himself. Cheap labor means cheap product and cheapened reputation. It means inferiority all along the line. The institution run by cheap help is cheapened and means a cheaper patronage.—*Success Magazine.*

WAMPUM.

When Columbus discovered America he found the Indians carrying on trade from tribe to tribe with wampum. Anything that has value may be used as money. In ancient Syracuse the Britain tin was used as money, and we find that iron was used at one time in Sparta, pieces of silk in China, cattle in Rome and Germany, leather among the Carthagenians, nails in Scotland, lead in Burma, platinum in Russia, cubes of pressed tea in Tartary, slaves among the Anglo-Saxon, salt in Abyssinia, etc.

Wampum is from an Algonquin word meaning white. The Indians have ever been fond of ornaments, particularly of beads. They used to make beads of seashells in the following way: A fragment of stone was with much care worked down to the size of a small nail having one end quite pointed and it was then fastened to a piece of cane or a reed. With this simple tool the Indian workman chipped off a bit of the inside of a conch shell or a part of the shell of a hard clam and rubbed down to the size desired.

The bit of shell he held in his hand, placed the sharp end of the stone against it and then turned the stone around and around until a hole was drilled entirely through the shell. The shell beads thus tediously manufactured are called wampum.

These beads were either white or of a purple color, the last being valued much higher than the first. It was the very laborious way of making wampum that gave it value. The wampum was artistically strung upon hemp threads and used as necklaces, bracelets and rings. Often it was woven into belts about three inches in width and two feet in length. The wampum belt served many purposes. It was sent from tribe to tribe with solemn promises and messages, it was used in making peace, in asking for aid in time of war, for personal adornment and also as a "circulating medium."

The coast tribe Indians were the wampum makers. The interior Indians spent their time hunting and exchanged game of all kinds for the wampum made by the coast tribes. For a long time after white people had settled in the new world small coins were scarce and wampum was used as change. Finally the palefaces set up lathes by treadles for the purpose of making wampum quickly and soon the Indian wampum makers were, as we say nowadays, "out of a job."—*Exchange.*

A GOOD SERVANT.

There is a tremendous difference between a high temper and an ungovernable temper. George Washington, whose face and manner showed so much control and calm, was one of the most high-tempered men of his day. But he had learned in youth to conquer anger, and only on the rarest occasions did he show any signs of it. The artist Stuart, who painted his most famous portrait, said that if Washington had not been great he might have been an ungoverned savage, his natural tendency to anger was so marked in the lines of his countenance.

Gordon had a high temper; Luther had a high temper. But we cannot associate ungovernable rage with them, for they controled their natures firmly. The steam all went to turn the wheels of work for the world, instead of exploding the boiler. Temper like a fire, is a good servant, but a bad master.—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

Nearness of life to the Savior will necessarily involve greatness of love to him. As nearness to the sun increases the temperature of the various planets, so near and intimate communion with Jesus raises the heat of the soul's affections to him.—*Spurgeon.*

"Never say you have no time to practice right thinking. You are thinking all the time anyway, and it takes no more time to think right than it takes to think wrong. Keep the fountain of thought pure and it will sweeten your entire life."

"Be thoroughly satisfied and contented with your lot to-day; but declare constantly that your lot shall be much better to-morrow."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

For sale or rent, a forty-acre farm in Mason Co., Mich. Good town, school and church privileges. Address, John R. Snavely, Elgin, Ill.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

A Humble Ambition.

I'm glad I'm not a scientist
Who speaks in labored terms,
For every time he turns around
He sees a lot of germs.

And when he views the stars at night
Through ether scattered wide,
He sees a lot of whirling spheres
Which some day may collide.

I'd rather be a common man
With ordinary powers,
Who gaily eats three meals a day
And soundly sleeps eight hours.

—Washington Star.

Items of Interest.

About 48,000 square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the surface of Germany, are covered by forests.

The ratio of insane persons to sane ones in England is 1 to 288, while in Chicago it is 1 to 150.

In Russia the per capita investment in industrial enterprises is $4, while in the United States it is $125.

In Brazil when an unmarried woman dies the coffin, hearse and livery of the coachman are all scarlet.

All Saints' church, Sheffield, has the largest Bible class in Great Britain. The average atendance is 1,600.

In Germany locomotive engineers receive a gold medal and $500 for every ten years of service without accident.

About 264,000 acres of land in Germany are devoted to grape culture.

The eyelids of the average man open and shut four million times during the year.

In the United States there are 44,000 hotels, representing an invested capital of $6,000,000,000 and giving employment to 3,500,000 persons.

Morgan county, Colorado, has eleven irrigating canals, 200 miles in length altogether, and with a capacity of 3,200,000,000 cubic feet of water.

It is claimed that an Austrian railway mechanic has discovered a process by which the smoke of warships can be entirely concealed from view.

In some of the cities of Spain beggars are licensed to carry on their trade. Recent figures place the number of beggars in that country at 190,227, of whom 51,948 are women.

More than half of the export profits of Russia come from the sale of grain. The value of exported butter is over $16,000,000 per year, and of eggs over $26,000.

In a canal north of London there is a boat which is entirely "manned" by women. The last English census reported several hundred women doing the work of seamen.

The House Cat—You're getting fat and apoplectic. I can see your finish.

The Pug Dog (making an effort to turn his head, but giving it up)—That's more than I can do, anyhow.

Candy and the Flag.

A few years ago while watching a parade in Boston in which the Stars and Stripes were conspicuously featured, it being the national encampment of the G. A. R., a fair Canadian with strong British proclivities, turned to a companion, and, commenting on the merits of the display, pettishly remarked:

"That American flag makes me sick. It looks just like a piece of checkerberry candy."

Senator Hoar, who was standing near the visiting critic, overheard the remark, and, turning to the young lady, said:

"Yes, miss, it does. And it makes every one sick who tries to lick it."—Boston Herald.

"Now, boys," said a Sunday-school teacher, addressing the juvenile class, "can any of you tell me anything about 'Good Friday?'" "Yes, ma'am, I can," replied the boy at the foot of the class. "He was the fellow that done the housework for Robinson Crusoe."

The city of Reading, England, has enacted a law requiring that baths shall be places in all dwelling houses constructed within the borough in future.

"Wiggs says he would share his last sovereign with a friend."

"Yes. But Wiggs is too prudent ever to be caught with his last sovereign."

Amused.

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Mr. Wiseman, looking up from his morning paper. "I see here that another farmer out near Whangtown has bought a gold brick. The jays seem utterly unable to learn that cheap, old trick."

"It is funny," replied Mrs. Wiseman, "that they never learn. By the way, has that gold stock you bought last month appreciated in value?"

"No," growled Mr. Wiseman, "the fellows who floated that company were a lot of swindlers."

"Just like the rest of them, eh?" queried Mrs. Wiseman. "Well, I guess we can save a little from them by using those beautiful certificates to paper the back hall bedroom."

Flour Mill for Sale

A good steam, 50-barrel flour mill in Brethren locality for sale at once. Owner physically disabled. Will sacrifice this property for quick sale. Call on or address **F. E. Poister, Morrill, Kans.**

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By Walter Russell.

8vo. Published 1904.

Beautifully illustrated, contains portraits of some of President Roosevelt's children and of many other children, and also the pictures of the prize winners in the Ladies Home Journal competition.

If you want to feel young again; if you want to live your childhood days over, read this book.

It will please the boys and girls as well.

A beautiful book indeed it is, worthy of a place in the best-kept library.

The best of paper is used and large, clear type, which makes it easy to read.

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This book is sold by the publishers for $2, plus the postage. On account of a bankrupt sale we are able to offer you this book at less than half price.

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The book is bound in deckeled-edge style. If you prefer smooth edge please mention it in your order and we will trim it accordingly.

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44-13 **J. E. KELLER.**

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to stay in a region subject to sudden climatic changes, which threaten and even destroy the life of man and beast? Where you are at the mercy of combinations for the very fuel that keeps you and your families alive and comfortable?

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Will our Brethren be interested in this section near the largest town in Texas, where cotton, corn, wheat and alfalfa, cattle and hogs grow side by side on a soil rich in possibilities?

Join our personally conducted parties leaving St. Louis 8:32 P. M. on the first and third Tuesdays of each month on our Tourist sleeper via M., K. & T. with no further change of cars.

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In Fresno County, California, is without doubt the best proposition on the Pacific Coast for the Brethren and others who want homes where pioneering is a thing of the past. No Floods; Good Water System, Good Land at reasonable prices. Raisins, Wine Grapes, Table Grapes, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Berries, Alfalfa, and Lumber are the chief products.

The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Betts are the resident ministers.

Why not look into the Reedley proposition? It will stand thorough investigation. Write for booklet.

LYON LAND COMPANY.
Reedley, California.

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Near Adamana on the Santa Fe, lie the famous petrified forests of Arizona. There, thousands of acres are covered with the agatized trunks of trees that flourished with the forests that made the beds of coal we use today. Some of these trunks are 200 feet long and the largest is 10 feet 7 inches in circumference.

A trip to the Petrified Forest may not be of sufficient interest to warrant a special side trip on your part; if not, you will find many things equally interesting directly on the railroad.

The special Dunker train will stop at many points of interest, not much time will be consumed, but ample opportunity will be afforded to see the things you have learned in your history and geography.

The Santa Fe is well known as a scenic route and traversing sections of country replete with historic interest.

Special trains will be provided for the exclusive use of brethren, consisting of tourist sleepers and chair cars. Each train will be personally conducted, your every comfort will be anticipated.

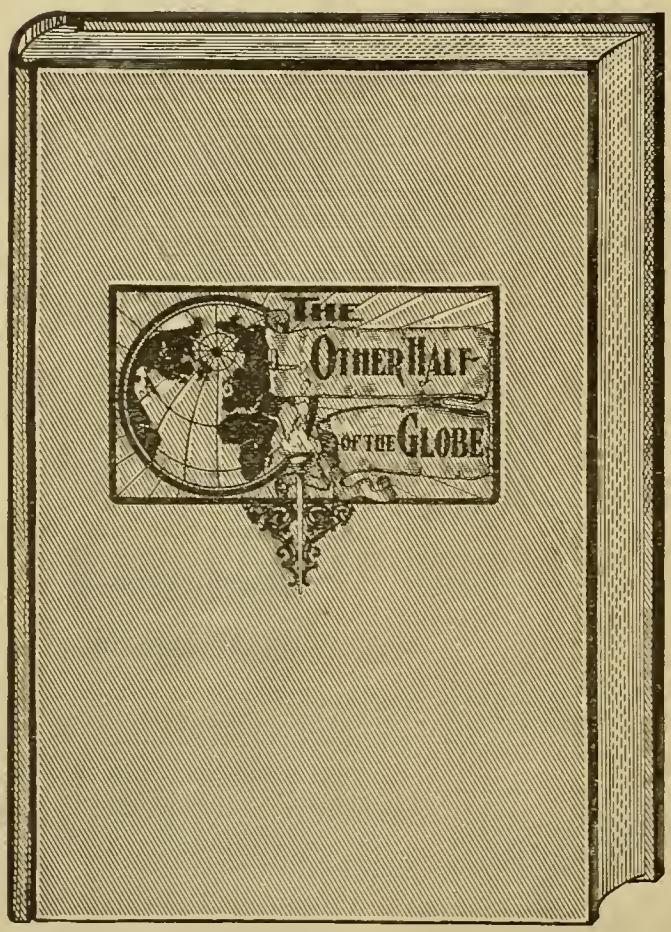
The train will be scheduled to reach all points of interest at a seasonable hour so that everything of interest may be seen while en route to the meeting.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

TOO MANY QUESTIONS

It is related of Bismarck, the famous German Chancellor, that on one occasion, when he was sick, he called in one of the court physicians, a celebrated doctor. The latter, in order probably to make no blunder in his diagnosis and to call the ailment by its proper name, commenced to ply Bismarck with questions as to his symptoms, etc.

The old Chancellor, knowing no doubt, the superficiality of ordinary medical diagnosis and also, probably, the uncertainty of medicine as a science, remarked gruffly and with apparent disgust, "You ask too many questions." The physician apparently not a bit over-awed by his distinguished patient answered: "You better get a horse doctor, he does not ask any questions." Bismarck gave him one long, searching look of contumely, but made no reply.

While the "horse doctor" is no doubt mute when treating members of the brute creation, his success, as well as that of the physician who treats human ills, is measured by his ability in assisting nature in her plan of healing. That is the most that any doctor or any medicine can do. The cure of disease as carried on by nature is nearly altogether a matter of sanitation—inward sanitation—the expulsion of waste and corrupt matter from the blood and system, through the bowels, the kidneys, the liver and even the pores of the skin.

Old Dr. Peter Fahrney, away back in 1780, in preparing his celebrated blood purge, now known as DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, had these potent facts well in mind as is evidenced by the many notations made by his own hand on the pages of his old "herb books," still in existence.

Out of pure medicinal roots and herbs, he prepared, after patient study and research, a remedy which is nature's true helper. Thousands of ailing men and women have been restored to health and strength through its use; in many instances when all else had apparently failed.

CURED SALT RHEUM.

Rosalia, Kans., Feb. 12, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I write to inform you of the success I have met with in using your **Blood Vitalizer,** as it has cured me of Salt Rheum with which I suffered for six years. I took treatment all that time of the doctors, but received little, if any, benefit. We keep the **Blood Vitalizer** in the house all the time and consider it the best medicine that can be had. The entire family uses it when occasion calls for it. Yours respectfully,

Mrs. E. A. Ross.

CANNOT PRAISE IT ENOUGH.

Hope, Mich., Feb. 16, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—I must write to you and tell you about the wonderful cure your **Blood Vitalizer** brought about in the case of my son. Last fall he had the sciatic rheumatism so bad that he was unable to get around. He took three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** and it cured him completely. I cannot praise your **Blood Vitalizer** highly enough. We would not be without it in the house.

Yours truly,

Samuel Borland.

A GREAT SYSTEM-BUILDER.

Lone Grove, Texas, Sept. 26, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—This is from one who has been greatly blessed by the use of the **Blood Vitalizer.** The trial bottles I ordered of you built me up from 130 pounds to 145 pounds in 60 days. I was all run down. I shall do all I can to spread the news about the **Blood Vitalizer.** It is the greatest remedy of the day. I now order a box for a friend whose address I give. Please ship at once.

Truly your friend,

W. H. Bales.

WENT TO EVERY DRUGGIST.

Flint, Mich., Sept. 29, 1905.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have been to every druggist in Flint and asked for your medicine, but could not get it. I should like to be agent for the **Blood Vitalizer** here in the city. Years ago, when sick, I tried about every medicine on the market, but nothing helped me until I got the **Blood Vitalizer.** That medicine cured me. Please send me full particulars in regard to the agency. Yours truly,

1511 S. Saginaw St. Mrs. Robert McLachlan.

Unlike other ready-prepared medicines, DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER is not to be had in drug stores. It occupies a place in the field of medicine all by itself and is not in competition with the ordinary "traffic goods" which fill the shelves of the drugstore. It is sold to the people direct, through the medium of special agents appointed by the proprietors:

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112-118 South Hoyne Avenue **CHICAGO, ILL.**



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San Francisco Destroyed

An Album of Pictures

This album about the fate of the unfortunate city, we state truthfully, is the most authentic and complete, and in reference to pictures and printing the most superb yet published.

The pictures contained in this book of ruins were obtained under very trying circumstances by Mr. Burt Hodson, of Sacramento, Oakland and Stockton, with the assistance of Mr. F. M. Walsh, of San Francisco Evening Post, April 21st, or the day after the great fire had burnt out. It rained hard on the 23d, it being very cloudy and smoky, making it impossible to obtain pictures during that time. Gen. Funston had ordered many of the ruined buildings blown up or shot down. The buildings as represented herein are all prominent landmarks, and we can truthfully say that no photographs were taken by any other professional photographer on the 21st and 22nd, i. e., immediately following the fire, it being almost impossible to get through the military lines at that time.

55 PICTURES.

This souvenir album contains 55 pictures (among which is a double page panorama of the destroyed city and a double page panorama of the city as it has been).

At the bottom of each picture a brief description is given.

The album contains 48 pages, with a neat cover. Size, 7½x10½ inches.

ONLY 40 CENTS.

Knowing that there would be a great demand for an album of such valuable pictures we have arranged with the publishers for a large number of these books and thereby secured a very low rate. That is the reason we are able to offer this album to you at this price.

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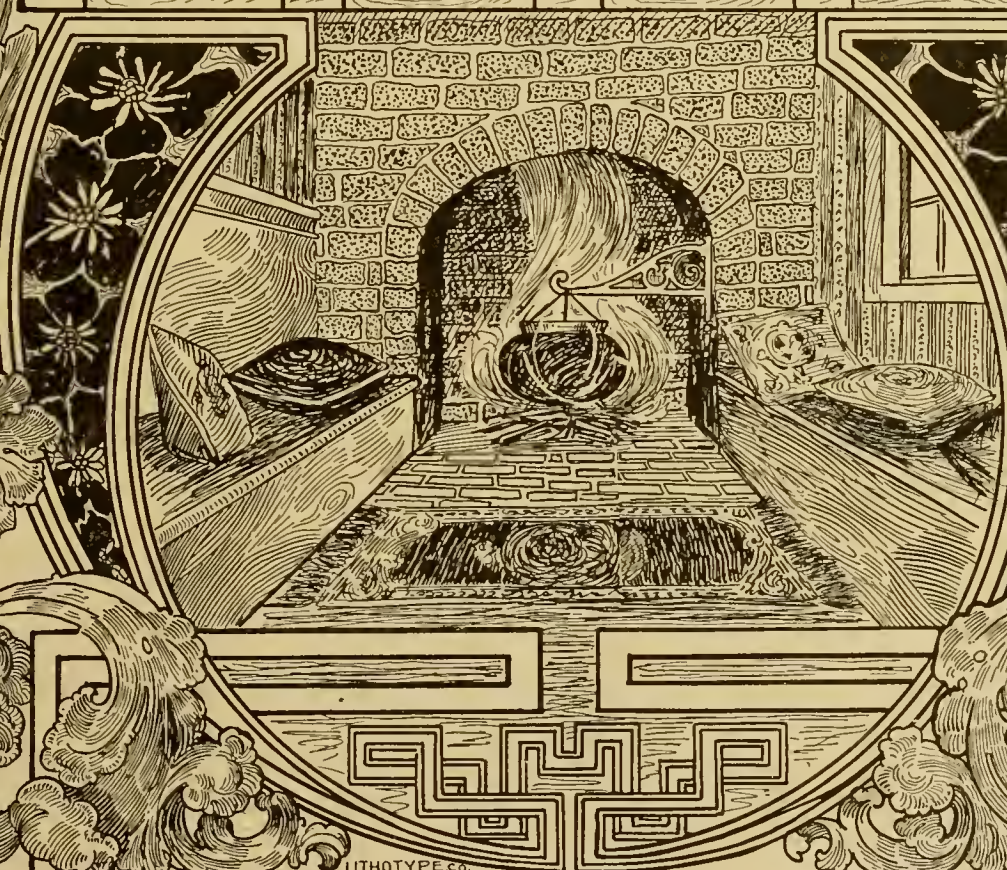
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A Serenade (poem).—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.
The National Games of Ancient Greece.—William L. Judy.
In Unexpected Ways.—Oma Karn.
Eventide (poem).—Walter Swihart.
A Drunkard at Four Years of Age.—Ira P. Dean.
The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.
Lessons from Nature.—Charles Ronk.
The Haunt of a Waterfowl.—N. J. Miller.
Sermonette.—W. M. Howe.
The New Year.—Richard Seidel.
A Prayer (poem).—R. G. Layman.
Determination Will Succeed.—Ida M. Helm.
The Meat-Packing Industry.—W. C. Frick.
The Farmer's Friends. No. 3.—Robert E. Ericsen.



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January 15, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 3. Vol. IX

Will There Be a

SPECIAL TRAIN

to

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

For Brethren who Intend Moving their Families, Household Goods, Live Stock and Farm Implements Next March?

A NUMBER of people who intend to move to Butte Valley in the Spring have asked the above question. We have had to tell them it was too early to answer it until we could hear from all who intend to move in the spring; as to the number of people there would be in their party and number of cars of household goods they would have and where they expected to start from, so we can try and arrange to consolidate these parties into a special train.

You Will Confer a Favor and be Benefited Yourself

if you will advise me by first mail if you are thinking of moving to Butte Valley in the spring, giving above information so we can arrange to run the train through as the Brethren moved from Belleville, Kansas, to California, three years ago.

All Brethren who are thinking of making this move would do well to make their arrangements so as to get into Butte Valley early in March as possible that they may get settled down and their crops ready so as to be ready to participate in entertaining the

SPECIAL TRAIN TO ANNUAL MEETING That Will Stop at Butte Valley

Arrangements are being made for a special train to leave Chicago about May 1st *en route* to the Annual Meeting, which will enable the Brethren to visit Sterling, Denver, Colorado Springs, The Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, The Royal Gorge, Fruita and Junction City in Colorado; Salt Lake City, Utah; Nampa, Payette and Weiser, Idaho; Portland, Oregon, and arrive at Butte Valley, California, in time to attend the Dedication of the new Dunkard Church at that place and from there go to Sacramento and San Francisco, arriving at Los Angeles, Saturday, May 18th.

As the Annual Meeting commences on Tuesday, May 21st, this will enable many people to visit their friends and relatives *en route* and be at Los Angeles in time to rest up for the Annual Meeting.

Write for particulars of both special trains to—

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THE BAY OF SAN FRANCISCO is one of the finest in the world, and covers over 460 square miles.

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WHY NOT ARRANGE to select your land now and move in the spring? Address

The California Butte Valley Land Co.,

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Too Scientific

In these days of scientific research it is quite fashionable to hail with joy every new remedy that is endorsed by eminent men of science. Some years ago it was Dr. Koch's lymph for consumption. Soon invalids from all parts of the world congregated at Berlin to be treated by that eminent man of science, yet the name of his remedy has already been forgotten. While it is not to be denied that science has made some rapid strides and that many things have necessarily been learned which were not known before, there are, at the same time, some things which possibly it shall not be given man to know; the human system is so complex and the science of medicine, if we shall call it science, is so uncertain in many respects.

It is not always the extremely scientific treatment that brings relief. A common poultice, made by an old negro coachman, in a case of white swelling not long since, proved more beneficial to the patient in a single day than a whole month's treatment by a renowned doctor. In the treatment of diseases there are, however, a few main principles on which all are agreed, and if we keep these faithfully in mind we can not go far astray.

In the first place, we must recognize that the blood is the life; furthermore, that this vital fluid must be kept pure and vigorous if we are to enjoy good health. This is all-important. If our blood becomes weak or impure our whole system will suffer. We will become sick. The weakest spot in our anatomy will become affected first. It may be the stomach, the heart, the liver, the kidneys, the lungs or other vital organs. We are, in a sense, in constant peril.

An impure condition of the blood will show itself in many ways. We may have aches here and pains there —touches of rheumatism; our skin may show outbreakings of impurities; all these symptoms require attention. It is our duty to assist Nature in her efforts to throw off these impurities, the cause of the trouble, through the proper channels.

It has always been and is, to this day, a source of wonder to the public that diseases which have apparently baffled the so-called highest scientific skill have yielded to the quiet influence of some plain household remedy, and yet the secret of the whole business is that it struck at the root of the trouble—the impurity in the blood. The following is a case in point:

St. Vincent's Orphan Home,
Ft. Wayne, Ind., Sept. 14.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sirs:—It is with the greatest pleasure that we report to you the complete cure of a child at this institution. It is the case of a little girl, eleven years old, who has had an eruption for five years and which eventually covered her entire body. At first it showed itself in red spots about the size of a five-cent piece, but finally they became the size of a dollar. The older they became, the more angry and fiery they looked. These spots would cover with scales. We had the services of many, and among them highly experienced physicians, but all in vain. Finally we took refuge in your **Blood Vitalizer**, and O, what a wonder! After the use of a few bottles, the eruptions had entirely disappeared. We can but tender you our sincerest thanks and give your remedy its deserved praise. We wish that all the people might learn of the wonderful healing properties of your preparation.

Wishing you God's blessing, we remain.

Sincerely yours,

Sisters of the St. Vincent's Orphan Home, Sr. M. Martha, Superior.

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Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.:

Gentlemen:—I thought I would write to you and thank you for the great benefit my wife has derived from the use of the **Blood Vitalizer.** It is the only medicine that has ever done her any good. We obtained the **Blood Vitalizer** of your local agent here and the remedy is taking the lead of all medicines in this neighborhood.

Kindly send us your paper and pamphlet.

Yours truly,

T. P. Fish.

PAST THREE SCORE AND TEN.

Salunga, Pa., Oct. 4, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Ill.:

Dear Sirs:—I am using your **Blood Vitalizer** as an invigorator for my system. I once used your medicine for eczema and it cured me. Since then I have used it whenever I need a little building up. I am past threescore and ten, yet I do a man's labor on the farm. I am going to acquaint the Mennonite Home at Lancaster with your remedy.

Yours truly,

Jacob M. Greider.

When all else has failed try DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER. But why wait till then? Why not commence treatment at once with this old, time-tried preparation, before the malady has become too firmly intrenched in your system? Nothing is gained by delay. DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, unlike other ready-prepared medicines is not to be obtained in drug-stores, but is sold to the people direct through local agents by the proprietors.

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These Winter Excursions will give the busy farmers of the east an opportunity to see Idaho when they have leisure time.

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And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the **superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.**

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The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

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S. BOCK, General Immigration Agent,
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JANUARY 15, 1907. NO. 3.

A Serenade

Mrs. J. B. Noffsinger

Oh, beautiful maiden, come, list to my story
While evening steals on in her silence and glory;
While the bell from yon steeple chimes out its last vesper
To the slumbering world in a glorified whisper.
Away let us hie to the silvery fountain,
Which babbles anon at the foot of the mountain,
Where the nightingale warbles 'midst cool, shady bowers.
Made gorgeous and fair with most ravishing flowers.
We will tread over meadows with buttercups planted
And seek us a nook in that garden enchanted;
While the fair tints of amber and purple are blending
And the sun to his palace of gold is descending.

Oh, while the pale light of yon glimmering starling
Breaks forth on the heavens, come thither, my darling!
Thy music shall blend with the song of the fountain,
And rise, as on wings, up the steeps of the mountain.
And there, calmly seated the jessamine under,
To thine eyes shall swing open the fair gates of Wonder,
I will weave a gay wreath of green leaves and white berries
And crown thee sole queen of the elves and the fairies.
E'en thus shalt thou sleep 'neath the moon's gentle beaming
And thy heart shall grow glad in the joy of its dreaming.
Then unto thine ear, and unto thine solely,
Will I whisper my secret so sweet and so holy.

As for water athirst, so my heart panteth after
The light of thine eyes and the sound of thy laughter.
As for bread on the desert, the pilgrim doth languish,
Even so for thy smiles doth my soul pine in anguish.
If thine eyes pierce the darkness, still light there is ever;
But where thou art not, there the day breaketh never.
Oh, pearl beyond purchase! Oh, worth beyond measure!
I fain would tell over thy merits, my treasure!
With the voice of true passion my soul thy soul greeteth—
And is it a dream? Or didst thou blush, sweetest?
Oh joy! to the pain of my love thou art waking,
And my heart in its wild throbs of rapture is breaking!

Johnstown, Pa.

The National Games of Ancient Greece

William L. Judy

EVERY city of ancient Greece had its festivals and athletic games in honor of its protecting deity. They included sacrifices to the gods, temple ceremonies, grand processions, and musical and athletic performances. Four of these many local festivals and games assumed national proportions, that is, they attracted spectators and athletes from Greece proper and from her many colonies and settlements. The four were, in the order of their importance and magnitude: the Olympian, at Olympia in Elis; the Pythian, at the Delphic Oracle in Delphi; the Isthmian, on the Isthmus, near Corinth; and the Nemean, at Nemea in Argolis. These games were at their highest during the period immediately following the successful wars of the Greeks over the Persians and Carthaginians, from 479 B. C. to the end of that century. The Olympian games had by far the most splendor, and drew the largest crowds and most contestants.

The Olympian games, along with the religious festivals, had their origin in the ninth century, B. C., and were finally closed in 394 A. D. They assumed national proportions about the year 776 B. C. From this year the Greeks dated their chronolgy; the unit of time was the "olympiad," four years. The games, festivals, and other contests were held every four years, and lasted five days. They were certainly pan-Hellenic; among the spectators and athletes were found Greeks from Sicily, Southern Italy, Crete, the islands of the Ægean Sea, Asia Minor, Byzantium, and Greece proper. The crowds numbered thousands; only Greeks could witness the games; women were excluded. Every city, state, and colony sent athletes and embassies; the latter vied with each other in splendor and pomp.

The five days were crowded with athletic, gymnastic, equestrian, musical, and literary performances. Sac-

rifices to Zeus (the Roman Jupiter), in whose honor a beautiful temple had been erected at Olympia, also the temple ceremonies and religious processions gave an invigorating religious setting to the contests. But the athletic contests drew the most spectators; they included foot-racing (long and short distances), jumping, wrestling, discus-throwing, horse-racing, boxing, and chariot-racing. The athletes were required to spend ten months previous to the contests in constant training at Olympia; the last thirty days were spent under the direct supervision of the officials for the games. The athletes had to be freeborn Greeks of unstained character; none could enter who had committed sacrilege, impiety, murder, or any other serious offense. Each athlete felt that the honor and standing of his native city depended on his success. These games were not rude, barbarian games. Strict rules were diligently enforced. The officials were men of good character always fair and just. The athletes took a solemn oath that they would be fair in the contest and would observe the rules and restrictions. If one were unfair and unmanly, he was counted out. No clothing was worn in the contests. The name of the victor and that of his father and of his country, were announced by a herald before the representatives of assembled Greece. To be victor was to have lifelong distinction. He received the much cherished olive wreath. His statue was placed in the sacred grove of Olympian Zeus. Honors were showered upon him by his grateful countrymen, who gave him a triumphal reception when he entered his native city; a banquet in his honor was given at the public expense. Oftimes he was exempted from taxes and given a pension. Modern athletic competitions bring to us some realization of the splendor, of the energy of the contestants, and of the enthusiasm among the thousands and thousands of spectators at these games; but we miss their religious and patriotic setting, the beautiful bare forms of the athletes, the historical associations, and the Greek sky.

There were other attractive features besides the games. To the worshipful soul of the Greek the religious sacrifices and ceremonies were a necessary part of the performances. At these gatherings, conferences were held among the various cities and states. Heralds recited to the delegations from all Greece treaties, military or commercial, recently formed between various cities or states, in order that the treaties might be more widely known. Poets and rhetoricians recited their compositions to the crowds; historians read their works; orators sought fame; musicians vied with each other in gaining the applause of the multitudes; and artists and sculptors exhibited their works.



Ancient Theater Where Games Were Held.

Olympia.

Olympia! mother of the old-crowned games!
Great spring of truth divine!
Where seers around the holy shrine,
With augury of sacred flames,
Essay the mind of Jove, the Thunder-king,
If aught of hope he bring
To heroes straining for the glorious wreath,
Which bids the aching heart in triumph breathe.

(And oft success attends on pious prayers.)

O holy Pisan grove,
Receive our revel pomp in love!
For glorious is his praise who shares
The grace which thy victorious garlands shed!
Yet many a path men tread,
And various are the roads of sweet success,
When the good gods the toils of mortals bless.

—Pindar.

The other national games had much in common with the Olympian. The Pythian games began in 586 B. C., and were held in honor of Apollo, every four years. Musical, dramatic, and art attractions were prominent, naturally so since Apollo was the god of the fine arts. The athletic contests were similar to the Olympian. The victor received a laurel-wreath.

The Isthmian games date from 582 B. C., and were held every two years in honor of Poseidon (or Neptune). The contests were gymnastic, athletic, musical, and equestrian. A wreath of pine was awarded to the victor.

The Nemean games had their beginning in 573 B. C., and were held in honor of Nemean Zeus every two years. The victor was given a wreath of parsley.

Never in all her history was Greece as united in interest and friendly relations as in these national games and festivals. Every city, colony, or state was represented by athletes and embassies. During the month in which the games were held, no sections were allowed to be at war with one another. For that month the "truce of the gods" was proclaimed throughout all Hellas. This more than any other one thing produced unity and peace throughout all Greece. The sculptor received his ideals of the human body from the beautiful and well-developed forms of the athletes. Strength and beauty in the human frame was eminently pleasing to the gods. Through these games and gatherings the fine arts were promoted. Manliness and honor were developed among the athletes. The highest and best in Grecian civilization was shown at these games and festivals.

The good feeling, the uplifting influence and the healthy enthusiasm caused by these games were so many and great that the games have lately been revived under the name of "The Modern Olympic Games." They are international in every respect; the contests are athletic, and the athletes from all nations. It was especially fitting that the first series of games was held at Athens, the glory of the ancient Greek world. in 1896. The second series was held at Paris in 1900; the third at the Louisiana Purchase Exhibition, St. Louis, in 1904. The last series was held at Athens, in April, 1906. At this last the United States came out first. The most interesting event was the run from Marathon to Athens, a distance of twenty-six miles. It was won by a Canadian, who covered the distance in two hours, fifty-one minutes and twenty-three and three-fifths seconds. This run takes one back to the history of ancient Greece, to the battle of Marathon, 490 B. C. A Greek ran the distance from the battle-field of Marathon to Athens to notify the Athenians of their victory over the Persians. As he entered the arena he dropped dead, gasping the word, "Victory."

Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

IN UNEXPECTED WAYS.

OMA KARN.

"HERE, Kiel, come up here!"

It was bitterly cold. All day long the snow had fallen from a low-hanging, heavy, slate-colored sky, and now the wind was coming, whirling up the wide street in heavy gusts, causing everybody to feel anxious to get to the comfort of his own fireside.

The car was crammed to overflowing. Rich warm fur and threadbare rags stood shoulder to shoulder; hunger and abundance sat side by side; poverty and distress jostled luxury and ease as with true American liberty they pushed one another about to find standing room and make way for the sorely tried conductor who swore audibly as the car came to an unaccountable stop halfway between the two crossings.

A shivering, halfstarved, halfclothed effigy of childhood—only one of the many pathetic sights one meets with on the streets of a city these bitter winter days—climbed up the steps in response to the motorman's invitation. "It's a mighty cold world for such as you anytime, and doubly so to-day," he said, as he brushed the snow off of the shivering child, who looked wonderingly up into the kind eyes above him, "But we'll do what we can for you," and drawing the thick blanket on which he was standing from beneath his feet he wrapped it around the half-perishing boy, then threw his free arm around him and drew him up close to the warmth given out by the electric current.

One by one the passengers dropped off, each going his separate way. But the incident had not been without its lesson and more than one heart there felt condemned, and that in the scene just witnessed the Lord himself had spoken to us in an unexpected way. In contrast to the simple kindness and charity of the motorman our own selfishness stood out before us unlovely and unchristlike. That the lesson did not go unheeded was shown by the fact that a pair of fur-lined mittens, and a package that looked as if it might hold a new pair of shoes, in some unnoticed way found a place on the stout arm that was encircling the boy.

"IF we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant."

"EVENTIDE."

WALTER SWIHART.

The poem, "Eventide," was written eleven years ago when I was in Arizona teaching in a scattered settlement along the Gila River, a hundred miles southwest of Phœnix. It was written in a moment when the dreariness of the desert pressed so hard upon me that I turned aside from the waste of sand and drew from memory this picture of my old Indiana home.

The sun has sunk beneath the hill,
The dew is sparkling in the vale;
Far down the lane I hear the trill
Of merry-calling master quail.
He's calling from the meadow fence
His wife and children, whence and whence;
He calls with voice of kind suspense,—
"Come now! Come home!"

The milkmaid with her shining pail—
A shamrock twinkling in her hair;
The daisies nodding in her trail—
Goes sweetly singing, "O, how fair!"
She stands upon the clover-stile,—
Her thoughts still roving at their will—
And calls the cows across the rill,—
"S-o-o-k B-o-s-s! C-o-m-e h-o-m-e!"

The plowboy hears the sweet refrain,
Forgets the labor of the plow,
Undoes the team, winds up the lane;
Dismisses work and cools his brow:
Now, from the thickening shadow glade
The quail is startled from his shade;
And still the calling of the maid
Is heard, "C-o-m-e h-o-m-e!"

The children, frantic with delight,
Are running, shouting on the lawn,—
Pursuing but the phantom-light
The firefly throws across the pond.
The mother pauses,—speaks again,
"The children surely must come in!"
Then sounds the call that oft has been,—
"C-h-i-l-d-r-e-n—C-o-m-e h-o-m-e!"

The Day receding with her lamp
Has left the world almost asleep;
The rustle of her trailing gown
Is now upon the western deep.
Her lamp is hid in ebon sheen,
She looked back on the darkened scene
And whispered as she closed the screen,—
"Good-night! Good-night!"

Churubusco, Ind.

A DRUNKARD AT FOUR YEARS OF AGE.

IRA P. DEAN.

"OLD WOMAN, get the boy ready," said the father of a four-year-old son, to his wife.

The members of fire-company No. 10 were just assembling for what they called a good time.

The boy ready, he and his father start for the engine house. Once inside, we see groups of men here and there surrounding tables about the room. Beer glasses, cards, and cigar stumps are in evidence, the air is blue with smoke, cursing and swearing is heard continually.

The men all look up as the father and his son enter. "Well, old man, I see you have the boy along," said one of the men. Then addressing the boy, he said, "Come here once, Budd, let me see you. How much beer can you drink? Can you beat your old man?" Turning to the father he continued, "Let's have some fun. Get the kid drunk and send him home.

The other firemen were still going on with their revelry.

"Come here, boy," said the father. "Do you want a drink of beer?" The father started for a corner of the room where a keg was hidden, and the boy innocently trudged after. A tin cup holding a little more than a pint was filled with beer and the father handing it to his son, who clasped it in both his hands, said "Here, captain, drink that. The boy did, the father then indulged and both returned to the group of men about the tables who were still drinking and gambling.

One of the men, seeing the boy, took him upon his knee and said, "Now you can whip your old man. You can beat him drinking beer, too. Let's get some more." Addressing the father, he said, "Give him another mug, I'll stand for it." The boy was given another tincup of the terrible stuff, and was then left to stagger and fall around the room, while the men leaned back in their chairs and laughed in ghoulish glee. "Now send him home," they all said, and the poor child was put out to wander home.

He had just one square to go, but was picked up on a corner by his older brother and taken home to an anxious mother who did all she could to restore him to soberness, while the father lay drunk at the engine-house.

This was not the first time the boy was made drunk. But who is to be blamed? He was only four years old and knew not what sin was. Fathers, where are you taking your sons? To a place of intoxication or to church? Do you go home with you sons or are they picked up by someone else? This in only one case; there are thousands like it. Will your sons and daughters ever reflect an experience like this? Think about it.

To sleep is to strain and purify our emotions, to deposit the mud of life, to calm the fever of the soul, to return into the bosom of maternal nature, thence to reissue, healed and strong. Sleep is a sort of innocence and purification. Blessed is he who gave it to the poor sons of man as a sure and faithful companion of life, our healer and consoler.—*M. Amiel.*

"A STRENUOUS soul hates cheap success."

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Seven. Christmas.

PEANUTS and oranges, a sack of his mother's homemade candies, a long knitted scarf that had come from the big white farmhouse, a new fourth reader, "Black Beauty," a shining pair of nickeled skates. Those were what Nat found in the popcorn stocking Christmas morning.

There was only a thin coating of ice on the Racy pond, so he had to be content to let his skates lie idle that day.

Mrs. Kemper's gifts came to her as unexpected as they were pleasing. Besides the tall stand from Nat there was a wastepaper basket that the husband had at last set his thought upon. He had had Blanche Racy weave through it the soft, bright challie. From Blanche there was a scrap-book filled with miscellaneous household recipes.

"Nat, do you want to go with me this forenoon?" John Kemper asked at the breakfast table. "I've had four dollars burning a hole through my pocket and now I'm goin' to find a pocket they'll stay in."

"Where are you going?" asked Ellen.

"I believe Ed Allen's could put a cord of wood to good use, and Nat and me will take some down there this morning. You put a ham in a basket and we'll take it along."

He did not state that the minister had suggested the plan. It was one of the mellow, rich bits of the knotted apple when the earnest, hard-working man had said: "God had had lavish wealth made use of in the worship of him. The temple, the priests' garnishments, were of the richest to be had. The supplies for the sacrifices were the choicest of the people's bounteous possessions. Days and weeks were spent in formal worship of him, thus bestowing on God, as the God, unstinted time. But for the Christ no material wealth was made use of. In his earthly lifetime he demanded no sacrifice of dumb brutes. To him was as acceptable the homage of the beggar as was the hospitality of the wealthy publican. God sent Christ with no command that we spend hours in blowing trumpets, in bowing our faces to magnify the Savior's glory. Whether we lift up our hearts in praise within an elegant edifice, or kneel in the dust of the highway: whether we preach and visit the sick seven days of the week, or till the soil, in glad content, six days, with but one day for visiting him, or meet our clerks and customers with open hearts, or be, week in, week out, in faithful patience, on sickbeds, our works are equally acceptable. God is sowing the wealth that he required of the Jews. He is using the wealth of the hearts. He says, 'Let love of me be first; thy gold and flocks and intellect will follow it to me.'"

Aside from a comprehension of the strong, yet humble, tribute to Christianity, John Kemper had, with reverent desire, made a personal, practical application of the sentence, "What I save from bestowing on myself should be used by others."

That Christmas day gave him a clear opportunity for using the thought. He had refrained from buying the velvet for his wife a waist, and, making like allowance for other things which would have been useful in the home but for which there was no positive need,—gifts within his means, such as he bestowed in former years,—he calculated that he was "in pocket" about four dollars.

Ellen Kemper saw Jen dragging the mudboat, heaped with its first installment of cordwood, a short distance along the road, and then, when it turned out of her sight, she knew it was going up a narrow lane, through a wood and across an open field to the Allen domicile.

"Why didn't he follow the road?" she asked herself.

She knew the answer as well as she knew the question, and was better satisfied with it.

"Of course he'd put himself to some trouble to keep from makin' it look like showin' off," she answered.

She quickly put the house to rights, and then, in a fresh dress and apron, she set to work at the Christmas dinner.

A young duck, of a small flock she raised each year expressly for this purpose, was beginning to emit savory odors inside the oven.

Ellen had brought a small bottle of her fine, and precious, grape wine, to use in a sauce for the fowl, when Nat came in for the basket containing the ham, which had been left to be carried over on the last trip.

He sniffed the atmosphere anticipatingly.

"Smells like dinner. 'S that grape wine for the sauce, there in that bottle?"

"Yes. I'm going to make the sauce pretty soon," his mother answered. "How are Allen's?"

"Ed ain't able to get 'round much. Mrs. Allen was tryin' to straighten up the rooms. Mag was washin' the other children. Racy's brought 'em a turkey and a bushel of apples last night, and the preacher sent six loaves of bread and a gallon of milk. Ain't that wine good for sick folks?"

"Yes. People buy this of us."

"Can't you send some to Ed Allen?"

"Nat!" called John Kemper.

"Can't you, ma?"

"I can't spare it for him and for our sauce, too."

"Nat, I'm ready," said John, putting his head in at the kitchen door.

He noticed the bottle of wine on the table. "Oh, we must take Ed some of that wine," he said. "I'll get a quart bottle of it to take."

"Then take this bottle back to the cellar. We can't have it for sauce to-day." Ellen evinced her displeasure in her impersonal monotone as she handed her husband the bottle.

He looked at her in surprise, but took the wine, exchanged it for a larger bottle in the cellar, and set off toward the Allens' with the last load of wood.

Ellen resented a doubt of her economical ability. She was not used to any one's interference in her household management, least of all in the culinary department.

"We *always* have the wine sauce on Christmas day," she said petulantly to herself. "We like it better than any other kind with roast duck."

She would have brought the bottle up again, but she felt that that would appear spiteful.

"It can be apple sauce. I won't even open a can of rhubarb and make it up with gelatine. It can be apple sauce."

John and Nat ate their portions of duck and stewed apple with their usual heartiness, and made no comment.

The afternoon of Christmas day was the one time of the year for Ellen that was sometimes tinged with desolation.

On New Year's Day there was church, and in the afternoon she and John talked over their plans and purposes relative to another twelve months; and together they walked over the cottage, noting slight renovations to be made here and re-arrangements there, to keep the home in perfect trim.

But Christmas afternoon would be Christmas afternoon. At Racy's there were home the married son and the married daughter. It was no time for calling on Blanche. Ellen's own parents lived twenty miles away now, with their two unmarried sons. She would have written them a letter, but she had done so but recently and all her late news could be inscribed in ten minutes.

The incident of the morning had taken all the gilt off the day for her unless she could do something to redeem it. She didn't know it, but that involuntary desire to gain for herself restoration of the spirit of the day was what prompted Ellen to make inquiries about the Allens.

"How do they seem to be getting along?" she asked.

"Pretty well, I think, considering," said John. "They didn't say anything right out, but it looks as if it goes against the grain for 'em to be kept by the township. They seem to be tryin' to get ahead a little and depend on themselves. You know the sewing societies have been furnishin' them clothes since Ed's been sick. But the oldest girl, Maggie, has been helping some of the neighbors wash and Mrs. Allen took the money to buy clothing. She said she intends to put in every spare minute to get them made up."

"She has no machine, has she?"

"I didn't see any. I guess she hasn't."

When the meal was finished, and Ellen was alone with her husband, she said with a feeling of something new, "Can you take our sewing machine over to Allens'?"

"Can I?" said John, smiling. "*Can I?* I could carry it, Ellen, if necessary. I'll put it on the mudboat as soon as you're ready."

It wasn't long until Ellen was ready, and followed the mudboat on its extra trip over its self-made road.

The crisp outdoors effaced Ellen's awkward feeling of doing something unusual and brought back her bright cordiality.

"John told me about your sewing," she said, "and we've brought the sewing machine over so you and I can work together.

"If you leave home at five I can get home in time for the entertainment this evening," she said to John. "Or, if you want to, you and Nat get supper and you won't need to come for me till six."

"All right, I'll be here ten minutes past six."

There was calico for dresses for the two girls and the baby and for the boys' waists, gingham to be made into a shirt for the father, and some flannel underwear to add to the baby's wardrobe.

Mrs. Allen managed to give an hour and a half's attention to the cutting out, but when it was time for Ellen to go with her machine she left a heap of dresses, waists, the shirt and underclothing all stitched on their long seams and ready for the finishing by hand, which Mrs. Allen was skillful enough in doing.

The regular entertainment at the church Ellen attended had been held on Christmas eve, so Miss Barret's program was not given until the evening of the twenty-fifth.

The whole neighborhood "turned out." And everybody was glad for having come. The songs and recitations, the dialogues and the costume play, and last, the Lily, and old Kris Kingle's ruddy visage,—all brought laughter and attentive quiet and hand-clapping.

"How well you did it, Dora," Blanche Racy said to the teacher as they went together to the latter's home.

"How well *you* did it," responded Miss Barret. "And the children, and the audience."

"You won't mind to have a room alone, will you?" asked Blanche, leading her guest upstairs. "I might disturb you with my coughing."

"I shall not mind the being alone, but I'd like to be with you if I could help you. The doctor gives you medicine, doesn't he, to relieve you?"

"It doesn't help much any more. It's all right, Dora, now. I cared at first. But all has been done that could be. I was not strong as a child, you know. At times, I dread the moment when the end will come. Good-night. I'll make you gloomy."

When Nat awoke the next morning his father did not appear.

"Arthur Racy came for him in the night about two o'clock, Nat," said Mrs. Kemper, wiping away tears she could not restrain. "Blanche had died."

"Blanche! O, ma!" and, clasped in each other's arms, mother and little son experienced that first deepening of love that is born of mutual sorrow.

LESSONS FROM NATURE.

CHARLES RONK.

"To him who in the love of nature holds communion with her visible forms, she speaks a various language. For his gayer hours she has a voice of gladness, a smile, and an eloquence of beauty, and she glides into his darker musings with a mild and healing sympathy that steals away their sharpness, ere he is aware."

The study of nature is an inexhaustible field. The zoölogist takes the most insignificant of all living creatures, places it under a powerful microscope and is able to look at the very fingerprints of the handiwork of God and to see new beauties in his creation.

The botanist separates the petals, stamens and pistils of a flower and is able to see new beauties undreamed of by the sluggard who treads down life's weary way without turning aside one moment to drink in the beauties that have been strewn along his way for him to enjoy.

Nature can never be surpassed by art. Compare a piece of the finest silk with a petal from the meanest rose. To magnify the former only enlarges its defects, while in the latter it brings out its perfectness more perfectly.

He who does not feel that the ground whereon he stands is holy, when walking out through the woods and fields on a bright sunshiny day in early spring when the flowers are nodding from the crest of every knoll, the trees are putting on their cloaks of green and the birds are singing from every bough, has missed the highest purpose for which he was created. Man was created a worshipful being and these are avenues through which his Creator wishes to make him realize his own worthiness of our adoration.

The astronomer goes into his observatory on a still clear night, turns his powerful telescope towards the star-decked heavens and explores worlds far in space, all working harmoniously to one law. He is then made to wonder that a God who is able to create all these should be mindful of him. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

It is undoubtedly a great privilege to be permitted to look on some great works of art, such as Washington's monument, the Statue of Liberty or any of the massive buildings such as are found in all of our large cities, but what are these when compared with the great natural scenes such as our own great Niagara which is pouring its fathomless volumes of crystal purity over a precipice of one hundred and fifty feet and then flowing peacefully onward to the sea?

One is filled with awe and admiration when looking on the massive ruins of ancient civilization found in Egypt, Assyria, Greece and Rome, but even these have not been as great a source of soul thrilling, as a daffodil or a mountain daisy. Anyone who visits these places of historic fame seldom fails also to visit the natural scenic Alps.

Man was created the most wonderful of all beings. Within his bosom there lie boundless possibilities. He was first placed in a Paradise of nature where all was peace and harmony, but alas! one violation of nature's first laws severed his relation with his God and he was cast out to battle with less favorable conditions where his relations were less intimate with nature. Man finally became so sinful that it became necessary almost to destroy him, all because he did not follow the natural current in which he was supposed to go. Let us profit by the rough experience of our forefathers and learn to love, cherish, and study nature, for, to know nature is to know God, and to know God is life eternal.

North Manchester, Ind.

In civic life you must have decency and honesty: the abler a man is, if he has not the root of righteousness in him, the more dangerous foe to decent government he is.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

"To become provoked when things go wrong is to make them go still worse."

The Haunt of A Waterfowl

N. J. Miller

ONE June morning an ornithologist and I hurriedly prepared for a trip down the Huron River. Our purpose was to capture a few water birds and their eggs. Our luggage consisted of a vasculum, two guns, a hunting bag, a pair of hip rubber boots, and an extra suit of clothes, etc. These we strapped on our backs and off we were on the road southward along the west bank of the Huron. In due time we reached a quiet place where the water formed a marshy eddy, the principal course of the stream running along the eastern bank. This marshy eddy, some places fifteen or twenty rods wide, extended about a mile down the river. Cat-tails, bullrushes, sedges, water lilies and water smartweed had taken possession of the place. Dense thickets were formed by the water-loving vegetation, so that pushing a boat through the eddy would be very slow and difficult. Of course, there were open channels and small bays here and there leading from the rushes to the rushing channel of the stream.

Having reached the place, a suitable emvironment for Least Bitterns, we planned for their capture and a collection of their eggs. One of us had to wade the eddy and the other carry the luggage along shore. The University taxidermist, being the best swimmer in case of emergency, shouldered the gun and began to wade the eddy, arm-pit deep at places, while I followed on shore with the luggage and a cocked gun to bring down any bird the taxidermist might fail to bag. It was no easy task to "lug" my load, to keep on the lookout, and to wade in and out for the treasures. Neither was it an easy thing to wade the marshy eddy with mud everwhere on its floor from two to three feet deep. Then, too, holding the gun above the water by uplifted arms was trying on the muscles. Though the sun had spent its heat in June on the Michigan water, yet it was chilly—almost chilly enough to make one's teeth chatter. However, the discovery of a nest or the flight of a bird was enchantment enough to keep one from growing tired.

Quietly and without a splash the Least Bitterns would slip off their nests and hide in the rushes. So retiring were they that it was difficult to find them even though they they were in the vicinity. Should they be surprised when one approached too closely, they flew but a short distance only again to skulk and hide in the reeds to keep out of sight. Since these birds do not live in communities but in separate pairs and are so retiring, we had to use care and tact to find them. However, we were fortunate enough to capture a few of them.

The nests were large and bulky pieces of architecture, simply rushes placed roughly together so as to make a platform above the water. On top of these rude structures are laid the eggs—usually three to five white ones faintly tinged with blue—in a slight depression, yet so slight in some cases that they might slip off into the water. We were disappointed, however, since we



didn't find a single egg, though we examined nearly a dozen nests. I presume it was too early in the season or that some enemy like the musk-rat, etc., destroyed them.

Before dusk a great deal of energy was spent on our part, but it was well counterbalanced by the fact that five Least Bitterns found an abiding place in the taxidermist's museum.

Denver, Colo.

TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—Bryant.

FROM THE MISTS OF CHILDHOOD.

LOIS L. THOMAS.

DO doubt you remember that morning, that morning when you were so happy that you fairly danced in your joy, but yet so afraid, so bewildered by thoughts of the immediate future that you clung frantically to mother when she kissed you good-bye, and held Sister's hand all the way, and then when at last you were there, my, how queer you felt! Why your heart beat so fast and so hard that it just hurt you.

You went inside, still holding to Sister's hand, and then, 'way up in front, sitting rigidly in his chair, was an awful cross-looking man that you knew to be the teacher. He was reading a book, so you just looked and looked at him while Sister found a desk for you both and arranged the books. You wondered why he didn't have any hair on top of his head, and why he leaned his head on his hand; you thought perhaps the two were connected. You wondered why his feet took up so much room, and then you wondered why he looked so cross. But he didn't pay any attention to you, so you felt safe in looking round. Sister had often told about the schoolroom, but you never imagined it looked like this. Everything was so strange.

And the whole day, for that matter, was strange. The little boys and girls looked queer, the playground was so large, the teacher so fierce-looking, and the room so huge and dingy that you could only cling to Sister's hand and wish you were at home. You would not even stay in the seat by yourself, but went up faithfully to all of Sister's classes. Ah, a bewildering day, a day which stood out for a long time from your other experiences.

So you were glad when it was over. And, don't you remember, after that, things never looked like they did then? You didn't know why, but they just didn't, that was all; and after while you really liked it. Sometimes you had to stand on the floor, but say, the other fellows had to, too, and you guessed it didn't hurt you any more than it did them; and really, sometimes it was awfully funny. But not at first, oh no! It was rather a damp day when you first stood up before the school and had to kick out in the air like you were doing when teacher saw you. But how great it was to be able to march up above the rest in the spelling class. Grand!

One can look back and see themselves as they were then. But we seem to be merely spectators; it doesn't seem to have been really us. Sometimes we pity, sometimes we smile at the timid little figure with its trials and difficulties which loomed up like vast mountains before its sensitive, shrinking nature. How important to us then was our school life. What stress was placed upon the little events which each day brought in its train. With what zest we told father and mother about them in the evening, at home.

Even now what tender memories we retain of our early school life. And years hence, when life's great school-day is almost done, when the clouds which usher out mortality, preparatory to the glorious sunrise of immortal life, gather round us, these memories will be with us even as of old. And so clear and plain, for life is a cycle.

But sentiment aside, what a really important part did our early school life play in the making of our characters. Nature around us, ready to be read and studied: What calm and strength was molded into the characters from hours of communion with her. How much more the world meant to us. We did not know it then, but now, through that past, we can see.

And our schoolmates, rugged and full of life: by them we were taught personal rights. One could not order another around, for the other had as much right as he; was as important. If one had any especial rights it was through the merit of hard work.

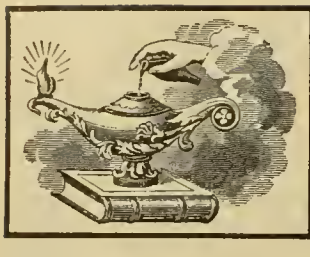
Then the teachers: We can look into ourselves and see the mark which each left with us, a blessing or a curse. Never a neutral effect. Did they know how their lives would still live on in us, long after they were gone?

We may spend many years in pursuit of knowledge. Colleges and universities may find our names upon their rolls, but down deep in our hearts, sometimes nearly smothered out by weighty affairs of the present, the memory of our early schooldays will linger, a perfume as sweet, in the noon and evening of life, as any that life can give.

North Manchester, Ind.

"WE all seek happiness so eagerly, that in the pursuit we often lose that joyous sense of existence, and those quiet daily pleasures, the value of which our pride alone prevents us from acknowledging."

"EDUCATION is the chief defense of nations."



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

W. M. HOWE.

"For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."

"Adam was first formed, then Eve," (1 Tim. 2:23). Eve was therefore younger than Adam, and she was weaker, too, they say. Less wonder then twice over that she first transgressed, especially since it was Satan himself, in the serpent, who set the net that caught her.

But strong as Adam may have been, he was weak as well. He showed his weakness surely by permitting such a one as Eve to lead him into sin.

Satan has captivated many, but any one who will for a minute disobey the Lord may be used of Satan to lead others astray. Eve was so used and Adam was as guilty as if the agency that influenced him had been a stronger one. The death sentence was passed upon him. What is more, it is passed upon all who sin or disobey like Adam did. "*In Adam all die.*" There is no excuse for sin and no escape from its penalty. So much for the story in Genesis.

But there came another Adam, the second—the Christ of God. He died also and it was sin that killed him. But it was my sins and the sins of others, not his own, that brought him down to death. He suffered death. He permitted death. He had the power as no other man ever had to avoid death. But he resigned that power till he was in the tomb. No wonder therefore that the chains of death could not hold him.

But he became a captive and was entombed as any real sinner. Here as well as on the cross he was numbered with the transgressors. But because of this he was in a position to help transgressors.

Only three days did he wait. Then he showed his power. He broke the bands that bound him and he was no longer held in bondage. He led captivity captive. How easy it is then to believe that he has gifts for men. (Eph. 4:8). He has a gift for every man—the gift of life—eternal life.

This gift is "in Christ." "If a man be *in Christ* he is a new creature." (2 Cor. 5:17.) He has new life, the life that puts death in the shade and robs it of its sting, and of its victory. (1 Cor. 15:55.)

To the eye of faith death may still be an enemy, but he is no monster that shall not lose his power. Even Satan shall be destroyed (Heb. 2:14) and death with him shall be swallowed up (1 Cor. 15:55). Life is assured and "he is faithful that promised." Heb. 10:23. All in Christ shall be made alive.

Let men therefore turn from the Adamic nature and abide in Christ. Then if death comes—and come he must unless we tarry till *He* comes (John 21:22)—he'll have to go again. It is the best of news. Certainly in Adam all die, but just as surely those in Christ shall all be made alive.

323 60th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PRAYER.

R. G. LAYMAN.

Lead me, Savior, all the way
Through this weary land,
Lest my feet should ever stray
Hold me by the hand.

Lead me through the darkest night—
Keep me near thy side,
Till my soul can find the light—
Safe with thee abide.

When the storms of life are sore,
Let me ne'er despair;
Help me still yet more and more
Trust thy tender care.

When the scenes of earth are past,
On the other shore,
Help me sing thy praise at last,
Love thee more and more.

THE NEW YEAR.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

ANOTHER new year! and another! and another! How many new years we have experienced, each of them new; rather strange that all together they should make us old, each one making us older in spite of being new.

But getting older is of no great consequence, even if we lived the age of Methuselah. Are we "growing better" is another far more important consideration. If we cut the trunk of a tree in two, crosswise, we find a number of concentric rings indicating the age of the tree. Each year added growth is thus plainly indicated. At the same time the sap of the tree rising

between the bark and the wood proper, bursts and breaks the bark, thus making room for a further growth, the old bark being thrown off by a gradual peeling process.

A valuable lesson is contained in this process of nature. Reviewing the old year alike, we may aptly ask ourselves: How much new growth have we to show for the last year? How much good is there newly added within the circumference of our last year's increase? And again, How much of the old bark that enclosed our former growth, are we about to break and throw off to give room for further expansion? For move on we must, or retrogade; there is no standstill; grow we must, or sure decay will follow.

Paul says: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face, now I know in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away." This is the outline of the growth and progress of a Christian. The sincere seeker of Christ will determine and set out anew to put aside all temporal obstructions. If we wish to be true servants of God we cannot make any reserves which would hinder us from our final redemption. Though we may feel on that phase of our travel, as stepping down fom the solid earth into the bottomless darkness, and may feel completely helpless and alone, we need just then stretch out our hand and grasp the right arm of him who promised ever to hold and guide us. If these promises are as true to-day, and I doubt not, as they were nineteen hundred years ago, there is no reason for looking backward to a Savior of the past, who has left us his memory to adore and to be petitioned unto, but he must be living among mankind to-day, his spirit diffused among all his true disciples, and what is more, his saving power accessible to each one desirous to follow him. His very presence ought to be felt to-day, as of the past, and we ought to be able to touch the hem of his garment and feel the touch of his healing hand whenever we desire, in boundless faith, to be freed from the bondage of sin. "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." (Psalm 103:3).

And so it seems to be when viewed from another point. Continually we see and hear his name abused for his very righteousness. We see him betrayed and sold for more or less silver pieces, and continually we witness him crucified amidst the human race. But forever and ever we see him rise above all this in immortality, pointing the penitent mortal up to heaven. In godlike patience and longsuffering he is forever leading mankind by slow degrees of inner enfoldment to the realm of his salvation.

Ever present to-day as he was centuries ago, ever powerful and victorious, ever ready and willing to forgive, to heal, to save each and every one willing to forsake the evil ways of sin.

This living Savior is among us to-day, as I faithfully believe; trusting in his power to save all who sincerely seek, and, when found, follow him without reserve, I go on to do his will.

HAPPINESS.

"'Happiness,' says one writer, 'is a mosaic, composed of many smaller stones.' It is little acts of kindness, the little courtesies, the disposition to be accommodating, to be helpful, to be sympathetic, to be unselfish, to be careful not to wound the feelings, not to expose the sore spots, to be charitable of the weaknesses of others, to be considerate—these are the little things which added up at night, are found to be the secret of a happy day. How much greater are all these than one great act of noteworthy goodness once a year! Our lives are made up of trifles; emergencies rarely occur. 'Little things, unimportant events, experiences so small as to scarcely leave a trace behind, make up the sum-total of life.' And the one great thing in life is to do a little good to every one we meet. Ready sympathy, a quick eye, and a little tact, are all that is needed.

"Dr. Raffles once said: 'I have made it a rule never to be with a person ten minutes without trying to make him happier.' It was a remark of Dr. Dwight, that 'one who makes a little child happier for half an hour is a fellow-worker with God.'"

"A little boy said to his mother: 'I couldn't make little sister happy, nohow I could fix it. But I made myself happy trying to make her happy.' 'I make Jim happy, and he laughs,' said another boy, speaking of his invalid brother; 'and that makes me happy, and I laugh.'"

"How beautiful would our home-life be if every little child at the bed-time hour could look into the faces of the older ones and say: 'We've had such a sweet time to-day.' 'To love and to be loved,' says Sidney Smith, 'is the great happiness of existence.'"

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness or speaking a true word or making a friend.—*John Ruskin.*

For none can measure the mind of God
Or the bounds of eternity.
He knows each life that has come from him,
To the tiniest bird and bee;
And the love of his heart is so deep and wide
That it takes in even me!

—Mary E. Allbright.

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE HIGHER LIFE.

IN contemplating the religious life it is a prevalent idea to consider it as entirely separated from the life most of must live out in the world, pursuing our various callings. This idea of looking upon the higher life as a thing apart from the common everyday life is wrong, I believe, and is bound to bring about results some of which are plainly harmful, and the best of which fail to comprehend all that may be experienced in the Christian life.

First, it may bring one into the position of living two lives, or being hypocritical. If the higher life is not the life of every day, then some things may be countenanced in one's daily business that would not be tolerated in that higher state to which one now and then ascends. It is the following out of some such reasoning that brings about the fall of many men who were highly respected by their fellows.

Second, it may lead one to despise the common everyday duties of life,—the *menial* tasks, in the sense of "mean," they are often termed. This result is reached through the reasoning that since the things that belong to the higher life are of the greatest importance, what matters then how this work is done, or whether it is done at all?

Third, it may lead one to be satisfied with a superficial knowledge of God's will concerning us; to be satisfied with a few kernels now and then when he might have the whole ear. If the "mean" tasks of the everyday life are repugnant to the rich experiences of the inner religious life, then one's enjoyment of these same experiences must be fleeting because the mean tasks consume so much time.

If this idea that the higher life is a condition in which one gives himself wholly to prayer, fasting, religious services and the like, is a mistaken one, what, then, constitutes the higher life,—the condition that puts one into the closest communion with the Lord himself? We say the "higher life," because we wish to make a distinction between the condition bringing the richest experiences to the Christian, and the things with which he must be more or less engaged in this workaday world. But does the ideal condition really contemplate the separation of the Creator from the things that he has created,—from the things that in the very nature of the creation must exist? Do we not rather approach the ideal condition by recognizing in these mean things the touch of the divine imparted by the hand of the Creator? And do we not realize the greatest blessings of the ideal condition by working with these same things with the same quality of religious fervor which pervades our most sacred service?

F. B. Meyer says, "The development of the inner life is not perfect unless it issue in such going about doing good as was the flower and fruit of our Savior's thirty years." And the development of the inner life is not perfect unless the divine element which characterizes it overflows sufficiently to envelop even the most insignificant phase of the outer life. When at the counter and the plow and the cook-stove we look upon ourselves as priests and priestesses, ministering in holy things, then there will be no two lives, and there must be less perversion of the one.

THE UNITED STATES LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

A RECENT issue of the *Scientific American* contains an interesting article concerning the apparatus used by the life-saving stations situated along our coasts by which thousands of lives have been rescued from watery graves. This article has furnished us the facts for what is here given.

Notwithstanding all the late inventions that have been offered for service at the life-saving stations,—and there have been many following on the many coast wrecks of the past two years,—the life savers at present depend altogether on three utilities—the lifeboat, which is used interchangeably with the surfboat, the lifecar and the breeches buoy. The wreck gun is used in connection with the last two to hurl lines to ships stranded in exposed positions.

Of these three means, the lifeboat or surfboat is most useful, or comes most into use. For instance, during the year 1905 upward of one thousand persons were brought to shore by this means, while only about fifty persons were rescued by the lifecar and breeches buoy during the same time. The lifeboats and surfboats are each propelled by six or eight trained oarsmen and because of their self-righting and self-bailing qualities are virtually unsinkable. Add to this their capability of carrying a number of persons at the same time, and it is easy to see their importance in a lifesaving outfit.

In case a ship is wrecked amid dangerous rocks, or the sea is running so high that a lifeboat or surf-boat can make no progress, or is not able to stand the force of the waves, the breeches buoy or lifecar is brought into use. In order to make use of this means of rescue a line must first be gotten to the wrecked vessel. This is accomplished by fastening the line to a leaden missile which is fired from the wreck-gun, a powerful little portable mortar which can hurl a line three or four hundred yards in the teeth of a gale. When the line reaches the shipwrecked mariners it is used by them to draw out the three-inch hawser which is fastened to the ship according to the directions that accompany it along with directions for signaling the life savers that all is ready. Then the hawser is made taut and the shore end elevated on a tripod in order to lift the rope clear of the water. Next there is sent off to the ship a breeches buoy, suspended from a traveler block, or a lifecar from rings running on the hawser. Only one or two can be carried at a trip on the former, while the latter can accommodate from four to six. In a memorable wreck on the New Jersey coast, more than two hundred lives were saved by means of the lifecar. When all persons have been taken away from the wreck an ingenious mechanical device is drawn out along the cableway, which upon arrival at the terminus automatically cuts the line, allowing the crew to draw the hawser to shore.

The United States boasts the only life-saving service in the world supported wholly at national expense, and maintains a chain of two hundred and seventy-seven stations, two hundred on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, sixty-one on the Great Lakes, and sixteen on the Pacific coast. Since the establishment of the service it is estimated that not less than 225,000 lives have been saved; and carefully compiled statistics show that since 1871 an aggregate of $200,000,000 worth of property has been saved.

From life-saving to soul-saving is an easy and natural turn, and in the contemplation of what is done by these brave men of the coast for the sake of the physical life, we experience a deep thrill of joy in the thought that our service embraces not only life-saving but soul-saving. And with a clearer comprehension of the situation and therefore with greater earnestness we take up the refrain—

"Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
Some one is drifting away;
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line!
Some one is sinking to-day."

Does the Line have free course, unhindered by any blundering of ours that might cause it to miss the mark? Is the little mortar gun of our character sufficiently loaded with the Spirit's power to carry the Line to the perishing?

NOT TOO LATE.

"It is never too late to do good," and with such doing we would like for you to include that of helping the INGLENOOK into homes where it is now a stranger. Show this number of the magazine to your friends. They may say that the amount of reading matter does not equal that found in other dollar magazines. In reply you can remind them of the fact that those other magazines come but twelve times a year, while fifty-two INGLENOOKS enter the home in the same time. As to the quality of the reading matter, test it beside that of the other magazines.

"It is never too late to do good."

NOTICE.

THOSE of our readers who keep a file of their INGLENOOKS, and perhaps have each volume bound, were doubtless disappointed to find that the last issue of 1906 contained no index for the year. Since so many make no use of the index, we decided not to take the space allotted to regular reading matter and instead have printed the index on a separate sheet. All those desiring a copy of it may have their wants supplied by simply dropping us a card, stating their wishes.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

WHETHER we lift up our hearts in praise within an elegant edifice or kneel in the dust of the highway, our works are equally acceptable.—*Mary I. Senseman.*

To the eye of faith death may still be an enemy, but he is no monster that shall not lose his power.—*W. M. Howe.*

GOD did not intend that man should be crushed by difficulties; they are only tests by which the real character is proved.—*Ida M. Helm:*

IN godlike patience and longsuffering he is forever leading mankind by slow degrees of inner enfoldment to the realm of his salvation.—*Richard Seidel.*

MORE than one heart there felt condemned, and that in the scene just witnessed the Lord himself had spoken to us in an unexpected way.—*Oma Karn.*

DID they know how their lives would still live on in us, long after they were gone?—*Lois Thomas.*

The mother pauses,—speaks again,
"The children surely must come in!"
Then sounds the call that oft has been,—
"C-h-i-l-d-r-e-n,—c-o-m-e—h-o-m-e!"
—Walter Swihart.

ECHOES·FROM·EVERYWHERE

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU has announced his resignation as chairman of the republican national committee, and designated Vice-chairman Harvey S. New as acting chairman until the regular meeting of the committee next December.

Two express cars carrying 1,900 English pheasants were recently shipped into Kansas. The birds were imported directly from England and are to be distributed in the various counties with the view of stocking the state with the game.

FOUR important laws went into effect January 1, as a result of the work of the first session of the fifty-ninth congress. They are the free denatured alcohol law, the pure food law, the anti-pass section of the interstate commerce act, the modification of the navigation laws to simplify enrollments and licenses.

A MACHINE which, it is said, will hurl coal into the firebox of a locomotive at the rate of two hundred shovelfuls a minute, if necessary, is to lighten the labor of the fireman on many of the engines of the North-western road. An order is reported to have been placed for seven hundred of these mechanical stokers, at a cost of $350,000.

OF interest to farmers is an invention recently patented by G. Robinson and G. Cutsforth, of Riddles, Oregon. "The invention is an improvement in mowing machines, and relates particularly to a track-clearing attachment whereby heavy vines and grasses may be cut at the outer end of the sickle-bar to avoid clogging of the bar and to aid the divider in separating the cut from the uncut grass."

INFORMATION received by the Presbyterian Board of Missions indicates that the famine in China is more serious than at first thought. Owing to heavy rains 40,000 square miles were flooded in the northern districts of Kiangsu and Anhui provinces. The district supports a population of 15,000,000 people and no crops have been gathered this fall. Thousands are living on one meal a day and others are selling their children for food or killing them rather than see them starve.

THE international waterways commission has disposed of the Chicago drainage canal question and the international boundary line on Lake Erie. No statement of the contents of the report has been given out, but it was said that the finding of the commission "was mutually satisfactory to all parties concerned." The commission will next take up the question of damming the lower end of Lake Erie so as to raise the level of the lake.

IN his first message at Lincoln, Nebraska, Thursday, Governor Sheldon recommended laws prohibiting any railroad from charging in the future a higher freight rate than that in force January 1, 1907, and authorizing the Railway Commission to prohibit rebates and abolish discriminations. He says the welfare of the State demands that the railroads must not be put out of business, but that they must be put out of politics. He says it is not a crusade against wealth, but a movement against graft.

ALTHOUGH aluminum was discovered in 1827, the first practical use ever made of it was in 1884 when a cap made of it was fitted on the peak of Washington's monument. The cost and difficulty of its production had prevented its development until the use of electricity made it easy and economical. The development of the industry has been very rapid in recent years. In 1904 the production was 8,600,000 pounds, and in 1905 11,347,000 pounds. Orders for 75,000 horse-power machinery, to be used in its production, are now being filled. As is pretty generally known, aluminum is a metallic element found in clay, and is the same material of which rubies, sapphires, emery and alum are made. Every brick in buildings is said to be thirty per cent aluminum.

THE use of cocoa in the United States has increased 2,000 per cent during the last thirty years says the *Cent Per Cent Magazine*, and the consumption of cocoa and chocolate by Americans has doubled in the last five years. "Less than five years ago," it continues, "the United States held only fifth place as manufacturer of cocoa and chocolate, England, Germany, Holland, and France taking precedence in about the order named. To-day we hold first place, both as manufacturers and consumers of cocoa and chocolate by a comfortable margin, and are in-

creasing our lead so rapidly that it is with the utmost difficulty that the American manufacturers are able to meet the demands upon them. In 1905 the United States consumed nearly 460,000 bags of cocoa, or about one-third of the world's crop."

THREE bills having for their object the regulation of coal lands and the prevention of any coal monopoly in the western states and territories have been introduced in the house. The bills are the outcome of the president's recent wholesale withdrawal of coal lands from entry. The first bill provides for the permanent withdrawal of all coal lands on the public domain, amounting to 64,000,000 acres, and for their lease by the government to mine operators. The second bill, which is offered as an alternative measure, provides for the withdrawal of alternate townships of coal lands which may prevent monopolies in coal. The third measure proposes to form all coal lands into reserves, after the manner of forest reserves.

THE Armenians are said to have more voters in America than any other nationality among our immigrants, it being claimed there are 50,000 of them here of whom 35,000 are voters. Most of them are merchants though there are many Armenian dentists, physicians, and theologians in this country, seventeen Armenian preachers occupying American pulpits. The Armenians publish fourteen periodicals in their own language and have libraries and reading rooms in many places. The most correct electric meter is said to have been invented by an Armenian, and years ago it is said the green color of the American bank note was invented by a young Armenian. An Armenian won in the McKinley monument contest and recently a young Armenian artist took the highest prize at Yale.

PROFESSOR FREDERICK STARR, of the University of Chicago, Department of Anthropology, has just returned from the Congo, where he spent over a year studying the pigmy races along the Kafal and Batha rivers. The pigmies average three feet ten inches in height. To a reporter he said: "Their most interesting game is nothing more nor less than 'cat's cradle,' a game known to most American boys. I saw them playing the game just after I reached the Congo, and I spent much time investigating the game and its origin. I found that the natives played over one hundred different forms of the game. The negroes of the Congo Free State are a bright, intelligent people. I went up the Congo as far as the falls, and then continued around them to the upper stream. The trip up the Oiku river was most interesting. I was the second white man to go into that country to such an extent.

THE Japanese are known to be a shrewd people on the whole, and Kinya Shima of Stockton, Calif., seems to be endowed with his share of shrewdness, according to reports from California. It is said the Jap has cornered the potato market and will be virtual dictator of prices until next season. He and the Japanese companies he controls stand to sell their crop for $1,000,000 and Shima, it is said, will clear $250,000.

THE Illinois Traction system has announced its intention to compete with the Pullman Sleeping Car Company, and has already placed in service on the line between Bloomington and St. Louis, *via* Decatur and Springfield, two trolley sleeping cars. They are fifty-seven feet long and weigh fifty tons, whereas the ordinary Western trolley car weighs from twenty to thirty tons. The cars have all the latest improvements in the way of brakes and conveniences, and mineral wool placed between a double floor deadens the sound of motor and wheels and promotes warmth. Each double berth is a stateroom in itself, the lower berth being made from a separation of the reversible chairs, two of which are in each section. The berths are a little narower than those of the Pullman, but space is left between the edge and curtains for dressing. There are twenty berths, ten on each side, and four chairs in the smoking room.

A LETTER signed by Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, J. Pierpont Morgan and other prominent New Yorkers has been delivered to Secretary of State Root, directing his attention to conditions in the Congo Free State in Africa where it is asserted that "flagrant inhumanity exists." It recites that over a year ago a commission investigated the Congo and found taxes there so heavy that many laborers have little if any freedom; land appropriated so that natives are practically prisoners in their own territory; employment by the government of brutish blacks from hostile tribes who murder and pillage the people; the binding of little children to years of labor at uncertain wages; great injustice in the courts; sending out of punitive expeditions to frighten the natives into paying a tax. "Inasmuch," says the letter, "as the United States gave its moral support to the establishment of the Congo government, it is justified in giving its moral support to any undertaking to secure conditions in the Congo that will not disgrace civilization."



TWO LITTLE PAIRS.

TWO little pairs of boots to-night
Before the fire are drying;
Two little pairs of tired feet
In a trundle bed are lying.
The tracks they left upon the floor
Make me feel much like sighing.

Those little boots with copper toes
They run the livelong day;
And oftentimes I almost wish
They were miles away;
So tired am I to hear so oft
Their heavy tramp at play.

They walked about the new ploughed ground,
Where mud in plenty lies;
They roll it up in marbles round,
They bake it into pies,
And then at night upon the floor
In every shape it dries.

To-day I was disposed to scold,
But when I look to-night
At those little boots before the fire,
With copper toes so bright,
I think how sad my heart would be
To put them out of sight.

For in a trunk upstairs I've laid
Two socks of white and blue;
If called upon to put those boots away,
Oh, God, what would I do?
I mourn that there are not to-night
Three pairs instead of two.

I mourn because I know how nice
My neighbor 'cross the way
Could keep her carpets all the year
From getting worn or gray;
Yet while I know she'd smile to own
Some little boots to-day.

We mothers weary get and worn
Over our load of care;
But how we speak to these little ones
Let each of us beware;
For what would our firesides be to-night
If no little boots were there?

—Mrs. S. T. Perry.

DETERMINATION WILL SUCCEED.

IDA M. HELM.

"OH DEAR," sighed Dorothy, as she looked around over the place that had been selected for their new home, "we never can live here. This is a veritable desert, the ground is hard, the weeds are half as tall as I am, and over there is a great pile of trash; I can see nothing desirable here. What shall we do?"

"We must get to work," said Polly, "we can not expect to earn a living or have a pleasant home if we are going to sit around and bewail our lot. Let us begin right away and see what we can do. I believe we can make this a fruitful place and it will blossom as the rose. See what rich soil we have to work with."

They believed in the practical adage that "whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well," so they set to work with a whole-hearted will and by their untiring determination and diligence a transformation gradually took place where Dorothy had thought only weeds could grow, and in due time she looked around with pleasure and said, "I have learned a lesson in this desert. What a wilderness it was when we came here, now it is the most beautiful place in all the country around. The difficulties that seemed such a barrier to our success have all been conquered and we are bountifully repaid for our exertions. If we wish to succeed we must always be diligent."

If we would never turn aside when obstructions appear in the way, but walk right through them, how many deserts might be transformed into gardens of loveliness! When Napolean's generals viewed the towering, steep Alps, they said, "It is impossible to cross them," but Napolean exclaimed, "There shall be no Alps," and he led his army to victory. He could see victory beyond the seemingly impassable mountains.

People who accomplish the most good in the world are the ones who firmly stand for what they believe to be right even though they must stand alone. God did not intend that man should be crushed by difficulties; they are only tests by which the real character is proved.

One evening Jesus was in a desert place and a multitude of hungry people were with him. The disciples were in despair; they felt sure it would be impossible to feed them there in the desert, so they proposed sending them away. But there was no impossibility with Jesus. He fed the multitude and there were twelve basketsful of food left.

Through all the centuries God has been working with his faithful children and leading them from victory to victory and his promise is "Lo, I am with you alway." Oh discouraged one, look up to where

the stars shine out clear and bright; they are symbols of those radiant souls in this world of sin who ever hope and love and pray and work, assured that Christ looks down from yonder glorious world and sees his children when they labor with a determination and shine for him though clouds of sorrow veil their path, and he will lead them to a goodly land.

Is it not true that often in our deepest adversity we utter our most fervent prayers? It is necessary that God use vigorous measures sometimes to bring us to a sense of our duty. If we fill the niche for which God designed us, when death knocks at our door we will gladly feel that we have not lived in vain.

God knows what is best for us; he says, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Only he can sustain us in the trials of life and give us the victory over sin.

Ashland, Ohio.

THE FOES OF HAPPINESS.

Modern society is in danger of killing itself, paradoxical as it may seem, by the multiplication of alleged comforts. For happiness and length of life contrast the simple little cottage life, with its plainness and frugality, with that of the palatial residence. It is clear that much of what we seem to think are the comforts, necessaries and luxuries of civilized refinement is nothing more or less than ambitious and frivolous display, not to say life-burdening and life-shortening nonsense.

Particularly do the frills of modern living bear hard upon the woman. It is the parlor rather than the family sittingroom; the gown, rather than the everyday dress; the salad and dessert, rather than the bread and meat; the social function rather than the neighborly call; the laces and embroideries, rather than the plain sewing—which physically and mentally exhaust woman. The frills of life, and not the substantial mainstays, are what break down and wear out her powers. It is the same in city and village, and even in the country, to a great extent. The struggle to make "things comfortable and respectable" is in large measure a struggle which wears out life without ever reaching comfort, or anything except further desires which exhaust the energies and rob peace of mind.

Greater simplicity of home life and its desires is the true road to home happiness, and especially for woman. She must acquire the courage to allow her neighbor to outshine her in dress, size of house, social functions, and all the other frills of life. She must curtail all the expenditures of energy not conducive to health, strength and pure happiness. The frills must go, if strong and happy motherhood and childhood remain.—*Selected.*

EMPLOYING THE LULL AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

The quiet days after the Christmas rush is over come as a boon to the busy housekeeper. The hours of daylight are increasing, the children are safe in school and the stores are full of bargains for the careful purchaser. It is an ideal season for a "sewing day" in charge of some Aid society, or just for the mistress of the house to work alone.

Underclothes, sun bonnets, aprons and dozens of other articles can be turned out ready for warm weather, if only careful planning and cutting make the task easy. I have seen housewives get all ready to make a garment, only to discover that the No. 60 thread was lacking or some one had borrowed the necessary pattern and had forgotten to return it, making a trip to town or a neighbor's necessary when a little forethought would have avoided all this.

During the lull is a good time to look after the food supply, too. There may be decaying vegetables in the cellar that are sending up foul odors to poison the air of the living apartments so stealthily as to be scarcely noticed and yet so penetratingly as to cause sickness later on.

While the men are kept from active labors out of doors they will willingly look over the cabbage, apples and potatoes, and remove the rotten ones, but later in the spring they consider their time too precious to "waste" on such chores.

If the beets are getting shriveled it is well to can what will be needed later on and thus save a portion, at least, of this good vegetable. If the meat in the smoke house is sufficiently smoked the men should attend to sacking it and storing it in a cold, dry place.

Many a woman does all these chores herself, because she has never learned to make use of the cold, stormy days which keep the men "underfoot" in the house, by bringing out her odd tasks.

Visiting should come in for a share of the lull, for later in planting and harvesting the team will be too busy to permit the "women folks" to go about much. Get into the habit of filling the big sled half full of straw and piling in plenty of robes for a drive to friends and relatives often during the cold days. Of course there would be no pleasure in going in a blizzard, but utilize some of the bright moonlight evenings and the clear days for visiting.

Take an afternoon and go to visit the school to see how the children are getting along. If you are afraid of frightening the teacher too much, break the news gradually by letting the children announce your coming.

There are fathers and mothers all over the country who have never been inside a schoolhouse since the day they took their books home for the last time and started out to fight the battle of life.

The long winter evenings are delightful for reading. When the wind is howling outside and the mercury is dropping lower and lower, a cosy seat by the fire, a bright light and a good book are all the heart could desire.

One member of the home circle may read aloud or all read silently, and thus fill the evenings with pleasure and profit. For those who feel the lack of early training in schools the book and magazine world opens up a fine field of knowledge, and children learn rapidly from the instructive stories and poems read by the fireside.

Whittier's "Snowbound" furnishes a delightful picture of a delightful family, but every mother-home in the country may be just as delightful if the parents are eager to fill the lives of the children with joy and instruction.

Another delightful occupation for cold days is letter writing. A postmaster said the other day, taking a little handful of letters, "I don't believe people in the country appreciate free delivery. Think of eight letters for a route having one hundred and twenty families! Doesn't that seem absurd?"

This may be an exceptional case, but it is certain that there are very many people all over the country who will tell you frankly that they just hate to write letters. It is a hard task to write after a long day in the hayfield or after a day's threshing, but the long, cold days of enforced idleness are just right for writing to friends and relatives.

Think of sisters and brothers not corresponding for ten and twenty years! When for two cents a letter will travel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, there is no excuse for friendship and cordial feeling between relatives dying out.

Buy a good tablet and some black ink and then encourage your carrier by buying a lot of stamped envelopes. Help Uncle Sam make up the annual deficit since the old gentleman has kindly sent his messengers all over the country to bring the rural districts in touch with the busy world.

It will soon be a pleasure to write, just as it is a pleasure to receive letters. If the editor of your paper has something particularly good in the paper, tell him so, or if you do not quite agree write and explain what you think is incorrect in his journal. Since "writing makes an exact man" it is well to keep in practice.

Instead of being the dullest season of the year, the time after the holidays can be made the most enjoyable of the whole twelve months with just a little planning and working.—*Hilda Richmond.*

He is a wise man that can avoid evil; he is a patient man that can endure it; but he is a valiant man that can conquer it.—*Quarles.*

WORK AMONG HOUSE PLANTS.

It won't be many years before many now wanting a greenhouse of plants can have them. Electricity will furnish the heat.

Plants in a very hot room sometimes suffer from a dry atmosphere, and the leaves should be lightly syringed occasionally.

Some plants require more heat than others, especially when growing and receiving considerable water. Plants practically dormant may be kept cool and without much water and light.

Don't forget to bring a few apple tree branches indoors in February or March and put in water in a room where they will not freeze. Get branches with plump buds, and the larger the branches the better. They will soon bloom.

Dead or dying leaves on a plant are useless encumbrances, and should be removed and destroyed as soon as they appear. While often these are simply the natural fall and end of the leaf's functions, as a rule it indicates some irregular condition, as too low temperature, too little light or air, or improper watering.

Light and air are of very great importance; plants should have both, every day. Of course, it is to be supposed they are all placed where light will be had abundantly each day; but this light must be distributed equitably. This is accomplished by turning the plants around, exposing them to the light on all sides.

But few persons realize what a small amount of soil is made to support a plant, and how inadequate the nourishment must frequently be. Food of some kind should be occasionally added to the soil. Manure in liquid form will aid strong growth; a few drops of household ammonia frequently added to water is a good practice. Potash, present in wood ashes or bone meal, will sometimes be acceptable.—*Farm and Home.*

Read this to the Little Ones

THE DIARY OF AN ANT.

June first. *Four o'clock in the morning.* Rose early, as this was to be a very busy day. (Indeed what day is not a busy one?) I, with three of the other workers, went out to look after our band of little green cows. They spent the night on a sassafras bush and were plump and sweet. Drove in a few that the Queen and Our Ladies might take their fresh milk as soon as they awoke.

Five o'clock. The Queen ordered me to go and find her a juicy caterpillar or a green worm. "It must be fat and kicking when you bring it in," added she. I scrambled up the shortest roadway and started off. Not two yards from the gate I met Cousin Formica with her nose in the air. How vulgar she does look

always wearing that black shirt waist and red skirt! "Hello, Miss Prim!" said she, "if I couldn't find anything better than that dull-brown dress to wear I'd never come out in the sunshine." I hurried on in dignified silence. A little further and I saw an oriole sitting in a birch tree gobbling caterpillars out of a webby nest. "Ah, my gay fellow?" thought I, "you are taking more than your share, but I suppose if I went up and asked you for one you would gobble me, too." He was chuckling so with delight at his fine breakfast that he caught his bill in the web, making a great rent, and down tumbled a shower of young caterpillars. Seizing the plumpest one in my strong jaws I began tugging it homeward as fast as I could. Oh what a time I had! It squirmed and writhed round my head so I couldn't see which way I was going. Somtimes I tried backing, as it was easier to pull the Queen's breakfast over the sticks and stones that way.

Just as I came in sight of our gateway a saucy little spider sprang on to my worm. By the time I had finished my tussle with her I was about exhausted and decided to take a sup or two from the juicy caterpillar that I might be able to reach home with my burden. I never did believe in this modern idea of improving your health by working three of four hours before breakfast.

"Why," said the Queen, when I at last laid the worm at her feet, "how is this?" and she pointed to the small puncture I had made when imbibing a few draughts from his interior.

"Ah, my Gracious Lady!" said I, "if you only knew"—I was saved my confession, however, for just at this moment one of our workers ran in, crying, "The Browns' windows are open; the shades are up!" We knew what that meant, and instantly the whole village was in a ferment of excitement. "A raid, a raid!" we cried, scrambling over each other in our hurry.

Half past six. One hundred and fifty strong we climbed up the house wall and stood on the pantry window sill. Every shelf was empty except the top one on which was a row of jelly tumblers, with paper tied over them. On the floor stood a table with every leg in a glass of water. Oh, how it groaned with the good things upon it! Two or three dozen workers ran up to the top shelf and began cutting holes in the papers over the jelly. Suddenly we heard a soft whir, and our Queen sailed through the window and gracefully alighted on a frosted cake. We poor wingless girls set our wits to work and finally discovered a long hook over the window. We ran up, out to the end of it and dropped safely to the table. Soon there were more than a hundred of us feasting on ham, blueberry pie, frosted cake and jelly. Hark! The cook's step sounded heavily coming towards the pantry. We dropped hastily to the floor and began racing up the wall and over the sill for our lives. The poor Queen, grown heavy with so many sweets, and not well used to her wings, was pounced upon and borne away in a cruel red hand. We never saw her again.

Eight o'clock. We enlarged the nursery and repaired the long passage, then carried all the pupa babies up to have a sunning. We turned them every now and then and suddenly two of them cracked. These had young queens in them; so we carefully helped them out, unfolded their legs and smoothed their wings, then hastened to bring them a nice breakfast.

Nine o'clock. When all the babies are out, our colony will be larger than we can care for, so we decided that we must have more slaves.

Ten o'clock. We started, three hundred strong, for Ant Town in the Meadow. When we reached the outskirts, five of us went ahead to look about a bit. At the doorway stood a couple of sentinels who dashed in as soon as they spied us. Hastily summoning all our forces we hurried after. The fight was hot and furious, but we, though smaller than the Meadow Ants, overpowered them and seized about two hundred of their pupa babies. Retreated in good order. How proudly we marched homeward, bearing those burdens which in a month or two would make life so much easier for us!

Twelve o'clock, noon. Woe, woe, woe! What is this? Our roof stone gone, the mangled remains of our precious babes lying all about, our store-house broken open, our roadways destroyed, not a sign of life anywhere. Surely this must be a punishment for stealing Meadow Ants' babies. How swift and terrible!

Ah, here comes a worker painfully limping up on three legs. She tells us that no sooner had we disappeared over the brow of the hill than, "Bobbie Brown came tramping along with his dog. He kicked away our roof-stone and set the dog to work tearing up our village. As the little ones were in the nursery on the top floor we had no time to save them. We did manage, however, to hide one Queen. What would Ant Town be without a Queen? Surely we could not exist with no loving ruler to mother us, and to supply our colony with eggs. What would her handmaidens do with no gracious lady to wait upon? Truly we should feel like the man without a country. Seventy-nine workers escaped uninjured and we have about fifty wounded."

After the long march, the battle in Meadowtown, and the journey home with our burdens, we took not a moment's rest, and there was no food for us to eat. We spent the afternoon searching the ruins of our beloved village for the few poor babies that were left alive. At sunset we took them, with the little slaves we had captured, and started off to found a new village, where we hope to escape the horrors that destroyed our home.—*Margaret Wentworth Leighton.*



THE RURAL LIFE

PLANT A HOME.

YOUNG beginners in life's morning,
Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever,
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dimes and then the dollar,
Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
Some fair lot and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes about you
Coming up to take your place,
Give them something to remember,
Homestead memories let them trace.
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet,
Breathe the blessed air of freedom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.

You, too, who perhaps have squandered
Life's fair noon—'tis not too late;
Start at once to woo bright fortune,
Rail no more at so-called Fate.
Sow the golden seeds of saving
In the rich and quickening loam,
Spend your last days, not with strangers,
Enter heaven's gate from home.

—Exchange.

THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

IV. Freezing with Ammonia Gas.

WHEN large expanses of air and space are to be dealt with, ice is too expensive and too unreliable to be used as a freezing agent, nor can a low enough temperature be produced or sufficient depth be penetrated by its use. So it comes that of recent years it is the rule in most refrigerator and cold-storage plants to maintain low temperatures by means of the "brine system." Previous to the discovery of this method, refrigerators of any importance employed the "ammonia gas" method which is used to quite an extent to-day. This method consists of a series of pipes through which ammonia gas is circulated in the rooms.

Liquid ammonia is delivered for consumption in long tanks, resembling one-foot sewer pipes, and closed at both ends except for an outlet and valve at one end. When it is to be used it is emptied into a reservoir conveniently located. In the engine room is a compound force and suction pump which circulates the gaseous ammonia. This pump is connected to the reservoir through hundreds of feet of iron pipe arranged in coils about the room, in the walls, or overhead as the case may be. Each refrigerator or chill-room may be connected to or closed against the main pipe and reservoir by means of a single valve, and in this valve lies the principle of ammonia freezing.

When the freezing process is to begin in a certain room, the connecting-valve is merely slightly opened and great suction is brought to bear against it. According to the physical law of atmospheric pressure, the air forces the liquid ammonia through the minute opening in the valve in a very fine stream which is immediately evaporated and converted into a gaseous state in which it circulates through the pipes, the combination of the ammonia gas and compressed air producing intense cold. Its usefulness is not yet completed for it is re-used time and again. The same instrument which circulates it as gas at a low temperature, converts it into a similar body at a high temperature, and as such forces it into a series of coils located generally upon the roof where cold water constantly drips upon them, and here it is reconverted into its original state and returned to the tank or reservoir from which it started. At two different points in the circulation are purifying apparatus, the one to cleanse the gas from particles of iron collected in the pipes, the other from oil with which it mixes as it passes through the cylinders of the pump. Thus is exemplified a sort of a perpetual motion. When working at its best, the coils in the rooms, and all others in that part of the circuit between the reservoir and the pump are coated with a thick layer of flaky ice, while the remainder of the circuit is normal or above normal, for from between the blinds of which the condensing cupulo is made there emits constantly a great volume of steam. Were the gas to be circulated for a short time in the opposite direction, the refrigerator-rooms would become heated and the condensing pipes become frozen in the same proportion, as in the proper method.

Only during and subsequent to the bursting of an ammonia pipe can the odor of ammonia be detected outside of the pumping station. Ammonia is a liquid which evaporates rapidly and leaves no trace after a few hours.

Chicago, Ill.

THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.—No. 3.

ROBERT E. ERICSEN.

Earthworms.

THAT the earth or angle worm is of value to the farmer is an established fact, but to some his utility beyond being impaled on a fish-hook by the young American may be of a hazy nature.

Its food consists chiefly of earth which it swallows and after digesting what nourishment it may contain ejects the residue at the mouth of its tunnel in spiral casts. It also devours vegetable matter and has been known to attack refuse meat.

The amount of earth thus brought up is estimated at one inch deep in twelve years. If some boy wishes to make the experiment let him select a perfectly bare spot, sweep away *all* loose particles, and mark off a square yard. Next morning collect all the earth that has been deposited, and measure it. If it be presumed that the worm digs but half the year, multiply by the number of days and by a simple mathematical calculation he can ascertain the annual amount brought to the surface.

Its tunnels extend several feet below the surface, and thus new soil is being constantly brought up from below.

The tunnels also allow greater penetration of water and materially aid in the conservation of moisture.

They require moisture and cannot endure heat. I remember seeing one fine spring morning, a large worm crawl from beneath a doorstep into the bright warm sunlight. Not longer than ten minutes later I noticed him again, and he was almost dead, the sun having dried his skin until he could not crawl.

Neither can it endure extreme cold, and as winter comes on it burrows below the frost line and lies dormant.

After a heavy rain its burrows are filled with water and it comes to the surface. Some people believe that it has rained worms, just as for similar reasons they think toads are rained.

Both sexes are united in one individual. The eggs are laid in the soil and develop directly into worms.

To a considerable extent they have the power to reproduce lost parts, hence when one becomes divided each part may become a complete individual.

Birds do not eat as many as I formerly thought. By careful observation during the last few years I have found that the birds following my plow were collecting almost entirely the larvæ of bugs and beetles.

Some persons collect worms, place them in a bottle and put it in a warm place. They rapidly decay, and the oil arising is reputed to be the best lotion known for stiff joints.

Illinois.

[For two seasons I have had trouble keeping onion sets in the ground till they became rooted. On going out of a morning I would find many of the recently-planted sets scattered here and there over the bed, usually with the tender tip sticking down in the ground. I told a friend about it and between us we decided that the mischief was done by earthworms. What do our readers think about it? If this fish(worm) story is too big, what other explanation can you give that will satisfy the conditions?—The Editor.]

EXERCISE BOTH MUSCLES AND MIND.

A WRITER in *Medical Brief* has this to say concerning physical culture: "An hour of useful, purposive work, involving muscular exertion, such as lawn-moving, wood-chopping, sawing, shoveling, etc., is of more vital value to the individual than several hours spent in the indoor gymnasium or athletics. Usefulness, purposiveness, helpfulness, and general service furnish the keynote to the harmony and moral equipoise, strength and beauty, in human no less than in universal nature."

This is good advice. We always have believed that, if one's daily work could furnish him exercise, it was the best physical culture that he could possibly take. The doing of housework, sawing wood, shoveling snow from the yard—some work that has a purpose in it—is far better than just mechanically going through some set form of exercise, such as practicing in the ordinary gymnasium with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, etc.

The best benefit comes when the mind as well as the body is engaged in the exercise; and any exercise, whether indoors or outdoors, that engages both muscle and mind, is sure to be more beneficial than that exercise that is simply taken because one feels constrained to go through some mechanical mode of exercise. The mind and body must work together to secure the best results.—*Medical Talk.*

WILL CEREAL RUBBER MAKE GOOD?

FROM time to time rumors have gone out concerning the manufacture of a cereal rubber or rubber made from wheat. Almost everyone has chewed a few grains of wheat and noticed that a rubber-like composition was the result. Mr. Wm. Carr, of England, experimented on this for a long time in the belief that he could manufacture a rubber from wheat that would be of commercial value. He knew that the ptyalin in the saliva was what produced the wheat rubber and came to realize there was no substitute for ptyalin. But he found that the common hog secretes this chemical in unusually large quantities and thus was able to proceed in the manufacture of his rubber.

In discussing this inventor's work the *Technical World* says: "Mr. Carr discovered that any particular grade might be produced by arresting, at a precise

moment, the fermentation process between the wheat and ptyalin. The most accurate, painstaking, and prolonged effort was required to discover the precise moment in each case. Six grades of rubber are the result. They may be used for the following purposes: for waterproofing; for tubes and other flexible material; for tires; as a substitute for linoleum; for paving purposes; and for golf balls." According to this article a syndicate has been formed and the manufacture is being pushed. It questions whether or not this new rubber will realize expectations and says there is always a test and in this case the test is vulcanization, the process of hardening through the introduction of sulphur to enable the rubber to resist the action of heat and solvent chemicals. The cereal rubber, it says, does stand successfully the process.

As to cost, it says the "cereal rubber can meet natural rubber in open competition in the markets of the world. It can undersell it. The initial cost of transporting the liquid product of the forest to the manufacturing plant is a heavy one. Moreover, additional expense is entailed by the necessity of removing certain impurities which natural rubber accumulates in its crude state. Indeed the question is rather, will natural rubber, on which the world has depended in the past, continue to find a place as an article of commerce?" So many attempts, however, have been made at securing substitutes for natural rubber that it is not well to become too sanguine over Mr. Carr's discovery, interesting as it is.—*The Pathfinder.*

THE USES OF THE BAMBOO.

The question of nature's most useful gift to mankind has been variously answered, some claiming the banana, some the cocoanut-palm, some the wheat field, some one thing and some another. What supplies a direct and immediate need to one portion of the world, may be unknown elsewhere, and what is an absolute necessity to an uncivilized race may be a matter of indifference to a civilized one. The banana furnishes sustenance to millions of people who could hardly exist without its almost spontaneous growth. Wheat, in one form or another, penetrates to the uttermost part of the world; and the value of rice to mankind is beyond computation.

But perhaps among them all there is no one thing which contributes in so many ways to the necessities and comfort of mankind as the bamboo. In this gift, nature seems to have omitted no element that in any way could add to its usefulness. It surpasses all of her woods in straightness and length, and in elasticity, strength, hollowness, smoothness, lightness, and roundness, as also the ease with which it can be split, and the regularity of its cleavage.

It imparts no smell or taint to water, which allows it to be used in constructing drinking vessels of all descriptions and for conduits. As a result of free silicic acid existing in the cane, it is hardened and given a capability of resisting many of the destroying influences to which other woods are prone. Moreover, its quick growth, its abundance, and the ease with which sizes can be matched, are important factors in its usefulness.

The bamboos, for there are many varieties, constitute a genus of aborescent grasses, which are to be found in nearly every tropical country. They vary in size from slender reeds to tree-like growths, often reaching a height of seventy feet or upwards, with a stem over fifteen inches thick. The stem of the largest variety, known as the *bambusa arundinacea,* is surmounted by light, feathery leaves, which give a most beautiful effect to the groves wherein it is cultivated. It grows very rapidly, sometimes at the rate of a couple of feet a day.

Bamboos furnish all the materials necessary in the construction of a house, and not only this, but also the furniture required, and the requisite pipes and cistern for supplying it with water. The strength of the light scaffolding the Japanese erect with these canes is astonishing, for it seems capable of bearing any weight that can be put upon it. In roofing the houses, a selection is made of the largest and straightest stems, which are then cut to the length necessary to reach from the ridge to the eaves. After this they are cleft evenly in halves. The first layers are fastened in position close together, with the hollow side uppermost, then the next layer is made by reversing the process, placing the bamboos hollow side downwards in such a manner that the split edges fall into the two contiguous concavities. In this way the roof is made water-tight, and the rain drains off in the gutters formed by the under layer of bamboos.

In the way of clothing, umbrella hats, which are probably, for a hot or wet climate, the best form of head covering now used in any part of the world, sandals, clogs, and a peculiar form of cloak worn by the peasantry as a protection against rain, are gifts for which the people are indebted to the bamboo. Matting, furniture, screens, blinds, baskets, washing-basins, baths, buckets, ladders, brooms, stools, trays, cooking utensils and other domestic articles are all easily made from some part or another of these extraordinary grasses. So are pipes, tobacco jars, walking sticks, fans, umbrellas, combs, spoons, flutes, and other musical instruments. Then there are articles of a purely ornamental character, as flower-vases beautifully carved, picture frames, grotesque images, ingeniously opening and closing boxes, frames, trays, placques, and so on, through a list too formidable to enumerate.

Bamboo harnesses and panniers for horses and oxen are also frequently seen. Piping for drains or con-

duits, made from the largest sized stems, is in universal use in the small towns and villages. The most powerful bows and penetrating arrows that can now be seen are constructed from bamboos, and the Japanese are very skilful in their use.

For road-making, fencing, river damming, the bamboos yield the necessary material. Safe, simple, and easily constructed dams and river banks are made by a number of broad baskets, bolster-shaped, constructed with bamboos. These baskets are filled with stones, and placed side by side at the place where they are required.

Bamboo bridges are often seen; and sometimes even a single bamboo, four or five inches in diameter, forms the pathway, and another cane of a more slender variety is slung above it at a height that allows it to be used as a hand-rail. Country people readily avail themselves of these simple bridges, even when they are thrown over a raging torrent, and apparently have no more apprehension of danger when crossing over them than they would have in a ferry-boat over a placid stream. These bamboo bridges furnish a practical illustration of the extraordinary strength these canes possess, for it is said that no other wood of the same thickness could possibly stand the strain which is sometimes placed upon them.

A silicious fluid concretion which is found in the hollow joints of the bamboo, and known as tabasheer, is highly valued for its febrifugal qualities. It is also the least refractive of all known solids. Tabasheer somewhat resembles that peculiar variety of opal which only becomes translucent on immersion in water, and is known as hydrophane.

The bamboo supplies, in its young and succulent shoots, a vegetable which is universally used in tropical countries; and which is frequently to be seen on the menus of hotels, and the dinner-tables of the foreign residents. It is often compared to asparagus.

Like that vegetable it is frequently covered with earth to keep it fit for consumption for a longer period, though the shoots may be eaten during the whole year. The best season to gather them is in the autumn. Not only as a vegetable are they used, but the tenderest shoots are salted and eaten with rice, or candied and preserved in sugar.

Even the grains of the bamboo are eaten, and the Chinese have a proverb that in those years when the rice crop is scanty, the bamboo is unusually prolific, which probably means that when one kind of food is scarce, the natives look for another.

For the Hindus it is even a greater delicacy than for the Chinese. They prepare it with honey, equal parts of each, and this is put in a section of bamboo joint, the ends and stick covered with clay, and then roasted over a slow fire.

When it was desired to send the precious eggs of the silkworm from China to Constantinople in the reign of the emperor Justinian, the slender hollow joints of bamboo were used to transport them, and they stood the long voyage successfully.

In the manufacture of paper, bamboos are also valuable, and the tough, fibrous article made in Japan is used in a variety of ways and for numerous purposes which are not elsewhere seen or even considered possible. The reed-like stems of the smaller varieties are used for pens, and by macerating the ends can be made into brushes, such as are used in writing Chinese characters.

One of the quaintest uses to which bamboo is put in Japan, is in the weaving of those fanciful little cages in which the "singing insects" as they call them, are confined. These are tiny creatures, something like crickets, which are sought for their little chirping song and hung among the plants in the gardens by the Japanese. There is a great and lucrative trade in these small creatures, and it is almost a monopoly in certain families, the fathers teaching the sons how to care for and catch the tiny things, and also how to raise them.—*Frank H. Sweet, in Vick's Magazine.*

WATERMELON MYSTERY.

I AM not so much of a farmer as some people claim, but I have observed the watermelon seed. It has the power of drawing from the ground and through itself 200,000 times its weight; and when you can tell me how it takes this material, and out of it colors an outside surface beyond the imitation of art, and then forms inside of it a white rind, and within that again a red heart, thickly inlaid with black seeds, each one of which in turn is capable of drawing through itself 200,000 times its weight—when you can explain to me the mystery of a watermelon, you can ask me to explain the mystery of God.—*Hon. W. J. Bryan.*

"Do not be so unreasonable as to expect more from life in the world than life in the world is capable of giving."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR sale or rent, a forty-acre farm in Mason Co., Mich. Good town, school and church privileges. Address, John R. Snavely, Elgin, Ill.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Three Old Saws.

If the world seems cold to you,
  Kindle fires to warm it
Let their comfort hide from view
  Winters that deform it.
Hearts as frozen as your own
  To that radiance gather;
You will soon forget to moan,
"Ah, the cheerless weather!"

If the world's a wilderness,
  Go build houses in it!
Will it help your loneliness
  On the winds to din it!
Raise a hut, however slight;
  Weeds and brambles smother;
And to roof and meal invite
  Some forlorner brother.

If the world's a vale of tears,
  Smile till rainbows span it!
Breathe the love that life endears.
  Clear from clouds to fan it.
Of your gladness lend a gleam
  Unto souls that shiver;
Show them how dark Sorrow's stream
  Blends with Hope's bright river.

—Lucy Larcom.

When Comparisons are Odious.

A New York lawyer was cross-questioning a negro witness in one of the big justice courts not long ago, says the Philadelphia Press, and was getting along fairly well until he asked the witness what his occupation was.

"I'se a carpenter, sah."

"What kind of a carpenter?"

"They calls me a jack-leg carptenter, sah."

"What is a jack-leg carpenter?"

"He is a carpenter who is not a first-class carpenter, sah."

"Well, explain fully what you understand a jack-leg carpenter to be," insisted the lawyer.

"Boss, I declare I dunno how to 'splain any mo' 'cept to say hit am jes' the same diffunce 'twixt you and er first-class lawyer."

Charity Worker—I visited an awfully poverty-stricken family to-day.

Jack—Were they so very poor?

"Fearful. They are so poor that they keep ten dogs."—Chicago Ledger.

Truisms Tersely Told.

A sharp word can come out of a good heart.—From the German.

A willing helper does not wait until he is asked.—From the Danish.

No Deity assists the idle.—From the Latin.

Lay things by; they may come to use.—From the Danish.

Let each man have according to his deserts.—Cicero.

"I suppose you did lose a little money. Forget it! You ought to take things philosophically."

"I always do, but it's hard to part with things philosophically."—Philadelphia Press.

Bath, England, has a clock that lights and extinguishes the street lamps, thus reducing the cost of lighting the gas lights of the city very materially. The clock is wound up every two weeks and is so arranged that it varies the time of lighting and extinguishing the lights one minute each day.

Awful Penalty for Smoking.

In Siam the lighting of a cigar indicates a betrothal. In that country a person wishing to become engaged to a girl of his choice offers her a flower or takes a light from a cigar or cigarette, if she happens to have one in her mouth, and thereupon, provided there is no impediment, steps are at once taken to arrange for the payment of the dowry.—Philadelphia Press.

"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

Of course, you are all familiar with the lines beginning "Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

What do you think of the following travesty on these verses, written by some clever person?

"Scintillate, scintillate, globule orific,
Fain would I fathom thy nature's specific,
Loftily poised in ether capacious,
Strongly resembling a gem carbonaceous.

"When torrid Phœbus refuses his presence,
And ceases to lamp with fierce incandescence,
Then you illumine the regions supernal,
Scintillate, scintillate, semper nocturnal.

"Then the victim of hospiceless peregrination,
Gratefully hails your minute coruscation.
He could not determine his journey's direction
But for your bright, scintillating protection."

—Philadelphia North American.

Drummer to Catholic Bishop.—Can you tell me the difference between a bishop and a donkey?

Catholic Bishop.—No, I could not, but it ought to be great.

Drummer.—A bishop carries the cross on his breast, while a donkey has it on his shoulders.

Catholic Bishop (after a pause).—Can you tell me the difference between a drummer and a donkey?

Drummer.—No, I can not.

Catholic Bishop.—Well, I can't either.—From the French.

Still With the Firm.

A big New York wholesale house not long ago started a certain drummer on the road, giving him two hundred dollars for traveling expenses. Two weeks passed and nothing was heard from him. Finally, the house, becoming impatient, telegraphed the delinquent as follows:

"No advices from you since you left. Are you still with us?"

In a little while the answer came.

"Referring yours of fifteenth. Have drawn on you for two hundred and fifty dollars additional. Am still with you."—January Lippincott's.

Neff's Corner

I've perhaps done more physical work during last three months than in as many years before. To properly look after the interests of Neff's Corner patrons these days keeps me pretty busy. And how I do enjoy my meals!

A few days ago we got the house enclosed on the Canada brother's lot, but found that the lumber dealers were temporarily out of ceiling. A renter came along and inquired how soon the house would be finished. I told him I could give him no assurance as to when I could get the material to ceil it and that I did not want to put in the partition nor paper the side walls till after it was ceiled above. But he was so anxious for a house that he paid me $6.00 for a month's rent and took it without partition, ceiling, papering or painting and was glad to get it. I then hitched the ponies to the Mission Wagon and began to haul material for a house to be built for a sister in Iowa, and before a nail had been driven another man came to me wanting to rent a house. I am having a barb wire fence put around a lot for a brother in Pennsylvania and may have to shelter a family or two behind this fence if we don't soon get more houses. Houses are going up in Lake Arthur on every hand, but nearly every one is to be occupied by the owner, and hence the number of houses for rent is very small as compared with the demand.

A brother and his friend from Illinois recently filed on homesteads several miles out, a brother and sister from Kansas have just been here looking the country over, and as they all expect to return with their families soon to make this their home, we feel that we must keep busy getting ready for them and any others that are coming.

Work is now going forward on the Brethren church two blocks from the business center of the town, and if you would like a lot convenient to the church, better write me soon. A 50x140 foot lot alone for $40.00, or a lot with a house on it that will rent for $7.00 per month for $250.00. If further information is desired, address,

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A good steam, 50-barrel flour mill in Brethren locality for sale at once. Owner physically disabled. Will sacrifice this property for quick sale. Call on or address **F. E. Poister, Morrill, Kans.**

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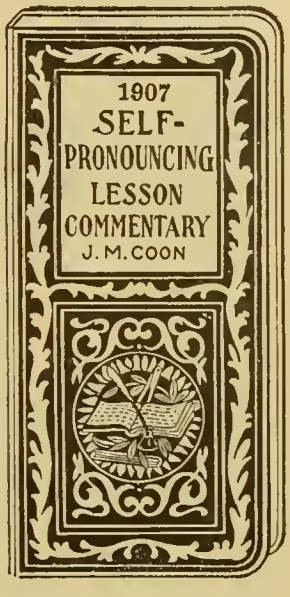
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THE BEST REWARD.

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All will admit that it is a commendable ambition to secure the greatest possible legitimate returns from honest labor. It is clean, undefiled, honest money that is produced by the labor of farmers aided by Dame Nature. The work is not fitted to a sluggard's requirements. Energy and thought are both essential to success. Too often is it true that (because of unfavorable conditions of soil, climate and markets or the selection of unprofitable crops) the work of farmers brings but little return in money.

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In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and neighboring states, the farmers are facing adverse conditions, compared with the situation near Spokane, Washington. While many are moderately successful, it is unquestionably true that the same energy and ability used on irrigated land near Spokane would yield many times the net annual profit. There is no question about that fact, for it can be demonstrated as true to the satisfaction of any who care to investigate.

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The lands of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company offer to you an opportunity to secure "the best results" from your knowledge and labor. Your energy and ability will readily be transformed into immense profits under the favorable conditions you will enjoy on one of these irrigated farms. A large acreage is not desirable. Ten, twenty or thirty acres is all that one family needs of this land to insure a far larger net income than 80 acres, 160 acres, or 200 acres will produce in the Middle West.

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The sales managers of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company, through personal observation, have become impressed with the belief that Dunkard Brethren are both good citizens and good farmers.

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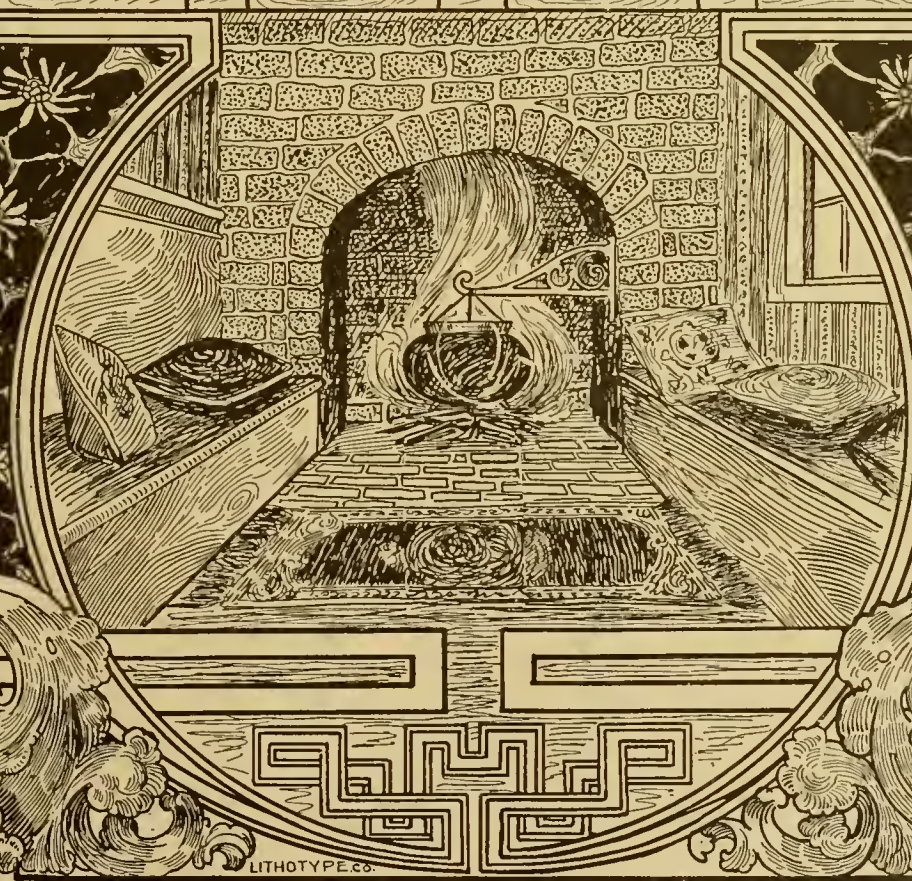
ASHLAND, OHIO

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Little Church in the Wilderness.—John R. Culp.
Lamps Without Oil.—J. S. Flory.
Seeking Sunshine (poem).—Martha Sheppard Lippincott.
Every Saturday Night.—Ira P. Dean.
A Few Hints to Young Housekeepers.—Martha B. Lahman.
Molasses Ginger Cookies.—Ida M. Helm.
Little Ones (poem).—Amy L. Roop.
The Meat-Packing Industry.—Walter C. Frick.
Missouri Training School.—Ada Kircher.
The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.
Should We Teach Fairy Stories?
Whence Cometh Salvation?—Flora E. Teague.
A Modern Cinderella.—Lulu Goshorn.



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Omaha, Nebr., Jan. 15, 1907.

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As you all know we have been looking forward, for years, to when the Annual Meeting would be held in California. The suspense is over. We all know the Meeting is to be held in Los Angeles, California, next May.

Now for many this will be a trip of a lifetime that in the past has been looked forward to and in the future will be talked about to their children and grandchildren.

Many of you have met me at the Annual Meeting for the past sixteen years, advocating that this Meeting go to California. Now it is the intention of the Union Pacific that you all see as much of the country going and returning as possible. Not only along the Union Pacific but along other railroad lines. To that end itineraries have been prepared that will permit you to go either via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans, returning by some other route. You can leave either Kansas City or Omaha, go by way of Denver, see Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Pike's Peak, the Royal Gorge, Eagle River Canyon, Grand River Canyon, passing through Fruita, Junction City, where the Brethren have meetinghouses, then to Salt Lake City, then through Nampa, Payette, Weiser, and many points in Oregon, where you can notify the Brethren to meet you at the train, then to Butte Valley, California, where you may attend the dedication of the new church, then through Sacramento, see them rebuilding San Francisco, then down the Coast Line where for a hundred miles you can throw your apple cores and peach seeds from the car window into the Pacific Ocean, arriving in Los Angeles in time for the Annual Meeting, or you can take the same trip as far as Ogden or Salt Lake City and go either by the way of the New Salt Lake Route to Los Angeles direct or across the Great Salt Lake by railroad for forty miles, then through Nevada and over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where Brethren like D. L. Miller say: "There is no finer scenery than this trip over the Sierra Nevadas, seeing Blue Canyon, Cape Horn, the original gold diggings that were established in 1849, thence to Sacramento and down the Coast Line or through the San Joaquin Valley, where the Brethren have many congregations, and on through to Los Angeles, and on your return trip pass up over the far-famed Shasta Line in sight of old Mt. Shasta, 14,000 feet high, visiting Butte Valley, Portland, the Brethren in Oregon and Idaho, then over various routes back to your starting point."

You will note that the Union Pacific is not confining you to their line alone, but is offering you the opportunity of a lifetime to visit points where you will see beautiful scenery, grand canyons, old historical land points and all direct from the window of your through train without any side trips and additional fare for railroad beyond your first outlay for your railroad ticket to Los Angeles and return.

It will afford me great pleasure to give you further information as to routes, rates, etc., if you will only ask for it.

Fraternally yours,

Geo L McDonaugh

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Is the one place that is attracting the attention of the people to-day because it is the best kind of investment that can possibly be made for the money, and here are

SOME OF THE REASONS

1. The land is of the very best, yet can be bought at a nominal price.

2. The climate is ideal.

3. The railroad facilities will be unsurpassed.

4. The fuel question is forever settled.

5. According to the deeds underlying the property it will be impossible to buy, sell, manufacture, or use intoxicating liquors.

6. A Brethren church and Sunday school has already been organized.

7. A delegate has already been elected to district meeting. See *Gospel Messenger,* page 60.

8. Specifications have been made and lumber bought for a church building.

9. A town site has already been selected, on the main line of the railroad.

10. Several houses and barns have been erected and others are being planned for.

11. Carloads of household goods promised for the special trains in the spring are,

3 from Kansas.
3 from Nebraska.
2 from Indiana.
1 from West Virginia.
1 from Iowa.
1 from Idaho.

Good prospects for many more.

If you want your car of goods to be in one of these trains with sleeping car attached, write us so we can make arrangements NOW.



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THE BEST REWARD.

"Every man and woman, who labors honestly, of a right should look for an honest reward, no difference whether they have done a great work or whether it be little."—Extract from Editorial under the heading of "The Best Reward" in the Inglenook for June 19, 1906.

All will admit that it is a commendable ambition to secure the greatest possible legitimate returns from honest labor. It is clean, undefiled, honest money that is produced by the labor of farmers aided by Dame Nature. The work is not fitted to a sluggard's requirements. Energy and thought are both essential to success. Too often is it true that (because of unfavorable conditions of soil, climate and markets or the selection of unprofitable crops) the work of farmers brings but little return in money.

In no other pursuit does location have more to do with insuring either a great success, moderate returns, or a practical failure.

Farming under Adverse Conditions.

In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and neighboring states, the farmers are facing adverse conditions, compared with the situation near Spokane, Washington. While many are moderately successful, it is unquestionably true that the same energy and ability used on irrigated land near Spokane would yield many times the net annual profit. There is no question about that fact, for it can be demonstrated as true to the satisfaction of any who care to investigate.

Farm Where the Maximum Profit Is Certain.

The lands of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company offer to you an opportunity to secure "the best results" from your knowledge and labor. Your energy and ability will readily be transformed into immense profits under the favorable conditions you will enjoy on one of these irrigated farms. A large acreage is not desirable. Ten, twenty or thirty acres is all that one family needs of this land to insure a far larger net income than 80 acres, 160 acres, or 200 acres will produce in the Middle West.

Conditions Are Unusual.

The tract of land now being sold by the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company of Spokane, Washington, was until a few weeks ago utilized for pasturage and to raise feed stuffs by the Hazelwood Dairy, the second largest dairy enterprise in the whole United States. It comprises 3000 acres in one body, located from 4½ to 7½ miles from Spokane, Washington, a modern city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The dairy people have discovered that with irrigation they need only 480 acres, to secure the same results they have been getting from 3,000. So all but 480 acres of this 3,000 acre tract is to be sold. An irrigation system ample to supply every acre of the entire tract is practically completed, and will be in use this spring.

Transportation Facilities Excellent.

The Great Northern Railroad, which runs from Minneapolis, Minn., to Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, skirts the north side of this tract, and a standard gauge electric line, handling Northern Pacific freight cars, passes by the south side. The distance over fine roads to Spokane is from 4½ to 7½ miles—not a very long haul if you desire to save all freight charges.

Spokane offers a HIGH cash market for every possible product of these small farms, whether it be fruit, vegetables, hay, alfalfa, poultry, or stock. Prices for all farm produce will be found from 33⅓ to 200 per cent higher in Spokane than in Chicago. This applies to everything the farmer raises to sell, from hay to pork, and from fruit to poultry. It includes milk, garden vegetables, eggs and butter.

Personal living expenses are a little higher here, but the farmers' net profits are so tremendously increased that the increased cost of living is trivial indeed.

Dunkards Will be Welcomed.

The sales managers of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company, through personal observation, have become impressed with the belief that Dunkard Brethren are both good citizens and good farmers.

A business acquaintance with Sherman Stookey, J. A. Harlacher and Edwin Harlacher, Dunkards of Teakean, Idaho, has engendered the hope that more of the same sort of men will buy land and locate out here.

Write to any of the three (enclosing a stamp for reply, of course) and satisfy yourself if you wish, that Neely & Young is a thoroughly representative Spokane real estate firm, both widely and favorably known.

If you might be induced to change your location for a better one, write for literature and detailed information regarding Hazelwood Irrigated Farms.

Address,

NEELY & YOUNG,
Mrgs. Sales Dept.
Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Co.,
340 Riverside Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncy A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

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If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

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Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

These Winter Excursions will give the busy farmers of the east an opportunity to see Idaho when they have leisure time.

Go to Idaho

And see her crops of grain, hay, fruit, and sugar beets, and be convinced of her prosperity, and the superior advantages for the settler. Cheap lands, healthful climate, and mild winters.

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The soil and climate in the valleys of Southern Idaho are especially adapted to the growing of Sugar Beets, the product yielding from 20 to 40 tons to the acre, from which a net profit of $50 to $100 per acre may be realized.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JANUARY 29, 1907. NO. 5

The Little Church in the Wilderness

John R. Culp

TO most travelers Sunday is a lonesome, dreary day, at least when they are obliged to pass the day in the average hotel of the small towns with no friends or acquaintance. Sometimes there appears an oasis in the desert that gladdens the heart and drives dull care away. The oasis may be a walk into the country to gather wild flowers, or to see a bit of nature's strange freak,—a hanging rock or a disappearing river or a flowing geyser.

On one occasion the oasis appeared to me in the shape of a visit to a little Catholic church in the wilderness, that was that day to be dedicated thenceforth as an instrument in the service of God.

I have often noticed that almost wherever you may go, you will see the church with the cross.

In the densest, vilest slums of the great city, or in the most aristocratic district, in the mining camp, in the almost trackless depths of the forest, in the frozen regions of the north, or on the sun-scorched plains of the desert, —wherever there is danger and hardship and exposure and self-sacrifice, there you will find the monastery suited to the needs of the people there, and the sign of the cross firmly planted. It was the Jesuit missionaries that first explored the Mississippi river and its upper tributaries. A mission was established at Sante Fe, New Mexico, nearly one hundred years before St. Augustine, Florida, was settled. Almost the first evidence of civilization we have, next after the cliff-dwellers, through New Mexico, Arizona and California, is the monasteries established by certain orders of the monk or priesthood.

One Sunday morning in a small town in Northern Wisconsin one of the members of the Commercial there asked me if I did not want to take a ride of about thirty miles on the logging railroad to church.

He might as well have asked a hungry tramp on a cold morning if he would not come into the house and have some warm mince pie and hot coffee.

After getting explicit directions as to where to find the train, and time of departure, I started to find it, as I did not intend to be late. The only ticket required was to be on the train when it started.

It was no small job to find the train amid those great piles of lumber, stacked twenty to thirty feet high and covering acres and acres of ground. The engine and train of ordinary size looked so small and insignificant, standing on the track overshadowed by great ricks of lumber on either side.

Our train consisted of an engine and four flat logging cars and one small caboose. On the flat cars flat benches without backs were placed and in the loops at the edge of the cars were placed stakes and onto these stakes a couple of boards were nailed to keep people from falling off the cars. Some old nail kegs and barrels of different heights were placed along the side of the track and onto these we clambered and then through between the boards on the edge of the car to a seat or place on a bench.

When all was ready to start there were thirty or forty people on board.

That was a glorious ride. We were kept so busy keeping the benches from rolling out under the railing off the car that we did not get lonesome. Occasionally we would get onto a piece of smooth track and had a grand view of woods and lakes. We passed right at the edge of several inland lakes. There was the water so still and calm and blue and the green moss growing right to the very edge; and then the slender tamarack tree and higher still the hemlock and pine, completely surrounding the water as if to guard its peaceful calm from intrusion by man or beast, or wind that might ruffle its placid surface.

From the end of the logging road we had perhaps a half-mile to walk and there was the new, nearly-finished church, almost wedged in among the giant pines. There were already a goodly number there, mostly on foot, a few on horseback.

There were hunters and trappers there from farther back in the deep woods, the river driver with great spikes in the soles of his boots, a few Indians from

the Flambeau reservation, some choppers from the logging camps, and a few settlers with their wives, who had pitched their fortune and log cabin by the side of some small lake to live off of the game and fish and pine-laden air.

The priest led the way and all entered the church. Here we each had an individual seat which was made out of round peeled hemlock blocks, about six or eight inches across and fifteen or sixteen inches long, set on end.

It was a strange assembly. Behind me sat an old French lady, chanting over her beads. To my right were some stalwart Swedes. On the left were some pretty Indian girls and some elderly German women, kneeling, saying their prayers to the Virgin Mary, and in front were men and women of different nationalities, all dressed in their best, and their best is worn on every day as well as Sunday.

After the usual ceremony and singing by twelve little boys dressed in white, the priest spoke to the people in four different languages. I suppose his sermon was the same in the different tongues; it was in the several that I understood, and was not, as I anticipated, a learned discourse, but a plain, simple appeal and exhortation suited to the needs of the people there, telling them to be kind to each other, to be cheerful and helpful in time of need, to be good to the poor and care for the sick and aged, bear one another's burdens, be charitable toward those that sin most, to rise above petty jealousies, animosities, backbiting, hatred and malice, and strive to be good, and pure and noble in the eyes of their fellowman and of God.

And all must have felt it was good to be there.

Eureka, Ill.

LAMPS WITHOUT OIL.

J. S. FLORY.

OLD FATHER K—— was well known in western Virignia, in the early part of this century, as one of the few remaining specimens of the old type of itinerant preachers, rugged, acrid, almost fierce in his attacks upon Satan in a soul which he wished to save, yet with a depth of tender feeling underneath, which showed itself, however, but rarely.

On one occasion, the old gentleman went to Pittsburg, and was the guest of a prominent politician and lawyer whom he had known in his youth as a hopeful convert.

In the evening his host came into his room haggard and exhausted with heavy work in the courts, supplemented by a campaigning tour and incessant stump-speaking.

"I wish you could prescribe for me, Father K——," he said. "You used to be a skillful physician for both body and mind. My brain is failing, my memory plays me false. I can no longer formulate my ideas with force or directness. After a sleepless night my hand shakes in the morning like that of a drunkard or a nervous woman. Tonics and medicine have no effect. What is the matter with me?"

The lamp beside Father K—— at the moment burned low, and went out with a sputter and nauseous smell. The old clergyman began to pull up the wick, and to turn the screw.

"There is no use in that," said his host, impatiently. "It has burned out. It wants oil."

"You have diagnosed your own case. You want oil. You have burned out your strength, and never renewed the supply. Good-night."

He would not speak another word.

We are often reminded of the old preacher's answer, when we see men and women perfect wrecks in body and mind, of what they once were. They have, in the race of life for wealth or honor, spent their vitality without waiting to let nature supply the exhausted energies, and of course they go out early, all for the want of oil—or vitality.

We have sermons, too, which are mere literary efforts, instead of appeals from one human soul which has found God to others who know him not. The lamp gives no light, fair as its construction may be. The preacher spent all his effort in the construction, and forgot that there was no oil inside.

The Savior gives the same figure deeper meaning. He tells us of the time when all the souls of men shall go forth to meet him to whom they shall render an account of their work in life. They would all then willingly appear fair and shining in his sight. But some will have forgotten to bring oil; their lamps will have gone out.—*Home Mirror.*

Seeking Sunshine

Martha Shepard Lippincott

Though the world is full of sorrow,
And life's storms go passing by,
Let your thoughts pass through the darkness,
To find sunshine ever try.

And the soul will be uplifted,
Gaining happiness each day,
Thinking thoughts of love and beauty
Will be teaching us the way.

EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT.

(From Life.)

IRA P. DEAN.

'Twas Saturday evening and the usual Saturday treat was expected; it was a rare thing to be treated in this home; but on Saturday night there must always be a treat for the mother and her children. So the mother about ready to get the delicacy which might be decided upon asked her two children what they wanted. The older one replied, "ice cream," but the mother and younger child said "no."

"Well, boys, let's get beer to-night again; that will make us all sleep well and then we will feel better to-morrow; besides ten cents worth of beer will do for all of us and if I get ice cream I will not have enough money for bread and other things." So beer was decided upon.

The older boy got his coat and hat on while the mother got a tin kettle ready. Off to the saloon they go, going through all the alleys possible, for the mother often said she hated for anyone to see her carry a kettle. Once the kettle is filled and ready to go home, the mother hands it to the boy and says, "Now hurry home and go around the back way. I'll go down the street and if anyone sees you they will never think of beer, because you are too young to buy it."

At home again glasses are taken from the cupboard and the family drink what they called a good treat.

Now let us look around a little and try some missionary work.

"Mrs. ———, why don't you and the boys come to Sunday school?"

"Well, I will just tell you. Here we are all alone and I work hard to make a living and it takes every penny to keep us going, and it is so far to walk and I can't spare the money for car fare and really the boy's don't have clothes fit to wear to go any place. But when things get better I'll try and send them." And the poor missionary goes away with a heavy heart, and thinks she has no bad excuse for staying home. And still we wonder why it is so hard to get people to send their children to Sunday school.

Beer has more servants than the church dreams of. Children are not always ruined by frequenting saloons, but often by the very associations of home. One glass is a downward step. Yet a mother and two boys took that every Saturday night, the older boy being used as an accomplice to conceal the disgrace of bringing it home. Such homes need Christian influence and they need it every Saturday night, just when the tempter is taking them captive.

Those who never had or saw such homes, those who are never tempted to drink, cannot or possibly do not appreciate their blessings, but the cities and even towns have many such homes, while the country is not exempt from them. Where are what we call the refined people? They are snickering and laughing, —scorning these poor wretches who are slaves to the habit of drink. How can this evil be banished? How can you help some one to overcome this habit? Think about the millions who are drinking this damning fluid while you in comfort lie down to sleep.

THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT AND CHILD LABOR.

In November, Senator Beveridge announced that he would introduce a bill in Congress which would have the effect of regulating the employment of children through an application of the interstate commerce power. The suggestion was rather startling in its novelty, and at first many of the leading members of the National Child Labor Committee were inclined to oppose the Beveridge bill as lacking feasibility. They soon came around, however, to a unanimous adoption of the measure, and thus, however Congress may decide, the subject has been by the President's message and the Beveridge bill, lifted into the highest sort of national prominence. The Beveridge bill does not directly prohibit the employment of children in mines and factories. What it does is to direct railroads and other public carriers that the products of factories and mines employing children under fourteen must not be accepted for shipment into other States. The shipper will be required to give an affidavit to the railroad that children are not employed. The bill does not attempt to deal exhaustively with the subject of child labor, but it may be expected to reach coal mines, cotton mills, glass factories, and various other large industries whose output is a matter of general rather than of local commerce.

The passage of such a national measure would not relieve the States of an imperative duty as respects the employment of children in many pursuits and callings which have no relation to interstate commerce. But if the nation standardizes the fourteen-year limit and at one stroke takes the children out of the great mills and factories, it would seem probable that the States would be much more likely to adopt the standard and apply it for local purposes than if the general Government had not exercised its own power. The subject is likely to be discussed both in Congress and elsewhere from the theoretical standpoint of States' rights *versus* the extension of national functions. In a general way the education and protection of child life must continue to belong to the States. There is no danger that they will not have left to them a sufficient authority to do far more than they are at present wise enough to attempt for the welfare of the rising generation.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*

Missouri Training School

Ada Kircher

"MAY we go through the buildings to-day?" said a weak, humble voice by my side. I turned, and there stood Cousin Catherine, speaking to a man dressed in light-blue uniform, with white stripes. I had been so lost in thought—and besides Cousin Catherine's voice was so unnatural anyway. I never heard her speak in that tone before, and to think she had asked the superintendent if we might go through the buildings. What did we care for buildings? Have I not seen buildings and buildings. It was the boys I wanted to study and observe.

"Call a boy, Thomas," said the man with the white stripes. "You'll have just an hour and a half, we close at half past eleven for dinner and this afternoon is a holiday."

While we were waiting for the boy, I was wondering,—some way or another I could not help but think, much as I tried to stop thinking and observe,—how do they keep the boys here without a big stone wall all around? That's what I expected to see.

"Were you the ladies that wished to visit the school?" said a humble voice besides us.

"Yes," said we both at once, and turning we beheld a boy of perhaps eleven or twelve years, with cap lifted as if to show his gaudiest gift of nature first, his fiery-red hair.

As he started off we observed that he had a suspicion of a limp in one limb. When we looked into his clear blue eyes he shrunk just a little, yet it was only timidity, for when he got better acquainted we saw that he had a good countenance. There was nothing mean or low about him, though he possibly had a quick temper which was uncontrollable. If that is what he was sent here for, there are hundreds of others who ought to be here too,—some grown people among the number.

"Here is the officers' kitchen," said the boy. "Would you like to see the greenhouse?" We both assented. As he opened the door there was such a vision of beauty as is not often seen in this common, everyday world.

Chrysanthemums as large as Kansas sunflowers and all colors of the rainbow. My! how warm it was! "Do the boys take care of these flowers?" I asked; for I thought if they did not, they ought. It would be a long step towards a reformation. It would be a constant reminder of the two stations at the end of the roads. One so warm and the other so beautiful. After we had admired the flowers quite to the boy's satisfaction, he voluteered to show us the dining room.



"Where is your home?" I asked.

"Kansas City."

"Do you like this school?"

"Yes, but I would like it better if I could go home sometimes," said the boy.

"Do they treat you well here?"

"Yes, if we are good to them they are good to us, but if we are not, they are not." The first time I ever met the Golden Rule walking backwards.

"Here is the dining room. They are setting the tables for dinner. The colored boys always set the tables and wait on them. We are not allowed to talk at the table. If we want anything we must motion for it. Now let us go to the bakery."

There was a large brick oven about ten by twelve feet. They were taking pans of cakes out of the oven with long-handled wooden shovels. "Do you want to see the oven?" said the baker. "We are baking

some cakes for Thanksgiving. Here is where we raise our bread," said he, opening a cupboard with plenty of shelves. "We raise it with steam, that's how the crust is so soft. Now if you will wash your dough with grease just before you put it in the oven you will have a soft crust." We thanked him as though he had told us something new, for I have observed that people like to tell you something new.

"In that trough is where we knead the dough. It is pretty hard work when it is filled with dough and only two boys to knead it."

"This is the meat department," said our guide. There are a couple of calves in here for Thanksgiving."

Yes, there were about five. Seeing all of these massive preparations for Thanksgiving, I began to wonder whether there were really so many boys or whether they were expecting company, or was the Missouri bad boy's worst fault after all his ravenous appetite?

"This is the chapel. Here is where we come to listen to a sermon every Sunday morning and every Sunday afternoon we recite our Sunday-school lesson here."

The chapel was a very common affair, hardly as cheerful as most people's kitchen, and so indeed were all the buildings on the inside.

The cultivation of the æsthetic taste was not forgotten entirely, however, for the outside of the buildings were beautiful and the grounds were artistically laid off. The buildings were built by the boys.

"That's the hospital, over there," said the boy, turning his back toward it and pointing over his shoulder as though he had had some experience there he did not like to think about,—"and that building is for the little boys."

He then showed us where the boys were making shoes, knitting socks, darning them, doing drawn work, blacksmithing, and then into the tailoring department, and here is where I believe we saw some really bad boys.

Then we went through the laundry where everything is done by electricity, instead of the back and arms. As we stepped out a side door the boy pointed to a wire pen and said, "there is where they keep the blood hounds."

"Oh! that's how they keep the boys here is it?"

Then the boy proceeded to tell of runaway after runaway and I was sure he thought it great to run away and meant to try it some day himself.

"Well, sometimes we think it is hard on us to be kept in school so closely, but after all they are our happiest days," said I.

"Yes," said the boy, "but we don't realize it. Now I would not mind if I did not have to eat beans every day for dinner."

"Why," said Cousin Catherine, "is that all you get?"

"Yes, beans for dinner, and butter and molasses and coffee without sugar or cream for breakfast,"—and I suppose no supper at all. He did not say anything about it. I wondered what they did with all those things they were preparing there.

"I smell something burning. I suppose there will be burnt beans for dinner to-day," I said as we passed the officers' kitchen on our return trip.

"No, they don't have beans in the officers' kitchen," said the boy.

"There are three hundred bushels of apples stored in the basement of one of those buildings. The boys picked them from the orchard over there. Out there is the garden and potato patch and that building over



there is especially to store all the things that are raised."

"My! thought I, those officers must have wonderful appetites if the boys get only beans."

"That building back of the store building is where the colored boys stay.

"That is Company A. There are about sixty boys in a company and we are drilled just like any other military school. If you wait a few minutes you will see us march in to dinner."

But the smell of those cakes in the bakery had made us both so hungry that we were anxious to get back to town and go to dinner ourselves, so we declined.

"How many boys are there here?"

"Four hundred and ninety."

Is it possible that there are so many homes in Missouri that have failed? Have not appreciated the blessing God has given them in their children? Or is it because they do appreciate them and are over-indulgent, or is it the example that is set before them, or is it the environments? How I wish there was somebody to stand up and answer.

Harrisonville, Mo.

THE STREAM OF TIME.

B. F. STOVER.

As I sat in the sunlight of the golden morning near the little brook, as it came singing on its way to the mighty ocean, with the soft and gentle winds blowing and the music of the birds ringing as they flitted from limb to limb of the beautiful trees, I was almost lost in reverie. Of a sudden I cast my eyes across the brook where I saw on the banks two lovers with hands clasped, gazing at the scene before them.

At that moment life to them appeared as lovely as the summer morn. Not one cloud seemed to obscure the blue above. No shadow darkened the path before them. Naught but love and happiness seemed to shine in their faces. How tender and loving they were to each other.

Then of a sudden across their path came a cloud. The lovers quarreled, and bitter words passed between them. Quickly the maiden sprang across the brook. "We will walk down its banks together, you on one side and I on the other." Thus they went along its banks. The stream quickened as though it enjoyed the fun. "Come over," she cried to her lover across the stream. "No, I am too busy gathering up the gold at my feet," answered he. Noon soon came softly on and with it a lull in the journey. Still the brook glided on in its rapid march. "Come over," he cried to her across the stream. "No, I am too busy gathering flowers," she laughingly replied, and merrily they ran along the banks. Thus on they ran, he with his gold and she with her flowers, following the brook to the ocean.

Twilight came, dark clouds floated across the blue. Coldly the moon looked down upon them, silently moving along. Gently the trees swayed back and forth, the leaves gently but softly falling at their feet. Some fell in the stream, drifting with the lovers. The maiden's cheeks grew pale as she looked across the stream and saw the figure of her lover with outstretched arms and heard him calling, "Come over." "Yes, I am coming," she cried, rushing down to the brink of the stream.

But alas! while they ran along the banks of the brook it had grown wide and deep and become a mighty river, dashing along at a rapid rater. As she stepped in, the treacherous waves dashed around her and tossed her rudely on the shore. Bitterly she wrung her hands and stretched out her arms, saying, "Alas! the water is deep, I cannot cross." He rushed madly into the mighty stream, but it threatened to swallow him also in its mad rush to the ocean, and he struggled back to shore answering, "O, my love, I cannot cross."

On rushed the river, wider grew its banks, and the lovers toiled wearily on. Little by little his gold fell around him, gradually disappearing in the distance, and she, toiling on with aching heart, dropped the flowers she had so merrily gathered. Still faster ran the river and faster ran the two. Night came on, fast blew the wind, faster ran the river and in the air was the sound of raging waters. The mighty ocean lay before them.

On one side a woman bent with age, with sorrow untold, stood gazing across the mighty river to a figure scarcely discernible in the distance.

On the other side a man, old and feeble, with snowy head, was gazing across the impassable stream.

And still the deep, dark ocean rolled on.

Linton, Ind.

AGENTS OF KING LEOPOLD.

EARLY in his campaign of defense, Leopold realized the necessity of operations in the United States, where official action is easily controlled by public opinion. Accordingly, in 1902 came one James Gustavus Whitely, an American and the present Consul-General of the Congo at Baltimore, to be Leopold's first press agent in America. When in 1904 it was proposed to discuss at the Peace Congress at Boston the international status of the Congo State, Mr. Whitely was given the official title of the Congo Consul. It was said that he was appointed "to promote good relations between the United States and the Congo," there being absolutely no trade between the two countries to serve as excuse for his official being.

To resist the effort to have the subject of the Congo presented to the Peace Congress, Leopold sent a personal embassy. It was on this occasion that August Belmont, who, with the Rothschilds, had given the king's Press Bureau a somewhat perfunctory support, wrote a personal letter to certain New York newspapers, asking them to suspend judgment until the king's representatives arrived with "The Truth About the Congo," which they were bringing by freight.

The personal embassy consisted of Mr. George Head, Dr. Sarolea, and Professor Nerincx. Mr. Head, who worked through lectures on the Congo, secured a room in Tremont Temple, where the Peace Congress was held, on the day when the Congo was discussed, and, with a cleverness worthy his employer, he contrived to make his lectures appear merely a continuation of the sessions of the Peace Congress. Both he and Professor Nerincx remained here, endeavoring by lectures and others means to convince the American public that no matter what might be the actual conditions in the Congo, none of the Powers, and least of all the United States, has the right to interfere.—*Robert E. Park in "The Blood-Money of the Congo," in the January Everybody's.*

I HAVE generally found that what is called an insoluble problem is after all a problem wrongly stated.—*John Morley.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Nine. Joe Noble's Vacation.

D——, Ill., July 8, 189—.

Mr. John Kemper,
Hampton, ——.

Dear Friend:

Your letter arrived yesterday. The contents of it account for your delay in replying to me. One of my high-school teachers said last term that "a man writes his shortest letters when he is doing his most important work." I have applied that principle to explain the brevity of your last letter.

To receive news that you have deliberately added to your household a cripple who has upon you no claim of relationship is enough to arouse my curiosity for more detailed information. Your letter being short, I concluded you are busy. The characteristic reference in it being to another person who is in need of your aid and in reach of it gives me to believe you are supplying that man with your service.

Our commencement was held the twenty-eighth of June. Now my plans must be made for college. I had a talk with father last evening and he has consented to let me attend one of your church schools, provided its educational standard is high enough.

I have made my parents acquainted with the fact that I am becoming less and less satisfied in the restricted atmosphere of the church they and I adhere to. They know I feel my religious desires to be under restraint in a church where mentality seems to be so much more estimable than spirituality. Not that there are no humble followers of Christ among us. There are, I am sure. But I want to be one of a body whose every service invites fellowship and participation, a body whose ways are simple enough to attract the less fortunate among men and sincere enough to satisfy the spirituality of all.

Will you send me the addresses of some of your church schools? Then I shall get catalogues and let my father examine them.

I am taking up my usual vacation work as clerk in the store. Father is strict, as he has to be, of course, about each clerk's doing his own work well and interfering with nobody else. But there is an exception to the rule whenever children are concerned. I had the opportunity today of going against the rule.

There was a little fellow about Nat's size came to my counter to buy collars and neckties. When he had what he wanted of those, he said he was going to get a hat and a cap, besides a linen suit and another suit of "real boy's" clothes,—he was wearing blouse and knickerbockers,—and "would I help him pick 'em?" He had taken a fancy to me, so I went over the store with him, finding what he wished at other counters. He said his mamma was going to come with him, but she was very busy. Papa's vacation was sooner than was expected, so mamma had given boy her fixed prices and sent him to do his own shopping.

Grandmother is well. She sends her regards to you and your wife. She has become very fond of going driving. She, my mother, and my sister-in-law, spent this afternoon at the park. I told grandma of your having Jacob Read with you. She said, "He can do that. Wouldn't it make a stir if some of our friends here would adopt an old tramp?" Your truly,

Joe Noble.

630 Pearl St.

P. S.—Don't go to special trouble to send me those addresses. Six weeks before school opens will be time enough for us to have them. J. N.

D——, Ill., Aug. 15, 189—.

Mr. John Kemper,
Hampton, ——.

Dear Friend:

The catalogues of three schools are on my desk. The order of work, as described, is in harmony with father's wishes, and he has chosen Crown. I have written there for some further special information.

I am glad to hear that Jacob Read is improving so nicely. If he learns to walk altogether without crutches, he may be able to help you in doing light work and so bear more his own burden.

My brother Clarence, his wife, and their baby girl, grandma and her husband, are spending two weeks in Michigan. My sister-in-law's parents, of Chicago, are with them. Father has foregone his vacation this year. Mother's health is too frail.

Our pastor is also absent. So we are having no preaching services.

After the school hour last Sunday I went across town to the jail, having a permit to enter. I was expecting to see and hear the man who does religious work there, to glean what I could from his methods. But for some reason he could not be at the jail in the forenoon, and I was disappointed in my expectations.

When I was inside, however, one of the inmates said he wanted to learn his Sunday-school lesson. He was a dull but honest-looking man of thirty-five or forty.

The jailer proposed that I say something to them all and he brought seven men and two women out of their cells. It was not a very encouraging group of pupils for a "green" teacher.

They took an interest, however, in the strangeness of my face, and in the new and awkward and inefficient way I presented the lesson. Some questions were answered by the man who had desired to study, by two other men, and by one of the women.

When I had finished, the woman who had kept silent asked whether I couldn't come again. "'Course he'll come," seconded the toughest-looking man of the lot. So I shall, very likely, after all, realize my hope of meeting Mr. German in his work. Yours,

Joe Noble.

630 Pearl St.

D——, Ill., Aug. 31, 189—.

Mr. John Kemper,
Hampton, ——.
Dear Friend:

Although I have not heard from you I shall write you a few lines. I suspect your influence in sending me a recent visitor.

The information I sought from Crown college came to me in an unexpected and pleasureable form. One of the instructors of the school came here.

After Mr. Karson's call father's assent had compounded its value. He said that Crown had either sent us a superior man to represent her or she is backed by a like class of men and is therefore high-grade. It was as much as for him to say, "I don't doubt at all that the latter is the true condition."

Mr. Karson talked to me a long time after he had thoroughly explained the school to father and me. He gave me a fair understanding of the church. (You may be sure he impressed father a great deal in that line, also.) I did not tell Mr. Karson, but I shall confide in you, that, if the practicality of the church, as I shall soon see it, upholds my present conception of it, I shall be baptized at an early date.

I spent a most instructive half-day at the jail with Mr. German. As our minister will be home the coming Sunday, my trips to the jail are cut short.

Mother's health is not improving. She and father intend to leave to-morrow to consult a specialist.

Hoping you are well, I close. Joe Noble.
630 Pearl St.

D——, Ill., Sept. 15, 189—.

Mr. John Kemper,
Hampton, ——.
Dear Friend:

Your letter was gladly received, as it is always. What you wrote about Jake Read is good news, indeed. He has certainly made a decided change to be considering church membership.

Whether or not I was right in accusing you of having a hand in Mr. Karson's visit, it has proved to have been most fortunate.

My parents came back from the doctor's with a most unexpected verdict from him. Mother must find a home in a better climate, and the physician advised that it be either southern France or Italy. The former place is the more satisfactory, and there father and mother will go as soon as possible. Clarence will be here to have entire charge over the store, in which he is father's partner.

Of couse, it was given me to choose between my course at Crown, in all probability to be separated from my dear parents for four years, or to go with them and enter some school in Europe. I have kept Crown. It is hard, because it is bard for mother. But she says she would rather see me become a man than an accomplishment. All will be well, for the right is always well. Providence had a hand in sending the rain that Sunday last autumn.

If, as you stated, my letters have been beneficial to you in the work you have undertaken, it has been but mutual benefit, or it has reacted upon me. But if your wife suspects that you let her read my letters in order that she may become more interested in your protege, you may "get the worst end of it."

Father and mother expect to be ready to go in the course of ten days. They go by way of New York and Liverpool, thence to some village that is in close communication with Marseilles.

I leave for Crown to-night. You may address me there.

Yours truly, Joe Noble.

Should We Teach Fairy Stories?

I should like to know what some of the Inglenook family have to say about teaching fairy stories, fables and mythology in the primary grades of the public schools. What value have they in the moral and intellectual growth of the child? Are they the best means to attain the end in view? A. H., Colorado.

In Inglenook, dated November 13, the above request appeared, and we urged our readers to give their views on the subject. Only two responded, and feeling that an honest inquiry on such an important subject demanded a wider range of opinions, we again urged our readers to give the matter attention. That was in the issue dated December 18, and since it was so near the holidays, perhaps it was not the best time to prefer a request of that sort. At least it would seem so, as only two more have been sufficiently interested to express their views on paper.

We are publishing these four papers herewith, feeling that the inquirer should not be kept waiting any longer. This discussion of the subject may also move others to let us have their opinions and A. H., of Colorado, may yet be full rewarded for the patience demanded.—The Editor.

Harmful Teaching.

A. H., Colorado:

As I am one of the Inglenook family, in answer to your question in regard to teaching fairy stories, fables, and mythology in the primary grades of public schools, I think it perfectly absurd, as I think it ruins the child's ideas for the truth and things of higher moral standing. I believe a child should be taught to respect everything pertaining to the sacred teachings of the Bible, instead of such trash as fairy stories and fables; and mothers too often make mistakes in reading *such* to their little ones, as children are generally greatly influenced all their life by the teaching of the parents in the days of childhood.

Hoping to see the ideas of others of the Inglenook family, I am respectfully,

R. B. P., California.

Awakens Interest.

There is no teaching effective without interest. There must be spice and variety to fully arouse this and awake the dormant faculties. Even the thread-

bare "c-a-t cat" is better appreciated as "mamma to the baby cats" than the time-worn saying, "I see a cat." So why not teach fables, myths, and fairy stories? There are so many of these that can be made so vivid to the child that the impression can never be erased. Take for example the northern legend of the woodpecker. The selfish, stingy nature of the peasant woman can be so vividly portrayed that every child will feel an abhorrence for such a nature and there will be a closer observance of this one bird and this will lead to the observation of others which will cultivate a love for Nature.

B. M. I., Indiana.

Should Fairy Stories Be Told to Children?

The strongest argument in favor of the fairy story is that it develops imagination. It undoubtedly does. I do not think that I undervalue the possession of this beautiful and wonderful faculty. But the fact still remains that an overdeveloped imagination or one developed along lines of error instead of in beauty and truth may be a very undesirable possession and may help to result in a mind and life much dwarfed.

I would not give fairy stories to a child partly for the same reason that I would not expose him to the temptations of vice and crime in his immature years when his judgment is unformed and his principles not firmly fixed. How is the child mind to distinguish between the true and the untrue? And, a little later, when he discovers that part of what parents and teachers have given him is falsehood, what is to hinder him discarding the true with the false?

In my years of teaching in the public schools and in my present training of my own pair of children I have yet found no real need for the fairy story.

Every normal child loves stories and this seems the most successful method of teaching small children. They will listen breathlessly to any story and go straightway and dramatize it, acting it all out according to their own conception of it.

In these early years, when a child is learning to think, why not teach him to think in a rational way? Why burden him with wrong ideas which he will have to pick out and discard altogether a little later? The sanctuary of the mind is too sacred and life too short for such waste as this.

Gnomes, fairies, witches, etc., are only a relic of the past ages of superstition when men understood so little of the laws and workings of nature that they laboriously and fantastically gave to things entirely real and natural, a supernatural cause and agency.

It is far more interesting and natural for the unspoiled child-mind to revel in stories of the "Bob White," the noble St. Bernard dog, the angels and the shepherds, etc., than in impossible fairies, princes, queens, etc., the like of which he has never seen. The years immediately following early childhood bring with them so much of wonder and mental confusion at best that it is absurd to lay one's very foundation in error and untruth.

The world of nature is replete with stories of intense beauty and interest, which may easily be made interesting to a very small child. And then in a beautiful and natural way the child is gathering knowledge which will serve as a foundation for his future acquirements. The world of nature can never be commonplace or humdrum to any mind save one which knows nothing of its beauty and its mystery.

And no lifetime will ever be long enough to learn all that humanity may know of truth.

D. F. C., Virginia.

Teaching Myths.

Would I teach myths?

That depends. I think we should teach nothing to children as truth that they will have to unlearn later.

To call attention to some myths I think helpful: Notice some of the old pagan myths. They are the outgrowth of man's religious instinct and a lack of knowledge of the truth. The adventures of many of their gods were only a representation of natural phenomena; as, Thor and his hammer, Atlas and Hercules, and the adventures of Ceres.

It is hard to draw a line between truth and mythology. Perhaps in the long ago men lived who were noted for feats of strength, daring, etc. The stories being told from one generation have grown beyond the possibilities of humanity, while they had their origin in fact.

They are interwoven into our beliefs to a greater degree than we think till we consider the facts. Who dares deny the existence of William Tell, maintain that Pocahontas did not save John Smith, or Washington cut down the cherry tree? Will you write Gen. Allen's famous words at Ticonderoga principally with blanks?

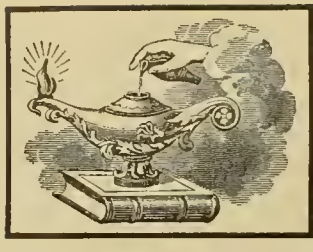
The relentless searcher after facts has rolled away all of Jackson's cotton bales at New Orleans, made Barbara Frietchie bedfast, and hurried Stonewall Jackson through Fredericksburg in the night.

If you teach these, by all means teach mythology. It is only the worshiping instinct of man striving after spiritual truths, and as such I would teach it.

Myths have played an important part in the discovery and exploration of our country. Preston John, The fountain of youth, Seven Cities of Cibola, and the like, had much to do with America.

You who object to myths, have a care how you teach your children to believe in Santa Claus and the Easter rabbits. When they learn the truth they may place all Bible characters in that class, and then who can measure?

J. H. N., Illinois.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Whence Cometh Salvation?

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

"The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord."

In Ex. 15:2 Moses sings, "The Lord is my strength and song, and he is become my salvation." To him was given a very emphatic ocular demonstration of the salvation of the Lord for the righteous when Pharaoh's host was drowned in the sea. The above song was a recognition of that power. Prior to this event, however, Moses recognized that God would manifest his power to save and to destroy, so he requests his band of Israelites to "stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Ex. 14:13.

Later on Jahaziel, a Levite, encouraged Jehoshaphat to "stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you," when the latter fearfully gathered together his followers for fasting and prayer, when enemies were threatening them. 2 Chron. 20:17. The Lord heard them and fought their battles for them, and his people were saved again.

Saul, prior to his public coronation, recognized the Lord's power to save his own. 1 Sam. 11:13. Afterwards his son Jonathan reminds his father of how the Lord had saved Israel, through the instrumentality of David whom Saul was then seeking to kill. 1 Sam. 19:5.

When we come to the Psalmist David we find no doubtful ring in his writings from whence salvation comes. Listen: Salvation belongeth unto the Lord, Ps. 3:8; I will rejoice in thy salvation. Ps. 9:14; For thou art the God of my salvation. Ps. 25:5. Surely his salvation is near them that fear him. Ps. 85:9. The prophets also frequently speak of his salvation. Jonah declares that salvation is of the Lord. Jonah 2:9.

Under the new dispensation we have Zacharias sing the Benedictus and declaring that God had visited his people again and raised up a horn of salvation in the house of his servant David. Luke 1:68, 69. Simeon with a prophetic eye saw salvation in the Holy Child presented in the temple. Luke 2:30.

In Acts 4:12 we learn that "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved" than the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Following up the epistle we also find many references to salvation coming from God. Truly the righteous have many precious promises and nothing to fear, but "salvation is far from the wicked; for they seek not thy statutes." Ps. 119:155.

Possessing this gracious gift from God, realizing something of its greatness and value, how we ought to labor to have others seek for it who are not now so doing.

"Salvation! O, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

MIZPAH.

The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another.—Gen. 31: 49.

Go thou thy way, and I go mine;
Apart, yet not afar;
Only a thin veil hangs between
The pathways where we are.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"—
This is my prayer.
He looks thy way, he looketh mine,
And keeps us near.

I know not where thy road may lie,
Or which way mine will be;
If mine will lead through parching sands,
And thine beside the sea;
Yet "God keeps watch 'tween thee and me,"
So never fear.
He holds thy hand, he claspeth mine,
And keeps us near.

Should wealth and fame, perchance be thine,
And my lot lowly be;
Or you be sad and sorrowful,
And glory be for me;
Yet "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
Both be his care.
One arm 'round thee and one round me
Will keep us near.

I sigh, sometimes to see thy face,
But since this may not be,
I'll leave thee to the care of him
Who cares for thee and me.
"I'll keep thee both beneath my wings,"—
This comforts, dear.
One wing o'er thee and one o'er me—
So we are near.

And though our paths be separate,
And thy way not be mine,
Yet coming to the mercy seat,
My soul will meet with thine.
And "God keep watch 'tween thee and me,"
I'll whisper there.
He blesseth thee, he blesseth me.
And we are near.

—Julia H. Baker.

THE PERPLEXING UNANSWERABLE "WHY?"

WHY the wicked should prosper and the righteous suffer, in fact, why the righteous should suffer at all, is a question which perplexes many. That it is so, and that it has been so down through the centuries, all have to admit.

Why are the wicked permitted to go on in their wickedness, even to the extent of persecuting and tormenting the kind, the gentle, the law-abiding? Talking to the writer once, a Pennsylvania Dutchman who had raised the question said: "Why does God Almighty allow such things? I tell you if I was God I'd stop them."

Yes, why? The question perplexes many; it perplexed Job; it perplexed the author of the seventy-third Psalm. He commences with the statement of a truth which, in the abstract, is believed by all Christians to-day, namely, that God is good and is mindful of his people. But this feeling is often disturbed by the apparent inconsistencies which enter the government of the Almighty, as seen in the unequal distribution of what may be considered rewards and punishments in this life: "Behold, these are the ungodly who prosper in the world;" and the observation of this fact shakes the confidence of mortals in an overruling providence.

The Psalmist says: "They (the wicked) have no bands in their death. . . They are not in trouble as other men." Having practiced iniquity so long, their conscience has become "seared as with a hot iron," and they come down to death utterly indifferent as to their fate in the future. They do not believe God's Word and have no fear of his righteous judgments. They die as the fool dieth, to wake up in hell as did Dives.

Read the Psalm down to the thirteenth verse and see how marvelously the description given there of "the ungodly who prosper in the world" fits the grafters, the monopolists, and the political corruptionists of to-day. Think of the revelations of the last two or three years—the grafters in the Postoffice Department at Washington, the United States Senators indicted for crimes, corruption in our city governments, in fact, scheming and trickery in church and state; men growing rich through dishonesty all over the country, while the poor and the honest are being defrauded and oppressed!

Now, when the Psalmist saw all this, he, for the time, became discouraged, just as many do to-day when they contemplate the prosperity of the wicked and the wrongs inflicted in the way of high taxes, the cost of living, etc., upon those who by honest toil and fair dealing strive to make a living. His feelings are portrayed in plaintive words, (just as the feelings of many honest people of our times are,) in the language of verses thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen. He seems to have thought, What is the use of having clean hands, of being honest, if it is the corrupt, the deceivers, the false-hearted, the treacherous, the blasphemous who are preferred, promoted, honored, and become rich?

But he then, wisely, sought to know why things were as they were—why God permitted things to go on in that way. First, he tried to reason it out; but the more he reasoned the more envious of the wicked he became. In fact, he almost backslid. For the time he seems to have felt like censuring himself and saying: Why did not I do as these rich fellows have done? then I could be rich too. He says, "My feet were almost gone; my steps had wellnigh slipped."

Has it not been so with some of us? Have not we betimes, become envious of the rich, and almost fallen into the same beastly desires, feelings and tendencies, by which we see that the grafters, the schemers, and the insurance magnates have piled up their millions?

But instead of doing so, wise man that he was, he took the whole perplexing, "Why?" problem to God in prayer in his sanctuary. "Then understood I their *end*." Mark you, the end of the wicked, the end of all their riches, honor, haughtiness and God-defying audacity! The end of a life so spent. The *end* is graphically stated in Christ's account of the rich man and Lazarus. The rich man dies, and is buried, but his soul goes up naked before the judgment bar of God, and it remains naked, poor, lost through all eternity. The wealth of an eternity of joy and righteousness is bartered for the paltry possessions of earth which perish with their using.

Why the wicked prosper in this world is because God is so good that he permits men the high privilege of choosing for themselves what they will sow in time. At the same time he faithfully warns them that by deciding what they will sow here, they also decide what they shall reap through all eternity.—*The Religious Telescope.*

AN infidel German countess, more than a century ago, when dying, ordered that her grave be covered with a solid granite slab, that around this should be placed solid rocks, that the entire mass should be fastened together by strong iron clamps, and that this inscription should be cut on the stone: "This burial place, purchased to all eternity, must never be opened." A little seed, however, sprouted inside this covering, and a tiny head pushed its way up between the slabs and grew and grew until it burst the iron clamps and lifted the immense block so that the entire structure became broken, confused stones, "among which, in verdure and beauty, grew the great oak which had caused the destruction."—*Success.*

THE NGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

SUCCESS—REVISED VERSION.

BESIDES the many things you have heard concerning success, let me add this, that true success often lies,—not in reaching the top, meaning a place where all may see,—but in doing one's best in a lowly place. In any event it means doing one's best, and this determines the field of activity. Because one never gets into the lime-light where the world looks up to him is not saying that his life is a failure.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Is the gem any less a gem, any less brilliant and pure, because it lies hidden away in the ocean cave? Or is the flower any less of a success as a flower because no earthly eye sees it? Must it not be judged, in this respect, by its readiness to take from the earth and sun and dew all that it possibly can for its perfect development?

And the same reasoning may be applied to people as well. Success, according to the revised version, means simply availing one's self of every opportunity for the fullest development, physically, mentally, morally, spiritually, and consecrating the resulting powers to the greatest usefulness.

The greater per cent of the work of the world is of the nature that makes the worker simply one of thousands or millions. But this does not mean that there are no heights to climb, that there is no room for growth, no opportunity for advancement. There are the mountains of difficulties in that line of work which invite the climber, the many connecting avenues which open up vast unexplored regions, the particular basic principles a knowledge of which may constitute advancement. Surely one need not elbow among those who stand in the public gaze, in order to be a success.

The itch for popularity has brought to ignominious failure many a man who otherwise might have reaped the rich reward of the well-doer by harnessing his energy to the work near at hand, for which he was fitted, however lowly.

THE MAKING OF STEEL PENS.

THOSE who contend that the pen is mightier than the sword may find additional satisfaction with their position in the fact that the making of a pen is a long process and doubtless consumes as much thought and attention as many of the things which flow from it after it has entered service. We are indebted to the *Scientific American* for the facts herein given concerning this process, which is followed by a company manufacturing round-pointed pens after the most advanced methods and with the latest improvements.

The steel is of the very highest grade, of English manufacture, as manufacturers in America have not yet attempted to make this class of steel. It come in strips nineteen inches wide, five feet long and twenty-three-thousandths of an inch thick. The first step in the process is the cutting of these sheets into strips nineteen inches long and wide enough for two rows of pens with their points overlapping. These strips are too hard and too thick to cut a pen from, so they are packed in iron boxes and annealed by heating them at a low red heat for a number of hours. Then they are gradually cooled and treated to a bath of weak sulphuric acid to remove the scaly coating resulting from the annealing process. The steel is now ready to be rolled to the desired thickness which varies according to the kind of pen. Often the strip that was nineteen inches long is stretched to about fifty inches.

Next comes the cutting. "Pens are cut in screw presses provided with dies of the desired shape. About two hundred styles of dies are required for regular and imprint pens. An operative can cut from forty to forty-five thousand pens in a day of eight hours, and her hand will move about seven miles in doing it."

The pens are then pierced and side-cut. The flexibility of the pen depends largely on this operation which varies with the style, some pens requiring two or three handlings in this department. The pens are next put into large iron pots, heated to redness for several hours and then gradually cooled, in order to soften them to receive the name, which is the next step.

The work of raising the pen follows, which gives it the form it is to have when finished. This is done by a peculiarly constructed screwpress and the pens are removed by compressed air. Examination for defects is now made and since the pen is still soft, it is heated red hot and then dropped into cold oil. The oil is removed by centrifugal force and boiling lye and the pen afterwards dried in sawdust.

The hardening process made the pen very brittle and it is toughened by gradually reheating it. This leaves it with a coating of oxide, which is removed by placing the pens in tumbling barrels with a scouring material and revolving them until they are bright.

Girls then grind the pens on emery bobs lengthwise and across the nibs to enable them to hold the ink better, and give them greater resiliency.

The pens are now ready for slitting. As it is necessary to cut through hardened and tempered steel, and exactly through the center of the point, it can be readily appreciated that the tool for doing it must be one of the most delicate. To remove the scratchiness that results from the cutting, the points are rounded and made perfectly smooth.

A final examination is now given each pen by expert examiners. The imperfect ones are thrown into separate boxes so that each room can be charged with its amount of waste. This waste is heated to prevent its being used and sold for scrap steel. There are 1,782 chances to make a bad pen in every gross and this accounts for the vigilant care and inspection.

The pens are now polished, and, if they are to be left gray, are ready for the laquering which prevents rust. If they are to be some other shade, they are gradually reheated in a revolving cylinder until the required color is reached when they are suddenly chilled. If they are to be plated, the process follows that of laquering.

The boxing room now receives the pens where they are "counted" by weight. To get them parallel, preparatory to dumping them into boxes, they are put in a half cylinder and shaken.

Because of the uses made of machinery, we have come to class all manufactured articles with the many in the manufacture of which the crude material is fed in at one end of the machine and the finished product emerges at the other. This brief discription of the tedious process by which the little steel pen is made will open our eyes to the fact that skillfulness is still in demand in the business world.

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 7.

Not long ago, while sitting at my desk, looking out on the scenes which I have described in previous articles, my attention was called to the switch yards where a west-bound train of empty cattle cars was pulling in. I saw the brakeman move from one car to another and finally come to a standstill, at the same time waving some signal to the trainmen at the engine. The train then slowed up and the brakeman clambered down to the ground.

I was so lost in meditation that the scene made little impression on me, though I was conscious of a feeling of thankfulness that a brother of mine who had been braking on a freight some months previous was now back on the farm. Then the thought that I had been revolving in my mind having assumed definite form, and being presentably clothed, I turned to place it on paper.

A few moments later some one entered my room with the exclamation, "There! did you see that?" I looked in the direction indicated and for a few moments was not able to make out what "that" was.

At first sight it looked like a monster machine of some sort loaded on top a freight car, and I supposed the train had drawn up farther, bringing into view a section I had not seen before. But I soon saw that my supposition was a mistaken one and that the monster was really the lumber of a whole car, in the form of kindling wood, pitched into the air. It was standing on the spot where I had last seen the brakeman, and I began to wonder what had become of him.

The wreck came about in this way: The train was uncoupled and the engineer pulled away to place some cars on a sidetrack. In backing up to the main train again he depended on the fireman to tell him when to slow down. But the fireman was hungry, and had rushed into a restaurant to grab a lunch, and the engineer, not having a very good idea of the distance, backed with considerable speed into the long train with the result stated above.

Of course it is easy enough afterwards to talk about what should have been done to prevent the horse being stolen, the house being burned, and the train being wrecked. But it need not end in talk. It is possible for us to receive some lasting impressions from such occurrences by these afterthoughts, and it is in the hope that we may be mutually benefited that I chronicle this accident.

In the first place, was the fireman negligent of duty, or was there a misunderstanding? Something to think about in either case. If one's personal comfort,—even to the eating of a quick lunch,—comes in before those outside things to which he has bound himself, he needs to have his ideas of faithfulness and duty readjusted. If there was a misunderstanding, —and how many heart-breaking and disastrous things are due to this cause!—then we need to learn to speak more plainly and to the point. Too often we credit the other fellow with being a mind reader or an interpreter of a language known only to ourselves.

Among these things that might come under the head, "Lessons for Us to Learn," is one given me by one who stood beside me, looking at the wreck. It is this: one was destroyed and by that means the others were saved. And in this connection another lesson appears, perhaps even more pertinent,—the test found the weak place in the train. If all had been alike strong, then all would have shared in a greater measure in the result of the shock. The weak things are the ones that first go down,—or up. The weak material makes wreck of the finished product. The weak man makes wreck of a business company's credit, and the weak principle makes wreck of one's character.



DEAF persons who cannot hear a bell, now have the wire from the door-button attached to an electric light inside, so that they may see the flash when the button at the door is pressed. The telephone is arranged in like manner.

THE main crater of the Mokuaweoweo volcano, Hawaii, is in a state of eruption, and the flames and smoke can be seen for hundreds of miles. Streams of lava are crossing the snow fields. The Kilauea volcano has been in a state of minor eruption for several weeks past.

FINANCE MINISTER CAILLOUS at Paris has directed the authorities of the mint to substitute on all coins the words "Liberty, equality and fraternity" for the old device of "God protect France" in accordance with recent legislation.

VOLIVA, Dowie's successor at Zion city, has discontinued the exaction of tithes from the members of his church. However, it was announced immediately afterwards that while this law was abolished, Zionites are still expected to pay into the church treasury "at least as much."

BECAUSE of the frequent use of tweezers in removing minute particles from the skin an inventor has made a combination of tweezer and magnifying glass, says the *Scientific American*. It is a small folding affair and when in use the glass is held suspended directly over the point of the tweezers.

THE lumber trust is to be investigated along with the rest. It is claimed that this is the king of trusts in the restraint of trade. Within the last five years the price of lumber and timber has advanced from one hundred to five hundred per cent when the cost has in no way justified such advance.

THE army regulations now officially recognize "The Star Spangled Banner" as the national anthem and provide that when it is played on any formal occasion at a military station or any place where persons belonging to the military service are present they shall stand at attention and remain in the position until the last note of the national air.

F. W. NIGHTINGALE, of Quincy, Mass., has perfected an invention, in the nature of snowshoes, by which "any wheeled vehicle can be converted into a sled in a few minutes. The shoes are placed on the ground and the vehicle driven into them. Clamps are provided by means of which the shoes can be firmly bolted in place."

THE new steel bridge built by the Chicago and Alton railway over the Sangamon river near Springfield, Ill., is said to be practically noiseless, no vibrations, such as are usually heard as a train crosses a metal bridge, being heard. On the bed of steel was placed eight inches of ballast upon which the ties were laid, instead of on the steel. The vibrations are thus not immediately communicated to the steel and little noise is heard.

CHICAGO furnishes an interesting illustration of the means that have to be resorted to when traffic becomes congested. At Wells street in that city four stories of traffic are going on. Here the elevated railway runs over the top of the bridge which spans the river, on the street below the trolley cars, pedestrians, carriages and wagons move, beneath this the tugs and barges move up and down the river, while forty feet below the water is the Illinois tunnel through which the U. S. mails are carried back and forth.

MR. TABOR, of Sprucewood, Ontario, who is ninety-two years old, and feels "as chipper as a boy," has for thirty-five years lived almost entirely upon pea soup to which he believes he owes his longevity and present good health. When he took to this diet he was suffering from what the doctors said was cancer of the stomach. Several times since he has attempted to eat cereals and meat, but each time he was made sick. A little fruit once a week is all he eats in addition to the peas.

A NOVEL device for protecting against burglars has been invented and is said to be made use of by some business houses in the larger cities. In the top story of the building is a phonograph placed before the receiver of a telephone. Electric connection exists between the phonograph and downstairs windows and doors, so that when a door or window is forced the pronograph calls up central and asks for the police

station. When this is given the machine announces that a robbery is going on and gives street and number and keeps on repeating the information as long as the receiver is down. The burglars of course do not hear what is going on above, and if the police are alert the lawbreakers can be trapped.

JANUARY 14, Kingston, Jamaica, was visited by an earthquake similar in nature and severity to that of San Francisco last spring, and as in that case, fire completed the ruin. Latest accounts say that four hundred and fifty dead bodies have been recovered, and more than a hundred persons are yet to be accounted for. There is much suffering because of a lack of food and medical attendance.—January 18 slight earthquake shocks were felt in different parts of Europe.

THE American Railway Association, which includes nearly all the steam railroads in the country, has decided to establish at Chicago a sort of clearing house for freight cars. It will be under the direction of the Committee on Car Efficiency; of which Arthur Hale, of the Baltimore and Ohio Transportation Department, is chairman. If the plan goes into general operation, Mr. Hale will have to look after 2,000,000 cars belonging to 500 owners. The clearing house is to be experimental for a while, but it is hoped will become permanent.

A LARGE amount of pioneer work, says *Harper's Weekly,* still invites the explorer, for many of the unknown areas have much territorial extent. In the Amazon basin, for example, three of these regions are each much larger than all of our New England states. One unknown area in northwest Alaska is nearly as large as New England, and the Sahara has two areas in black that are each twice as large and another three times as large as New England. Asia still has several of these vast mysterious spaces and the solid chunk of the unknown in New Guinea, the largest island in the world excepting Greenland, would swallow up New England and leave a black border all around it.

THE Grand Jury of Hancock county, Ohio, reopened fire on the Standard Oil Company, of New Jersey, its constituents and officers, Jan. 12, with nine hundred and thirty-nine separate indictments, charging illegal combinations to manipulate the price of oil and to prevent competition in its manufacture, classification and sale. The cases cover an offense for each day for three years, and involve fines and costs anywhere from $40,000,000 to $60,000,000, if convictions follow, John D. Rockefeller and all of his principal associates, except Henry M. Flagler, were indicted. The maximum fine is $5,000 and the maximum penalty one year in the workhouse for each offense. Prosecutor David says he is going to keep up the fight as long as he is in office.

DR. VON LECOQ, of the Berlin Ethnological Museum, who has been conducting extensive researches in northeastern Turkestan, has now returned with a large quantity of manuscripts and articles testifying to the existence of a highly cultured and artistic people that once inhabited those regions. It appears to have been a nation composed of Tartars, Christians from Syria, Manichaeans from Persia and Buddhists from India and China. The discovery of Manichaean writings will throw much light upon the early speech of the Persians. Most of the writings are on paper, but some are on white soft leather. Most of the pictures represent Buddhist art, and many furnish proof of how Indian art advanced across Asia to Japan. For this expedition the government appropriated $50,000.

ALMOST everyone has seen some spot in nature or some room in a house which, so far as his knowledge went, he had never seen before, yet which seemed familiar in every detail. Explaining this, Andrew Wilson says that "our brain is built on the double principle, and acts in appreciating our surroundings through the simultaneous work of its two intellectual centers. If there exists but a slight discrepancy in this simultaneous work, so that one-half of our brain appreciates the scene a little before the other half, we are presented with the false memory of having seen the place before. In other words, the recognition of the one-half of the brain, the work of the preceding moment, is presented to the other half as a 'memory,' and so falsifies the judgment."

IN his book on "Prevention of Disease" Dr. S. Goldschmidt says that the fact that the Jewish race still exists, though no longer a nation, "is owing in no small degree to the scrupulous way in which they have carried out the biblical laws of hygiene. The best known of these hygienic laws refer to their food. The Mosaic law especially forbids the eating of those animals which experience has taught may cause disease: such as the flesh of swine, of cats, and of certain rodents, which Luther translates 'rabbits,' but which probably are 'rats.' Recent research has shown that these animals are apt to harbor trichinæ, and Virchow justly pronounces Moses one of the greatest physicians of all time. Animals living a free life, such as wild animals and beasts of prey may not be used for food, partly to discourage the love of hunting which the Bible regards as a cruel sport, partly because it is not possible to control the food of such animals, which might be harmful to men."



BE KIND AND TRUE.

Be kind, little maiden, be kind;
In life's busy way you will find
There's always room for a girl who smiles
And with loving service the hour beguiles;
A lass who is thoughtful as she is fair,
And for others' wishes has a care;
Who is quick to see when the heart is sad,
And is loving and tender to make it glad;
Who loves her mother and lightens her cares,
And many a household duty shares;
Who is kind to the aged and kind to the young,
And laughing and merry and full of fun;
There is always love for a girl who is sweet,
Always a smile her smile to greet;
Then be kind, little maiden, be kind.

—Selected.

A MODERN CINDERELLA.

LULU GOSHORN.

IT is no fairy tale of glass slippers and handsome princes that we write, for this Cinderella never knew the luxury of an easy leather slipper, much less a glass one, and, alas, her handsome prince materialized as a very commonplace sort of man, indeed. Her gown is not a godmother's beautiful gift, but a cotton creation of the plainest kind. Her hair is no curling, crowning glory; perhaps it once was, but now it is drawn back in smooth, straight bands; no time among the mountains of work for soft crimps and waves.

Early morning finds her up and doing, shall I say "with a heart for any fate"? Yes, for surely she has learned what it means to "labor and to wait." Her labors do not cease until the household is wrapped in peaceful slumber, then she sinks for a few short hours into a restless sleep to dream of the morrow's toil, and awakens in the pale gray of another morning again to take up the weary grind.

Daughters she has and in earlier days she fondly dreamed of the happy hours to come when she and they could work together. Where are they now? Some in new homes, one in the city shop, and one, the youngest and the pet, in the cool, clean parlor, idly fingering the piano keys. In a chair by the open window lies a bit of fluffy fancy work and on the sill a book bearing the title. "Vixella's Lovers."

This Cinderalla has no modern improvements to assist her in her work. The back-breaking washboard and the dash churn are in common use, and when once she dared mention a washing machine the scowl from the "head" was so forbidding she could not muster courage to try again.

"Why, don't you know, I'm obliged to have some new implements this spring? We can't buy so many things. I'm not made of money!"

Does Cinderella ever think of loftier things than cinders, kettles and pans? Once she did, when life was sunny and the future promised fair; but now her eye betrays no emotion of soul and her lips mark a wan, straight line.

Her manifest destiny it has come to be, yet it might have been otherwise. My Cinderella is no myth, but a weary, living truth.

Whose fault is it—this condition of affairs? Can my girl readers comprehend my meaning? Some who read these lines know full well. Heed the warning, keep a firm hand, a true heart, a prayerful soul, and —beware!

Ladoga, Ind.

A FEW HINTS TO YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

WHEN blacking the top of your kitchen range or cook-stove, do not fail to put a few drops of vinegar and same amount of molasses in your polish; it will not make so much dust, nor wear off so soon.

If you do not like to scrape kettles, pour some boiling water in them, remove from stove, and place lid on to steam.

Coffee cleared with white of egg is more palatable and less injurious.

When frying potatoes that have been previously boiled, let a little cream simmer through them before serving.

Roll your breakfast bacon in flour, cornmeal, or cream of wheat.

Fish may be rolled in equal parts of flour and cornmeal.

If you have no broiler, you can broil steak in a dry hot skillet. Remove gristle but do not pound as for frying.

About Beds.

Some people object to using the same end of sheet at the head that has been at the foot of the bed. To avoid this, make a wider hem at one end than the other, place the bottom or under sheet on right side

up, and the upper one wrong side up if you roll your covers back.

If you wish your bed to have a square effect, do not tuck the comfort in, but turn the sides back, even with the mattress.

About Pictures.

Do not hang cheap or meaningless pictures on your walls. Bare walls are more sightly than pictures without meaning.

It is possible and commendable to have our walls speak for Jesus. A picture of the "Madonna," "St. Cecelia," "Inspiration," and many others will do this at little cost.

Pictures should have either a high moral or spiritual tone: and while speaking of pictures, I wish some one would start a crusade against the pictures in our present periodicals.

Time was when our mothers were too modest to even have their faces photographed; but now it is not enough to have the face exposed, but the shoulders as well.

A certain actress has said: "We make ourselves too common by allowing our homes to be described in the current magazines." But how about the form, be it ever so shapely?

A singer also confessed that when she wore her first low-necked costume she was highly embarrassed.

Keep pure pictures before your children, as well as pure ideas.

It is customary now for boys to adorn their rooms or dens with miniature decks of cards. But what is the result? These are the boys that are found in pool rooms before they have reached their majority.

More anon.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

AN OUTSIDE INTEREST.

The home woman is the indispensable woman. It has been wisely remarked that we could do without the women who have made careers for themselves in all other directions; but without the home woman we should have to shut up shop at once. The home-maker is the absolutely necessary element, the woman the world cannot do without.

It is a pity, therefore, that the home woman allows herself, so often, to fail of her full development and reward. She is apt to be so unselfish and so conscientious that she lets the four walls of home narrow about her. The "household" woman, as she has been called, does not get enough exercise every day, nor does she breathe enough outside air of thought and action to refresh her spirit.

The simplest remedy is that of at least one outside interest. The woman who takes up one hobby, one charity, one line of work beyond her household cares, and follows it steadily, will find that it brings freshness and power with it. It becomes both outlook and inflow to her. The study and collection of old china, reading up a special subject, making a garden, any one of these, if pursued thoroughly, will bring her in touch with others, and open vistas of interest unendingly. And the woman with a hobby grows old so slowly that she often never grows old at all, but keeps to the last that freshness of interest which is the mark of youth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

NECESSITY OF WATER DRINKING.

Because you do not feel thirsty, as you do in the hot months, you should not give up the water-drinking habit. At least two quarts of water is demanded by the normal action of the organs of the body, and the demand should not be neglected. Learn not to drink at meal-time, or while eating. The first thing in the morning should be a drink of water of the temperature which best suits your stomach, and of this you must be the judge. Some people can not, at any time, drink very cold water without a disagreeable sensation, while to another, the coldest water is the most satisfactory. If you like hot water, drink it, but if you do not, and feel that you can not, then try the temperature which suits best for your own comfort. But drink the water, of some temperature. The "gnawing" sensation so frequently troublesome, and the constant craving for food can both be remedied by drinking copiously of water—hot or cold, as suits your stomach. This constant "hungry feeling" is not a healthy one, but at such times, the stomach is like a fretful child which does not know its own needs. Try the water-cure for this. Many times, if you will abstain entirely from food for a day, subsisting on the copious draughts of water, you will find yourself much improved, mentally and physically. For many ailments, water-drinking is much prescribed instead of drug-taking. If you have never tried it, begin now to develop the water-drinking habit, punctually and persistently keeping it up for weeks and months. It is a great beauty maker, and nothing will clear the complexion and sweeten the breath like plenty of water taken internally and applied externally.—*Selected.*

SPENDING MONEY.

Those who have not much money to spend may get quite as much comfort out of a little, by spending it in a way to do the most good, as a large sum spent carelessly. Don't buy anything just because somebody tells you it is what you want. Be sure, yourself, that it is. If you can not get just what you want, put what color and joy and hope and comfort you can in your life by buying the next best thing, remembering that, after all the best thing in this world is a healthy, cheerful, optimistic mind, and the ability to make the best of what is within our reach.—*Selected.*

A NICE MACHINE-MADE RUG.

To make a rug with the sewing machine, tear your rags half an inch wide, and then cut them off in bits three inches long, keeping the colors separate, to be stitched on the foundation in stripes.

The foundation is of some strong light-weight material as large as you want the rug. Hem it all round, then pick up the little rags three pieces together, place middle of their length under the needle on left hand side of the foundation as it lies before you on the machine. Stitch through middle of the little bunch of rags—take up three more, place very close to first bunch, stitch through the middle, and so on down the entire length of the rug.

For the next row, begin again at the top—turn the loose ends of the first row, over to the left, and stitch the second row half an inch from the first.

Continue in this way till the foundation is closely covered with the work.

It is very soft and warm when finished, and beautiful according to taste used in arranging the colors, and the care used in keeping ends of the rags even and the rows of stitching straight and close together.

The work is greatly lightened if you can interest a couple of small children in it. Two pairs of little hands can pick up and arrange the little bunches of rags almost as fast as you can stitch them down, and the children will probably feel well rewarded for an hour's help, if you give them some words of hearty appreciation together with a handful of choice flowers, fruit, cookies or picture cards. My neighbor's children love to help me.—*Mrs. A. H. Bowdoin, Alamogordo, New Mexico.*

SELECTED HINTS.

When it is necessary to pour boiling water into a tumbler or glass cup, put in a teaspoon first, and there will be no danger of the glass cracking.

To clean smoky marble, brush a paste of choloride of lime and water over the surface.

Borax in the water will make fine flannels look like new and will not shrink them.

A paste of common baking-soda and water spread on a burn will stop the pain and inflammation almost immediately.

Salt in the oven under baking tins will prevent pastry from scorching on the bottom.

The water in which onions have been boiled is excellent for cleaning gilt frames.

To give a fine flavor and good color to a meat roast, add to the water for basting one tablespoonful of sugar.

A little alum added to the stove polish helps to keep the stove bright and shining.

The most soiled kitchen towels will become white and sweet with this treatment: Cover with cold water, put them at the back of the stove, add one tablespoonful of white soap shaved and the juice of half a lemon; let come to a boil gradually; rinse, first in tepid water, then in cold.

Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the water when boiling salmon. This makes it a beautiful red color.

To give a pie a brown, flaky appearance: When the pie is ready to bake, put about one and a half teaspoonfuls of sweet milk on the top and spread it over all the surface. No more white crusts if this is done.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES.

IDA M. HELM.

Take one pint of Orleans or sorghum molasses, one cup of lard, one cup of sugar, one egg, three teaspoons of ginger and a little salt; stir together, then put three teaspoons of soda in one cup of boiling water, have the cup so full of water that it will run over, and add it to the mixture. Mix with flour so it will make a stiff dough, and roll out.

Ashland, Ohio.

FIVE RELIABLE RECIPES.

Corn Cake.—Mix one cup of white flour, one-half cup of corn meal and one-quarter cup of sugar together. Add one egg, one cup of sour milk, one-half teaspoon of soda dissolved in a little hot water and last one tablespoon of melted butter or drippings. Beat well. Place on a greased pie tin in a hot oven twenty minutes. This makes a very delicate delicious bread.

Scalloped Onions.—At this time of the year new ways of serving the staple winter vegetables are always acceptable. The onion is one of the most healthful of vegetables but not as much used as it should be. The following recipe will be found palatable by many who do not like them plain boiled. Skin and boil in salted water enough onions to fill a quart basin. Drain and put in the quart basin. Cover with following sauce. Melt two tablespoons of butter in saucepan, add two tablespoons of flour and salt and pepper. When it cooks, taking care not to brown it, add two cups of milk. Cook until it thickens, cover the onions with this. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and let brown twenty minutes.

Doughnuts.—Mix two cups of flour, one-quarter cup of sugar, and one-half teaspoon of salt together. Add two teaspoons of baking powder. Beat one egg and one-half cup of milk. Mix all together and add one teaspoon of melted butter. Make the dough as soft as it can be handled using more milk if necessary. Roll half-an-inch thick and cut and fry.

Apple Dumplings Baked in Sauce.—Roll out rich biscuit dough, to one-half inch thickness. Cut in pieces four inches square. Put in two small quarters or one large half. Pinch dough around apple, put side that is joined together on the bottom side in the baking

dish. Cover with the following sauce: Boil one pint (two cups) of water with two cups of sugar and one-half cup of butter. When boiling, remove, add a little lemon extract and pour over the dumplings in the pan. Have the syrup ready before the dough is made. Cover at first, but later remove and baste with the syrup. Have a moderate oven. Serve with same. If it has boiled down too much make more to serve with. Everyone will enjoy these.

Apple Cream Pie.—Prepare lower crust only and line deep pie-tin. Pare and cut apples into eighths. Fill the crust with these. Beat together one-half cup of sugar, one cup of cream and two tablespoons of flour. Pour over the apples and cook in an oven that is quite hot at first.—*The Prairie Farmer.*

It is only by thinking about great and good things that we come to love them, and it is only by loving them that we come to long for them, and it is only by longing for them that we are impelled to seek after them, and it is only by seeking after them that they become ours and we enter into vital experience of their beauty and blessedness.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

Who waits until the wind shall silent keep,
Will never find the ready hour to sow;
Who watcheth clouds will have no time to reap.
—Helen Hunt Jackson.

Read this to the Little Ones

MY SHADOW.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller like an India-rubber ball,
And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,
And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see;
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE KIWI-KIWI.

"Wouldn't a bird look funny if it didn't have any wings?" said Puss. She and Johnny were sitting on the porch watching some robins. The robins were hunting worms near the porch.

"A bird wouldn't be a bird if it did not have wings," cried Johnny.

"Oh, yes it would," said Uncle Fred. Their uncle was sitting in a large chair near, reading his paper. He had heard what they said.

"I can tell you about a bird that has neither wings nor tail," went on Uncle Fred.

"Oh, Uncle Fred, you never really saw a bird like that!" cried Puss.

"Indeed, I did," replied her uncle. "I saw such a one when I was in New Zealand. It is called the kiwi-kiwi, or apteryx, and is a very queer bird indeed. It would make you laugh to see one."

"It makes me laugh to hear about it," said Johnny.

"How large is it?" asked Puss.

"About as large as a full-grown hen," said Uncle Fred. "Its feathers are very soft and pretty. The New Zealanders use them to trim their dresses.

"The skin with the feathers on it is used to make the mantle of a chief. No person of a lower order is allowed to wear one.

"The kiwi-kiwi has a very long beak. When it rests it puts its beak on the ground. Then it looks like a ball on three legs.

"The bird is a fast runner, and the natives pursue them at night with spears and torches.

"It does not move about much in the daytime. It is a night bird. It lives on worms, and uses its long bill to dig them out of the ground."

"And doesn't it really have any wings or tail?" asked Johnny. He could not quite believe a bird could live without wings or tail.

"No," said Uncle Fred, "hardly a sign of either."

"My! but it's a queer bird," said Johnny; and Puss thought so too.—*Our Little Ones.*

LITTLE ONES.

AMY L. ROOP.

Little ones can sing God's praise,
Little feet walk golden ways;
Little hands can something do,
Little hearts be good and true.

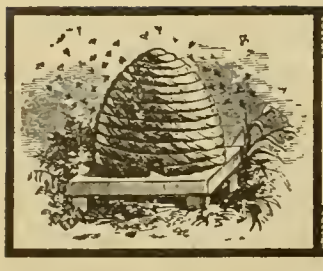
Chorus.

We now humbly bring to you
Sunny smiles, and love that's true;
Happy day for you and me,
Happy may we always be.

Doing little kindly deeds,
We are sowing precious seeds;
Chasing tears from every eye,
We will reap joy by and by.

Children have God's loving care,
In their homes, and everywhere;
If we trust God to the end,
We will find him a true friend.

Westminster, Md.



THE RURAL LIFE

PAPA'S KISS.

SELECTED BY D. HOSTETLER.

"Why don't you kiss like mama?"
Asked the little maid of three,
As she ran to greet her papa,
And climbed upon his knee.
"Her tisses taste like candy,
And is dood enough to eat,
But your mouf do tastes awful,
And ain't the least bit sweet."

"That is so," replied the father—
Her eyes he dare not meet—
"There's no reason why, my darling,
My kiss should not be sweet."
To him the thought was galling,
That each evening with his kiss
He had thoughtlessly polluted
Those innocent young lips.

"Come here, dear wife and mother,
And help me take this vow,—
Neither liquor nor tobacco
Shall touch my lips from now.
And oh, dear heavenly Father,
Thou who art good and wise,
I thank thee for this angel,
Who has opened my blind eyes.

—Samuel F. Harker.

THE MEAT-PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

No. VI. The Pork Dry- and Chill-Rooms.

DOOR has our porker yet come to the end of his little journey. At this point the farmer soon has him converted into pieces and stored away in his smoke-house, in the cellar in brine, converted into sausage or perhaps parceled out for his regular weekly customers in the city. Not so fast the Packer. He is a vender of fresh meats to the entire world and his goods are in transit sometimes for weeks. So it is that his goods must undergo chilling processes, not being cut up at once but placed in dry rooms to be dried and gradually cooled.

The ceilings of the dry rooms are quite low, the rule of economizing on space applying here as elsewhere, among the Packers. There are but few windows, as in many other compartments where just a few people are employed at intervals, indeed just enough for ventilation, for more would be useless because when thousands of carcasses are stored for a few hours here, natural light pierces but a few feet any way.

The floor is strewn with clean sawdust, the temperature is about forty degrees Fahrenheit.

Into this room the string of hog carcasses pour from morning until the day's killing is completed. As they appear they are at once sorted into different lots and sizes and placed upon various rails just far enough apart that the air may circulate freely between them. Thus they hang suspended from their rear quarters for from four to twelve hours. About noon those first dressed are run into the chill-rooms and for others room is thus made.

The chill-rooms are constructed after the same plan. They are much colder, however, the temperature being from thirty-five to thirty degrees Fahrenheit. Here the



carcasses hang from one to two days and are thoroughly chilled and hardened. From five hundred to twenty thousand hog carcasses are accommodated in these rooms. When chilled they are wrapped and sewed in white cloths and again in burlap and are now ready for interstate or domestic commerce.

THE GOOSEBERRY.

A FRUIT which does not receive the attention it deserves is the gooseberry. It has a small sale in the market and it is not of much importance in the home garden. Yet it has valuable qualities. If it were better known it would be more highly appreciated.

More than twenty years ago Dr. T. H. Hoskins, of Vermont, had this to say about gooseberries: "It is rather strange that there is no demand for ripe

gooseberries. The ripe Houghtons are an excellent substitute for cranberries to eat with meat—so good that at my table we always have to explain to our guests that they are not cranberries, and the statement is apt to be doubted, so close is the resemblance. As they are much cheaper than cranberries, and can be grown anywhere, I think it well to mention this. They are cooked sufficiently to burst the skins, and then put up in Mason jars, not being sweetened until they are wanted for use."

Since that time the demand for the fruit has increased, but it is still small. The cranberry has not been superseded, nor does it seem likely to be at present. Either the gooseberry has not proved satisfactory or people are slow to find out its true value.

At the present time the gooseberry is used chiefly in its green state, but when ripe it has uses other than as a substitute for cranberries. The flavor of a ripe gooseberry is nearly equal to the best of fruits, as those will testify who have gathered it from the wild, native bushes. When fully ripe the cultivated berries are sweet and make a fine dessert, eaten with sugar and cream. Really, there are two kinds of the fruit, dessert berries and those used for culinary purposes.

The gooseberry has reached its highest stage of development in England. There the cool, moist summers seem to be particularly fitted for it. Varieties of large size and superior flavor have been produced, and their value is recognized as in no other country. But the wild European berry from which the English varieties have sprung is inferior to the native American berry. If so much has been done with that, certainly as much or more could be done with the wild gooseberry found on this side of the Atlantic.

The foreign varieties have not usually been found suited to the dry, hot American summers, besides being liable to attacks of the mildew, but they can be kept free from the disease by a liberal use of liver of sulphur. The English varieties are now receiving some attention from growers in the fruit belt about Lake Michigan, where they are grown in fields for the Chicago market.

As a fruit for the home garden the gooseberry should receive more attention. The native varieties succeed over a wide range of territory and soils. The cultivation is easy and the bushes are productive and hardy. As for the fruit, there seems to be no lack of uses for it.—*F. D. Wells.*



BEANS AS A FIELD CROP.

As this is only the fourth year that we have raised beans as a field crop, we have a great deal to learn. They are quite easy to raise, and, as the planting time comes just after the rush of other work is over, they might be called a side issue. That the seed bed should be prepared as well as for any other crop is evident by experiments, besides lessening the amount of cultivation.

We have always planted them so as to run through them with the cultivator. At first we made the rows three and a half feet apart, but this was too much ground lost, and we now put them thirty inches apart, but will try them closer next year, and use the five-plow, one-horse cultivator, stirring the ground about two inches deep.

In planting, we use the corn-drill, setting it to drop the beans about six or eight inches apart, with from two to five beans in a space of an average of four inches.

In harvesting we use the hoe. The first year we pulled them, but that, besides being extremely hard on the back, is too slow. Taking a wide, sharp, light hoe, one can cut them standing erect and some three times faster than pulling, and by pulling two rows in together they are ready to throw in rows with a fork or to rake with a hay-rake.

They should be handled when the dew is on, to keep from waste, but haul to the barn only when dry. In threshing we use the flail, and one man, if an adept in its use, can beat out from fifteen to thirty bushels a day.

I think the reason more farmers do not raise their own supply of dried beans is their dread of pulling and threshing them.

So far we have only planted them after turning under a green crop, rye the last two years, just as it was beginning to head, letting the ground lie until planting time, using fifty pounds of a good fertilizer per acre. That part which the beans do not use will go to the benefit of the crop following, which should be wheat, but as we sowed no wheat this fall we have drilled it in rye, which will be either cut for hay or plowed under in the spring.

Do not cultivate the beans when wet, as wherever the dirt touches them they will rust.

We are only planting two kinds, the common navy and the long white kidney, with a few Limas this year, and another variety resembling the navy, but which this year yielded, under similar conditions, at the rate of fifteen bushels per acre, where the navy beans will not make over two bushels.

The navies had proved good drought resisters until this year, when they were not worth harvesting, so far as paying for the labor expended on them.

The great objection to cultivate with the two-horse cultivator is that it leaves the ground too rough to cut them with the mowing machine without too great a loss.

As with any other crop, if the ground cannot be got in the right condition to plant in regard to tilth and moisture, I would not plant them at all. Intensive cultivation always pays, and the more so if done before planting.—*Clarence Scoggan, in the Weekly Gazette.*

NATURE'S PATENT OFFICE.

So fearfully and wonderfully is the human body made that scientists are beginning to realize that many of the inventions of the day are infringements on Nature's patent office. A good deal of trouble and worry in the past could have been avoided had inventors made a careful study of the devices employed in making these human bodies of ours the useful things they are. The principles of the block and pulley or the tackle could have been discovered ages before had the files of Nature's patent office been ransacked; for there are several complete pulleys in the body, notably the one which moves the eyeball inward toward the nose.

Engineers made exhaustive tests and experiments before they discovered that a hollow shaft or rod of iron or steel is about twice as strong as a solid one. Yet Nature had patented this device in our bones since the birth of Adam and Eve, and every important bone is practically constructed on this principle. The ball and socket of the hip bones were the forerunner of the modern ball bearings, and it was the first automatic oiling machine used in the world. The value of air pressure and a vacuum was unknown to man until the last century, but everyone of us carried the secret in the air-tight hip joint which Nature had designed to lessen the muscular effort to hold our legs upright in position.

Engineers have made wonderful progress in developing compound suction and circular pumps; but all of the principles contained in them are found in the heart, and this little pumping machine is still without a rival in the mechanical world. Nature had patented nearly everyone of the devices which have since been registered at Washington.

The principles of the safety valve for steam engines are not so new as they seem. Our human bodies carry with them the first automatic safety valves ever designed. There are upward of two and a half million of them. We call them by the common name of sweat glands. Each such little gland has a safety valve which lets off heat from the body when it gets beyond a safe temperature. We cannot stand a rise of more than eight to ten degrees of temperature and live. If, therefore, the two and a half million safety valves were closed for twenty-four hours death would supervene.

Adam's apple was the first storage cistern ever built, and it works with automatic regularity through health and sickness. It is a most important organ of the body, although for centuries it was considered a superfluous attachment. It regulates the flow of blood between the heart and the brain. When it ceases to operate, somebody dies of apoplexy or a rush of blood to the brain. When the heart sends up too much blood to the head, the Adam's apple steps in to check the flow and store it up for future emergencies. If the heart is temporarily weakened or put out of good running order, the blood stored in this cistern is given up and sent to the brain. The perfect working of this little device is apparent when we consider how comparatively few die of rush of blood to the brain or from a deficiency of supply.

The eye has a score of small inventions worthy of recording, the ear nearly as many more, and the vital organs an equal number. There is the liver with its quarantine station. Let any poison enter our systems with food, and they are immediately held up at this quarantine station and destroyed by a secret process. It is only when poisons enter in large quantities that the station cannot handle them.

But the stomach coöperates with the liver and intercepts some of the poisons. There are small machines there which manufacture minute quantities of hydrocholoric acid from the salts eaten. This acid is made in exact proportion to the amount of food consumed, and suffices to destroy the microbes which we swallow. But there is even a third quarantine station located in the mouth. Millions of microbes are destroyed in the mouth daily by the juices elaborated there for this very purpose. If it was not for these three quarantine stations working continuously night and day we should be killed off by microbes within an hour after eating a meal.

In the ear there is a little device which might have been the original of our modern compressed air inventions. The delicate drum of the ear must have an equal pressure from the outside and inside to receive and transmit the sound vibrations. To make this possible the Eustachian tube was devised. Its function is to regulate the air pressure inside the ear. Let it fail to work, and one becomes stone deaf.

In the bones of the head there are many little channels hollowed out which are called the semicircular canals. These canals are filled with fluid lymph. For centuries no one could understand their meaning. Some physicians considered them of no use. This tendency to belittle organs in the human body whose functions could not be explained has characterized more than one generation of savants. Now these peculiar semicircular canals are known to be wonderful little devices to assist us in keeping our balance. They act a good deal as the ballast does on a ship, or more properly speaking like the fluid in a spirit level. The brain keeps an eye on this spirit level and is made conscious of the body's relative position. The fluid flows back and forth in the canals, and when we get it at a dangerous angle the brain knows it.

No sensitive electrical device is more carefully protected than the spinal cord in its movable frame of vertebræ. Nature has adjusted it with more precision than the movements of a watch.

A whole line of important patents could be evolved from these devices. In the splicing of broken bones

Nature can give the best surgeon pointers. When a bone is broken, the splintered ends are surrounded with cartilage until they are firmly held in position. Then gradually a layer of bone is placed between them and soldered together. All the physician has to do is to bring the two ends of the bones together so that the joint will be smooth and even. Nature's little agents do the rest.—*George E. Walsh.*

THE GROUNDHOG AND HIS DAY.

Not even the folk-lore people are able to tell how this ungainly beast came by its legendary reputation. It has been hinted that the legend comes from the Old World, where it belonged to another animal, but, brought to this country, was it mere accident that attached it to the most stupid inhabitant of our fields?

The cunning of the fox, the placid face of the rabbit, or the fun of the merry chipmunk might invite fancy, but the groundhog as a myth is grotesque.

The name woodchuck, coming from the Indian "wejac," points to the more probable theory that the story, like the animal, is purely American. For the groundhog has this distinction, he is found only in this country, and wide as his reputation goes, he lives in the small area of the Rockies and south of Hudson's Bay.

The story has a native flavor. To the Indian the weather was a matter of vital importance, and he must go to nature for the forecast. There is a mystery about animals which sleep through the winter in the heart of the earth and come up with the waking spring, and this slow-moving creature was just the kind to appeal to the Indian's heavy imagination.

Many who make themselves merry over Groundhog Day have never seen the gentleman himself. He is no beauty. The broad, flat body, so soft and flabby it seems to be all fat and no bone, is covered with grayish brown fur. Little pig-eyes and sharp nose, with short legs which seem hardly strong enough to support the heavy body, so that the animal waddles and creeps along like a fat old hog, partly account for his name, but still more his greed in eating and destroying crops. He is as fond of clover as a cow, eats quantities of wheat and all kinds of vegetables, and tramples down more than he eats, so the farmer and the farmer's boy are his enemies to the death. He is not very good at self-defense; his safety lies in his house, which he digs deep and long. First a long passage running down, then it rises so as to be above any water that may come in. Here he makes a comfortable bed, and lies in it most of the day.

Groundhogs like a rocky place for their home. I once knew them to take such complete possession of an abandoned limestone quarry that I wondered they did not have some dim appreciation of the wild morning-glories and nodding columbines which grew over their doorway.

Both boys and dogs know it is not much use trying to dig a groundhog out of his hole. The story has passed into proverb of the boy's attempt in this line, and, being remonstrated with, he answered: "Got to get this woodchuck; parsons comin' an' we hain't got no meat." Dire necessity, when the impossible has "got to be done," is known as a "groundhog case."

The groundhog is not without his uses; any creature that gives rise to so good a joke is a blessing to the world. Once a year every paper in the land breaks into a smile over Groundhog Day, and everybody laughs as though the tale was new—for the groundhog is new—has he not just come out?—*Margaret E. Houston, in the Presbyterian.*

MISNOMERS.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland. Jerusalem artichokes were never heard of in Jerusalem. Prussian blue does not come from Prussia, but from the red prussiate of potash.

Galvanized iron is not galvanized; it is zinc coated. Catgut is not the gut of cats, but of sheep. Kid gloves do not come from kid skins, but from lamb skins.

Sealing wax has no wax in it, nor is it a by-product of the seal. Wormwood bears no relation either to wood or worms. Rice paper is never made from rice. Salt is not a salt.

Copper coins are bronze, not copper. India ink is unknown in India. Turkeys come from our own country; from Turkey never.—*Toronto Truth.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Flour Mill for Sale.—A good steam 50-barrel flour mill in Brethren locality for sale at once. Owner physically disabled. Will sacrifice this property for quick sale.—Call on or address, F. E. Poister, Morrill, Kansas.

Wanted, a man with small family to work on farm by year; with house, garden, fruit, and cow pasture furnished. Reference required. Brother preferred. S. G. Nickey, Cerrogordo, Ill., Rural Route No. 2.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

The Optimist.

Things a-lookin' rather blue?
All the world a bit askew?
Then, my friend, it's up to you
Just to hustle out and do
  Something worth the while.
Wipe the tears from out your eye;
Things will get worse if you cry;
Seek the paths where roses lie;
There is every reason why
  You should wear a smile.

Though the clouds are dark to view,
Still behind the sky is blue,
And the sun will soon shine through
With his golden gleams on you
  If you work away.
Though the day be dark and drear,
What's the use to quake in fear?
Wipe away that idle tear,
Look to see the dawning clear
  Of a brighter day.

Locked within their icy tomb
Are the flowers of springtime's bloom;
In good time they'll light the gloom,
Scent the air with sweet perfume
  As you trudge along.
Life is always what it's made,
Why should you, then, be dismayed?
Keep on going, unafraid,
Every doubt can be allayed
  With a cheerful song.

Keep on working with a will;
Tackle e'en the steepest hill;
Bid each doubt and fear be still
And each day with duty fill—
  Duty nobly done.
Try again if once you fail;
At one ill-success don't rail;
Bravely face life's fiercest gale;
Don't sit down to weep and wail—
  Thus success is won.

—Selected.

Maxims to Live By.

Never be idle.
Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Never speak evil of anyone.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Good character is above all else.
Be just before you are generous.
Earn money before you spend it.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.
When you speak to a person, look him in the face.
Save when you are young to spend when you are old.
Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income.
Small gains give competency, and tranquility of mind.
Never run in debt unless you see a way to get out again.
Avoid temptation; through fear you may not withstand it.
Good company and good conversations are the very sinews of virtue.
When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day.
Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.
If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.—The Arrow.

Senior Partner—That new stenographer spells ridiculously.

Junior Partner—Does she? Well, if she does, it's about the only word she can spell, as far as my observation goes.—Somerville Journal.

"Solomon in All His Glory."

We have recently read a most humorous description of a donation party given to a good country clergyman, in part payment of his small salary, the principal result being twenty-seven bushels of beans and a large variety of second-hand clothing for his five children. The patience of the clergyman's wife gave out. On the next Sunday she dressed all her five children in the donated second-hand clothing, and under her direction they marched up the aisle just as the good pastor was reading that beautiful passage, "Yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." We need not add that the next donation party was of an entirely different character.—Geo. T. Angell.

One of Nantucket's summer visitors strolled into the little shop kept by an old man, a native of the place. In looking about she found a kind of linen cloth which she bought for fancy work. Some friends, who saw and like it, went to the shop and purchased all that remained. In a few days the proprietor went to the "mainland" to replenish his stock, and bought more of the same goods, which, also, was soon sold. "Well!" exclaimed Uncle Hi as the last yard went, "if any more of you folks want that stuff you can go up ter the mainland an' git it. I can't keep nothing in this here shop!"—Francis B. Phipps, in Lippincott's.

Ready With an Answer.

A knowledge of the Abstract.—"What is an abstract noun, Nellie?" asked the teacher of a bright little girl. "Don't know!" was the answer. "Well, it's the name of something you can thing of, but can't touch. Now can you give an example?" "A red-hot poker," was the surprising reply.—Exchange.

"Yes," acknowledged the well-dressed man, "I have a very good income, but I do not feel able to keep an automobile."

"But I am sure I could interest you," argued the dealer. "A man who has the money you are said to have surely ought to afford a good touring machine."

"No; I'd lose too much on the repairs. You see, my income arises from a couple of auto repair shops I was lucky enough to start a year ago."—Judge.

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It has been suggested that, in view of the remarkable healing properties reported for DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, its ingredients and secret of composition should be made public for the benefit of the people at large.

It goes without saying that the suggestion will, at first glance, meet the approval of almost everybody, but like every other question, it has its two sides. In the first place let us see if it actually would be for the people's benefit. What afflicted person, even though he had the complete formula and laboratory equipment required for making it, would attempt to prepare the BLOOD VITALIZER for his own use?

The only possible persons who would benefit by a disclosure of the ingredients and method of compounding DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER would be the druggists and manufacturing chemists.

It would let down the bars for all manner of imitations and counterfeits, not to mention adulterations, and in this day of high-handed commercialism it is hard to tell where it would end.

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A NEW LEASE ON LIFE.

Washington, D. C., July 23, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I am selling the **Blood Vitalizer** entirely on the good it has done me, otherwise I would not have handled it. It has done so much for me, however, that I cannot help recommending it. I wish to say that I feel as good to-day as I ever felt in my life. I am now just as active and strong as I was twenty years ago. I feel as if I had gotten a new lease on life. The **Blood Vitalizer** certainly does give vitality. My trouble dates back about five and one-half years, when I came as near death as a man could with pneumonia. Dr. J. W. Boyne said he did not see how I pulled through. He declared that nothing but my great vitality saved me. But that sickness sapped all the vitality I had and left me in a terribly weak and nervous condition. Pardon me for taking up so much of your time, but I cannot help telling you what the **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me.

I have not received either of the last two shipments. The B. & O. agent says the trains are behind time, being due here last Saturday the 21st. I have orders for sixteen bottles out of the two dozen that are on the road. The other eight bottles will not last till I get back as I will be gone a few days. Those I have sold to will be after the second bottle. I don't want the people to wait, as it is usually the second bottle that does the work. If they have to wait, the effect of the first bottle is apt to be lost. You better start another dozen at once, for which I enclose order. Yours truly, C. C. Wilkison.

519 Stanton Place.

SUFFERED FOR TEN YEARS.

Octavia, Nebr., May 7, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have been thinking for a long time of writing you a few lines, but have kept putting it off. I cannot properly express my thanks to you for what the **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. I had suffered for ten years with hemorrhoids and tried almost everything without getting any help until I used the **Blood Vitalizer.** A friend advised me to try it and now I feel entirely well. I sold one man a bottle and he came back and wanted a half dozen more. He was delighted with the results it brought about. Yours very truly,

Mrs. Landonia B. Saul.

DID MORE GOOD THAN ALL THE DOCTORS.

Versailles, Mo., March 26, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Mrs. Callison of our city has left here and turned over her agency for the **Blood Vitalizer** to me. I bought several bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** of her and it did me more good than all the doctors in this part of the country. My complaint was rheumatism and stomach trouble.

Please let me know your terms to agents and appoint no one else as agent here.

Respectfully yours, C. H. Long.

SAYS IT SAVED HER LIFE.

Mt. Savage, Md., April 5, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I am going to write to you and tell you what the **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me. It has saved my life and I thank God and you for it. I had been sick for five years and doctored with different doctors, but did not get much relief. I could not eat anything but oatmeal gruel and very little of that. I had lost hope of ever getting well, but now I can eat and am gaining in flesh and look hearty again. The people are remarking about how stout and well I look. I was so weak and thin that I weighed only 111 pounds. Dyspepsia, kidney and liver ailments are what I had. Yours truly,

Miss Ella Mowrey.

THE DOCTORS FAILED.

Bellmore, Ind., Nov. 29, 1906.

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J. S. Garrigus.

R. F. D. No. 1, Box 3.

In case you should ever feel that DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER would be helpful to you or some of your loved ones, do not, we pray, make a dash for the drug store. It is not to be had there and your inquiry will simply ruffle the druggist's feelings. He naturally dislikes to receive calls for something he has not got in stock and furthermore cannot get.

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No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

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No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

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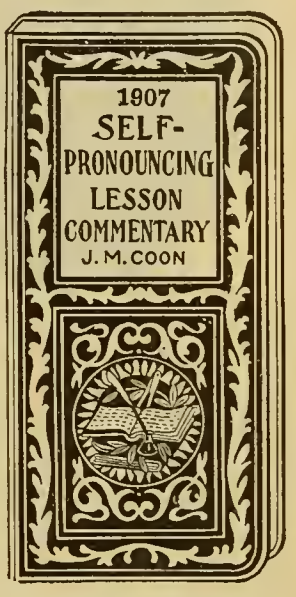
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Send postal for circular fully descriptive of our method, or see your local minister, who can give you information thereon. Be ready to join one of our colonies in the Spring, when you come to the Annual Meeting in May.

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If you feel bad or miserable at any time, take one Tablet and you will get quick relief. They are perfectly harmless for children and adults.

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a full size $1.00 box of our Herb Tablets to any sick or ailing reader of this paper. We want no pay unless it benefits you. We take all the risk in furnishing you the treatment, paying the postage, the cost of this advertisement, our reputation and all. The treatment will last you from 30 to 50 days.

It will occupy about one minute of your time each day to take this treatment.

Not to exceed 50 minutes in the 50 days.

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A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

"Let Your Light so Shine."—Elizabeth D. Rosenberger.

Manners an Index to Character.—Grace Longanecker.

Knocking About on the Miller Farm.—N. J. Miller.

Envy.—Richard Seidel.

The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.

The Unlucky Lucky Manuscript.—Maggie M. Winesburg.

Abraham Made a Blessing.—Ira E. Long.

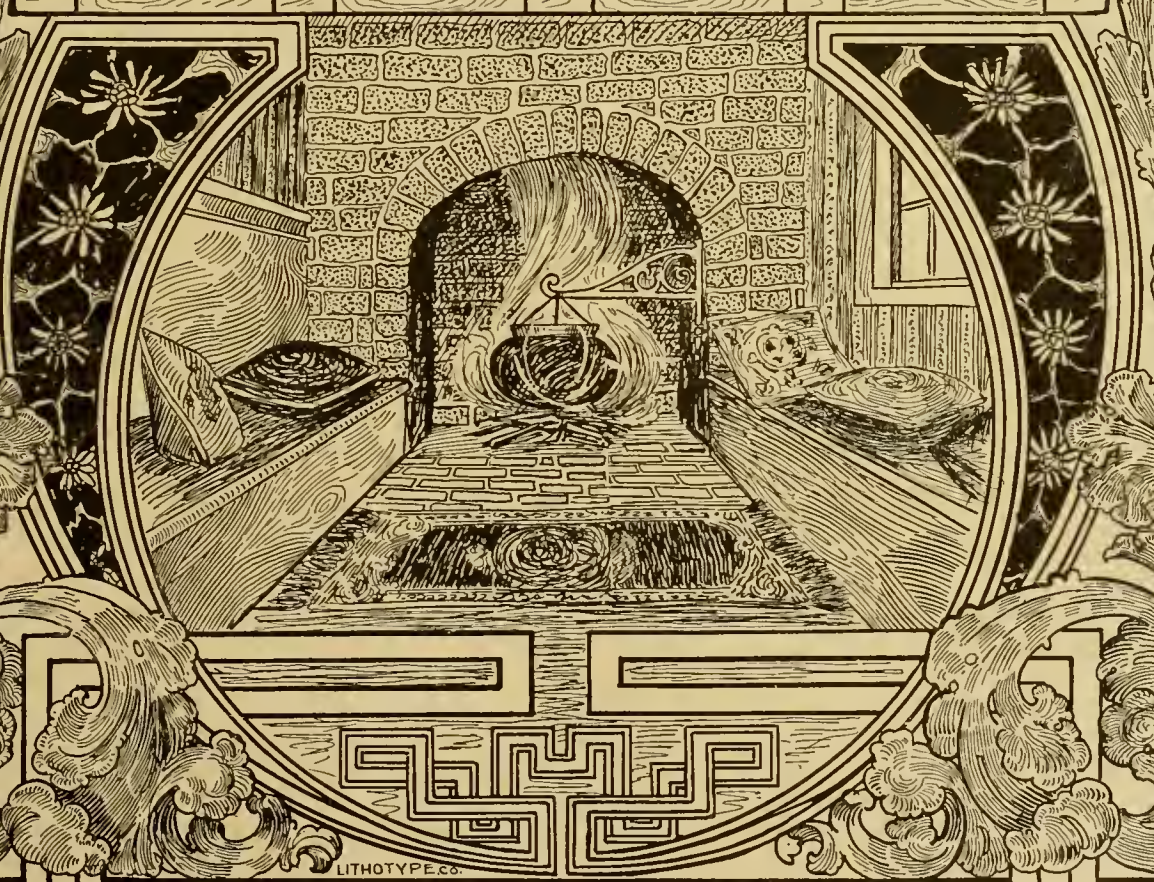
Early Praise (poem).—D. D. Thomas.

He was a Manly Boy.—Ida M. Helm.

The Winter Time.—Jennie Taylor.

The Meat-Packing Industry.—Walter C. Frick.

Intensive Versus Extensive Farming.—S. Z. Sharp.



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WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

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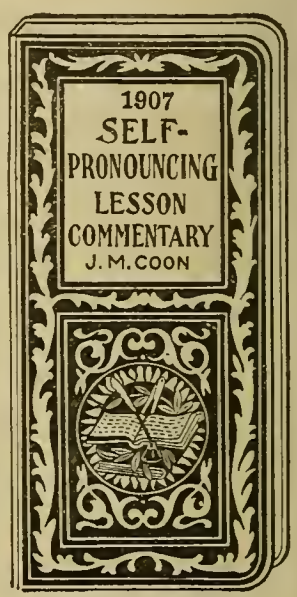
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Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

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Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

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In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast anl I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

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To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 5, 1907. NO. 6

"It Don't Hurt Much"

What ho! little fellow upon my knee,
Telling your story of trouble to me—
A finger swollen, a cut and a bruise,
You wonder what mother will say to your shoes;
A brave, bright purpose to hold the tears
'Mid all the pain and the doubt and fears;
Though lips may quiver and sobs may rise,
No telltale drops in those brave, bright eyes,
As, tender with valor of childhood's touch,
He whispers: "It don't hurt very much."

There, little lad, with the wounds of fray,
Scarred and stained in the light-heart play,
A kiss will heal—with a kind word blent—
Far better than all of the liniment.
I used to come for a bandage, too,
When I built castles of life like you;
I used to fall and I used to know
The stinging pain of the bruise and blow.
The terrible gulping of doubts and fears,
And the brave, bright battle to hold the tears.

What, ho! little fellow, just wait a while,
Till the years of care and the years of trial
Carry you ever so far away
From the golden valleys of dream and play.
Please God, the wounds and the bruises then,
In the hard, cruel battle of men with men
Will find you stalwart and stanch and fine
To fight back sorrow with faith divine;
To hold the tears with a brave, tight clutch
And echo: "It don't hurt very much!"

—Baltimore Sun.

"Let Your Light So Shine"

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

WERE they listening? Did they really understand what she was trying so hard to teach them? Sister Parker asked herself these questions wearily as she looked at her girls and noted their careless demeanor and their evident lack of interest in the lesson, although a few of them answered her questions glibly enough. "Their hearts are far away" she sighed, but she went on with her teaching. "You see Jesus himself was the Light of the world and much of his light is reflected from us. Christ shines through men; let him shine through you. I can see him enter the villages and go about among the people; he blessed the children, healed the lepers, and raised the dead. The people forgot their cares and troubles, life became brighter and they were happier."

She paused and Alice Whitmer asked, "But how can we let our light shine? We girls, I mean. We can't do the great things." To think that Alice had asked this question! Alice who had been critically examining the new gloves belonging to one of the girls, who had been looking at the boys as they passed up the aisle, at the baby who cooed and smiled a few seats in front of her; Sister Parker certainly was surprised. She answered by quoting the entire verse, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

"Well, but does good works mean to go to India and teach the heathen or to live in the tenements of a city?" persisted Alice.

Sister Parker almost gasped in astonishment, she saw the look of eager inquiry in Alice's eyes, and gladly explained that by "good works" Jesus meant that we deny ourselves; instead of pleasing ourselves, that we please others. Our missionaries do let their light shine, but it was said of Dorcas, a sewing woman, that she was full of good works and alms which she did. Then one of the other girls remarked half-seriously, "I suppose it means to be a sunbeam, keep from getting cross and being hateful."

"Yes, it means all that," answered Sister Parker. A merry heart doeth good like medicine, and we need plenty of sunshine in all our homes. It means all that and much more."

"Especially on wash days," said Alice in a low tone. The girls near her, smiled, but Alice was serious. "Oh, I don't mean to dry clothes. You know, I just hate washing, and on Monday morning so many things are contrary." But the tap of the bell ended the lesson and the conversation. As she walked home from the church, Sister Parker asked herself as she often did, whether any of the seed had fallen on good ground or whether the fowls of the air would gather it all. Could she have seen what Alice was thinking about she would have felt encouraged.

Alice was a practical girl, ready to do the duty that she saw clearly, and that very evening she was tried. Two of her friends came in to accompany her to Christian Workers' meeting. But when Alice came down stairs with her wraps on, there was another girl, Molly Storr, who was also going to the meeting. Now Molly was not a general favorite, and Alice's first impulse was to treat her coldly, so that she would not come bothering around again; her two friends had already led the way, by ignoring Molly, leaving her out of the conversation and talking animatedly to each other. "So shine" thought Alice while she was locking the door; that means Molly. I'll have to walk with her, and help her to enjoy the meeting. So Molly was not pushed back, or left out in the cold in that cruel, unfeeling way some girls have; instead, Alice took her arm and kept beside her all the way. At the church she asked Molly whether she could not repeat a verse of scripture, and Molly stood right up and repeated "Let your light so shine." "I am sure I remember that one," she whispered to Alice.

But it was on Monday morning that Alice asked herself, "Is the light going to shine to-day?" Then she knelt down and asked Jesus to help her to be strong and good and helpful, so that no anger or impatience should prevent his light shining through her. And when she came to the kitchen and found that the fire was slow, and breakfast hard to get because they forgot to buy some needed groceries the Saturday before, she realized that here indeed was a place where the light ought to shine. And by the time breakfast was over, and she had braided Annie's hair and found Robert's cap and mittens, so they could start to school in plenty of time, the home atmosphere was clear and bright. Then Alice went to the wash-tub and it was not long until a boiler full of steaming clothes was ready to be rinsed and starched. Things were moving along very well until they put the clothes on the line. Alice and her mother knew that the clothes-line was not very secure, but just why it should take this particular morning to break and drop a basketful of white starched clothes into the mud, is difficult to explain. Her mother dreaded a torrent of angry words and reproaches, for Alice had a quick temper and on such occasions wondered why they had to work so hard and do without nice things, and never enjoy what other girls enjoyed, besides other wearisome plaints which grieved mother none the less, because sad to say they were so familiar. So her mother was surprised when Alice brought in the clothes, and quietly proceeded to wash them over again. Her mother wanted to help, but Alice said, "You know you are not strong enough, mother." Then she finished the washing alone.

"I am so sorry you had to miss school," her mother said when Alice came in to set the table for dinner.

"Never mind, mother, I'll be there this afternoon, and I only missed my history recitation this morning and I can easily make that up," answered Alice.

"You don't know what a comfort it is to hear you say so," said her mother.

"What an awful bear I must have been, always growling at things," thought Alice to herself as she was going up the stairs to get ready for school. And she felt very keenly on many occasions as the days went by that it was indeed time to change her disposition. Her schoolmates, as well as the folks at home, expected to hear her say sharp, bitter things. And it was so hard to keep them back. Only the constant prayer, "Lord, help me to so shine," enabled her to overcome. But how much happier she was, and what joy and peace were hers as she went about with a shining face.

One morning, Sister Parker said, "Alice, Mollie Storr has just told me that she has given her heart to Jesus and wants to come into the church. As I talked with her she said you had led her to the Savior. You were so loving and kind, so different from most of the girls that it made her want to be a Christian too."

"And it was you who helped me," said Alice. "Oh, I know we girls have been careless, and I am afraid you have thought that we did not listen, but truly, we remember far more of your teaching than you think. I have been trying to let my light shine ever since you told us about it."

"And others have seen your good works," said Sister Parker tenderly. And I am willing to give you precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, if only Jesus can be glorified."

THE WINTER TIME.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

MIDWINTER, the night time, the resting time of the year, is with us again.

While the earth lies wrapped in its fleecy covering of soft white snow, and the nipping north winds sweep wildly over prairie and hill, we find the cozy corner by the fireside a most welcome retreat.

And while we are enjoying the comfort of the cheerful blaze and the quietness of the hour, perhaps we may choose to read. Then how we lose ourselves

in the exciting tale of adventure, or read on with increasing interest as we follow our favorite characters through the story.

Perhaps the time is spent in making a study of some particular book, or books. However, it seems that many of us plan to read at least a few books during the winter, as it seems such a fitting time.

I call to mind a midwinter day some years ago. The weather was stormy and disagreeable. Few people were out. I was on my way to a rehearsal for a literary program, and while walking along the quiet street, was overtaken by a schoolgirl friend who began to say in her usual cheery way, "This is one of the days we read about and I like so well to read such days as these. I am hurrying home now to read my new book." Then I noticed the book in question, peeping from under the cape of her storm coat.

I found that she and I were both planning to read during our spare time that winter. We studied the best literature and from it we learned to see much that is beautiful in the common world around us.

We found our favorite authors and from them we gathered many of the helpful thoughts which lead to a higher and a better purpose in life.

Thus much help may be found. Though the standard is high and difficult of attainment, some success is sure to crown the effort if we only hold to that which proves the best.

Then, after the duties of the day are over, the home folks may meet for the pleasant social evening hour easier and oftener now than at any other time of the year. And what splendid times! How we laugh at the howling winds as we play our merry games or lose all thought of the raging elements while singing the cheerful song!

No other time of the year affords the pleasure of toasting marshmallows, roasting chestnuts, or popping the plain little grains of corn and watching them burst into the large white-tufted kernels. There are the toothsome candies, home-made, for these very times, too.

But we must not forget the times in winter when the gray storm clouds are gone and the days are crisp and clear, how we enjoy being out in the purity and beauty of the outdoor world!

Is it any wonder that so many hail with delight the grim midwinter season?

And now, since it is here again with its own special offerings, let us welcome it as a choice gift of the new year and it will in its turn give us some of life's richest blessings.

Tipton, Iowa.

MANNERS AN INDEX TO CHARACTER.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

THE characteristic mode of acting or conducting ourselves, is what Webster terms as manners. As it is not kind or needful that we be always trying to determine others' character, yet for the sake of our own personal influence, we should consider this index to character. It is natural to be impressed by the manners of those whom we may meet.

Some people judge by facial expressions, shape of head, etc., upon meeting strangers. Even one educated in phrenology can determine more one's mental faculties, or ability than he can his character. Manners indicate if one is a lady, a gentleman, or a Christian. They often prove a person to be none of these. You may be extremely polite without being a Christian, says one. But can you show me a Christian without good manners? Good manners are one of a Christian's characteristics. Can you ever picture Jesus in an attitude of haughty reserve? Was he not courteous? Was he ever impolite?

The language one uses is a faithful part of this index. How one speaks to his equals, his superior, or inferior, determines his character to an extent. It is more noticeable when addressing an inferior. If that air of condescension is manifest, what does it indicate? Those slang phrases, those loud adjectives, what do they say?

The tone of voice tells also. Loud boisterous talking heard above all others. The harsh tone in unkind sentences. The frivolous manner, assuming all as a joke. So unlike are these tones and manners to the quiet, soft, distinct tones of those well mannered.

To have good manners the mode of acting or conducting ourselves should be altered to different circumstances and surroundings. Recently I sat in a strange church. Two ladies entered presently. One entered with dignity and reverence, and quietly took a seat. Without scanning every one else present, she seemed to consider she was in a church, and assumed an attitude of holy reverence to God's house and presence. The other came in with that haughty air of self-importance, went around passing candy, for services had not yet begun, took a seat different times, and went through gestures, seemingly for entertainment of others, or to attract attention to some particular charm of feature or dress. Their manners were extremes, and I suppose their characters were, if there be an extreme to good character.

As manners indicate and gradually enfold one's character, you must have them in general to determine more correctly. Some have manners for private use and other manners for public use.

Manners can be counterfeited as well as some other things, that is, they appear to be natural when not so, and it is only when this evil is practiced that this index is no true pointer.

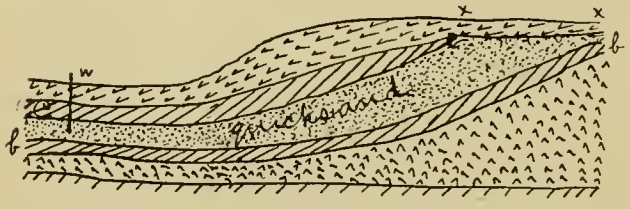
Hartville, Ohio.

"PRINCIPLE for policy's sake is about as good as calling a being a man for the clothes' sake."

Knocking About on the Miller Farm

N. J. Miller.

ONE warm autumn day we tramped south about two miles to the Miller farmhouse. Here we drank of clear cool water coming from an artesian well, the only such well in the country for miles around. It is simply a hole of small diameter bored less than twenty feet into the soil and quicksand below. The well was bored several years ago and on the day of completion a pump was put in and a platform over the aperture. The next morning there was a surprise—the water was running out over the edge of the well! Now it flows out the top into a



drinking tank, thence to a watering trough and thence to the fish-pond near the farm buildings.

This well, like all artesian wells, depends upon certain well-known conditions. Since the water is not of rock origin but quicksand and the quicksand is covered with a stratum of clay the rest of the physical conditions here can be easily guessed. The source (x—x) of the water, due to rainfall, is at higher level than the upper surface of the well (w). There is the almost impervious layer (c—c) above and another impervious layer (b—b) of some kind, likely clay, below the stratum of quicksand. This arrangement permits the sand area to be laden with water having a level source higher than the opening of the well. The weight of the water, less friction, etc., produces pressure sufficient to cause an outflow.

Mr. Miller is no kin of mine and has a legal title to the farm as the records at the courthouse show. However, I own the farm in an intimate way of which no one can rob me. The little crannies in the ditch, orchard, hillside, natural timber and "peat-bog" are mine in the same way "a landscape painter may be said to possess the land he lives in, so far at least as he can appreciate its beauty." Even the child owns the hills and woods where it plucks sweet-scented flowers.

But the "peat-bog"! It is west of the farmhouse a few yards. So much vegetable matter is in the soil that should one build a fire on the grass covered "bog" the soil will burn. It slowly smoulders like burning smudge and burns deeper and deeper in the earth until the presence of too much moisture puts out the sparks. I remember seeing the same thing, only on a larger scale, on a Michigan farm. So mellow was the cultivated soil that the pedestrian would sink into it ankle deep. A slowly smouldering gun-wad set the soil of the artifically drained swamp on fire which slowly burned down three feet to the ever-present water. After attempting in a laborious way to put out the fire another method was employed. It was rather unique and quickly did the desired work. The wooden plugs were drawn out of the many artesian wells there and the ditches closed until the entire farm was flooded.

The origin of this peat-like bog is easily understood. Once a remnant of a stream or a pond occupied the spot. The body of water was shallow and gradually filled up. Water-loving plants grew abundantly at first along the banks. These with the gradual accumulations of dirt and sediment brought from the hillsides to the pond by every rain, formed a "quaking-bog" all along the margin similar to figure A. The quaking margin was like that of Three Sister Lakes in Michigan over which I often tramped to study plant and animal life. When walking on the quaking margin one would slowly sink with the surrounding soil held firmly together by the roots of the overgrown

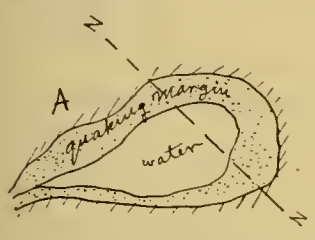


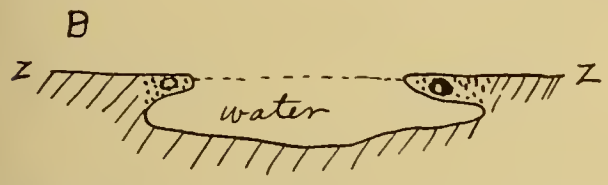
"Even the child owns the hills and woods where it plucks sweet-scented flowers."

vegetation. As one proceeded the soil behind would rise and that on which we stepped would quake and sink. Should we have broken through the soil no doubt there would have been one inhabitant less in Michigan, but there was little danger of this since we kept on walking. Should we make a diagram of a cross-section of this particular lake, the margin of the quaking area and all, we would have something similar to the diagram B in which "z—z" represents the surface of the soil, "w" the body of water and

"o" the quaking margins having only water as a support.

This in only a stage through which the bog on the Miller farm has long ago passed. The water-loving plants along the margin continued to develop; the body of water continued to fill up until vegetation covered all. The humic acids kept the vegetable matter from decaying altogether and this accumulation together with the unwashed sediments from the hillsides, filled the remnant of the stream or pond completely just as we now find it. We are told that in a similar way the valuable peatbogs





in Ireland were formed, which constitute one-seventh of the surface of that country.

Denver, Colo.

ENVY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

AMONG the many vices inherent in the human heart, there is none, perhaps, which yields more unhappiness, unrest and dissatisfaction than envy. Like a rank weed, which springs up and destroys the growth of valuable plants, so is this evil, if left to become deeply rooted in the heart; it saps the life of those noble virtues that should adorn the Christian character.

Envy is an outgrowth of selfishness and springs from the love-destroying elements of pride, deceit and covetousness. Where one of these evils exist, the rest are close by, cramping the mind and blinding the perceptions of the soul to such an extent, that it obscures the good and true in others, only to repine and sorrow at their prosperity and success. One wisely said, "Base envy withers at another's joy, and hates the excellence I cannot reach." What a true expression this is of the condition of a selfish, envious heart.

The proud and arrogant man sees another, who possesses a stronger intellect, greater abilities in art, science and literature, or is the owner of larger wealth, or who has more advantages in many ways than himself, the fires of envy are kindled and burn with an almost quenchless flame, consuming divine qualities of love and generosity that belong to a brotherhood of peace and good will.

All have not equal capacities; all could not reach the perfection of the skilled architect, sculptor, artist or musician, yet each one fills a niche in the structure of life; each one is important in the duties that he should fulfill; therefore we should be content with the small gift that is ours, nor let the arrows of envy wound the hearts of these who do better and greater things than we are capable of doing.

We have but to read history to know that this loathsome evil has, in ages gone by, ruled the hearts of mankind, and caused largely the strife, dissension and confusion among men. Ruler against ruler, and nation against nation, have been impelled by this inward foe to war with one another, causing desolation and destruction where beauty and abundance once reigned. Are not these lessons applicable to the present time? Was it not envy that prompted Joseph's brethren to cast him into a pit in the wilderness and then sell him to the Egyptians that they might see no more of him? It was the same evil motive that controlled the hearts of the Jews and stirred them to hatred against Jesus because of his goodness and humility; it was the work of envy that was consummated in his crucifixon.

Many promulgators of the truth, philosophers and scientists have been condemned to torture and death by those who were actuated by this vice. The generous, noble, unselfish heart untainted by envy and its accompanying evils, is ever rejoicing in the attainments and excellencies of others, is happier when a friend wins than when he fails and is always content with his position though humble. Prof. Henry Drummond once wrote: "Only one thing, truly, need the Christian envy,—the large, rich, generous soul which envieth not." One seeking to build up rather than pull down the good character of others, for the soul that undermines, is the most treacherous form of this despicable evil. How much better and happier mortals would be if they would work by the rule of love which "envieth not," which thinketh no evil, and lives and toils for the good of all.

Fort Hancock, N. J.

PAPER FAMINE COMING.

"A forest a day" is required to supply American newspapers with white paper.

The paper is made of spruce wood, ground to a pulp. The Department of Agriculture estimates that the forests now existing will last the newspapers only twenty-one years.

Where then will the paper come from? Is the era of cheap newspapers to end?

Perhaps some substitute for wood will be found—something that, like corn, can be raised in annual crops by farmers.

Paper can be made of anything that has fiber, but nothing has been found so good and cheap as wood.—*The Arrow.*

"THE man who smiles in the face of disaster will soon see disaster's back."

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Ten. Gifts.

THE breezes were giving their first whispers of Autumn. The brilliant heat, and the sullen fervor of the sun of summer, both were well-nigh past. The leaves of the trees, even along the river bank, to the air that stirred amongst them responded with a faint dry rattling that presaged their destiny.

The sunshine was bright and made a mirror of the silent, floating water of the stream. It sifted through the leaves and branches of the stately trees and of the drooping trees, and twinkled over a group of men and women who were kneeling on the grass. It was the event when Jake Reed became a member of John Kemper's church.

At the Kempers' supper-table that evening it was Jake Read who said, "We thank thee for the blessings that come from thy hand. Help us to use 'em as we ought to. Bless all things to thy honor and glory. Amen."

Every morning throughout the days and weeks that passed, Ellen found the old man's bed already made and the room put to rights when she put the house in order. It was Jake who saved her many extra steps, up and down cellar, dusting rugs, cleaning dishes. He churned, too, and did the heavy share of the washings.

The grime that had collected over the man's nature during his years of wandering had been cast aside, and his character again stood out brave and kindly.

"What about me bein' sexton?" he said one day to John. "Or does that fellow that is now want to keep at it?"

"No, he don't," answered John. "He's hired for all this year, but he'd rather not have the work."

"I been thinkin' 'bout it a good bit, but I can't figure out how I'd get back and forth. Another place wouldn't seem home like this is. I wish you'd live 'bout a mile nearer Hampton."

John Kemper had thought, too. And he also had understood the advantage there would have been in his family's living nearer the church. And, if such a thing had been necessary, he would, in all probability, have exchanged his little home for one more conveniently located. But Jake was strong enough now to bear sacrifice. There was no need that Ellen and Nat be called upon to sacrifice so much.

"I think we can make Jen serve us," said John. "I can get another horse and you give me half of what Jen's worth and take care of her. It won't be so easy to drive from here every time the church is to be seen to, but I think you can manage it all right."

"Jen 'll be a good nag. I can get along all right if I have her. And you can have all I don't need of my first year's wages."

One day, when the two men were together at Dan Racy's, Dan remarked, "I don't see how a man could have made such a change as you've made in the last year. You must have been a pretty good sort of fellow in your young days. I'd like to know what ever started you to trampin'."

"Well, I followed Sherman, and I reckon I got walkin' fever into my blood. I had a home and a wife when I went to the war, but the last time I went home,—after the war was over,—Daisy and the baby girl I'd never seen was both under the ground. That fixed me. Other fellows was in the same sort o' box. Some of 'em took to drink. I took to trampin'. I'm glad enough to be rid of it again."

The short days of autumn and winter were passing rapidly. Another Christmas morning came. Nat had a tree at home this time. When he had looked at his presents the novelty of something uncomprehended seemed to strike upon him and he went to find his mother. But Mrs. Racy was in the kitchen, and, at his inquiry, she led him to his mother's bedroom.

"My gifts," said Ellen, smiling into Nat's bewildered face and lifting the covers a little.

"Oh-oh-h!" came from Nat.

"Two girls for us," said Ellen.

"Oh-h!" said Nat again. "One for you and one for pa."

Before Mrs. Racy took him out he got to see that one tiny sister had long black hair and deep-blue eyes and that the other had merely a hint of downy white on its head and its eyes were blue as the mid-day sky.

"What shall we name them?" was the question in four minds day after day.

Jake pondered and pondered over it as he drove Jen back and forth in his sextonship.

"White headed and blue eyed. Black headed and brown eyed. Their names ought to suit 'em," he said to himself.

"Blanche would suit the one," Nat said to his mother. "But, oh, dear! then what would we name the other'n?"

One evening when Nat and Jake were bending above the babes, the man said, touching the brown-eyed one's locks, "Her hair has changed color as well as her eyes. It's like that old-gold candlestick there."

"This one's hair shows now, too. See! it just glistens under the light. It looks like silver.

"Gold and silver! If them words was names we'd call 'em that."

"What is that?" said Ellen, coming in in time to overhear Jake's remark. "Have you names for the babies?"

"One's hair is like silver and the other's like gold. I said them words ought to be names."

"Well, we can make them names," said Ellen. "Run ask pa, Nat, whether he likes 'Sylvia' and 'Golden.'"

As summer drew on John Kemper found that he could give neither his time or money toward making the customary spring-time repairs about the homestead. With the increased size of the family, expenses were heavier and the head of the household had to work diligently at tending his own crops and in assisting his neighbors in order to "make both ends meet."

But Jake proved himself to be far from decrepitude. He laid some new planks in the porch-floor, and painted them, mended the stable roof, replaced two or three broken window-panes, re-strengthened fences and gates, and proved his skill at odd jobs in any such work needing to be done.

As the old man drove home from Hampton the first day of school in the district, he came upon two girls chatting and playing at the roadside.

"Hello, Jake!" greeted the brow-haired one. "How are Sylvia and Golden?"

"Fine, fine as silk," declared the man.

"Victoria has never seen 'em," continued Flossie. "I wish we could go 'long with you now."

"Jump in."

Victoria promptly sprang into the open buggy.

"Oh! we'll have to ask teacher," said Flossie. I'll go," and she sped into the schoolhouse.

"We can go," she said, running out again, "If we're sure not to be tardy comin' back."

Jake urged Jen out of her joggety-jog, for it would never do to have Flossie and Victoria return late.

Both girls went shyly into the house and waited a moment until Ellen could show them the twins.

A tiny, light-blue coverlet was hanging back of Sylvia's head, and Golden was playing with a scrap of rose-colored silk.

"Pretty, oh, how pretty!" exclaimed Victoria, lifting up Golden.

The baby squirmed, looked towards its mother, and then began to cry. Ellen took it in her own arms, and, when it was hushed, set it in the baby cab.

Flossie meanwhile had held out her hands coaxingly to Sylvia and the baby had come to her willingly. It looked at Flossie and then wonderingly at Victoria who had turned to it from Golden. When Victoria would have taken the baby it hid its face on Flossie's shoulder.

Sylvia presently became tired, and Mrs. Kemper put her into the cab with Golden, spreading the blue coverlet over both.

"Will you watch them a few minutes?" requested Ellen. "Jake hasn't had his dinner."

"Just so we don't get back late to school," answered Flossie.

"'Spect Nat likes these babies," said Victoria, as the two little girls stood by the cab.

"Why, Victoria, you say that 's if you don't know! And he talked a long time to you this morning 'bout 'em!"

"Well, I 'spect he likes 'em," affirmed Victoria, unabashed. "He says they ought to wear silk and gold and silver."

She pulled the blue ribbon from her hair and tied it around Sylvia's tiny wrist. And on Golden's wrist she put the strip of rose-colored silk.

Ellen, when her visitors had gone, noticed the decorations, and in a flash the resolution came:

"The first time I can take you two darlings to church I must have silk dresses for you, one of the palest blue, the other of delicate rose. And oh! if I could weave silver threads and gold threads on them to make them equal to your preciousness."

GINGERBREAD BAROMETER.

It has taken a clever Frenchman to discover a kind of barometer which may be safely called unique. An English journal says that it is nothing more nor less than the figure of a general made of gingerbread. He hangs it by a string on a nail. Gingerbread, as everyone knows, is easily affected by changes in the atmosphere. The slightest moisture renders it soft, while in dry weather it grows hard and tough. Every morning, on going out, the Frenchman asks his servant, "What does the general say?" and the man applies his thumb to the gingerbread figure. Perhaps he may reply, "The general feels soft. He would advise you to take an umbrella." On the other hand, if the gingerbread is hard and unyielding to the touch, it is safe to go forth in one's best attire, umbrellaless and confident. The Frenchman declares that the general has never yet proved unworthy of the confidence placed in him, and would advise all whose purse will not allow them to purchase a barometer or aneroid, to see what the local baker can do for them in the gingerbread line.—*Harper's.*

Do not confine your children to your own learning. They were born in another time.—*Talmud.*

The Unlucky Lucky Manuscript

M. M. Winesburg

"SO you would like to hear some of my experience in literary work, and what I made my success in?" said an author friend who was just reaping the fruits of long years of labor with the pen; and on being told that was just what I wanted to hear, my friend resumed:

"Well, my literary ambition began early in life, for I believe that I developed a tendency for literature with my first teeth, but it has taken me almost a lifetime to accomplish anything worth talking about.

"Of course the first effort was poetry, and it was good poetry, too, for some men that ought to know—and did know—pronounced it good. Robert Bonner said that with care and attention to my work I could in time take a place with the best poets of the day; and John G. Whittier gave my verse high praise, but at the same time he advised me to try prose writing, as it commanded better prices than poetry did.

"So I then tried writing a short story, but I believe it was almost a year before I finished it, and strange to say, the first publisher to whom I offered the story accepted it. Now I thought that I was on the right road to success, and turned to story writing with a will, although I did not have a finished education, and neither time nor money with which to get one.

"Now in view of the bad luck that I had later on, it seems strange that I had as much early work accepted as I did; for I had an entrance into three different papers, and besides that I wrote a novel, and sold it, too; and if I do say it myself, it was a good story.

"Now I suspect that you are wondering why I did not leap into fame on that novel, but to tell the honest truth I don't know whether that novel is published yet or not; for the company that I sold it to, sold out to another company, and the latter one went into the hands of a receiver who sold out all of their manuscript, so I lost all trace of my novel.

"Then directly after the sale of that novel, misfortune seemed to have selected me for a football, with the intention of seeing just how low I could be reduced and live. First those near and dear were snatched away; and then everything in the line of worldly goods that I possessed, even to my beloved manuscript, went up in smoke, and I was left homeless and penniless.

"I could fill a volume with my experience then, for all of my trouble had come just when the entire country was in a state of stagnation. No employment for anyone, and business houses of all kinds going to the wall. Those were days to live in one's memory, and make you thankful for better days when they came. Hard luck days that killed off pride and made one accept odd jobs at starvation wages, and glad to get even that, for my literary work had not been bringing in enough to keep me, much less several other dear ones that looked to me for support.

"Did not my friends help me any? Yes, they all helped me with cartloads of advice—which did me so much good that I almost hated my so-called friends. And now right here I want to give you a bit of advice: When you are in hard luck, don't go to your friends for help, for they won't help you. If you get any help at all it will be from strangers. At least there is where I got mine from. Strangers gave me odd jobs to do until I got something better to do.

"Did I sell any manuscript then? No, for I had none to sell. Nothing but one serial story, and one of my editors died, and the other papers came to the conclusion that times were too hard to pay for manuscript; and when I sent out my remaining serial, it stayed a year and then was returned to me with the statement that the company would be glad to publish it if they could sell any work they had now on hand, but they had no sales for what books they already had out. Now if everyone else's pocketbook was as thin as mine was it was no wonder there was no sale for books, and judging from the state of trade just then, I surmise that not many people had the 'miser grip' on money at that time, and that many of their pocketbooks were just as hungry as mine.

"Before that time I had always made it my boast that I could see a funny side to everything; but I failed to find the funny side to hunger. Not that we actually starved, for we did not; but we often had not sufficient food, and hard time to get even that and keep a roof over our heads; and there was many others in the same boat.

"During that period, I did but a very little literary work, for I had not much time for writing, and no money to buy paper or stamps with, and what little I did write was so tinged with bitterness that it always came back to me. Several times in the course of that many years, I had a streak of humor and wrote a bright piece which I sold; but I could not make any headway, because all the editors wanted the manuscript typewritten, and I might just as well have wanted the moon as a typewriter; I would have gotten it just as quick.

"Sometimes even odd jobs were hard to pick up, and there might have been for us longer times between meals but for one of the little fellows, who did what I was too big and old to do; he turned out a newsboy. What a dear blessed boy he was,—and is yet for that matter. But now when he adds his big sums of

money to the family pocketbook, it doesn't touch me half as much as it did when he would come to me with his eyes shining and his little face all aglow with joy and proudly place in my hand the twenty-five or fifty cents that he had earned selling papers on the street.

"After a year or more of that kind of living, I secured a steady job at hard labor, and that was all night work, too. Then after a while things began to look a little better for us in a financial way. But I had no time for literary work, except on Saturdays, and then I was too tired to do good work. I was months writing one short piece, and as many more months getting it in shape to send away.

"But in the meantime I had sent my one serial story to a new publishing house, where it shared the fate of others that were submitted to that firm. It disappeared along with the publisher; and I, with other writers, was left to mourn the loss of my story.

"My work was hard and trying, but I held on to it, and had begun to lay aside a dollar now and then—which I fondly hoped meant a typewriter for me some time in the future, when my nervous system broke down, and I had a long spell of illness. This played havoc with my coveted typewriter, and left me in debt also which was a great deal worse, for it meant long days of labor to get up again as far as I had been.

"After I got well, I went to work again at the same place; but this time I had a day-turn job, which was not nearly so hard on me and left me my evenings for literary work. In spite of all of my failures, I never gave up hope that I would yet accomplish something in that line. Whenever I did get thoroughly discouraged and resolve that I would never write another word, some editor would good naturedly accept an article and raise my hopes again. Then I would say to myself that I would yet gain my goal.

"Well, in my odds and ends of time I began and wrote that "Unlucky Lucky Manuscript," which was in the shape of a novel, and I really believe that I did give that story an unlucky title. I was best part of two years getting that novel written and copied off, for I had not yet been able to save the price of a typewriter. I knew then—as others think now—that the story was interesting, and I sent it off in high hopes of its success and the typewriter that would surely follow.

"Well, after a month or more of awaiting, I received a letter from the publisher to whom I had sent my novel. The letter informed me that they were returning my manuscript that day by the Great M. Y. Express Company and they sang the same old song about typewritten manuscript.

"Well, that manuscript failed to show up at our express office and after a reasonable time had elapsed. I wrote to the publisher and asked him if he had returned my story on that date; if he had, it had never reached me.

"The publisher had started that novel back to me all right, but the express company had managed to lose it somewhere on the route; and after giving them plenty of time to look it up again, I demanded the price of my lost manuscript. The express company tried to wiggle out of paying me anything, by saying that the manuscript was of little or no value, or it would not have been returned to me; but I would not let them bluff me in that way, for I had paid them to carry that manuscript and they had lost it, and I thought that I deserved something for the work that I had put on it.

"After a year and more of waiting, I was given the poor pitiful sum of twenty dollars for my lost novel. The publisher had not returned it as first-class matter, and the express company would not pay for first-class matter.

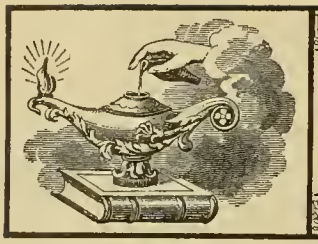
"When I got that money, I made a mental resolve that it should go on a typewriter, and so it did in time. But during the months that passed from the time the manuscript was lost until I got the money for it, I had written another novel, as I had now easier work, and more time to write if I did not have any more money, and I planned to copy off the novel the first thing I did on the typewriter, and I laid the story away until I could get the rest of the money for the machine.

"But before I got that wonderful typewriter, I received a letter from a gentleman in one of our western cities, hundreds of miles from the city to which I had sent my unlucky story, and in the letter the gentleman told me that he had bought the manuscript of a novel of mine at a house sale of the Great M. Y. Express Co., and thinking that it might be of value to me, he had written to know if I wanted the manuscript again.

"Of course I wanted that unlucky story, so I bought the manuscript back again from him for a couple of dollars,—the amount that he had paid for it.

"Now I had my novel again, but how it ever landed up in the place it did, and why the company kept the manuscript instead of sending it to me, is a question the Great M. Y. will have to answer, for I cannot and don't intend to try. But I had the novel again and a week later on I got my typewriter. That unlucky story was the first long piece that was copied off with the machine, and then I sent it out again. But it seemed as if its bad luck was in no way diminished by being typewritten, for in less than a week after it was sent I got a card from the office of the express company in the city where I had sent the story. The card was only to tell me that they could not find the parties to whom I had sent my manuscript.

(Concluded on Page 143.)



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Abraham Made a Blessing.

IRA E. LONG.

"And I will bless thee and make thy name great and thou shalt be a blessing."

MANY and varied are the ideas prevalent as to what constitutes greatness, and many persons in an effort to make a great name have made shipwreck of their lives because of an improper understanding of what true greatness really is.

Many apparently think that greatness consists in having a name in the financial, social or political world. This is as erroneous as it would be to base Abraham's greatness entirely upon the fact that he was the possessor of much wealth in flocks and herds. We must not forget that Solomon has said that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and any life that has not this principle for its foundation, whatever its attainments, is so far from being great as to be classed as an absolute failure.

In the text the Lord says *I* will bless thee and make thy name great, and any attempt to elevate ourselves without God must be unsuccessful as Christ has taught that "he that exalteth himself shall be abased." Abraham was blessed and his name made great because of his faith and obedience, and he has been known throughout the ages as the "friend of God," and as the father of the faithful he has been a blessing to uncounted multitudes of people. In all this he stands forth as a monument of God's power to bless and fulfill his promises.

Of all the blessings received from God, the greatest blessing that came to Abraham was in being made a blessing to his fellowmen.

The *real* blessing and true greatness are contained in a life of unselfish devotion to others. In this we approach most nearly to the Christ-life. Like Abraham we may be called to leave friends, country and all that heart holds dear, have our faith severely tried, meet many difficulties and disappointments, suffer privations for the sake of the Master, but the greater the sacrifice the greater the blessing; and the more we are blessed by God, the greater blessing we become to others. The supreme object of the Christian life should be to be made a blessing, and in order to attain to this we must give ourselves unreservedly into the hands of the Lord. Then may the prayer of our hearts at the dawning of each day be,—

"Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing,
I'll gladly thy message convey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul,
And make me a blessing to-day."

Thus through the rich grace of our Lord Jesus may we all be made a blessing.

Lima, Ohio.

EARLY PRAISE.

D. D. THOMAS.

Ere yet the sun has risen
To light up this new day,
My heart in praise is given
Unto thy blessed way.

Thy love hath kept me ever,
All through the silent night;
Though weak, thou didst not sever
This weakling from thy sight.

My body has been strengthened,
My mind been put at ease;
Though tears and toil are lengthened
I'm moved to sing thy praise.

My daily cross is lighter,
The lure 'gainst which I strove
So weak, that hope is brighter,—
And it was all thy love.

Herring, Ohio.

WHAT GOD WANTS.

Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me; the new moons and the Sabbaths, the calling of assemblies, I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting. * * * Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil; learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.—Isaiah 1: 13, 16, 17.

SUCH is the word of the Lord God of Hosts, as given to his people through the Prophet Isaiah. Hundreds of years later we find it reflected in the New Testament. True religion is to visit the fatherless and widows and to keep one's self unspotted from the world.

It is one of those things that never changes. It is as applicable to us as it was to the children of Judah three thousand years ago, or to the dwellers of Palestine in the days of Christ.

Before we can give God what he wants, we must rid ourselves of the idea that it is necessary to make a show of what we are doing. The deepest waters are those that run still. The richest gold is never on the surface. But because of false teachings, we have been led to believe that we must send our offerings to God

from splendid buildings and on plates of silver or gold.

The fact is that these attributes are not needed at all. They have served their time and place. When men and women were ignorant it was necessary to have something to attract them and hold them together. But we have left ignorance behind. We have come to a place where we ought to be clear-sighted enough to perceive the need for churches built of human hearts instead of hewed stones—organizations held together by a great desire to do and to be what is right and to go out into the world and actively help in the bettering of conditions.

This is what God wants, according to his own word. This is what he should have from men.—*Philadelphia North American.*

BIBLES FOR NEW YORK HOTEL.

THE proprieter of a newly-furnished New York City hotel has given an order to a publishing house for two hundred Bibles. "I have been hearing a lot lately," he said, "about hotel guests going wrong because there were no Bibles in their rooms. Several years ago it was the practice of many hotels to include a Bible in the list of necessary furniture. Gradually the people who were back of the enterprise lost interest and the books disappeared. It now seems that many persons, particularly commercial travelers, complain of missing them. Frequently they read a chapter before going to bed just to drive away the blues, but now they never get a chance to look inside a Bible. That being the case, it shall not be said that any man stopping at my house is driven to perdition for the want of a Bible."—*Exchange.*

CONSCIENCE.

WHETHER a man be born in pagan darkness, or in some corruption of revealed religion; whether he be the slave of some superstition, or is in possession of some portions of Scripture, in any case, he has within his breast a certain commanding dictate, not a mere sentiment, not a mere opinion, or impression, or view of things, but a law, an authoritive voice, bidding him to do certain things and avoid others. It is more than a man's self. The man himself has not power over it, or only with extreme difficulty; he did not make it, he can not destroy it. He may silence it in particular cases or directions; he may distort its enunciations; but he can not—or it is quite the exception if he can—he can not emancipate himself from it. He can disobey it, he may refuse to use it; but it remains. To those who use what they have, more is given. At the same time, the more a person tries to obey his conscience, the more he gets alarmed at himself for obeying it so imperfectly. His sense of duty will become more keen, and his perception of transgression more delicate; and he will understand more and more how many things he has to be forgiven. And the voice of conscience has nothing gentle, nothing of mercy in its tone. It is severe, and even stern.—*Cardinal Newman.*

TRUE RELIGION.

BUT herein precisely is the one right test of a religion. It is a false conception of the function of religion when men expect it to deal exclusively with the affairs of another world, more particularly if it be also hostile to efficiency in this one. The purpose of religion is to make better men. It is a true religion in the measure in which it accomplishes this; and while it is important that they be fitted for a future life, it is not less so that they be trained for the present. At last it is slowly dawning upon the world that these two kinds of training are really one; that men are fitted to survive when they have shown themselves fit to live.—*Exchange.*

ADVICE.

SELECTED BY EFFIE E. MILLER.

To my eyes: Look on the bright side—see all the beauties and be blind to the defects in the characters as well as in the personal appearance of all; turn yourselves inward upon my heart, and put to flight all impure desires.

To my ears: Listen well to the advice of all good people, but be deaf to the voice of evildoers. Accept the rebuke of a friend, but beware the flatterer's silver tongue. Record the good things said of all, but pay no heed to the backbiter's words.

To my tongue: Speak the truth at any cost. Be not given to sarcasm, and refrain from every sharp or unkind remark. Let all your words be chaste as if uttered for God's own ear. Seek occasion to speak words of encouragement where they are needed, and give praise where it is due. Sing praises unto God, for he has blest me more than I deserve.

To my hands: Be not ashamed to do any honest work. Do some kind deed for some one every day, and spurn to do anything that is tyrannical or ignoble.

To my feet: Willingly go where duty calls, and be quick to flee from forbidden paths. Carry me not to places of vice and wickedness, but take me where I may find companions to elevate, rather than degrade.

To my heart: Go forth to all mankind in love—that love that puts its arms around the sinner and leads him into the fold; that love which lifts the fallen, cheers the faint, and leads the blind; but leaves the soul unspotted from the world.

COURAGE is just strength of heart; and the strong heart makes itself felt everywhere and lifts up the whole of life, and ennobles it, and makes it move directly to its chosen aim.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

"TRIUMPH OVER TROUBLE."

THE world is full of trouble, and while some seem to have an extra amount of it, most people will protest that they have had "their share." Sleepless nights, broken hearts, and shortened lives are charged up to this specter which stalks in and out of our doors.

But with all this, there are a few people who calmly state that they do not know what trouble is. We open our eyes wide at the statement, because neither the youth of inexperience nor the devil-may-care of the reckless may be attributed to them. We know they have been where trouble is. What they mean, is that they have not sat with it at meals; they have not slept with it; they have not walked with it by the way; they have not admitted it into the meditative hour. In short they have so utterly disregarded its presence, as a despoiler, that they can well say they do not know what trouble is.

But this disregard does not argue that they have not foreseen what it might be and do if left to take its own way. They have recognized its banefulness, but they have placed it under their feet instead of on their shoulders, and so it has become a stepping-stone instead of a burden. It has sweetened the cup of life instead of making it more bitter. The wind of opposition has been made to fill the sails and speed the journey.

"How fragrant you are this morning!" said the gravel-walk. "Yes," said the mignonette; "I have been trodden upon and bruised, and it has brought forth all my sweetness." "But," said the gravel-walk, "I am trodden on every day, and I only grow harder."

Oh, is it not true in every place, that it is not the thing we meet that makes us or breaks us, but our attitude toward it? And trouble and sorrow are just as submissive to our will as those things which appear pleasant and attractive. To have them all serve us in the same way we need only look up and trust and never be afraid. Then the perfume of our lives, come it from happiness or sorrow, will rise as sweet incense to the One who has given both for our perfection and his glory.

THE TIPPING SYSTEM.

WHILE most of the readers of the INGLENOOK may not be as well acquainted with the tipping system as some classes, they at least know enough about it to be able to see the evil connected with it, or rather the evil that the thing itself is. However, our acquaintance with the evil is not so extended but that one is loath to give credence to some of the examples, showing to what lengths the shameless workers of the system go in their efforts to extract the desired sum from their victim.

Travelers in the East have never failed to give us some idea of the disgust they feel toward a large class among the inhabitants of those countries who follow them from one end of the land to the other with outstretched hand, begging for backsheesh. But when one looks into the tipping system in his own country he is impressed with the feeling that the one custom is not many removes from the other, with the difference, perhaps, in favor of the one who begs outright instead of hiding behind a veil of respectability.

Our boasted democratic independence has become so narrowed down in meaning and applicability to modern America that many know nothing about it, except as they see it in print when some writer allows his patriotism to run away with his reason in comparing our country with others. The fact is, one class shows its sensibility by engaging in this system of begging, which is rather a kind of highway robbery, and the others show their enslavement by submitting to it.

The February *Everybody's* contains an article which gives one some idea of the growth and strength of this custom of tipping. We quote at random from this article which introduces the subject by accounting for the origin of the custom on this wise:

"Over a century ago the waiters in an English inn set up a small wooden box beside the entrance of the dinning hall as a receptacle for such small gratuities as guests might be inclined to donate in return for good service. On the box were placed the words, 'To Insure Promptness.'

"The practice was adopted in other hostelries but the sign was often abbreviated, only the first letter of each word being used, and so the box became generally known as the T. I. P. box. Thus originated the word that has such tremendous significance for every one who travels, who eats away from home, or who is the recipient of sundry small services.

"That the significance is tremendous can be proved by a very simple survey of the growth of the tipping evil and the estimate of the possibilities inherent in its continuance. Far from being speculative, these pos-

sibilities are already realized for the traveled American in the present condition in Europe. But there is this difference between these two continents. In Europe tipping is the outgrowth of deeply-rooted conditions of poverty and caste. In America tipping is a form of graft that is conducive to conditions of poverty and caste. And as these are abhorrent to the average American, the evil becomes at once a problem, the solution of which concerns every citizen."

After further discussing the extent and nature of the evil, the writer continues: "But it is in the nature of graft that the extorter has always in his turn to meet extortion. A waiter working in a Chicago hotel told me that unless he tipped the chef constantly, he got the wrong end of the joint, thus lessening his chance of pleasing his customer. Still another waiter complained of having to contribute part of his earnings to the cashier on pain, in case of refusal, of having his 'change' handed to him in such denominations as would make it inconvenient for the patron to give him the proper tip.

"It is not necessary to assume that waiters are as a class diliberately dishonest, such is not the case. But one cannot cling to the spokes of a moving wheel without losing one's sense of perspective; and many a waiter who would scorn to steal from his neighbor, condones these practices merely because they are the accepted way of the world.

"As the grade lowers, the courtesy that in the large hotels generally veils the waiter's anxious attitude disappears, and patrons are plainly given to understand that tipping is compulsory. I have seen waiters openly remonstrate with guests. I have seen them hold back change and then thank the patron effusively for his 'liberality.'

"The inevitable result of the practice must be the lowering of the general wage scale. Wages are a right. A tip is a charity. Tips destroy not only self-respect but wages—the point can scarcely be overemphasized. I have said that in one of the smartest hotels on Fifth avenue, where a tip is always expected, the waiters are paid $25 a month. On the other hand, in one of the best-known beaneries on Park Row, where tips are unthought of, the waiters receive $60 a month. It may be put down as an axiom that salaries decrease directly as the size of the tip."

"An effort to restore the wage-balance and the laborer's purity of conscience might come from several sources; most effectually, perhaps, from labor leaders, who might be able to create a sentiment gainst tip-taking that would be stronger than any law. It is of course true that organized labor is not responsible for unorganized bell-boys, and the pennies that may be flung to them. But there are cases where skilled mechanics, very deacons of their order, have stretched a willing palm for a distinctly unearned increment. A man who is capable of self-support, whether he be a waiter, a policeman, or a State senator, ought to feel disgraced by a 'tip.' Travelers, patrons of hotels, presidents of corporations should feel humiliated that they should be forced to pay them."

NOTICE!

For some time we have been thinking of making a change on the last page of the Inglenook. Just what the change might be which would serve our readers best we had not fully decided. Now a suggestion comes to us from an interested reader in Idaho which we think might be worked out on that page if the idea meets the approval of our readers. It is this: To have a page devoted to the favorite poems of our readers,—young and old. If you have poems that you would like to share with others, send them in; and if there are others you would like to add to your collection, call for them and we will try to secure them for that page. The page will be arranged so that the poems may be cut out without marring the other reading pages.

We said this department will be opened if it meets the approval of our readers. We had to put it that way because the success of it depends entirely on you and so of course the choice ought to be left to you. Now all who are in favor of the idea drop the Inglenook a card at once; or if you are opposed to it let us have your objections. In case you favor the idea, **on the same postal** write down the titles of as many poems as you can that you would like to have appear. The number of cards received and the number of poems asked for will determine largely whether it will be wise to open such a department.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

The grime that had collected over the man's nature during his years of wandering had been cast aside, and his character again stood out brave and kindly. —*Mary I. Senseman.*

Even the child owns the hills and woods where it plucks sweet-scented flowers.—*N. J. Miller.*

By "good works" Jesus meant that we deny ourselves; instead of pleasing ourselves that we please others.—*Elizabeth Rosenberger.*

I have a good mother and I wouldn't disobey her to please you or any other boy; and then, besides mother and myself, God would know it.—*Ida M. Helm.*

Envy is an outgrowth of selfishness and springs from the love-destroying elements of pride, deceit and covetousness.—*Richard Seidel.*

And now, since winter is here again with its own special offerings, let us welcome it as a choice gift of the new year and it will in its turn give us some of life's richest blessings.—*Jennie Taylor.*

The language one uses is a faithful part of this index. How one speaks to his equal, his superior, or inferior, determines his character to an extent.—*Grace Longanecker.*

My daily cross is lighter,
The lure 'gainst which I strove
So weak, that hope is brighter,—
And it was all thy love.
—D. D. Thomas.

The real blessing and true greatness are contained in a life of unselfish devotion to others.—*Ira E. Long.*

ECHOES·FROM·EVERYWHERE

As the result of letting bees sting him on an arm swollen with rheumatism R. I. Young, of Harrisburg, Pa., is said to be improving. In the interest of science he consented to permit the state zoologist to apply the treatment.

A SILVER dollar from Savannah, Ga., reached the addressee in Washington a few days ago, having on one side of the silver piece a postage stamp, on the other the address written on a small piece of paper which was pasted on the other side of the dollar.

LATEST reports say that Zion City is to be abandoned by Voliva and his following, and a new Zion City founded, probably on the Pacific coast. Dr. Dowie and his creditors will be left to fight out the question of supremacy over the city built under his leadership.

THE Steel Trust is preparing to drain Trout lake, near Grand Rapids, Minn., at a cost of $2,000,000, because water from the lake leaks into the shafts of the Canisteo mine, making it necessary to work the pumps day and night. A deep canal will be necessary to carry the water into Swan river.

BECAUSE of the increasing difficulty in getting men for the various branches of its service, the Pennsylvania railroad has raised the age limit from thirty-five to forty-five years, the former figure having been established when the pension system went into effect in 1900. It is presumed that other railroads will follow suit.

ASSISTANT SURGEON GENERAL HARVARD, of the army, has recommended that tea be substituted for coffee in the army subsistence, thus following the practice of the English, Russian and Japanese armies. Colonel Harvard is satisfied that tea is superior to coffee; because it is easier to transport, preserve and prepare, and can be drunk without any disagreeable after-effects.

THE average daily supply of water delivered to London from the Thames river during August last was 138,599,861 gallons; from the Lea, 42,085,000 gallons; from springs and wells, 67,077,451 gallons; from ponds at Hampstead and Highgate, 3,000 gallons; making a daily total of 247,765,312 gallons for a population estimated at 6,840,367, or a daily consumption per head of 36.22 gallons.

A GERMAN scientist recently found at Cairo, Egypt, some parchment containing writing in the Nubian language—a language still spoken but which long since ceased to be written. Two of the fragments are a translation of Christian works. The first consists of extracts from the New Testament and the second of a hymn to the cross. There are frequent references to St. Paul. These manuscripts are thought to date from the eighth century A. D.

THE present immigration laws and the still more restrictive measures which are before the present session of congress were strongly condemned recently by Dr. S. Hirschberg, of Emanuel temple, Milwaukee. He does not advocate the doing away with all restrictions, but he maintains that the property qualification and illiteracy test work both individual and national injury. He advocates letting each individual stand upon his own merits, and be judged for what he is rather than what his race is.

MOHAMMED ALI MIRZA was crowned Shah of Persia, Jan 19, ascending the famous Peacock throne of solid gold, set with jewels, in the palace at Teheran In the presence of foreign diplomats and court dignitaries, the Prime Minister placed the crown upon the monarch's head, while the chief Mullah intoned slowly from the Koran. The Shah's second son has been chosen heir apparent. The city was gaily illuminated at night and the people made merry. The date of the funeral of the late ruler was yet to be announced.

AMONG the many new electrical household utensils, the electric corn popper is one of the daintiest. By making connection with the electric light socket, the children can pop corn on the parlor table all day without the least danger or harm. The device consists of a double aluminum vessel holding about a quart, with the heating units concealed underneath. A wire cover keeps the kernels from flying out on the floor. The popper is mounted on two small rubber-tired wheels, making it easily shaken, and the whole is moved with a short wooden handle.

THE candle nut which grows in the Pacific islands is so named, it is said, because the kernels are so full of oil that when dried they can be stuck on reeds and used as candles. In Hawaii the nuts are roasted and the kernels reduced to a paste, which, when flavored with pepper and salt, is said to make an appetizing dish. The husk of the nut and the gum which exudes from the tree have medicinal values and the burned shell makes an indelible ink with which tattooing is done.

THE Kingston, Jamaica, disaster has revealed a very peculiar character in the person of the governor of the island, Sir Alexander Swettenham. Soon after the earthquake and its attendant horrors when help was needed on every hand he asked Admiral Davis and his men, of the United States navy, who were rendering valuable assistance to the inhabitants, to withdraw from the island. Now it is said more light is thrown on his character in the fact that he refuses to see leading citizens who are anxious to proceed with plans to restore the city. There is no organization whatever in the work now being done.

WIRE-GLASS a glass with wire netting imbedded in it is used extensively to protect against burglars as it cannot be cut through without making a noise. It also has fine fireproof qualities, as some forms of it are said to stand 1700 degrees of heat for half an hour at a time. When the heat of a conflagration first begins to play on it the glass will crackle but the wire holds it together and keeps the flame from passing through. When it melts almost to the running point a stream of water played upon it will cause it to solidify immediately.

THE 1907 official Catholic directory, published in Milwaukee, places the Catholic population of the United States at 13,089,353, which is an increase of 437,309 over the previous year. The number of clergymen increased to 15,093, and there were 334 new Catholic churches established, making a total of 12,148 churches. There are eighty-six ecclesiastical seminaries with 5,697 students, and 40,364 parochial schools, with an attendance of 1,096,842. The hierarchy now consists of the papal delegate, one cardinal, fourteen archbishops and eighteen abbots. There are 11,135 secular priests and 3,958 in the forty-five different orders.

DR. KALAYAMA, a Japanese scientist, is said to have invented a method for preparing vegetable milk from soy beans which abound in China and Japan. The beans are boiled and then pressed, the extracted liquid resembling cow's milk in appearance but differing in composition. In this bean juice is water, protein, fat, fiber, nonnitrogenous substances and ash. To the juice the inventor adds a little sugar and phosphate of potash, the latter to counteract the formation of albumen. Then he condenses the mixture. The milk thus prepared is of a yellowish color and is pleasant to the palate, tasting somewhat like cow's milk with a slight flavor of soy beans. It can be produced at far less cost than condensed cow's milk, it is claimed.

THE filing of plans for the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, at Twenty-third street, between Madison and Fourth avenues, New York, indicates that this will be the highest business structure in the world, and second only to the Eiffel Tower itself. The base of the tower will rest on the corner formerly occupied by Dr. Parkhurst's Madison Square Church, and will be 75x58 feet. The top will be 658 feet from the street and 690 feet from the foundation. The clock face in the tower will be 346 feet above the sidewalk. The building, when completed will cover the entire block bounded by Madison and Fourth avenues, and Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth streets. It will contain a floor area of twenty-five acres. The next highest structure in New York will be the tower of the Singer building, at Broadway and Liberty street, which will be 593 feet. The Washington monument is 555 feet, the Philadelphia City Hall, 547; the Cologne Cathedral, 515; the Pyramid of Cheops, 486; the Antwerp Cathedral, 476; the Strasburg Cathedral, 474.

PROF. H. C. PARKER, of the Physics Department of Columbia, and Walter G. Clark, an electrical engineer, have announced the success of their experiments to find a better medium than carbon for electrical lamps. They say they have a substance, which they have named helion, composed largely of silicon, but containing some other ingredients not mentioned. The mixture is deposited from gas on a thread of carbon. To prove its superiority, they turned an electric current into two bulbs attached to the same wire. One was the ordinary sixteen-candlepower carbon filament, and the other of the same size, but supplied with the helion filament. A slight flow of electricity that made the carbon lamp appear as a dull red wire, produced in the new bulb a white light that you could read by. As the current was increased, the old light changed from red to yellow and increased in brilliance until it reached sixteen candlepower, while the helion light went to forty candlepower. The latter would stand much more overloading than the former and is expected to last twice as long, besides operating with much less current. Helion is not a metal and can be manufactured in unlimited quantities, but is more expensive to make than carbon filament at present.



"BLESS EVERYBODY."

A curly head bowed on my knee,
A little form all clad in white,
Two dimpled hands clasped reverently—
And God receives the last "Good-night!"
No hour so solemn, none so sweet,
No scene of innocence so fair
As this, when Faith and Childhood meet
And know each other in a prayer.

Not blessings born of men she asks—
Petitions for herself alone—
Not countless treasures, easy tasks,
A harvest reaped, though nothing sown;
Not happiness nor length of days,
Nor peace nor pleasure is the plea—
Not even for a mother's praise,
However sweet it seems to be.

For those she loves this little child
In tender accents intercedes,
As if our hearts were reconciled
To make contentment of our needs.
A blessing on each one of kin,
And then—Love's banner all unfurl'd,
As if to take Creation in—
"Bless everybody in the world!"

Bless all the world? O gentle heart,
That throbs not with one selfish thrill,
That isolates no soul apart,
Forebodes no living creature ill;
The incense from thy altar place
High in the clouds is wreathed and curl'd,
To bear the message of thy grace
To "everybody in the world!"

—W. P. H., in Ohio Magazine.

HE WAS A MANLY BOY.

IDA M. HELM.

"HELLO there, Thomas! Get your skates and come along with us; this is a capital day for skating, the ice is as smooth as glass and we will have a jolly time. Mrs. Peterson, the woman that lives in the little house by the pond, is going to give us a rousing good dinner. You know from last year's experience what a stunner she is at getting up a good dinner, so hurry up."

"I guess I do know what a good cook she is and I have just been longing to go skating, but wait till I run in and tell mother," replied Thomas, and he started swiftly over the hard-crusted snow toward the house. But when he reached the porch he turned around and started slowly back toward the place where John Flick, Hal Sherpey and Jack Rowe were waiting for him. "I can't go," said he, "mother is going to wash to-day and I promised her that I would take care of little Violet."

"O pshaw, come with us and let Violet take care of herself," said Jack.

"I can't do it, because I promised mother," said Thomas.

"Come on, what if you did promise your mother. She'll take care of Violet, and a little scolding won't hurt. Taking care of babies is woman's work. I do as I please. I'm glad I'm not tied to my mother's apron string," said John.

"I like to help my mother and to amuse my little sister. If I would break my promise to mother and go off with you boys to skate I would be ashamed to go home this evening, and even if she wouldn't scold one bit I would know I had grieved her and she would look sad, and that would hurt more than if she would scold or whip me."

"Whew! but you are a good boy and you must have a good mother. If I would disobey *my* mother she would say she was going to skin me and she would fly around like a house afire. Well, good-bye, muzzer's 'ittle girl," sneered Hal.

Then Thomas straightened himself up and said, "All right, Hal; I have a good mother and I wouldn't disobey her to please you or any other boy, and then, besides mother and myself, God would know it. Then he turned and walked back to the house and the three other boys gave a merry shout as they started toward the pond.

Emerson wrote, "One ruddy drop of manly blood, the surging sea outweighs." Thomas had never read these lines but there certainly is manly blood flowing in his veins. In his boyhood days he is forming habits that if continued will crystallize into the formation of a true character, and a true character is worth more than all the wealth of the sea.

All the forenoon Thomas busied himself entertaining his little sister and occasionally he would go to the window and look wistfully toward the pond where he knew the boys were enjoying themselves in their favorite sport. This is a tiptop day for skating, but I wouldn't break my promise to mother nor disobey

her for the grandest dinner, the finest skates nor the smoothest ice pond in the world, he mentally said.

While he was thus stoutly taking a firm stand for the right, the tears kept pushing themselves out at the corners of his eyes in spite of all his efforts to keep them back, finally he said to himself, I don't care if it is hard, it's the right way. Mother does hard things lots of times. Aunt Jane says, "Be sure you are right then go ahead." I'm sure I'm right and I am going to go right ahead. Then it suddenly occurred to him that his mother had always been his confident in everything, so taking Violet in his arms he went across the hall into the washroom and told her all about his temptation and how he had decided to obey her and keep his promise.

He never knew how glad she really was but he did know that she was pleased and that there was a suspicion of tears in her eyes as she listened while he told her of the struggle he had with the temptation to go skating with the boys, and she promised him that she would get the very best supper that she knew how to prepare and that he might go to the city with his father in the new sleigh the next day.

In the afternoon Thomas took his little sled and went out back of the barn to coast and it seemed to him it was the finest coasting time he had ever known. Did he realize that the pleasure he felt came from a knowledge of having done right?

It is by being faithful to the right and doing the hard things that come in our way that we grow stronger to meet the next trial and master it. It is ennobling to have confidence in one's self, to feel in your own soul that your thoughts, words and acts are being given for the right and with charity and good will for all, and that what is good for us and makes glad our own hearts, would be good for and make glad the hearts of all people. To adore God and to love our neighbor and to fill our own small niche in the immensity of creation as the Creator directs. To be obedient to the Great Captain, like the Spartan boy who as he stood with his sword raised to strike the deadly blow, heard the command from his captain to stop, and instantly he sheathed his sword and dropped his hand to his side.

If we ever stand firm for the right and are obedient to the God who gave us life, even if we must stand alone,—

"He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky the lone bird's flight,
In the long way that we must tread alone,
Will lead our steps aright."

Ashland, Ohio.

THE HOME INFLUENCE.

John Ruskin, in counting up the blessings of his childhood, reckoned these three for first good: Peace. He had been taught the meaning of peace in thought, act and word; had never heard father's or mother's voice once raised in any dispute, nor seen an angry glance in the eyes of either, nor had ever seen a moment's trouble or disorder in any household matter. Next to this he esteemed obedience; he obeyed a word or lifted finger of father or mother as a ship her helm, without an idea of resistance. And, lastly, faith; nothing was ever promised him that was not given, nothing ever threatened him that was not inflicted, and nothing ever told him that was not true. It is not strange that such home training went to the making of a great character.

ALMONDS.

Perhaps you have noticed how much more easily some almonds are cracked and opened by merely crushing two together in your hand, while the shells of others need a sharp blow or nut-cracker. Also how some are long, slender, and "paper-shelled," others almost round with a thick shell and tiny holes all over, as if made by pins. So there are several kinds, you see.

The almond tree was first known in Barbary, which is in Asia, also in China. It is now grown in the south of Europe in large quantities and sent to all the northern countries, also in California; but the trees do not bear as many or as good nuts as in the warmer countries.

In England the almond tree is grown for its beauty only. It grows to the height of twenty feet, has spreading branches, beautiful foliage, and pretty white flowers, on some trees red flowers, of five petals, much like our peach blossom. The long slender almonds used by confectioners are called Jordan almonds. They come from Malaga in Spain. Spaniards make a delicious paste of these nuts, adding a light dusting of cinnamon over each cake.

The bitter almond is still another kind. It is carefully used as a flavor, a perfume, and in medicine. Too much is poisonous even to cattle if they eat the leaves.

The little pistachio nut is also a variety of almond, very small, but of delicate flavor, much in use in all kinds of confectionary and creams. It is of a light green color.

The peach, plum, and cheery are near relations to the almonds, own cousins in fact. They grow fat and juicy all around their nut or seed, while the almond grows thin, until its outer skin, or shell, dries, cracks, and drops off.

The family name of the almond, peach, plum, and cherry is not pretty or easily remembered. If you can remember that they are all of one family it is perhaps enough, without calling them the *Amygdaleæ*. —*Selected.*

THE APOLOGIZING HABIT AND ITS CURE.

THE apologizing habit. Is any trait of our fellow man or woman quite so distressing as a bad case of this particular malady? It is only less annoying than family skeletons brought out in public. And the cure? Well, the best one is a good dose of apologies from another chronic apologist. Said a bright woman the other day:

"I kept on making apologies for real or imaginary causes until I chanced to be the guest of a woman who went so far beyond what I had attained in that line that it occurred to me I was in a fair way of making my friends as uncomfortable as she unconsciously did me.

"This woman was an ideal housekeeper and one of the best cooks; but not a meal did I enjoy of her serving, because of uncalled for apologies.

"'I forgot to salt my bread, and it is so tasteless that it is not fit to eat; I am afraid you cannot make out your supper.'

"I made haste to say that I had not noticed the omission, and assured her that her cooking never called for excuses. She would accuse me of trying to flatter her, and would continue to apologize, until at the end of the meal, I felt as if I had swallowed a stone instead of perfectly cooked food.

"Observation has taught me that guests, as a rule, do not see what in the eyes of the hostess seems to call for apology. I recently called upon a woman of culture, and was greatly enjoying her vivid account of her trip abroad, when she suddenly came to pause, and, in a shocked tone, exclaimed, 'The maid neglected to dust the piano! Why, I could write my name upon it!' Then, seeing through her eyes the beautiful scenery mine had never rested upon, I was called back to the drudgery of life, when the truth was that my back was toward the piano, and so I should but for the apology, have remained in ignorance of the neglect of the maid. The call, which might have been wholly interesting, ended in complaints.

"The most enduring lesson came to me from one who, under the most trying circumstances, refrained from making any apologies. This sensible woman at that time I did not count as a friend, though I had long known her as a gifted personality, and had once the pleasure of entertaining her in my home, when she was a delegate to a convention. Finding myself in her home city, I thought I would call upon her. When I halted before the house I saw such an obstruction of plaster and debris that I was about to turn back, but a workman near the open door said: 'If you are looking for Mrs. A, I will call her.'

"'Oh, don't exclaimed I, thinking 'not at home' would be the result; but the man evidently knew the woman he was working for. He bounded off, and an instant later the lady appeared at the back door of the parlors, which were being replastered, and with a warm welcome written on her face exclaimed, 'This isn't the sort of reception you gave me, but I am delighted to see you anyhow.' And then, when I was drawn into a room overcrowded with furniture, what cared I for lack of order, in view of such a welcome?

"I had expected to go back to the hotel for lunch, but I forgot to note the flight of time as I conversed with the woman who was superior to trying circumstances; and never shall I forget how, with a roguish smile she reminded me that it was lunch time by putting this query, 'My dear, do you like hasty pudding and milk?' When I unthinkly responded in the affirmative, she exclaimed, 'Then you must share my lunch with me, for otherwise I shall be alone. Now, don't make excuses for you are doing me a real kindness to stay.' I could not resist the invitation, which was evidently so heartfelt; and from that visit and simple meal dates a friendship which has extended over long years, cemented at a time when almost any housekeeper would have excused herself from seeing anyone.

"In fact, so easily and unobtrusively does the habit grow that freedom from it under given circumstances may often be taken for an evidence of thoroughly good breeding."—*Cleveland Leader.*

A FAMOUS COOK AND HER SECRET.

MAGGIE, the late Senator Hanna's cook, was famous for a simple and often despised dish, corned beef hash. Many tributes have been given to her by distinguished guests of the late senator. In *Leslie's Weekly* is given the recipe as Maggie gave it to a reporter:

Not at all averse to sharing her precious secret of hash-making, Mary smiled skeptically at any mention of her fame, and she said that any person who had lived in Ireland knew how to make Irish hash. Nevertheless, as the following will prove, few Americans, Irish or otherwise, make it as she does. According to her recipe, one puts into the pan a good-sized lump of butter, and, when the pan is hot, adds, according to the members of the family, the desired quantity of finely-choppped corned beef, and lets it heat. The original part comes in the treatment of the potatoes which are freshly baked, scooped out from the skins while hot, and added to the beef. The mixture is seasoned with salt, pepper, a dash of nutmeg and a dash of onion juice, moistened with chicken broth or beef stock, and served piping hot. The concoction is simple and delicious.

SWEEPING CARPETS.

HERE is a hint from the head clerk of a big hotel at a popular Indiana health resort. We know the germs that lurk in the dust, and how disagreeable, as well as unhealthy it is to inhale it while sweeping.

Now the way the carpet sweepers at this resort keep down the dust while wielding the broom, is to wet newspapers, wring them out slightly and tearing them into small pieces, scatter them all over the surface they are going to sweep. The little dampening brightens the carpets without injuring them in the least, and the moist paper effectually keeps down the dust, or at lest the greater portion of it, by catching it on itself. The paper is then burnt, which is the quickest and neatest way of getting rid of it. When Brussels carpets have become somewhat dingy, the water in which the paper is wet might have a little turpentine added to it, as it has a refreshing and brightening effect, and has a tendency to keep the carpet free of insects and moths.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

WHO WAS SALLY LUNN?

Every one knows what a Sally Lunn is, but few people have any idea how this particularly nice kind of tea cake got its name. Sally Lunn was a Bath celebrity, who kept a cake shop which was a favorite resort of both youth and age in the old west country town.

Sally originally carried out her cakes, morning and evening, in a basket with a white cover. Later on her small shop in Lilliput Alley became a favorite haunt, and Dalmer, a baker and muscian, seeing that it was a very good thing, bought the business, composed a song, and set it to music. This song became a popular street ditty, barrows were used to distribute the now celebrated cakes, and Dalmer finally retired on the profits of the business.—*Selected.*

Read this to the Little Ones

AUNT CARRIE'S ILLUSTRATION.

"I'd like to know what has become of my cap," said Teddy Brown, giving the closet door an impatient slam, as though it were in some way responsible. "I've looked everywhere for it, and it isn't there."

"I think," said Teddy's mother, speaking with calm assurance in spite of Teddy's statement, "that you will find it just where you left it. You know, Teddy, I put a special hook for your cap, but it doesn't seem to do any good, does it? You'll just have to hunt it up, that's all. I can't stop to look for it."

Just then the door opened, and Alice, Fred, and little Hal, accompanied by two of the neighbor children, came into the room, their eyes glistening and cheeks aglow as the result of a frolic they had been having on the lawn.

"Why don't you come out and play, Teddy?" asked Alice. "We've been having such fun. Haven't we, Fred?"

"I can't find my cap," said Teddy, looking vexed and disconsolate. "You haven't seen it anywhere, have you?"

"No," Alice replied.

"I haven't seen it, either," volunteered Fred. Little Hal felt that the blame had, therefore, been shifted upon him.

"I don't know where it is," he stoutly protested. "Really I don't."

"What is it that's lost?" asked Aunt Carrie, who had just come into the room, and had overheard the latter part of the conversation.

"Teddy's cap," said Alice.

"What, again!" asked Aunt Carrie, in astonishment. "That makes the fifth time this week, doesn't it? Now, let me see. I believe I did see your cap somewhere a very short time ago, Teddy. I think, yes, that's where it was, behind the sofa in the sitting room. I found it there when I moved the things to clear up the room. I think you'll find it on the table now."

"O, yes," said Teddy, with a surprising return of memory. "That's just where I put it. Laid it on the sofa. I suppose it fell down."

"Before you go out to play," said Aunt Carrie, when Teddy had brought his cap, "I would like to ask you to do something for me if you will."

"What is it?" asked Teddy, curious to know what she wanted.

Aunt Carrie told Teddy she would like to have him hold the palms of his hands together and arms out straight. Taking a spool of basting thread from the pocket of her sewing apron, she wound the thread about Teddy's wrists, drawing it tightly.

"See if you can break it," she said.

Teddy made a tremendous effort, and when he found that he was able to break the thread a smile of satisfaction and triumph lighted up his face.

Then Aunt Carrie wound the thread about his wrists again, twice this time instead of once, but Teddy succeeded in freeing his hands again.

"Well done," said Aunt Carrie, winding the thread about Teddy's wrist a great many times, and fastening it, after which she told him he might break the threads again.

"I can't," said Teddy, looking very sheepish when he took in the situation. Indeed, Teddy looked so very helpless and woebegone that Aunt Carrie and the children could not help laughing at him just a little.

"Now, let me tell you," said Aunt Carrie, "what it is that I would like to impress upon you all. It is this: Habits are very hard to break; for they are made up of separate acts, just as Teddy's hands are held together by means of separate threads."—*Round Table.*



THE RURAL LIFE

TELL HER SO.

SELECTED BY S. A. MILLER.

Amid the cares of married life,
In spite of toil and business strife,
If you value your sweet wife,
Tell her so.

Prove to her you don't forget
The bond to which the seal is set;
She's of life's sweets the sweetest yet;
Tell her so.

When days are dark and deeply blue
She has her troubles, same as you,
Show her that your love is true,
Tell her so.

There was a time you thought it bliss
To get the favor of one kiss;
A dozen now won't come amiss,
Tell her so.

Your love for her is no mistake,—
You feel it, dreaming or awake,
Don't conceal it, for her sake,
Tell her so.

Don't act, if she has passed her prime,
As though to please her were a crime,
If e'er you loved her now's the time,
Tell her so.

She'll return for each caress
An hundredfold of tenderness,—
Hearts like hers were made to bless,
Tell her so.

You are hers and hers alone,
Well you know she's all your own,
Don't wait to carve it on a stone,
Tell her so.

Never let your heart grow cold,
Richer beauties will unfold,
She is worth her weight in gold,
Tell her so.

Long Beach, Cal.

INTENSIVE VERSUS EXTENSIVE FARMING.

S. Z. SHARP.

BEFORE the civil war the tendency was toward extensive farming. Each farmer tried to get as much land as possible. Many of the most successful ones added farm to farm until they had ten or more. In the South in the palmy *ante bellum* days when cotton was king and slaves performed all menial labor, many of the rich planters lived like princes. It is said that General Wade Hampton had at one time even one thousand slaves who cultivated his many thousand acres of land. Lord Scully owned thousands of acres in Illinois, Kansas and perhaps other states. In northern Texas where it was estimated that it required twenty acres to support one steer and where syndicates owned as many as twenty-five thousand head of cattle, it is easy to estimate the size of cattle ranches.

In western Kansas where steam plows were used and fifty acres were plowed in a day, the mode of farming could truthfully be called *extensive*. The same could be said of the Dalrymple Brothers of North Dakota who sowed as many as thirty thousand acres of wheat per year. In California, too, there were large holdings, larger even than some of the principalities of Europe. One man began to plow on the first day of September with steam plows and sow wheat continuously until the first day of March when he had ten thousand acres sowed. Then when harvest came he hitched thirty-two horses to his large harvester, cut, threshed, and sacked his wheat at one operation. That, too, was extensive farming.

Not many years ago Uncle Sam proposed to give every man a farm who wanted one and one time he parceled out millions of acres in a single day in the State of Oklahoma. We have now come to a sudden change. No large tracts of land will ever again be opened to settlement as there were once in Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma. Uncle Sam has no more large territory in one body to give away. In order that the large and increasing population may get homes, something else must be devised. The large plantations of the South are being divided into smaller ones. Parents having many farms are dividing them among their children. The large cattle ranches have mostly been cut into smaller ones for farming purposes. A sixty-eight thousand acre cattle ranch in California on which now the town of Laton is located and where many of our Brethren have settled, is being sold off in ten, twenty, and forty-acre lots. On lands adjoining this tract there are a number of happy homes on five-acre tracts and the owners make a comfortable living.

Since the general government can no more give hundred and sixty acre farms on large prairies, it has begun to irrigate the rich mountain valleys of the great west and has limited each settler to forty acres of land. These tracts are again being cut into ten or twenty acre pieces. The mode of farming these smaller tracts is entirely changed and called *intensive cul-*

tivation. By this method a large population can be accommodated on a small territory and large sums of money can be made on a few acres.

To illustrate the differences in the result of *extensive* and *intensive* farming, take for example this illustration: In Pennsylvania and westward to Kansas, farmers raise from half a ton to two tons of hay per acre per season, and from five to twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre per season. Here in Colorado and other western States where intensive farming is employed, we raise from five to ten tons of hay per acre and as high as seventy bushels of wheat and a hundred bushels of oats per acre. To obtain the best results by intensive farming, the kinds of crops are somewhat different from those raised in the east and south. Here alfalfa, fruit, potatoes, sugar beets, cantaloupes, onions, beans, etc., are raised. In localities especially adapted to the raising of peaches, the amount realized per acre is almost fabulous and the price of land per acre is high in the same proportion. Raw land, selling from $200.00 to $300.00 per acre, while the best orchards in full bearing will bring as high as $2,000.00 per acre and the interest on the money invested is still large.

Early writers of political economy, holding to what is called the Malthusian theory, tell us that the time will come when the population of the earth will be so large that the products can no longer support it, but by intensive farming,—

"When every rood supports a man,"

that period will be in the far distant future. Then Texas alone will be able to support more than fifty millions of people.

Fruita, Colo.

FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

While many of the Nook readers are enjoying sledding and having frozen toes and biting ears, we are having weather that would compare favorably with May up north. In our gardens we have growing at present, cabbage, beets, onions, lettuce, spinach, carrots, turnips, etc. Have also been having ripe strawberries, and stalks are still loaded with green ones and blossom.

This has been the mildest winter we have spent anywhere and is our ninth winter here. Previous to our coming here we spent thirteen years in dear old Florida.

We had our first killing frost Dec. 13, and a few nights ice as thick as a common window pane. Some of our early peach trees are in blossom, while a few have small peaches; but they (the trees) are like some people, they are too fast or too smart, as we are likely to have cold enough between now and March 1 to freeze them.

Well, ye Nookers in the frozen zone, come and see our winter and see the many toothsome things we can have growing all the year round.

Roanoke, La., Jan. 11, '07.

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

No. VII. In the Pork-Cutting Room.

When the sides of pork have served their term in the chillroom, and are in proper condition, such as are designed for hams, shoulders, side pork, bacon, etc., are sent to the cutting room. Of the various stages in the preparation of meat and meat products, here is one of the most interesting, for each man on duty here is a regular machine in himself, so silently and so very accurately does he do his work.

Still hanging upon trucks and suspended from overhead railings, the sides are fed into this room by the dozen, aggregating from several hundred to as many thousand in a day. Ever since the moment they were snatched so unceremoniously from their feet by the revolving wheel, they have been moved from place to place upon trucks but that mode of transit ends here. For no sooner have they been pushed in than they are unshackled and dropped upon a moving table where the cutting process begins. To one side of the table a single workman removes all the hams, a helper passing them further on to a trimmer. On the other side a helper places the remaining side and shoulder in a position at right angles to the first position, and hardly has removed his hands before the heavy cleaver, in the hands of his neighbor to the right, has fallen and with generally a single powerful stroke has severed side and shoulder from each other. Both pieces are moved on by mere helpers, the shoulder to a band-saw operator, who removes the foot and trims the remaining part; the side to a second moving table where it passes through the various processes of removing the rib-piece (an arched draw-knife is used), trimming the edges, cutting into proper lengths and at last flattening between heavy rollers. The hams are likewise trimmed, and finally hams, shoulders, sides, backs, ribs, etc., form a constant stream down separate chutes which convey them into the cellars where they are to be put into pickle or into dry salt. In the center of the trimming tables there moves an endless belt which conveys the trimmings to separate compartments where the lean and fat are separated preparatory to the manufacture of sausage and lard.

At various points you see steam arising. It comes from pails of hot water into which the butchers place their knives, steels and cleavers after every ten or twelve strokes, for the cold lard clogs them as it were, making them thick, tenacious and without edge, so they will not cut.

You remark how little the men speak to one another as if each was of a different nationality, which is often the case; or how little they look about. The meat comes just so fast, and it must be taken care of, and a false move on the part of any one may lead to a frightful injury to himself or a fellow-worker.

You also wonder why the women who trim the odds and ends work so swiftly. They are paid by the pound, and often when these odds and ends are trimmed, lasting but a few hours each day, their day's work is done and sometimes only a few cents have been earned as a day's wages.

Here, as in other parts of the industry, each man or woman does a single small part, the learning of which took only a few hours, and so he is simply one of a hundred machines which do the work of a vast industry.

TO PREVENT PEELING OF FRUIT-TREES.

H. M. SHERFY.

I SAW in the columns of the INGLENOOK someone wanting to know what would prevent rabbits from peeling fruit trees. Here is my recipe: Save the blood from hogs that are butchered and wash the trees with the blood. I will guarantee they will not touch the trees. It must be kept up nearly every year.

Telford, Tenn.

JUST THINK.

THE artist who, when asked how he mixed his paints, replied, "with brains," has been quoted until the saying so full of wit and wisdom is hackneyed, but the truth which lies in those two words is immortal. There is no occupation, however humble, that does not gain dignity and worth by being mixed with brains. The head can save the muscles much wear and tear, if it is trained to do its part. We are all inclined to fall into ruts and blindly follow the beaten path, without considering whether a short-cut would not be a saving of time and steps.

A farmer I know dodged a post which stood in the passageway between the house and barn for twenty years or more. The post was there when he bought the place, and he accepted it as a matter of course, although when he passed it with a milkpail in each hand or an armful of wood, it put him to great inconvenience.

One day his son-in-law, who was visiting him said, "Father, why do you have that post here in the way? It does not support anything, and it is a nuisance here in this narrow passage."

Before the older man could reply, the son-in-law took up the ax which was lying near and knocked the offending post out of the path.

"Well, I declare," said the father, "I have knocked against that post by night and dodged it by day these twenty years, just because it had always been there and I didn't think of removing it."

The same farmer had been urged for years by his wife and daughter to have the water from the well in the yard brought into the house, but he raised all sorts of bug-bears and felt sure in his own mind that it could not be done.

He went away from home a few days on business, and when he returned his first thought was of the water pail which always stood near the sink.

"Where is the pail?" he asked, "I must go to the well and fill it."

"Try the pump," said the daughter.

Then he noticed, for the first time, that instead of going to the water, brains had brought the water to him, and no one in the family took more pride in the new pump than did the master of the house who had always maintained that such a convenience was impracticable.

I know another man who for nearly a lifetime allowed his family to travel through summer rains and winter snows a long path around the north side of his sheds and barn to feed the hens, and never realized how much unnecessary hardship he was forcing upon them, until a heavy wind blew the fence between the cowyard and henhouse down one night and revealed to him a short and sheltered way between the two points, which needed only a gate toward the south instead of the north, to save the family all the steps and exposure they had been subjected to for years.

Another family had the barnyard facing the sitting-room windows, when a little thought would have thrown it back behind the barn, where it would have served every purpose just as well without spoiling the view of the rooms most occupied. The change was at last made at the suggestion of a visitor.

We are all too inclined to let things run on in the same old ruts, when a little thought would smooth the way and make work a pleasure instead of a burden.

Don't work so hard that you have no time to think. The farmer who has no time for thought has no time for success. Think how you can make your tasks easier, your surroundings more beautiful, your income greater, life more worth while. Work without thought is drudgery.

Just think.—*A. F. Dyer, in National Stockman.*

WANT A HARD TIMBER LAW.

"THERE will not be enough hickory wood or oak timber in this country to make a wheelbarrow if the present conditions are allowed to exist for any great length of time. Already there is a lack of sufficient raw material in many localities to supply the local demand, and as a result prices are going up and the cost of manufacturing all kinds of vehicles is being increased."

Secretary F. A. Curtis, of the Vehicle Woodstock association, made this statement recently before his association in its annual meeting in this city. Any one at all familiar with the situation will admit that Secretary Curtis has not exaggerated the facts in the least.

There is nothing like a gradually increasing cost of raw material to prompt the average manufacturer to sit up and begin to take notice. It is not surprising, therefore, that this association as a body has determined to urge upon Congress the necessity of passing suitable legislation looking towards the "preservation" of the "American forests." Inasmuch as both of these terms are coming to be considered as a joke among those familiar with the success of the lumberman in all but obliterating our once wonderful timber lands, they are used reservedly.

If the Vehicle Woodstock association, and others with kindred interests, will unite with the Forest Service, their action will be along lines that have been urged by the Department of Agriculture for many years.—*Prairie Farmer.*

TEACHERS ARE NOT PAID ENOUGH.

It is very desirable that this movement for better pay should everywhere be extended to teachers. Never have the schools of this country had so important a part to play in our civilization as at the present time, and nothing else is so important about the schools as the qualification and character of the teachers. Monthly or yearly rates of payment of teachers that seemed ample fifteen or twenty years ago are quite insufficient now. This is true with respect to the public schools, and it also applies to higher institutions, where the salaries of professors ought to be made sufficient to attract and hold a superior class of men. The problem is a very serious one, and it deserves careful consideration throughout the country. If there is one reason stronger than another why the taxing power should lay a firmer hand upon the growing wealth of great corporations and upon the income of vast private fortunes, it is because the state must adequately perform its responsible task of education If there is to be compulsory attendance of schools, there must be schools worth the attending, and ample provision for all the children. If there is to be extension of child labor laws and better enforced exclusion of children from factories, mines, and various gainful employments, there must be developed such a system of education as to add immensely to the efficiency of the child when, at a later age, he joins the army of the breadwinners. Let us repeat, then, that the central fact in the school system is the teacher, and that we cannot expect to have the right sort of teachers in the long run without paying them enough to justify them in regarding their profession as a permanent calling rather than a temporary makeshift.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for January.*

THE UNLUCKLY LUCKY MANUSCRIPT.

(Continued from Page 128.)

"So of course that ill-fated story had to come back to me. Then I picked out one of the best known publishing houses in the country, and shipped my unlucky novel to them.

"Well, the country in general knows the result of that sending; how my unlucky story proved to be my 'Kismet' and brought me luck at last, and could no longer be called unlucky, so I renamed it my 'Unlucky, Lucky Manuscript.' And this, my dear, is a true account of some of my experiences in literary work, and just what I made my success on. My unlucky novel first bought me the typewriter that I had wanted for so long, and then I bought it back again: and it made my fame at last."

The person who values his self-respect above his bread and butter is the sort of man to whom the world will give many opportunities for winning more than bread and butter.—*From the Wellspring.*

The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we know them only when they are gone.—*George Eliot.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Two men wanted on adjoining stock farms. Good wages. Brethren preferred. Write Box 64, Route 1, Grundy Center, Iowa.

For Sale: One hundred and sixty-five acres of land in Towner Co., N. Dak., with house, barn and well on. School and church privileges. Address, Wm. Spidel, Waterloo, Iowa.

Wanted.—Purchasers for first-class improved farms, 80 to 200 acres. S. Burkett, North Manchester, Indiana.

Wanted, a man with small family to work on farm by year; with house, garden, fruit, and cow pasture furnished. Reference required. Brother preferred. S. G. Nickey, Cerrogordo, Ill., Rural Route No. 2.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Don't Knock.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor polish a marble with knocks;
You'll not long deceive with great clamor, my son,
Nor profit by throwing of rocks.
You never can rise to the heights of success
By pulling down others who've gained it
By steadily working through storm and through stress—
They've buckled to work, not disdained it.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor polish a diamond with bricks;
This world soon tires of mere glamour, my son,
And punctures the sharpest of tricks.
You never can rise by mere envy or hate,
Or growling at those who've succeeded
By honestly toiling both early and late—
'Tis workers, not shirkers, that's needed.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor fasten bridge timbers with tacks;
The world soon shuns a wind-jammer, my son;
You can't build to last with mere wax.
To win you must hustle with might and with main,
And give recompense for your wages,
For those who strive hardest deserve greatest gain—
True worth is the best of all gages.

You can't saw wood with a hammer, my son,
Nor write for the future in sand;
The world asks more than mere clamor, my son—
It's work of the brain and the hand.
So labor away with a whistle and laugh,
And scatter good cheer as you labor.
Don't worry—the world soon winnows out chaff—
It's the wheat that you sell to your neighbor.

—Exchange.

Chinese Sayings.

Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are very sarcastic and characteristic. A blustering, harmless fellow they call a "paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a rat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to a rocket which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said "to hang a lantern on a rope, which is seen afar but gives no light below."

Identified.

Senator Tillman tells a story on himself as to how he was identified by a post-office money-order clerk when he first arrived at the Capital City.

After being in the city a few days he dropped in at the post office to cash a money-order.

"Do you know any one here who could identify you?"

"Well, no," the senator answered. "Is that necessary? I am Ben Tillman, of South Carolina."

The clerk smiled, then asked the senator if he didn't have some letters or papers that would make him known to the post-office authorities.

The senator had put on a new suit that morning and had neglected to transfer his letters, but he had his pocketbook with him. Digging down in his trousers pocket, he drew forth his wallet and proceeded to search for an article of identification, but could find nothing but a small photograph of himself.

"This will do, I suppose," he said, handing it over to the money-order clerk.

"Why, sure! That's you, all right," remarked the man behind the counter, handing over the cash.—January Lippincott's.

Four Arab Proverbs.

He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not; he is a fool, shun him.

He who knows not, and knows that he knows not; he is ignorant, teach him.

He who knows, and knows not that he knows; he is asleep, wake him.

He who knows, and knows that he knows; he is wise, follow him.

Items of Interest.

A sea anemone has been known to live fifty years.

Giraffes and ant-eaters have tongues nearly two feet in length.

One-third more tea is used in autumn and winter than in summer and spring.

The French law treats the frog as if it were a fish, and declares all fishing for it by night to be poaching.

A man respires, that is, draws in breath, sixteen to twenty times a minute, or twenty thousand times a day.

Westmoreland, with seven acres to each inhabitant, is the most sparsely populated county in England.

In Greece, after a prisoner has been sentenced to death, he has to wait two years before the execution can take place.

By careful measurement it has been determined that the largest raindrops are one-fifth of an inch in diameter.

Immense quantities of wooden shoes are made in France from the wood of the alder, which are seasoned by fire before they are sold.

Formerly the dowry of every peasant girl in Spain included a set of linen sheets. On account of the increased cost of linen this branch of trade has dwindled down to an insignificant figure.

A correspondent of the London Mail says that women always rode astride till Queen Elizabeth, in order to show a magnificent dress upon a certain state occasion, rode sidewise and so set the fashion.

Little Paul had had economy drilled into him since he was old enough to "take notice." He had been taught never to throw anything away that was good or whole. One afternoon his mother and her afternoon callers were startled by the appearance of Paul at the door, triumphantly holding a dead cat aloft by its tail.

"Look, mamma, see what I found in the alley—a perfeckly good cat that some one has throwed away!"—February Everybody's.

Wife—I hope, doctor, that you may be able to do something for Henry.

Physician—What is the nature of his complaint?

Wife—He is forever worrying about money.

Physician (grimly)—I think I can relieve him of that.

Neff's Corner

A bank has been organized here and will begin business on or before March 1. A company is taking steps to establish a cement factory, cement to be manufactured from the extensive beds of gypsum along the river near here. When they get to shipping out ten or fifteen cars of cement daily that will add to the already active business operations of the place, it will give employment to more people and increase the demand for rental properties. These little houses you get for $250.00 are just the thing for the laboring man as well as the health seeker. Then, too, you can invest more or less than $250 by our association plan. For example, a brother in Kansas had a little idle money, but not enough to pay for a house and lot. He sent me $82.00. The same day it arrived it was invested where it began at once to earn 24 per cent interest. It was done this way: His money was put with enough other to buy two lots fenced and set to alfalfa and fruit trees, with a small house on one of the lots that rent for $7.00 per month. Now when others furnish more money another house can be built on the other lot and thus with about $200 added to the present investment the income can be doubled.

By this plan you send your money to me and it is invested to the best possible advantage, a certificate of investment is issued you, and January 1 and July 1 of each year profits are divided and each investor receives his pro rata share of the income. Whenever for any reason you want to withdraw your investment, your money is returnable to you upon demand or upon sale of the property in which it is invested. This is not stock in a corporation with a lot of high-salaried officers I am asking you to buy. No stock company about it. Your money is actually invested in income-bearing property and you get your share of what it actually earns. If you have any idle money or any that is earning less than ten per cent annual income, write me how much you would like to invest and I will write you just what I think I can do with it, and if it is offered at a time or in an amount that I do not see a way to handle it to your advantage, I will tell you so. Address

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Lake Arthur, New Mexico

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MAX BASS,
General Immigration Agent
220 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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In my former letters I have called your attention to the beautiful scenery along the lines of the Union and Southern Pacific that can be SEEN FROM THE CAR WINDOW en route to the Annual Meeting. "In a multitude of witnesses there is strength." The following Brethren have made this trip, some of them more than once; many of them had their wives with them:

D. L. MILLER
ISAAC FRANTZ
GRANT MAHAN
GALEN B. ROYER
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C. ROWLAND
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M. R. MYERS
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O. J. ROTHROCK
S. S. FLICKINGER
O. S. GILBERT
D. C. CAMPBELL
E. M. COBB
C. A. BAME
H. P. ALBAUGH

There are many others to whom I could refer you, but I would suggest that if you have any doubt (that all this beautiful secenery cannot be seen from the car window), you write to any of the above Brethren and also write me, and I will send you a copy of "Sights and Scenes from a Car Window," published by the Union Pacific Railroad Company.

From time to time I will give you further information as to routes, rates, etc., to the Annual Meeting.

Yours fraternally,

Geo. L. McDonough

Colonization Agent.

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FIFTY THOUSAND DAY LABORERS

At least fifty thousand day laborers will be needed the coming season in Siskiyou county, California, to help build railroads, houses enough to make a town, hotels, livery barns, railroad stations, stores, banks, shops, farm houses, barns, fences, saw mills, etc. Many roads are to be constructed through Butte Valley; thousands of mammoth trees will have to be felled and delivered to the saw mills; scores of hands will be needed at the mills to handle the lumber; carpenters will have to convert the lumber into buildings; masons will have to construct foundations and chimneys; miles of fences will have to be built; acres of orchard trees will have to be planted. Just over the mountains, not far away, are several different kinds of mines, which will furnish labor for many miners; so there is all kinds of work and plenty of it for all who want to come. Somebody will be first and somebody will be last. Where do you get off?

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There ought to be at least fifty men in the Valley who will give their entire attention to the producing of the best quality and the greatest quantity of milk, especially when there is such a good grade of cattle already there, unlimited pastures, an abundance of pure water, and a never-failing supply of clover, timothy, alfalfa and native grasses. There ought to be several creameries in the Valley to convert this into golden bricks of butter for the insatiable markets of the Pacific coast. The domestic wants have not yet been supplied, to say nothing of the market should these products be shipped. It is folly to misrepresent. We are speaking the truth to you as to your opportunities. These conditions are facts. Write to anybody in BUTTE VALLEY and verify these statements. Tell us when you are coming.

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DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, the old root and herb remedy, cleanses the blood and gives the body new life. Thousands have testified to its health-giving powers.

AN OCTOGENARIAN WRITES.

Jefferson, Iowa, June 24, 1906.

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Dear Sirs:—I feel that my advanced age requires my retirement from active business life. I surrender therefore also the agency for your medicines—medicines that have been so valuable to myself and many others. Your **Blood Vitalizer** has made and kept my blood pure. I, who was once so full of cancerous sores.

I was born in 1823 in the mountains of Wales, so that I was 83 years old on the 5th day of last May. I am convinced that your **Blood Vitalizer** has been instrumental in preserving my life to this old age, so that I am even outliving my ancestors. I know I have been a poor agent for you, and I wrote to you a few years ago to give the agency to some one more active. but you saw fit to retain me. May God bless you as a firm. I expect to continue to use the **Blood Vitalizer** off and on as long as I live.

Respectfully yours.

214 S. Main St. Thos. Roberts.

HAS NO EQUAL.

Kennard, Ind., June 14, 1906.

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Yours very truly,

Wm. Reddick,
Your well wisher.

DOCTORED FOR YEARS.

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Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

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Yours truly,

J. E. Watson.

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Respectfully,

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OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 12, 1907. NO. 7.

Nature Study in Winter

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

PEOPLE frequently ask if there is any nature work to be done in winter, anything to see on a winter's walk. To such one feels like quoting, "For the blind saith, 'There be no sight.'" To be sure winter is not gay with birds and flowers, but there are still some of these to be found if we approach nature with an open mind and gratitude for small favors.

The tree sparrows, chickadees, juncos, nuthatches and crows are almost always with us. By the way, crows are often misunderstood, and do not receive the credit that is really their due. In winter life there are some details that are more readily observed than when more things are about to attract the attention. For example, time the flight of the crows between two given points, trees or some such objects, as they fly out in search of food. Repeat the observation as they come home in the evening. You will find them flying a little slower in the evening. The reason given for this is, not that they are weary, but that they have dined well and are several ounces heavier than when they started out in the morning, for the crow is a great feeder and spends most of his time hunting food.

This is a good time for the study of birds' nests. The bare trees expose them to view and the wintry winds bear many of them to the ground. They are now tenantless and we can examine them without harming anyone. At this time, too, you can most readily estimate the number and kinds of birds which inhabit a certain locality.



The mystic cord of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.—Abraham Lincoln.

These deserted houses tell the story of the happy homes occupied for a brief period, and by counting those that remain a fair idea may be gained of the population that was so transient. Of course this applies only to those birds which nest in trees or bushes; the large numbers and varieties which nest on the ground leave no trace of their homes.

From the south window of my sitting-room I can count six nests among the bare branches of the trees along the sidewalk; and this on a street where the trolley cars pass every hour of the day. Two of these nests had been the homes of the

Baltimore orioles, those wonderful weavers of whom Lowell wrote:

"Then from the honeysuckle gray
The oriole with experienced quest
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of this hammock nest,
Cheering his labor with a note,
Rich as the orange of his throat.

"High o'er the loud and dusty road
The soft gray cup in safety swings,
To brim ere August with its load
Of downy breasts and throbbing wings,
O'er which the friendly elm-tree heaves
An emerald roof with sculptured leaves."

During the nesting season we had frequently heard the melodious whistle so well known to bird lovers, and had seen flashes of orange and black among the green leaves, and we knew that happy bird homes were hidden away somewhere among the branches of the trees.

A pair of blue jays built a nest in an apple tree quite near the house and reared their young. They were a noisy family. The male being quite vociferous during the period of incubation, and the young soon set up a cry for food which never seemed to be supplied in sufficient quantity to satisfy them.

A robin built its mud-lined nest in another apple tree near by. You will find that robins seldom select a tree for a home where there are other nests, while three or four orioles will often build in the same tree.

Just outside my bedroom window, in a peach tree, is the dainty nest of the summer yellow-bird. I was on intimate terms with the family all summer, saw the nest built, saw the young fed and taught while the father and mother flitted in and out ever cheerful and busy. As I look at the nest, even though the snow fills it, in fancy I hear their song, and winter does not seem so dreary nor the summer so far away.

The sixth nest within view of my widow is that of the cat bird. This nest was built in a thicket of syringa bushes where throughout the summer daily concerts were given for the benefit of all who chose to listen.

Thus it will be seen that much may be learned of Nature's ways, even in winter, if we are in harmony with her, and are willing to make a little effort.

Spiceland, Ind.

A GENTLEMAN.

ETTIE E. HOLLER.

It is an evident fact that many men are called gentlemen that are not worthy the name. Yet every man can be a real gentleman. Gentleman: Gentle—well born; refined; not rough or coarse; not wild. Man is a human being, an adult male.

In short, a gentleman is a gentle man. It does not require riches, titles, graceful accomplishments, many talents or genius to be a true gentleman, yet one may have these and be a gentleman.

A gentleman may be awkward, homely and poor. His face may be bronzed, his hand large and rough, but not necessarily so.

It is not always a gentleman who is well dressed and a glib talker; sometimes such prove to be rascals. It is not always the man of letters that is the true gentleman. This man may be vulgar and unkind. So these things do not make a gentleman.

But what is a true gentleman? Ah, indeed he is hard to describe. But a true gentleman, what a blessing he is to the world,—to society!

There is something about a true gentleman that one cannot describe, that demands honor and respect, wherever he goes, and he is sure to receive it.

The true gentleman is not afraid to work, but follows some useful, honorable employment, and lives to some purpose. A gentleman is kind, merciful, obliging, and considerate for the welfare of woman, but with man's courage. He is modest, courteous, not easily offended, and never gives offense purposely. And of course he is tasty, not slovenly. He is just as refined when thrown into company with wicked characters, or his inferiors, as when among his equals or superiors. He is always the same. All of his graces come from an unselfish, pure heart.

It is impossible to name or describe all of the graces that belong to a true gentleman,—there are so many. Yet they are easily possessed.

You can almost invariably distinguish a gentleman by his self-respect. He prizes his character and keeps it without spot or blemish. He knows its value. He has respect for himself and others. He has an ideal that he endeavors to follow. His ideal is Jesus Christ. He lives out his truths amidst a profane world. Humanity is dear to him. He endeavors to help humanity to be good, pure and true.

He is temperate in all things. He will not be bribed. He may be jovial, but never boisterously or indecorously. He will say *yes* at the right time and *no* when needed. He is polite, kind-hearted, honest and true.

He is a boon to society, as he conducts himself decorously wherever he goes. You will know that you have seen or conversed with a true gentleman without being told.

We need more genuine straightforward gentlemen. I am glad there are many in our fair land. But there is yet plenty of room everywhere for the TRUE GENTLEMAN.

Hagerstown, Ind.

Let us beware of losing our enthusiasm. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

LONGFELLOW, THE POET.
1807-1882.

DALLAS B. KIRK.

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."
—From "The Builders."

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW was born in the town of Portland, Me., Feb. 27, 1807. He had an ancestry he could be proud to own.

Young Henry became a student in Bowdoin College, where he spent some years of his youth. Two of his classmates (who afterward became writers of note) were, Nathaniel Hawthorne and J. S. C. Abbott. Longfellow graduated second in a class of thirty-seven in 1825.

The following year at the age of nineteen he received an invitation to fill a chair in Bowdoin College, namely a professorship of Modern Languages and Literature. To prepare himself for this he went to Europe and studied four years in Spain, France, Italy and Germany.

Returning to America he took up his duties as professor with great zeal and fidelity. He served the college well for a number of years. Then he was called to Harvard College. He also went at this time to study the languages of northern Europe, such as the Danish, Swedish, etc.

In 1831 he was married and took with him, his young wife. She died in Rotterdam, Nov. 29, 1835.

Coming back to Harvard in 1836 he entered upon his work as professor, which he carried on well for eighteen years. He now resigned to devote himself wholly to literature, being succeeded by James Russell Lowell.

In July, 1843, Longfellow married Miss Fanny E. Appleton. Fve children blessed this household, two sons, Chas. A., and Ernest W., and three daughters, Alice M., (now wife of R. H. Dana) and Annie A.

On July 9, 1861, Mrs. Longfellow was burned to death by her clothes catching fire from a wax taper with which she was sealing a letter. It has been said that after this sad event Longfellow looked like an old man. Well did he understand the words (when expressed by himself in one of his poems),

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

That suffering was likely to break down the strongest frame.

Longfellow during his lifetime made four trips to Euope. He translated Divine Comedy by Dante, and it has been said that he was engaged at this work for twenty-five years.

On his seventy-second birthday the children presented to him an armchair made out of the wood of a horse chestnut tree, which had been sung by Longfellow in his poem, "The Village Blacksmith." He thanked them all by writing a little poem entitled, "From my Armchair."

"The Psalm of Life" is a beautiful epic. The sweet singer well knew that,

"Life is real, life is earnest."

By many this poem is counted his masterpiece, while Dr. Holmes considered "Evangeline" as such. Dr. Holmes also said, "I consider 'Excelsior,' Longfellow's finest poem."

"'Morituri Salutamus,' is a poem pitched in a lofty and solemn key, and ranks with Bryant's Thanatopsis and excels Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality.'" Dr. Everett said, "It is perhaps to-day, the grandest hymn, to age, that was ever written."

Many of Longfellow's shorter poems have been set to music, and a large number of them have been translated into a number of foreign languages.

If America has ever had a "Golden Age in Literature," it was during the lifetime of such writers as Lowell, Holmes, Bryant, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bancroft, Irving, Longfellow and others of their day and age.

To destroy the poetry which Longfellow has given to the world would be making a gap in literature which could not be filled.

"The man who can write such poetry is immortal, and such a poet wears a crown that is imperishable."

On Friday afternoon, March 24, 1882, Longfellow passed peacefully into the great beyond. Thus ended the earthly life of one of America's most beautiful singers. He was kind and thoughtful and loving.

His remains were deposited in the family vault, in Mount Auburn Cemetery. At his funeral were such noted men as Alexander Agassiz, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Prof. Chas. E. Morton, and Wm. Dean Howells.

There is a plate to his memory in the Hall of Fame on University Heights in New York City. There is a bust of the poet in Westminster Abbey in England.

It was Longfellow who said,

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

And after all may this not be a key to his greatness?

There is talk of holding a commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, Feb. 27, 1907, in one of the New England States.

If you kind reader, would like to appreciate more fully the beautiful in life, read and study the life and poetry of Longfellow. It will beyond doubt help you to lead a clean, pure life.

Pentz, Pa.

Old Fort Massac

O. H. Kimmel

PERHAPS no historical place in Illinois has had a more varied program of experiences in its contribution to state and national history than has Old Fort Massac.

Just outside of Metropolis, Massac county, Illinois, in the Massac State Park reserve, lying supinely by the gentle Ohio, is all that can now be traced of this



Old Fort Massac, June, 1906, with the Ohio River in Background.

old stronghold, that has added its "might and main" to the Northwest Territory. It seems quite possible from research that in or about the year 1702, a detachment of Frenchmen from Canada marched to this place under the lead of Juchereau St. Denis and established a post. A Jesuit priest named Mermet had charge of the spiritual affairs of this detachment and he established a mission which he called Assumption.

To this place the Indians were attracted and Father Mermet preached the first Christian sermon in the Ohio valley. Its earlier purpose seems to have been of a missionary nature and the records state that for fifty years or more the place was of secondary importance.

By about 1757 the French had become strong in the Mississippi valley as far south as the Ohio. Kaskaskia and Cahokia were prosperous places and their manners, society and military bearing gave to them the famed appellation, "The Paris of the West." Fort Chartres was at her best and her haughty soldiery were the dread alike of the Englishman and the Spaniard. But England was looking with a jealous eye upon the fertile valley where France and her Indian allies was building a great inter-oceanic empire. The French knew this and had established a line of defense throughout the eastern part of the valley. Fort Duquesne at Pittsburg was deemed sufficient defense for the upper Ohio, but the lower part of the river from the confluence of the Cumberland and Tennessee was open to the Englishman who might wander this way from Cumberland Gap, and Assumption which stood at a favorable spot to control all movements from these rivers, was ordered to be strongly fortified.

This order was carried out at once as a detachment of French and Indians marched overland over the Kaskaskia trail to Assumption. By the middle of the year 1757 the fort was completed and formidable cannon placed on the bastions frowned down upon the passerby. The name Assumption now gave way to Ascension in commemoration of the day when work on it was begun, but the next year it was formally styled Massac in honor of a French military officer, and the name has found a permanent abode in history as the county is now known by that name.

Only a few months after the fort was completed a large number of Indians who were hostile to the French attacked the place, but made slight impression on it and were soon repulsed.

In 1765, after the die deciding the fate of the ambitious Frenchman in America had been cast, and it was known that his hopes were ruined, Massac with



Remains of Earthwall and Trench of the Old Fort, June, 1906.

proud Chartres surrendered to the English. Captain Sterling of the English army took possession of Massac but soon abandoned the place and for the thirteen years of British occupation the fort was not occupied.

When Geo. Rogers Clark made his way toward the Illinois country in 1778 he hid his boats in an inlet near Massac and marched overland to seize Kaskaskia. This eventful entrance of Clark's added another chap-

ter to the fort's history, for now it soon came into the possession of the United States.

However, it was not until 1794 that the county felt the need of the fort, but in that year Washington ordered it rebuilt and occupied by a military company for the protection of any bodies of armed men who might descend the Ohio to carry on hostilities with the Spanish possessions on the lower river. This fort was for several years after this, an objective point by the French, English and Spaniards in their en-



Earthwork Remnants of Massac, June, 1906.

deavor to dismember the new league of American states, *i. e.*, the United States.

In the Indian uprising about this time, Gen. Wayne —Mad Anthony—made his headquarters here for a time and the place was quite generally feared by the savages. When the second war with England came the place was furnished with a new stockade but it was not needed.

Before this time, however, Jefferson had done his great work—purchased Louisiana, and we were already negotiating with Spain to purchase her North American possessions, and with the decline of foreign powers in the west comes the weakening and decline of militarism.

Never after 1812 was the old fort needed and by 1860 it had begun to decay. To-day all that is left of it are a few banks of earth, the remains of an old well and some half-filled trenches. When we think of this we are reminded of the wisdom of our forefathers in the planning of this republic and their purchase of the magnificent stretch of land beyond the Mississippi, for by their acts peace was perpetuated in this fertile valley, which under the conditions of a century ago, bristling, frowning fortifications, military pomp and display and millions of expense would be demanded. But by virtue of the wisdom of their acts peace reigns, forts decay and a united cry is going up from the people of the valley for a deeper waterway to carry their increased products down a stream which is unmarked and unmarred by forts from the falls of Minnehaha to the Gulf of Mexico.

East St. Louis, Ill.

WHAT HE SHOULD KNOW.

People differ as to how much a collegiate education helps a young man in a business career, some contending that it is of the utmost importance; others, that he can get along without it. As a matter of fact, it depends on the young man himself, for while a collegiate education can hardly be called a hindrance, it might, in some cases, give a young fellow a foolish pride that would make him hold himself above the so-called drudgery of a business life.

A very successful man, in speaking of what a young man should know to begin a business life in the right way, summarized the qualifications about as follows:

He should be able to write a good legible hand.

To spell all the words that he knows how to use.

To speak and write good English.

To write a good social or business letter.

To add a column of figures rapidly.

To make out an ordinary account.

To deduct sixteen and one-half per cent from the face of the account.

To receipt an account when it is paid.

To write an ordinary receipt.

To write an advertisement for the newspaper.

To write an ordinary promissory note.

To reckon the interest, or the discount, on the note for years, months or days.

To draw up an ordinary bank check.

To take it to the right place in the bank to get the money.

To make neat and correct entries in day-book or cash-book.

To tell the number of yards of carpet required for the parlor.

To tell something about the great authors, statesmen and financiers of the present time.

If, says the successful business man, a boy can do all this, it is probable that he has enough education to make his way in the world.—*American Boy.*

"It is the constant wearing of the river in a single channel that cuts the deep gorges in the mountains. It is the constant flowing of the thoughts in the channel of the will of God that wears the gorge habit that hold us, firmly, yet of our own choice, to the way of God."

Unclaimed promises are like uncashed checks; they will keep us from bankruptcy, but not from want.—*Havergal.*

A REMEDY FOR BLUES.

LULU C. MOHLER.

FOR fear of disappointing some one who might expect, from my subject, to read a very lively, laughable story, I shall say in the beginning—I am taking the subject seriously.

I have in mind the sensitive persons that Mrs. Sangster calls "sensitive plants." And that is a very apt description, for despite their earnest endeavor, the atmosphere of every one they meet as well as their surroundings has a marked effect on them, causing them to go into the deeps of depression and to reach summits of pleasure never to be reached by our less "touchy" friend.

A sensitive person is a pleasure and I never pity or lose patience with them only when they make no effort to keep this fine sensibility from becoming a morbid fault.

It is a delight to meet a person who follows you in every mood with an exquisite understanding. They are a joy forever, and that is what you will find our "sensitive plants" to be, while one rarely finds this quick and ready sympathy in the person who does not have a fine feeling and a delicate kindness for every one.

A little girl of a sensitive nature with the beautiful sympathy that is its strongest characteristic, was not possessed of a nature that made many friends, childhood's richest endowment, though not through any ugly faults. This was something she could not understand, for she loved every one but did not receive what she gave. One day in despair and actual sorrow at her failure to love a little friend who was not loved because of her fussy, fidgety, imperious manner, she said half crying; "I just can't love Dixie and I try so hard, for I know how she feels when nobody loves her." That is why I love sensitive people, for you find them sympathetic. Could you fancy an artist, a poet, a great composer not having this much-ridiculed sensitiveness?

But these people are bothered with the blues, and to alleviate or completely cure the disease before it becomes chronic, you must learn to forget yourself,—that is where the trouble is, we have such a high regard for ourselves. Do anything to forget yourself. Book people do not say unkind words, they are such delightful people and are doing such worth while things. All nature will make you forget every sorrow. To be happy our natures must be rigidly disciplined and we must not put too much value on ourselves. I write these verses that are a part of every day to me; the majestic, silent stars will give your pain a sense of littleness and give you a calm peace.

Out under the stars, in the silent night,
When weary I often stray,
And gazing up at their light serene,
My burdens seem rolled away.

For we're parts of a boundless universe—
The beautiful stars and I,
And the Power that guides the planet's course
Will surely not pass me by.

The tides of the ocean ebb and flow
With a regular, rhythmic swing—
In winter the Frost-king holds his sway,
In summer the song birds sing.
And all is order, and all is law,
And there's nothing that comes by chance;
This world is only a training school
Where we're studying to advance.

Then cease your worry, just work and trust,
For there's nothing more you can do—
The Power that rules the stars and flowers
Will carry you safely through.
And when you're weary of work and life,
With its trouble and fret and jars,
May you learn your lesson, as I learn mine—
Out under the shining stars.

—Louise Stevens.

Leeton, Mo.

THE WORLD'S FAMOUS BRIDGES.

BRIDGES have played an important part in history, and from the days when Trajan built the bridge across the Danube there has been a steady development in the perfection of these structures.

One of the most peculiar bridges in the world is the tubular suspension bridge across Menai Strait. This bridge consists of two lines of immense tubing, each 1,500 feet long, supported by three granite towers besides the shore abuttments. This strange bridge is one hundred feet above the sea, and weighs 11,000 tons.

The famous Niagara suspension bridge was begun in 1852 and completed in 1855. It is 245 feet above the water and 821 feet long.

The Forth bridge over the Firth of Forth, near Edinburgh, has two cantilever spans each 1,710 feet in length, the longest in the world. The total length of this structure is one and four-seventh miles, and there were 51,000 tons of steel used in its construction.

The first cast iron bridge in the world was the Coalbrookdale bridge, England, which was built in 1779.

The famous Brooklyn bridge was begun in 1867, and not finished for nearly seventeen years. Its total cost was about fifteen million dollars.

There have been several London bridges. There was one at the end of the tenth century, and another in 1014 built of wood. In 1176 Colechurch began a stone bridge across the Thames, which was not finished until 1206. The new London bridge was begun in 1824 and completed in seven years at the cost of one and a half million dollars.—*Record-Herald.*

GREAT works are performed not by strength but by perseverance.—*Dr. Johnson.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter XI.—Passing Years.

NEARLY three years passed. Sylvia and Golden were in the sweet hours of childhood. Both were delicate and both were beautiful. The loveliness of the one was as the delicately-tinted sky of the morning, while the loveliness of the other was like the rich, subdued brilliance of the sunset horizon.

Ellen had been a keeper-at-home in those years. She had insisted on retaining the old custom of Sunday hospitality, but she was planning to take her little daughters to their first church service on Easter.

Nat had been going with his father and Jake Read, and the earnest, though materially handicapped, work there had slowly been making its impression on the boy.

He now lacked but a few weeks of his thirteenth birthday. About the time of that anniversary he would also graduate from the district school, in readiness to enter the high school at Hampton.

Ellen had never relinquished the desire to train her son's musical ability. But she had never again spoken of it, instead, lavishing her managerial skill upon the twins.

She had obtained for them the dainty little dresses she had wished for. John secretly wished they could be clothed in simple white, but he said nothing. The silk somehow told him that his daughters were not to go to his church, but to the one where Ellen went in years agone.

And so it was. Ellen had become a more patient, more thoughtful woman during those demanding years, but there still remained the love of the material best.

She went to the more liberal church with her little ones. For the first time Sylvia and Golden looked upon masses of lilies and heard the rumble of the pipe-organ as it accompanied a score of vibrant voices.

When another Sunday came two delicate forms were lying ever-still in soft white robes, and two fair souls were with their angels.

In one mass of lilies there had lurked a foe, scarlet fever, and the little ones had been too delicate to throw aside its fatal grasp upon them.

"Why did I go? Why did I go?" was on Ellen's lips for hours after she knew.

John Kemper's grief over his daughters' death was deep. But at that half-wild cry he paced the floor in agony greater than he had ever before known.

"Ellen! My wife! my wife!" he answered, drawing her to him. "All will be well. The right is always well."

"Why did I go? Oh! you do right. I didn't. I caused my darlings to die."

He had to release her.

Nat's face was pale and tear-stained. But fear, that his mother's cry could not bring into his eyes, flashed into them when he saw his father weeping after he left Ellen's room.

The boy went in there, and, as he had done years past, rushed to his mother, sobbing, and flung his arms around her neck.

"O mother! they are with Blanche. How well she'll care for them."

"With Blanche," and the mother's relieving tears mingled with her son's.

The terrible experience ever left its marks upon Ellen. She was a softened woman. But the gold had not yet been tried unto refinement.

Even though another little girl was in her arms within a year this new life deepened the mother's sadness although it hid it beneath a sweeter gaity.

Within the year, too, Jake Read was sexton for the last time. What he had saved of his wages he left unconditionally to John. The latter was thus enabled to add another acre to his farm and to disencumber himself of debt.

But about the time Nat was to graduate there came from Crown college a letter, and an express package containing a cornet.

"I want to send you a duplicate of what my parents gave me when I was ready to enter high school," read the letter. "My cornet has been my companion all these years since, and when I can come to see you we shall play together.

"That time is indefinite. You know,—or your father does, Nat,—that it was my intention to spend at least a few weeks, the coming summer, with my father and mother in France. And I was going to pass through Hampton to be with you a little while.

"But Brother Martin Snell writes that he is in urgent need of a helper at the mission, and, as that was to have been my place of work anyway, I am to go as soon as commencement is over here. Perhaps I shall not need to postpone these two longed-for visits more than two years more. It is my plan to spend those years here in

the special Bible course, to fit myself in some measure for the ministry.

"Nat, you will very likely think that this letter would be more suitably addressed to your father.

"Will you tell your mother, for me, that I should like to have sometime been in the company of those little daughters, but, it is not yet too late.

"With best wishes for your good work and for your strength in it, I remain, Your friend,

Joe Noble."

The sight of the musical instrument brought some of the old-time light into Ellen's face.

"It's a fine gift," she said. "Now you can satisfy your liking of music. And it will cheer us all up."

"I don't know how I am going to learn," said Nat, a day or two later. "Pa is in debt now and I mustn't ask him for a penny to pay for music lessons. Besides, he needs me to work all I can."

"You are going to high school this winter. He won't expect much work of you then," said Mrs. Kemper.

"No, he'll give me all the time I need for school. We can wait, can't we, ma, till school begins, for me to learn the cornet?"

It was rather fortunate that he did wait. One of the junior boys, a fellow apt at music, "showed Nat the trick's" on rainy days. Then, every evening, when his lessons were prepared for the morrow, the tones of the cornet ministered to toil-worn hearts in the Kemper home.

During holiday week the high school pupils intended to give a series of public entertainments in order to enlarge their library and laboratory equipments.

Such had been the plan for those pupils attending the previous year. And as soon as school again opened they began preparations.

Nearly every one of the eighty pupils of the school was included in the programs. These programs comprised recitations, orations, vocal music by solo and chorus, instrumental music, one evening a drama, and one evening of tableau and pantomime. However small and unassuming was one's talent, somebody discovered it and put it to use.

Nat had a clear voice, and he was among the chorus. His bearing was not easy enough when alone before an audience to allow him to deliver in an oration his rare, sturdy power of youthful thought. His fine figure gave him prominent positions in tableaux, and his mental ability was utilized in the composition of a behind-the-scene reading, which he was to deliver at one time while the stage had to be reset.

Marian Ryan, now a young woman of eighteen, was one of the seniors. Her thin face and strong hands had placed her among the orators.

"You're an infant," she said to Nat one day, "but that square pate of yours says you're a prodigy. Now just tell me how to finish this, 'Where and when come the changes in the development of a nation? Do they come, like the steps of a stair, in the homes when each family of each generation first echoes its ideal within a house, or do they come——' I haven't any more. How must I finish that?"

"O Marian, I'm busy. I just came indoors to get a smell of these Latin conjugations. There'll be a test sprung on us about to-day."

"Don't you think what I have is real fine? But how'll I finish it?"

"'Moneo, monere, monui, monuisti. Monere—'"

"*You cram,* Nathaniel. Why don't you learn things well in the first place?"

"'Monere, monuisse.' Forget this stuff. Want to keep exam. grades up to the notch."

"First, ain't you?" whispered Marian. "It's the other fellow that has to be second."

"If they'd all dig—" said Nat.

"They'd all be first," laughed Marian. "Some dig—with a poor shovel."

"O Marian," Nat said again, slamming his book shut, "can I help it that Grace was sick?"

"Of course not. But don't let this first successful rank you got make you stingy about letting her have it sometimes. She'd be a sophmore this year, with honors, if she hadn't had to miss half last year, just because of things she couldn't help."

"Well, what's that stuff you want me to help you with?" Nat said after a little.

"This." Marian laid down the paper for the boy to read the sentences.

"You mean that when young folks start up housekeeping they go at it better than their parents did?"

"Not merely better housekeeping," returned Marian. "They have standards of life different from their parents',—sometimes not as high ones,—and they make their home become more or less like that standard."

"What do you expect me to tell you? Do you and Howard want to know what standard you're to begin with?"

Marian calmly slapped him on the mouth.

"Where do the new housekeepers learn their new ways?" asked Nat.

"From books and school and friends, while they're children."

"While they're children they're at home. Don't they kind o' mix their standards then with their parents'?"

"That's it, that's what I want." Marian wrote slowly for a minute and then read, "'——Or do they come, gradually, from a mingling of the ideals of the parents and the ideals of the children, fresh from books and school?'"

Nat listened carefully.

"That last spoils it," he said. "We want things sometimes that neither books or school or anything else in particular, teach us of."

"I knew you're a Socrates," asserted Marian.

"You had filled the tub and I managed to fall in," answered Nat.

"I'm to be the American in our big tableau, Representatives of the Nations, and I'll have to have something to wear," Nat told his mother awhile before the entertainments.

"Are you to be dressed as 'Uncle Sam'?"

"No, we're each to have on clothes like the ones the people of each country wear. But my Sunday suit is pretty shabby, and, besides, the pants are knee length. I'm to stand in front and I ought to be dressed pretty well. I'll need a hat, too,—a stiff hat, they say."

"Have you spoken to pa about it?"

"No. He would say we can't get them. You know I'd be able to make my old suit do for the winter. You always find a way out of difficulties. Can't you help me?"

"I can't, Nat, so far as I know now." She knew he *could* borrow, but—mother and son *would* not.

Nat told Marian of his trouble the last week before the entertainments.

"Borrow some clothes," instantly advised that curt young woman. "My brother Harry has his first long suit and I'm sure you could get Cecil's hat down far enough on your head that it would stay on."

"I won't be trigged out in somebody else's clothes. Some other chap can be the American."

"Bet you he will be the American, with borrowed clothes on, too," said Marian to Victoria that evening. "Here, you take this," giving her a basket with a large package and a smaller one in it. "Don't stay; it will soon be dark. Tell him you've brought *his* tableau outfit. He'll be the American."

And he was.

"BANKS FOR LOSINGS."

A WRETCHED list of failures of savings banks marks the year just passed. Unprincipled men have squandered in speculation or debauchery or in some other irregular or dishonest way millions of the people's hard-earned savings. The unfortunate depositors, while losing money, have not lost their own personal character or health, and in many cases will soon recuperate all their losses.

Someone has called saloons "banks for losings." All the money spent in liquor drinking is lost. There is not merely the loss of dollars and the loss of interest money, but there is the loss of health, character and position.

A great manufacturing establishment reports that more than 50 per cent of their checks paid for wages are cashed in saloons, as shown by the canceled checks. The wage earners are the great liquor consumers of the country. If their earnings were all spent for food and clothing and other necessities of life and none were deposited in the "banks for losings," there would be a still greater boom in business and multitudes of people would be living in their own homes, paid for by what they have saved through not drinking.

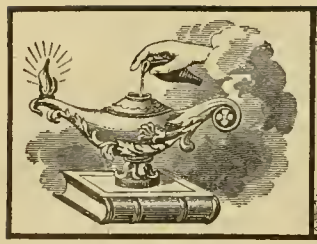
Chicago has licensed 7,231 saloons for the last year. Twenty dollars a day is not an extravagant average for their receipts. That is, these "banks for losings" have received over $52,000,000 during the year. What have the people who have invested this money to show for it? The only interest many of them have received has been loss of health, happiness and character as well as money.

It is reported that ten cents a day put into a bank as savings at the end of each year, with five per cent interest, in ten years will make $405; in twenty years, $1,120. Five dollars a month deposited in a savings bank at three per cent, compounded, will in ten years, be $699.58. Ten dollars a month in ten years will be $1,399.38; $20 a month for ten years, $2,798.98. There are many wage-earners who spend an average of from $5 to $20 a month for their beer and other liquors. If the young wage-earners of Chicago will begin the new year by ceasing to deposit their money in the "banks for losings" they will not only gain money, but all that relates to real manhood.

In one of our large cities a laboring man, as he was leaving a large saloon, found in front a fine carriage, occupied by two finely dressed women talking to the proprietor. As the carriage rolled away he said to the saloonkeeper, "Whose fine outfit is that?" The liquor dealer said proudly, "It is mine. It cost $3,500. My wife and daughter could not do without it." The mechanic, after a moment of serious thought, looked up and flashed out "I see it, I see it!" "What do you see?" asked the saloonkeeper. "I see where my wages have gone. I helped you pay for that carriage and fine harness and for the silks and laces for your family. The money that I earned, that should have given my wife and children a good home of our own and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have gone to support you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages and, by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink."—*Duncan C. Milner.*

THERE is a tremendous power in character when added to ability. A great many youths think that ability is everything, that if a man has brain power he can accomplish most anything; but he is a lightweight man, no matter how able, if he does not add character to his ability.—*Success Magazine.*

THE life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of gentle and holy love.—*Anna Robertson Brown.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

C. G. PETRY.

"Take heed, and keep yourselves from all covetousness."

A CERTAIN man once appealed to Jesus to bid his brother divide the inheritance with him. The great wisdom and equity of Jesus in many other instances inspired this young man to trust his own case also to him. But Jesus saw in this trouble more than the injustice of the birthright, and he improved his opportunity to teach the multitude present against covetousness. This was the real trouble with this man.

His appeal to Jesus for help was respected and the help he was really needing came, though in a very different way from that he was seeking. It is likely that the man was disappointed at this reply of Jesus, but it has guided into the way of life and contentment the lives of thousands of such people since that day. Jesus refused to listen to the man's request, which seemed to be out of place, and spoke to the people about it. His words presented a forceful picture of warning to his hearers. He said to them, literally, "Keep looking and guard yourselves against every covetousness." Robbers were lurking near who were sure to come and steal unless they guarded against them. Thus he taught them constant vigilance against this enemy, and also that more than one had this name. It was this that emphasized the great need of their constant watching.

That covetousness is dangerous we all know well. But it is deceptive in its appearance, and often we do not detect its presence with us until it is too late to save ourselves from all loss. Every tree may be known by its fruit. The tap-root of covetousness is called selfishness, and its many rootlets ramify thoroughly the greater part of mankind. We do not always call integral parts of our lives by such names, but their fruits prove to be same in kind as the larger tree.

Having many avenues of approach to us, it is deceptive and seductive. The word "all" of the revised text is helpful, showing that it is a tree having many roots. Any one of these different roots provides enough nourishment to bear evil fruit. An evil tree is worthy only to be cut down and burned.

This evil principle is clearly shown in the account of Abraham and Lot at Bethel. There the generous spirit of Abraham shines strongly against that of selfish Lot, his nephew. A glance at the future destiny of each adds perspective to this story. They have travelled together since they left their father's house years before this, and they were a mutual strength and comfort to one another in this strange land. All about them was nothing but idolatry, and they were to keep separate from all such people. Their common trials and hardships served to unite them more closely together. Then came prosperity to both of them. The Lord had promised to Abraham that whole land, and his increase of wealth only reminded him of the Lord's faithfulness to that promise. His wealth like his trials were God's appointments for him. So when his nephew came to him to complain of unfair treatment it was not hard for Abraham to offer him all he had. And they were brethren dwelling among Canaanites. Wherefore, to have peace between themselves, that the name of God might not be blasphemed, was of greater moment than all their earthly possessions. But Lot chose for himself the ever-green pastures of the well-watered Jordan valley for his dominion, not considering that those men "were wicked and sinners against Jehovah exceedingly." The vision he had of future greatness in lands and cattle and in servants obscured the blackness of the moral atmosphere before him. And the path to worldly prosperity usually lies far from that of moral safety. The whole future history of Abraham, who became "Abraham, the father of the faithful," is a loud testimony against the covetousness of Lot who lost his whole life in seeking to gain a part of it. *Remember Lot.*

A PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY God, we are not all earthly; we have in us some fire of the heavenly, some presence of the divine. May we live in the direction of that higher consciousness, aspiring to the blessed light, growing in grace, struggling towards God. Yea, though the struggle be most vehement, and sometimes unequal because of the power of the enemy and the weakness of the flesh, yet may our purpose be towards heaven, and our attention be fixed upon God. We praise thee for as many as have known Christ spiritually, and have been grafted into the true Vine, and have grown up into heaven—gone away from us for a little time, but still in the Vine, and bearing fruit beyond the line of human sight. May we grow up after them, and in thine own good time may the branches intermingle in the heavens. Amen.—*The Pacific.*

BEAUTIFYING LIFE.

IDA M. HELM.

Two men who had lived all their lives in a narrow valley between two lofty mountains decided to take a trip and see what lay beyond the little strip of earth that was all of the world that they knew.

They started with ardent hopes and quick steps and when they reached the top of the mountain they saw such a grand, inspiring sight spread out far and wide in every direction that they were almost bewildered and one said, "If the world is *that* big I am going back," wherewith he turned and went back to his little cabin on the mountainside and shut his soul from the loveliness that would have beautified and sweetened and filled out his life.

The other one went joyfully on and zealously explored the beautiful, wonderful country which he had entered, and eagerly took into his life the sweet influence of nature and with them secured sentiments of truth and reality. For him nature spoke with "eloquence of beauty." The rippling rills, the roaring billows, the soughing wind, the hum of insects and the songs of birds, the lovely tints of flowers and leaf and sky and the sweet scent of perfumed flowers filled his heart with melody and gratitude and formed visions of brightness and cheerfulness in his mind. It proved to be as a connecting link between his hampered, stinted life and the bountiful loveliness of nature and nature's God.

The vastness of the stretch of territory, with its beauties and wealth enclosed by the faraway horizon, brought him to a sense of his own, insignificance; his heart was humbled and he bowed his head before the Great Power that ever loves and watches over all, the Giver of every good gift.

There are treasures of truth, rich gems of incalculable worth, scattered all over the pages of Holy Writ, but we must open the book and earnestly seek for the jewels if we wish to possess them. They are shining with resplendent beauty and if we seek till we find them, then transfer them to our own souls, they will cause our lives to shine with heavenly beauty. But if we keep ourselves hid in our narrow shells and neglect looking for the pearls, all the treasures that the Creator designed to beautify and enrich our lives cannot ennoble or uplift us.

The pearly nautilus as it sails over the sea shapes its own growing shell and every year it adds a new chamber to its dwelling place. So we, while sailing over life's sea, have it in our power to shape our own lives. If we would shape them aright we must strive to put beauty into them every day. If we would obtain loveliness and truth we must seek where they exist.

All the beautiful, innocent things point upward to the Creator, the lives of good and true people shine for their redeemer, and the Bible leads in the way that the One that is "altogether lovely" walked in.

If you seek such companionship you will become more fitted for the enjoyment of that heavenly world where we all hope to meet some glad, sweet day and enjoy the companionship of the inhabitants of that bright, sinless world when we are freed from the encumberments of this world.

"Sculptor of souls, I lift to thee
Encumbered heart and hands:
Spare not the chisel, set me free,
However dear the bands."

Ashland, Ohio.

A SONG IN THE HEART.

We can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight and picked up their last morsel of food and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! O that we could put songs under our burden! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

THE CHRISTIAN THE BEST.

Do you say, "I can be a good man and not be a member of the church?" Certainly you can, and you ought to be. A man can be a good husband, father, citizen and a good neighbor, and not be a Christian, but he can be a great deal better man if he will add Christianity to morality. But where is the scripture which promises eternal life to the good man, as such? It is not in the Book.—*Selected.*

"The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are sweetest things of life."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

NINETY-EIGHT years ago this twelfth day of February there was born into this world of men, through the most obscure family and in the most humble surroundings, a baby boy whose name has come to be a household word throughout this land, and the value of whose life has only begun to be realized.

The lives of few great men have had their beginning under circumstances less conducive to greatness than those that bound the childhood of Abraham Lincoln. May we not say with equal truth that, in the face of this fact, few men have attained to that degree of true greatness which was easily held by this child grown to manhood? And this rise did not contain one abnormal element. There were no short-cuts, no sudden flights, no premature boosts by partial friends. He came into possession of his own in the most natural manner, —in a way that might be duplicated over and over again. But when we look back over ninety-eight years to that child born in such untoward circumstances, and then study closely the events of the fifty-six years that followed, we are filled with wonder and we turn back again to the little child, our hearts too full for utterance.

As we note the helplessness and dependence of the little child that comes among us, we do not think often enough and long enough of the possibilities that lie wrapt in the little form. If we did, our attitude toward the child would be tinged with greater reverence and our part in its training, however slight, would be looked upon as a sacred service. There would be less spoiled *children,* and the number of "children" long years, perhaps, past the age marking them as men and women, would be correspondingly small.

Will we never learn the unfailing method by which good men and women are made,—the kind who respond fully to every good and holy influence, and, absorbing it into their being, pour it out in service to mankind? Hardly, because the child himself enters so largely into his own making. We are traitors to duty when we do less than *all* we can do to bring right influences to bear upon him, but after all we cannot take from him the liberty to choose whether or not these influences are to be appropriated rightly, and we may be thankful that we cannot, for we would then deprive him of the strength that comes from choosing aright.

And so the making of a man is not a process which he himself may look upon passively. Oh, would that we could burn this thought into the mind of every child! Yea, into the mind of everyone who is growing, for as long as there is growth or development in *any* line there is *the privilege to choose to grow in the right direction!* Is it anything short of a crime against God and man to excuse one who has failed to *be* a man on the plea that he was born in an evil time, or under an unlucky star, or in circumstances over which he had no control? The times may be ever so evil, yet they can be made to serve a good purpose. Circumstances have never been found so uncompromising that they have not been made to yield to the assaults of perseverance. And the unlucky star is so far away that one might work for ages unharmed by its banefulness.

However, there is a star in embryo in every human breast whose brilliance will mark our triumph in the cause of right. It was the fire of this star which warmed the great heart and lighted up the brilliant mind and gave purposeful ardor to the every act of Abraham Lincoln. Shall we not let this light,—the man in us,—reveal itself in our lives and direct our every energy? Then, though we may not have the praise of an admiring people, we shall have at least the inestimable blessing of an approving conscience.

WHAT OF THE HOME?

Is it true that the American home is passing? That the strenuous life of to-day makes no allowance for the fostering and enjoyment of those things which belong alone to the ideal home? That the club and the of-much-name society are more suited to present-day conditions,—greater powers in the making of useful citizens? We have heard rumors of such a doctrine and we have seen some things that pointed toward its acceptance, and fear has filled our hearts and a nameless weight has settled down upon us like some dread nightmare.

But we need not give place to this fear, we need not touch this weight, till we have settled, in our own minds, another question. Is it *right* that the home should be supplanted by these more modern methods of inculcating the principles of society and useful citizenship? If it is, then we need have no fear, there need be no weight as of impending disaster. We can then with a clear conscience join our energies to those of the crowd who make mockery of what we had come to look

upon as sacred. If it is not right, then again we need not waste our time in weakening fear and dread; there is something for us to do.

How shall this question be decided? It is not a case where we may stand by and say, Let experience itself decide, for the reason that experience would cost too much; and besides, experience is not the best teacher, at least it is folly,—a sin, rather,—to defer to its method when one's way is made clear by the Power that overrules the circumstances which go to make up what we designate experience.

Before there was a nation, calling for the principles of citizenship, before there was a society, demanding rules for the common good, there was established the home for the fostering and direction of both. By the eternal laws governing all, the home must come first,—first in the attention of its inmates, first in its directing influence over society. The most important question with us is not, Are present conditions antagonistic to the perpetuity of the home, but, Am I consenting to and encouraging such tendencies, thereby setting up my judgment against the judgment of the One who has ordained these institutions? After we have found our own position, we may look farther and see to what extent we may exert an influence to upset the present tendencies threatening the sovereignty and even the existence of the home.

First, we should examine these multiplied societies separately as to their claim, and their real right, to our support. If they contain one element dangerous to the home, we should have none of them. There are plenty of organizations working hand in hand with the home for the fostering and promulgating of principles dear to both, and we can give them our influence. There are other organizations designed especially to meet the needs of those who have no real home. Let them carry out that purpose, certainly, but let us who have homes give to them our interest and influence—and presence. Then we shall have done simply our duty, but the blessings emanating therefrom shall be incalculable, having to do with the stability and perpetuity of the nation itself.

SAINT VALENTINE DAY.

In the passing of the years it is hard to keep track of some things because of the perverting tendency of custom. Words come to us with a meaning quite different from that for which they entered into the language. Even the names of days which marked particular events in history have been given a significance altogether misleading. A day that has become noted because of the worthy event which it commemorates is appropriated for the perpetuation of that which is of less importance and which bears no relation whatever to the original event.

Such is Saint Valentine day as we have it at present. History records the names of several Saint Valentines. The one who is connected with the date, February 14, lived in the time of Emperor Claudius, of Rome, and was a member of the Christian church. Efforts were made to win him back to idolatry, but to no effect. Finally, after a long term of imprisonment, he was beheaded February 14, about 270. From the time of his death to the time of Pope Gregory the Great, a religious festival was held on this day in commemoration of Valentine's martyrdom.

But what has the Christian martyr to do with the present observance of Feburary 14? Nothing. As we have said, the Saint Valentine day of the present is a misnomer. The custom of sending love tokens,—valentines they are now called,—had its origin in connection with the worship of the goddess, Juno, on or about this day.

In the present Saint Valentine day we have forgotten the real Valentine, his sainted life and untimely death, and under his name we are commemorating a heathen practice that belonged to those things the renouncing of which cost him his life.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

If we would obtain loveliness and truth we must seek where they exist.—*Ida M. Helm.*

To be happy our natures must be rigidly disciplined and we must not put too much value on ourselves.—*Lulu C. Mohler.*

When we think of this we are reminded of the wisdom of our forefathers in the planning of this republic and their purchase of the magnificent stretch of land beyond the Mississippi.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

If you would like to appreciate more fully the beautiful in life, read and study the life and poetry of Longfellow.—*Dallas B. Kirk.*

Much may be learned of Nature's ways, even in winter, if we are in harmony with her, and are willing to make a little effort.—*Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.*

The right is always well.—*Mary I. Senseman.*

The path of worldly prosperity usually lies far from that of moral safety.—*C. G. Petry.*

Disaster in some form will attend our efforts at housekeeping or homemaking, if we attempt them without system, just as sure as the same management would invite it in the commercial world.—*Aunt Mary.*

Generally the majority of young men do not begin soon enough the saving of a portion of their wages which is not absolutely needed in everyday living expenses.—*D. Z. Angle.*

ECHOES·FROM·EVERYWHERE

THE Executive Committee of the Interchurch Conference on Federation, representing Protestant churches with a membership of seventeen million, has indorsed, unanimously, the Lodge bill for an investigation of the Congo Free State.

THE house passed a bill requiring owners of vehicles of four thousand pounds weight to equip them with four-inch tires in using them on the streets of Washington. It is thought other cities will adopt this plan in order to save the street paving.

A PHILADELPHIA man has purchased the famous collection of coins gathered by the late Matthew A. Stickney, of Salem, Mass. It is said to contain one of every piece ever issued by the United States. The price paid was in the neighborhood of $15,000.

As if in return for the strict interpretation of the rate law which the government has forced on the railroads, the Union Pacific and Northwestern officials have refused to transport United States soldiers from Omaha to San Francisco for less than the full rate.

FOLLOWING the reported formal withdrawal of the offensive letter to Rear Admiral Davis by Governor Swettenham, of Jamaica, and an expression of regret for having written it, the Governor tendered his resignation, which was promptly accepted by the British Government.

BOISE, Idaho, is said to be the only place in the world where the streets are sprinkled with hot water. The city and county buildings are heated during cold weather without the use of fire, and subscribers to the city waterworks system get hot water all the time without the expense of stoves. This has been accomplished by harnessing an inexhaustible hot spring, and the novel plan works perfectly.

THE parasites which are said to have practically done away with the destructive orange fly or maggot in California have been introduced into some of the Mexican orange groves with equally good results, it is said. A few years ago many Mexican orange groves were about to be adandoned on account of this fly, but the remedy seems to be found in the parasites and the Mexican government is helping to distribute them.

IN the sale of a picture collection of H. S. Henry, at New York, thirty works brought $352,000, and a Troyan, "Le Retour a la Ferme," was sold for the record price of $55,000, Herman Schaus outbidding Senator Clark.

SKATES which fold so completely that a pair can be carried in a man's pocket or lady's muff, are the invention of the present season. The skate appears much like the ordinary one when on the foot, but when removed the portions by which it is attached to the shoe can be folded so that they occupy a position parallel to the blade, thus forming a flat shape less than a half inch in thickness.

THE veteran head of the Salvation Army, General William Booth, at the age of eighty, started Tuesday from his headquarters in London on a globe-encircling journey of thirty thousand miles, going first to the Scandinavian peninsula, there to address two or three meetings a day for a week or two. On February 23 he is to return to London and sail for New York, proceeding thence, after two weeks, by way of Canada, to Japan and other Oriental countries.

SWITZERLAND has been testing a new sort of road, with good results, it is said. Fine gravel freed from all dirt is heated, thoroughly coated with tar, and let stand for eight or ten weeks so as to let fermentation take place and force the tar into the pores of the stone. The gravel is then put on the road and rolled down with clean steam rollers, no water being used. A test was made with a six-horse ten-ton load, with excellent results.

THE *Scientific American* publishes an announcement made by Arthur Baker, the American Esperantist, saying that he has prepared one hundred thousand brief grammars of that language in pamphlet form and will send one free to any person sufficiently interested to ask for it, inclosing stamp for reply. He takes this method of giving the people an opportunity to judge for themselves as to the merits of this international auxiliary language.

Investigation of the scientists at Washington have recently developed the fact that at present the area of the Dismal swamp in southeast Virginia is slowly sinking, and Lake Drummond, in its center, is growing larger. Similar changes have occurred in the past, periods of elevation and subsidence gradually succeeding one another. The average elevation above the sea level is so slight that natural drainage is insufficient to remove the rainfall.

When natural gas first came into use in America people seemed to think that the supply was inexhaustible. It was sold at low rates and usually without being measured,—at so much per month instead of per meter,—and of course much was wasted. Now nearly all that is consumed is sold by measurement, and it is believed that statistics as to the quantity of gas consumed can now be procured and that therefore a more direct knowledge will be obtained of the capacity of gas areas to maintain a supply of gas for a certain number of years.

When George B. Cortelyou succeeds Secretary Shaw as head of the United States treasury department, March 4, it is believed that he will thoroughly overhaul that department, and that certain "financial interests in New York will witness a stoppage of 'leaks' from which they have derived for a long time information of great value to them in the money market." People who are acquainted with Mr. Cortelyou's methods feel sure that in the management of the treasury all financial interests will be treated alike,—that is, the principle of a "square deal" will prevail.

Agricultural Department bulletin No. 277, referring to recent extensive experiments as to the economy and practicability of using denatured alcohol in gasoline engines, many of which are already in use by farmers, says that the fact has been established that it is quite possible to use alcohol in any engine designed for the use of gasoline, although the use may be uneconomical unless certain changes are made in the vaporizing device and in the compression pressure. Whether the fuel is gasoline or alcohol, it is found that economy is largely a matter of adjustment, and the running cost may be much decreased.

Mrs. Russell Sage continues to dispose of her large fortune. Recently she gave $1,000,000 to the Rensselaer Polytechnic institute of Troy, New York. A gift of $250,000 also goes to the international committee of the Y. M. C. A. The school at Troy will use the money given by Mrs. Sage for the establishment of a new department, to be known as the "Russel Sage School of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering." The Y. M. C. A. will use their gift in the building of a seven-story office building in New York, in which the numerous activities of the committee, such as the army, navy, railroad, and other branches of the work might be carried on.

An anti-saloon publication says that by means of local prohibition about 30,000,000 people, or more than one-third of the nation, are living without the legal sale of intoxicants. In Ohio, it says, there are 1,200 "dry" townships. In Georgia 103 out of 137 counties of the state had prohibition, eleven-twelfths of Arkansas is under prohibition laws, Indiana has 649 townships and 40 cities where the sale of liquor is illegal. In Vermont only 25 towns out of 140 have saloons. Tennessee shows that 1835 out of 1848 towns have shut out saloons under the local option law, and that over half the inhabitants of the State live under prohibition.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has engaged the services of E. A. Sterling, formerly of the Agricultural Department, as forester, this being the first instance of such an office in connection with an American railroad. Under his guidance the planting of trees systematically on railroad lands is expected to furnish the crosstie supply of future years, and the appointment of Sterling is the result of five years of experiment, during which time 1,500,000 trees have been planted on the lands owned by the company. During the next two years 681 acres near Altoona, Pa., are to be planted with chestnut and red oak seedlings. Every year the Pennsylvania system requires about 1,500,000 ties, and the price has reached seventy cents apiece.

Professor H. W. Wiley, chief of the Chemistry Bureau of the Agricultural Department, in his testimony before the House Committee, Jan. 29, gave the results of his latest experiments to ascertain the effect of cold storage upon foodstuffs. He finds that milk and cream in cold storage begin to deteriorate at once; also eggs, and that meat deteriorates after three months in the ice box. After that period the meats do not taste nor smell so well, even though they have been frozen. Oysters, opened and shipped in buckets, should not be sold at all. An hour after they are opened they are dead and useless as food. To freeze them is to ruin them, and they should be shipped only in the shell. Fruits are found to improve, sometimes for as long as three months, but not beyond that. Dr. Wiley denounces gelatine, which is made from the scrapings of hides in the dirtiest factories in the world, but he said it was all right if properly made.



THE OLD RECEIPT BOOK.

WE see the maiden, when quite new the book,
Copy with eager, yet half-bashful look,
"Aunt Sarah's pone," and "Mother's Sally Lunn,"
"Grandmother's pie," "To cook fruit in the sun,"
And many another treasured recipe.
We see the book fill slowly, year by year,
We trace her loving thought for those most dear,
And, turning o'er the pages, much we see
Of kindly care and generous hospitality—
Each smear and stain is full of life's deep history.

And, as we eat this simple, old-time meal,
Turning thought backward, may we ever feel
The old receipt book, yellow, stained and torn,
Still holds a lesson in its pages worn;
The lesson that our Shakespeare readings show,
The lesson that great Dante grandly told,
The lesson, ever new and ever old,
That love—sweet, thoughtful, human love—
Is, of all earthly things, most like to God above,
And, eating, as in reading, may we grow.

—Eleanor Scott Sharples.

HELPS.

AUNT MARY.

Number Four.

DEEP into work again, Lois? "Yes, Mrs. Watson, the Aid Society finished every article, excepting the buttonholes for one of Paul's waists, and I want to baste a cover about six inches deep of this piece of outing, on the upper end of each comforter before I put them away."

So you can take them off to wash, when soiled, girlie?

"Yes, ma'am; that will surely be better than to wash the whole comforter. But I have never made a buttonhole, and it looks like a formidable task."

Why no, Lois, you will think it a pleasure when you know how to make a good one. It is very important to *stay* it, before you begin to work, and you can do this before you cut the goods, or after. Beginning at the part furthest from the edge, draw the needle from the under side a little to one side, then take a small stitch across the front part, then carry thread back to where you began, taking a small stitch across, just as you did before, and repeat all around. You will then have it stayed with two threads, and ready to work. The stitch is just plain "buttonhole stitch," but they must be put in closer for this work, than any other where this stitch is used. At the part where the button will rest, put them in *very* closely, and when ready to finish, take several stitches across the end, draw your work straight, and you will have a buttonhole that you need not be ashamed of, and that will wear too. This is one piece of work that we should never allow ourselves to slight in the least. It is not pleasant for a child, or anyone, to have to wrestle with buttonholes that resemble eyelet embroidery, and therefore cannot do the work that is expected of them.

"Thank you, Mrs. Watson, I do believe that I will be able to do them all right. Now here is this great heap of papers that I must dispose of. I want to file some of them, but there are so many that I don't know what to do with."

All the large ones are nice for kitchen or pantry shelves, and for wrapping packages, also to spread in sink, or on kitchen table for certain kinds of work, and when soiled can be gathered up and burned. Almost any kind of paper is useful to rub the body of lamp, or lantern, range, and many other things. Let us take some of the scraps of carpet, liberal ones, and tack them up in some handy places to hold your papers, and you will find it, if not "a thing of beauty," at least "a joy" when you want some paper right quick, and some tidy body has put the waste paper all out of reach. Postal cards and old calendar backs are excellent for lamp lighters. As long as we have no electric lines near our homes, we will be necessitated to use lamps in some form, and indeed your handsome "Angle Lamp" is not to be sneered at. These self-addressed envelopes are very handy to put garden and flower seeds in. You know just what you have, and where to find them. I much admire your systematic way of putting things away and of making use of "odds and ends." Disaster in some form will attend our efforts at housekeeping or home-making, if we attempt them without system, just as surely as the same management would invite it in the commercial world. But I came near forgetting my errand. I brought a mess of graham pudding, which we all think, is as good as suet pudding, and not nearly so much work. This is the recipe: Two cups graham flour or whole wheat flour, one cup sweet milk, one-half cup molasses, one heaping teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, half as

much cloves, and one cup of floured raisins. If the raisins are large cut in two, and add to batter last. Use three baking powder cans, greasing them and lids well, and boil one hour steadily in kettle of water. If more convenient use fruit cans, with top melted off, but in so doing some kind of cover must be found. And it is well to put something in the kettle beside the cans to keep them straight. This is the sauce we prefer. One cup boiling water, one-half cup sugar, tablespoon vinegar, teaspoon butter, and when these come to a boil, stir in teaspoon starch wet up with cold water. When it boils it is ready to use.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

LULA GOSHORN.

One or two asbestos mats are almost a necessity in the absence of a double boiler. A small vessel placed in a large one in which there is hot water answers very well when one is cooking something easily scorched.

The busy woman will find it a help to plan certain work for certain days. One plan that has given satisfaction is the following: Wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, Wednesday for mending and putting laundry away. Thursday sewing or incidentals. Friday general sweeping, cleaning and scrubbing. Saturday baking and preparing Sunday dinner. No mention is made of churning or the necessary everyday duties, for they must adjust themselves according to circumstances.

Don't let your work drive you; it's such an unpleasant feeling. Of course sickness or other misfortune may alter the best of intentions and upset the best laid plans. Begin early in the fall with the winter sewing even in summer; if one knows just what will be needed, bargains can be secured during the summer months that will cost twice as much in their season. The same way with summer sewing. Many articles can be made during the winter days when other work is not rushing. The hurried woman has such a behindtime harrassed look, she reminds one of a belated butterfly. I saw one just the other day after a severe freeze. The poor thing's wings were worn and ragged and while some light tints remained it had a faded tired appearance that excited pity.

Many ready-made garments can be bought cheaper than one can make them and are certainly a boon to the woman with a large family to sew for.

RECIPROCAL HOME DUTIES.

We hear much in these days about the duty of children to parents, the duty of obedience, love, and loyalty. It can hardly be that too much emphasis is being given to this side of home obligation. At any rate, it is plain to any thoughtful observer that in many modern homes children seem to be without that respect and reverence for parents which is essential to obedience and good order. But how about the other side of obligation, the duty of parents to children? If duties can have precedence there are surely those of first importance on this side.

What are the duties of parents to their children? To feed and clothe their bodies? These truly have place and importance, for, proper food and clothing have a necessary relation to health and character. But duty met in reference to the body is not all that the parent owes the child, nor is it the chief thing. The child has a soul to be fed and clothed as well as a body. The duty toward the soul is higher than that toward the body, as the spiritual being is higher than the physical.

The child's disposition and habits will depend much on the disposition and habits of the parents. If they are peevish, fretful, and ill-tempered the same disposition is likely to manifest itself in the child. And it is likely to manifest itself early and in like degree. Not long ago, a little five-year-old boy was being admonished by his grandmother for saying naughty words when he was angry. He replied by saying, "Father says naughty words when he gets mad, and he gets mad very often, and he can't help it."

It is plainly the duty of the father to practice self-control if he would have his child exercise that virtue. The mother and father alike should cultivate a cheerful and pleasant disposition. They should be gentle and patient, and seek to have their lives controlled by high ideals. This is what they owe their child if they would give it a fair start in life. This will require constant thought and painstaking in living. If they will thus give the child the best thought and care possible in example they will permanently influence its disposition and life. This is the training that parents owe their children if they fit them to fill well their places in life. And if parental duty is thus faithfully met, children are far more likely to be dutiful and exemplary. The duties of happy home influence are thus reciprocal.—*M. R. Drury.*

WAYS OF HELPING OUR NEIGHBORS.

While we are sitting by a warm fire these long evenings enjoying good reading matter we are very apt to forget our neighbors who have no desire to read and others who long for good books and papers and cannot afford them. The farmers who do not care to read we may be able to interest by giving them a good farm paper, at the same time calling their attention to an article on some subject you know they are interested in. Hunt up some good stories for the boy or girl who has no taste for reading.

Helping some young person to form the habit

of reading the right kind of books, thus leading toward higher ideals, is one way of accomplishing much good in the world. There is a chance for missionary work along this line in every farming community.

Save the good reading material if you have an abundance, and divide with your less fortunate neighbors. A stack of old magazines will give much pleasure in the home where from lack of money, or mistaken notions of economy, there is scarcity of books and papers. When we give away old papers and magazines we request that they be passed on to someone else.—*Ex.*

CURE FOR HICCOUGHS.

A YOUNG man, pale and weak, entered a physician's office.

"Doctor," he said "I have had—hic—I have had the hiccoughs for six hours. They are exhausting me."

"Let me see your tongue," said the physician. "Out with it. Oh, farther out. Out as far as you can put it. That is it. Now hold it there till I go out to the back office and get a depressor."

The physician disappeared. The young man, his long, pink tongue spread like a drapery over his chin, sat and waited with bulging eyes.

"By Jove, he's long." the young man thought. "I wonder what can be keeping him."

"Just a minute," the physician called from the next room. "Keep your tongue out. I'll be there in a minute."

But it must have been five minutes before he returned. He was smiling.

"Did you keep your tongue out all the time?" he said.

"Yes," the young man answered.

"And you didn't hiccough, did you?"

"No."

"Then," said the physician, "you are cured."

The young man, as a matter of fact, was cured. The protrusion of the tongue had cured him. The physician said that this treatment rarely, if ever, failed to drive away the most obstinate attacks of hiccoughs.—*Unidentified.*

THE CARE OF FLOUR.

FLOUR should be kept with the greatest care, as it absorbs odors from things about it almost as easily as does milk or butter. As it also becomes heavy and mouldy in a damp place, it should be kept where weather changes will not affect it. The lightness and dryness of flour has a great deal to do with the superior quality of the bread and cake made from it. When flour is stored in barrels a low swinging or stationary shelf that will raise the barrels a few inches from the floor will be found a sensible device. Such an arrangement will allow the air to circulate freely about the flour, thus preventing it from becoming mouldy in the bottom of the barrel. A kitchen chamber heated slightly by means of the chimney or stovepipe is an ideal place for storing flour.—*Selected.*

THE poorest family that lives may have a filter by taking a common five-cent flower-pot of earthenware, putting in the hole a piece of thoroughly cleaned sponge; over that a couple of inches of sand; over that, again, about half as much clean, coarse gravel, and then the water, slowly filtering through, must needs have been very bad at the start not to be very pure at the end.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Read this to the Little Ones

WHAT THE BIRDS AND SQUIRRELS FOUND OUT.

"THIS bitter cold weather is very hard on the birds and little animals in the grove," said Papa Vance one cold night. "We have had snow on the ground for a long time, and they will starve unless a thaw comes."

"Why, papa, I thought the squirrels always laid away plenty of nuts," said Dorothy. "Mama said they carried them away to hollow trees."

"But you remember, my dear, the snow came before they had a chance to get plenty of food," said papa. "When we have an open winter, which means the ground is bare, the squirrels can dig under the fallen leaves even in winter and find food. The birds eat weed seeds and all sort of things they find, but when snow is deep they often go hungry."

"Let's feed them to-morrow, Dorothy," said Fred. "I'll scatter a lot of crumbs so they can have a feast."

"Won't the crumbs be lost in the snow?" asked wise little Dorothy.

"I am afraid they will, but the birds are too timid to come to the house where the ground is bare."

"We'll sweep a nice bare place under the trees," said Dorothy. "I don't want the birdies to starve."

So early the next morning the children took two old brooms and hurried to the grove. It was hard work and they were soon panting, but the thought of the hungry birds kept them at the task even though their arms ached, and presently a nice, big table was all ready.

"Now for the wheat and crumbs," cried Fred, hurrying back to the house. "Breakfast will be served a little late this morning, but we can do better to-morrow."

Fred and Dorothy crept behind some big trees, and presently a bird flew down on the table. Another and another came until there were crowds of hungry boarders, as Dorothy called them, eating their breakfasts. It must have tasted very good for they chattered and seemed to have a fine time with the crumbs and wheat.

After that it was great fun to watch the table when the meals were served. Rabbits, birds, squirrels, and even a stray cat came to enjoy the crumbs when the weather was very cold, and it took a great deal of food to keep the tiny bodies from freezing.

"I don't like it that the birds are all afraid of us," said Dorothy. "They all fly away whenever we come near."

"They will learn to trust you in time," said papa. "They are timid little creatures, and want to be sure you are their friends.'

In a short time it was hard to get the tablecloth off without a lot of boarders camping on the table, as the children said when they had to brush off a new fall of snow. The little things found out that the children never would harm them, so all winter they flocked to their meals when they saw Fred and Dorothy coming. The children are planning to open their boarding-house under the trees again this winter, and I wish there were hundreds of such kind little people all over the land during the bitter cold weather.—*The American Primary Teacher.*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A LITTLE log house once stood in the woods of Kentucky.

There were great cracks between the logs, and the rain and wind came into the house.

There was an opening for a window and one for a door.

Over these were hung skins of wild animals for curtains.

The table and stools were made of the boughs and bark of trees.

One cold day in February, 1809, a little baby boy came to live in this house.

His name was Abraham Lincoln.

He loved the woods, the birds, and the flowers.

Sometimes he took long walks with his father to shoot wild turkeys.

His mother told him beautiful stories from the Bible.

She made him a little coat from the skin of a bear that his father shot.

She made him warm shoes and a fur cap.

In summer Abraham had no shoes. He went barefoot.

At last he was old enough to go to school.

Men and women went to this school also.

They had lessons from only one book,—a spelling book.

Little Abraham studied so hard that he soon reached the head of his class.

He used to write his words at home on a shovel. This was his slate.

For a pencil he used a charred stick.

Sometimes he wrote his lessons on the bark of trees with a sharp pointed stick.

All the children loved Abraham Lincoln.

He was an honest boy.

He was kind to everyone, even to birds and animals.

He liked to make speeches.

He would stand up on an old tree-stump and make speeches to his playmates, while they sat upon logs or upon the ground.

He often told very funny stories.

He was a good-natured boy, but he had to work hard.

He helped his father chop trees, split wood, clear up the brush, milk the cow, and sometimes shoot turkeys.

At last, they sold the little log cabin, and Abraham's father made a raft so they could go down the river to another place.

There were no steamboats or railroads there.

When he was older he went to a place where he saw many colored people.

He saw that white people bought and sold the black people.

Sometimes the children were sold to go far away from their fathers and mothers.

Sometimes they were whipped.

Abraham Lincoln was sorry for them.

He wished he might do something for them, but he was only a poor boy and was often laughed at by others.

He studied hard.

He liked to read.

Once he walked twelve miles to borrow a book.

Then he came home and burnt one shaving at a time so that he could see to read the book through that night.

He said some very wise things.

The people of to-day like to know what Abraham Lincoln thought about many things.

He made true, earnest speeches to the great men.

The people trusted him.

Some people who had laughed at his flax and tow-linen trousers and his pot-metal boots were sorry now.

They invited Abraham Lincoln to go and help make the laws for his State.

He was so just, so true, and so noble that they made him President of this country.

The people of the country did not agree, and there was a long war.

The men of the country helped Abraham Lincoln by going to war. There were many brave soldiers.

At last Mr. Lincoln said the four million black people shall be free.

No one could sell them now.

The people all loved him.

He was the greatest and best man in our country then.

No one can ever forget our hero, Abraham Lincoln.
—*Selected.*



THE RURAL LIFE

IT ISN'T THE START ALONE.

It isn't the start alone that counts, it isn't the start alone;
It's the place you hold at the end by which the worth of your work is known;
The dancing horse and the prancing horse may be proud ere the race is run.
But they never receive a cheer if they lag at the rear when the race is done.
A fool may start for a lofty goal and hurry ahead, and still
Be a fool if he quits with the end he sought beyond him over the hill.

If the cable that stretches through the sea from the distant, foreign shore
Fell short by a hundred little feet, and cables were made no more,
Its uncoiled lengths would fail to serve; no answering instrument
Would respond to the call from the far-off land, where eager heads are bent!
It's the end that counts—the end at last—your start may be fine, oh, friend,
But the world will finally judge you by the place you hold at the end.

The bride whose face is aglow with pride as she passes along the aisle,
Beholding the grand display of wealth and the fine display of style,
May weep in the years that wait, while she that in poor, coarse raiment is wed
May still have the love that is dear to her heart when the hair gleams white on her head.
And the wonder who stands at the head of his class may falter or stumble or fall,
And end as the servant of him at the foot! The start that you make isn't all.

The fields may be green in the spring, where the grain is damp with the dew at dawn,
But what if the hills be parched and bare when the harvest time comes on?
The path you take may be smooth at the start, and level and straight and wide,
But far away it may wind about where robbers in ambush hide!
Oh, look to the end—the far-away end—ere ever the die is thrown,
For it isn't the start alone that counts—it isn't the start alone.

—Selected.

THE longing to get back to the soil, the craving to get away from the artificial life, and to get back to Mother Earth, to the simplicities of life, pervades all classes, and is especially felt by those who were born and reared in the country.—*Success.*

YOUNG MEN, WHY NOT SAVE?

D. Z. ANGLE.

IN one of John Ploughman's Pictures we see a man trying to fill a barrel with water, which flows out of a large hole in the bottom of the barrel about as rapidly as it came in at the top. This illustrates very plainly the progress the person will make in gaining a competence, or a start in life's necessities who continually allows his hard-earned dollars to slip through his fingers as fast as they come into his hands.

There is a large number of young men who do save most of their earnings, probably a large majority do so, but generally the majority don't begin soon enough the saving of a portion of their wages, which is not absolutely needed in everyday living expenses. Some young men squander their cash like the "prodigal son," in riotous living, in a foolish and fast manner. They have little or nothing to show, as received in return for their expenditures, except a possible loss of morals and health.

Some are generous to a fault. They follow literally and indiscriminately the command, "Give to him that asketh of thee and to him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," or, "If a man ask for thy coat give him thy cloak also." In wisely deciding whom to help one must remember the injunction, "Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under foot and turn again and rend you," and "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel." It might be better to begin to accumulate in time, while youth and strength are ours, then we will be in practice and with a clear conscience of not having helped maintain unworthy people, but prepared to care properly in future for those of our own house, those we truly love and cherish with an unbounded affection, those who depend upon us for all the necessities of life; failing to provide which we are termed worse than infidels!

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

THE mere presence of books in a house has admittedly a humanizing influence, and creates without effort a familiarity with names and subjects that can never be altogether unfruitful.—*London Morning Leader.*

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

VIII.—In the Sausage Department.

In a former article we made mention of the trimming girls as they swiftly ply their knives to and fro, separating the fat from the lean. From the beef department have come heavy trucks of beef-trimmings which are dealt with in like manner and load after load of sausage material is produced and sent to the cool cellars to await their time.

The sausage department, like the cutting-rooms, is a place of great interest. Trimmings are hashed into sausage by two methods, either in giant grinders of the type in use in the home kitchen or by immense chopping machines. The operation of these last-named machines is especially interesting. Eight large semicircular knives constantly rock upon a slowly revolving table. A hundred or more pounds of meat are chopped at a time, the operator partially re-heaping the meat at each ascension of the knives. This is extremely dangerous work and admits of nothing but constant, unrelenting attention.

When thoroughly chopped various kinds of spices are added and off it goes to the stuffing machines. Here hundreds upon hundreds of feet of sausages are produced daily, the strings as they are so rapidly made appearing like great, long serpents wriggling about over the tables. Viennas, Bolognas, Frankfurts, Wienerwursts, great trucks full of them on their way to the smoke rooms and more being produced every minute. Such experts have some of the workmen and workwomen become that they pay very little attention to their work, though producing an amazingly large amount of sausage.

When the sausages have served their sentences in the smoke rooms they are removed to the dry rooms where they are hung upon great high racks to dry from one to several weeks as the case may require. One step into these last two rooms is almost sufficient to make you resolve not to leave the place until having purchased a sample of those delicious products.

And what would the world do without sausage? Buckwheat cakes and sausage, or mush and sausage for your breakfast on cold winter mornings, Bologna for your picnic lunch or for sandwiches at your evening refreshments, sausage of some variety in season at all times and the great part produced by the packers who lose no part of an animal except the squeal of a pig.

A COUNTRY OF SMALL FARMS.

The farms of Japan, as described by a writer who has seen them, seem more like children's playgrounds than like the broad expanses of land which are devoted to agriculture in this country. The average Japanese farmer cares for a little less than one acre, while less than fifteen per cent of the rural population cultivate more than three acres. The farming area of Japan is only about 15,000,000 acres, or less than than one-third of that of Kansas, yet 40,000,000 people manage to feed and clothe themselves from their landed possessions. This seems incredible, considering that their agricultural methods are for the most part primitive, and that few draft animals and almost no modern implements are used. But the Japs are "scientific" farmers. They keep their soil well fertilized, economize every inch of space, and work incessantly. They are wonderful people in adapting means to ends, and the more we learn about them the more marvelous do their achievements appear.—*Vick's Magazine.*

GETTING EARLY "PIE PLANT."

When the warmth of spring approaches the system craves some fresh acid, and nothing is more grateful than rhubarb. A most satisfastory practice is to cover a couple of thrifty stools of rhubarb with an old half-barrel inverted and pile around it green manure. This will force it into quick growth.—*Prairie Farmer.*

SKIM MILK FOR LAYING HENS.

The department of Agriculture has received a report from the West Virginia experiment station of a test made to determine the value of skim milk as against water for wetting a feed mash.

In the first test, which covered 122 days, 22 hens fed skim milk laid 1,244 eggs as compared with 996 eggs laid by the 22 hens fed mash wet with water.

In the first period of the second test 60 hens fed the skim-milk ration laid 862 eggs in 37 days as compared with 632 eggs laid by a similar lot fed no skim milk. In the second period the rations were reversed.

The chickens fed skim milk laid 1,220 eggs in 56 days as compared with 978 in the case of the lot fed no skim milk. In both experiments more eggs were produced when skim milk was substituted for water for moistening the mash. Under the conditions prevailing in these experiments and with eggs selling for 20 or 25 cents per dozen the skim milk used for moistening the mash had a feeding value of from one and one-half to two cents per quart. In these trials 802 quarts of skim milk were fed, resulting in an increase in the egg production of 702 eggs.—*Selected.*

APPLYING MANURE IN WINTER.

If the soil is properly prepared, manure may be applied to advantage at any time of the year, so that it does not interfere with other more pressing work. If land is ploughed in the fall for corn, in no way can manure be more advantageously applied than by hauling it out in the winter and scattering it over the ploughed ground direct from the wagon, the whole to remain so until the following spring when, by running the harrow over it, it will not only thoroughly intermix

the manure with the surface of the soil (a matter of the greatest moment), but place the latter in the best possible condition for checking off preparatory to planting. But the greatest advantage of this mode of applying manure for corn is that the fertilizing properties of the manure become completely absorbed by the surface of the soil, and are in the most soluble condition to be appropriated as soon as needed by the feeder rootlets of the young corn, giving it a most healthy and rapid growth in the start. Not only so, but by scattering it direct from the wagon the work is not only done quicker, but the manure is more evenly distributed over the field than if thrown in heaps to be hand scattered in the spring. By scattering it direct from the wagon the work, too, is all done at once; whereas, if thrown into heaps to remain so until spring, a considerable portion if its properties is either washed by the rains or sinks into the ground, leaving spots where the heaps stood too highly manured for the balance of the field, thereby occasioning loss in the general yield of the crop. Another thing: In hauling out manure over ploughed ground in winter much unnecessary labor to the horses, as well as wear and tear of the wagon, particularly when the ground is more or less frozen, may be avoided by hauling it in the way the furrows run instead of across them. Nor should it be attempted to scatter the manure over too large a surface. Like all other work on the farm, what is worth doing at all is worth doing well, and it is more profitable to manure five acres well, than to half-manure ten acres, the labor of cultivating the latter being double that of the former, and yield about the same. The work of making and applying manure is certainly the most important that can engage the attention of the farmer, and he should see to it that in the application none of it is lost, and that the land on which it is applied is all benefited alike. And then, with thoroughly prepared soil, carefully selected seed and thorough cultivation, he may rest easy about the yield.—*Weekly Witness.*

THE FARM WORKSHOP.

Every up-to-date farm should have some kind of a building in which repairs to farm implements can be made, gates built, tools sharpened and other odd jobs done. If building especially for the purpose of a farm workshop, we would have the structure not less than 14 by 18 feet, ground plan, and ten feet high, to provide storage room for lumber and small implements overhead.

The work bench should be on the south or east side, and should be made of tough lumber two inches thick. Near the left end of the bench have a good carriage makers' vise fastened securely with bolts, and on the floor, three feet to the right of the vise there should be a chopping block, two feet in height and about eighteen inches in diameter.

A pair of strong trestle benches two feet high and four feet long completes the furnishings of the shop excepting for some tool racks on the wall, above the bench in front of the workman.

The tools will depend upon your ability to use them, and may range from a $4 "framing kit," to a full set of carpenter and metal workers' tools. For the general needs of the farmer, we suggest, hand-saw, rip-saw, square, hammer, two planes, drawknife, spokeshave, four chisels, brace and six bits, three augers and the usual lot of small tools, awls, gimlets, gauge, compasses and calipers.

To be prepared to do all kinds of work you will need a full set of bits, with four or five twist drills for boring either wood or metal, and also a set of files, cold chisels, punches and hammers. The purchase of a good, heavy machinists' or blacksmiths' hammer the first thing, will prevent the breakage of many a carpenters' hammer and hatchet,—tools that were not made to do extra heavy work with. You will also need a small riveting hammer, a pair of pliers, a pair of nippers, and a good pair of blacksmiths' tongs. Other tools will suggest themselves as they are needed or as you feel like buying them.

Ask your local dealer what he will charge you for such an outfit as we have indicated, and then write to some of the catalogue houses. We have known persons to do as well in such purchase at home as of the catalogue houses.

Buy good brands of tools. Do not buy too light tools but have them of regular mechanics' size. A full set of tools should not cost much over $20, and a farm kit for general use about $6, and they will often save their cost in a single season.—*Selected.*

THE BOY WHO TAKES PRIDE IN HIS WORK.

"Don't that look just fine?"

It was no vain conceit that made a certain boy say these words one day last summer. His blue eyes were shining with honest pride because of the perfectness and trimness of the small garden he had finished weeding and hoeing. Three days before the garden had been completely over-run with weeds and grass. Some of the grass had been of the variety called "wiregrass," and if you have ever tried to hoe out or pull up grass of this kind you know as well as that boy knew, that it is mighty hard grass to tackle. But this boy tackled it with his teeth set and a determination to rid that garden of every spear of it, and it had disappeared root and branch. He was a small boy of French Canadian parentage whom the farmer with whom I was spending some weeks had hired for the summer, and only that day the farmer had said to me, "I never saw a boy take such pride in his work as Louis does. That boy will get along all right in the world. He is not only so very industrious, but he

is so thorough. Everything I give him to do is done just as well as it is possible to do it. He never gives anything a lick and a promise."

Give me a boy noted for being industrious and who takes so much honest and manly pride in his work that nothing but perfection will suit him and I shall feel that I am safe in prophesying a successful future for that boy.

There is something fine and manly in the boy who takes pride in his work, who feels that it is a reflection on his character to be lazy and who likes to put an "A 1" mark on all that he does.

I remember that I once happened to be near two boys who had each been given a certain task to do. I do not know how long they had been working on it, but presently I heard one of them say to the other,

"There, Joe, that will do. It looks good enough."

"No, it doesn't," the boy he called Joe replied. "I'm not going to leave mine until it looks a good deal better than it looks now. I'm no slouch."

Good for Joe! The boy who sets out in life determined that he will not be a "slouch" is on the right track. Slouchy work will not pass muster in these days. If you have slouchy tendencies, boys, you'd better get rid of them just as soon as possible. Let a man acquire the reputation of being a slouch and he is a goner. No man wants a "slouch" around, and no man with a particle of honest, manly pride will be a person of that description. Pride in one's work no matter what that work may be, is a tremendous help to success in life.—*J. L. Harbour.*

"MAKE THE SAW."

The boy stood beside his grandfather, his eager eyes intent upon the little yellow violin which the aged man's busy fingers were shaping and finishing.

"But you can't finish it, grandfather," said the lad in despair. "You can't make those little S pieces."

"Why can't I make them?" demanded the grandfather, crisply.

"Because you haven't got a saw fine enough for that."

"Then I'll make a saw," was the reply. And he did make it.

Years afterward, that boy, grown to be a well-known violinist understood that his own mastery, not only of the violin, but many of the problems of his life, was largely due to the force with which that one sentence took possession of his mind. That tiny violin, the first he had ever owned, represented to him the overpowering of all difficulties by patient determination, and an unflinching good courage from first to last.—*Ram's Horn.*

If Christians praised God more, the world would doubt him less.—*Charles E. Jefferson.*

SOOT AS A FERTILIZER.

Over in England soot is sold in large quantities as a fertilizer for orchards, and the fruit men snatch at it eagerly, knowing its value as a tree food. In this country we seldom hear of soot as a fertilizer, probably because it is not obtainable in very large quantities and because no one has deemed it of sufficient value to collect for commercial purposes. An agricultural authority says that soot is "a precious manure, since it is made up of carbon, in the state of the finest powder, and is full of volatile salts. In Flanders it is reserved for beds of colza, which are protected from plant lice. In England it is scattered upon meadows, where it promotes the vegetation of grass, while it destroys moss. Three large crops of clover have been secured in one year by its employment. The soot from bituminous coal is better than that from wood." —*Journal of Agriculture.*

THE HAND.

The hand never lies. It always obeys without question the orders of its master—the brain. If it is desired to improve the product of the hand, attention much be given to the education of the mind, which has exclusive jurisdiction over the hand.—*Glenwood Boy.*

"Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not his wings."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

Two men wanted on adjoining stock farms. Good wages. Brethren preferred. Write Box 64, Route 1, Grundy Center, Iowa.

Wanted.—Purchasers for first-class improved farms, 80 to 200 acres. S. Burkett, North Manchester, Indiana.

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FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

She Had Outside Duties.

The public-spirited lady meets the little boy on the street. Something about his appearance halts her. She stares at him in her near-sighted way.

The Lady: "Little boy, haven't you any home?"

The Little Boy: "Oh, yes'm, I've got a home."

The Lady: "And loving parents?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "I'm afraid you do not know what love really is. Do your parents look after your moral welfare?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Are they bringing you up to be a good and helpful citizen?"

The Little Boy: "Yes'm."

The Lady: "Will you ask your mother to come and hear me talk on 'When Does a Mother's Duty to Her Child Begin?' next Saturday afternoon at three o'clock, at Lyceum Hall?"

The Little Boy (explosively): "What's th' matter with you, ma! Don't you know me? I'm your little boy!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Was Evidently Tainted Money.

The big touring car had just whizzed by with a roar like a gigantic rocket, and Pat and Mike turned to watch it disappear in a cloud of dust, relates a writer in Success.

"Thim chug wagons must cost a hape av cash," said Mike. "The rich is fairly burnin' money."

"An' be the smell av it," sniffed Pat, "it must be thot tainted money we do be hearin' so much aboot."

The cat settled herself luxuriously in front of the kitchen range. Little Dolly regarded her with interest. They had no cat in Dolly's home. The cat began to purr.

"Gran'ma! Gran'ma! Come here quick!" cried Dolly in alarm. "The cat's begun to boil!"—February Everybody's.

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."—Everybody's.

Bank Teller: "I have no doubt you are Billyuns, the ice magnate, but you must be identified. Can't you bring in some friend to——"

Billyuns: "I have no friends."

Bank Teller: "It's all right. You're identified."

Beggar (piteously): "Ah, sir, I am hungry."

Dyspeptic (savagely): "Then have the decency to keep your good fortune to yourself. I haven't had an appetite for years."

Several sponge farms, all of which are paying concerns, are to be found in the Mediterranean. Until recently sponges have been simply collected from the sea floor, where they have flourished in a wild state, but of late years they have, like oysters, been cultivated.

Facts and Figures.

Japan gets 188,000 recruits yearly for her regular army.

A bat has been known to live for 106 years in a closed and sealed vault.

The Bank of England suspended cash payments twice—first in 1696, and secondly in 1797.

The oldest manuscript written on cotton paper in England is in the British Museum, and bears date 1049.

Among the household of the Chinese emperor are 30 physicians, 75 astrologers, 76 cooks and 60 priests.

The annual revenue of the Suez Canal in shipping dues was at first $1,850,000. It is now $20,000,000.

Variations of temperature do not extend deeper in the ocean than 600 feet. Below that the temperature never varies.

The highest mountain in the moon is thought to be at least 35,000 feet in height; that is 6,000 feet higher than Mount Everest.

France constructed the first ironclad warship—La Gloire—in 1859. She was a wooden vessel, with a 5-inch belt over the water line.

Colorado holds the record among the States of having 407 mountain peaks exceeding 10,000 feet; 33 of these are 14,000 feet and over.

The Man in Woe.

When you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "Hello!"
Say "Hello" and "How d'yer do;
How's the world using you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your hand down with a whack.
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "Hello."
Is he clothed in rags? Oh show!
Walk right up and say "Hello."
Rags is but a cotton roll
Just for wrapping up a soul,
Any soul is worth a true,
Hale and hearty, "How d'yer do?"
Don't wait for the crowd to go;
Walk right up and say "Hello."
When big vessels meet they say
They salute and sail away.
Just the same are you and me
Lonesome ships upon a sea,
Each one sailing its own log
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speaking trumpet blow;
Lift your horn and say "Hello."

—Selected.

A little girl was told by her teacher that "ferment" meant "to work," and was requested to write a sentence containing that word.

Her sentence was, "I would rather play out of doors than to ferment in school."

"Pa!"

"For goodness' sake, what is it now?"

"This book is called 'Shakespeare's Works.'"

"Well?"

"Well, you told me they was plays."

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SAMPLE ANECDOTES.

(As they appear in the book.)

The Obscured Light.

There was a great lighthouse out at sea. One night the men lighted the lamps, as usual. Some time afterward they saw that there appeared no light upon the water where ordinarily there was a bright lane of beams. They examined their lamps —they were burning brightly. But they looked outside, and there were millions of little insects on the glass, so thickly piled there that the light could not get through. In the morning they learned that a ship had been wrecked close by because the light had been obscured by the insects.

Glorifying God in Our Homes.

A saintly bishop once said: "I never move about my home, I never step out of my house, I never pass along any street or path, I am never anywhere without being likely to be seen by some one who knows me. A knowledge of this fact always makes me watchful of myself and cautious. I want it to be so that whoever sees me, at any time or anywhere, will be able to see nothing in me that is inconsistent with the character of a loyal and faithful servant of Christ." Such a spirit cannot help glorifying God wherever it is lived.

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The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Retts are the resident ministers.

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THE BEST REWARD.

"Every man and woman, who labors honestly, of a right should look for an honest reward, no difference whether they have done a great work or whether it be little."—Extract from Editorial under the heading of "The Best Reward" in the Inglenook for June 19, 1906.

All will admit that it is a commendable ambition to secure the greatest possible legitimate returns from honest labor. It is clean, undefiled, honest money that is produced by the labor of farmers aided by Dame Nature. The work is not fitted to a sluggard's requirements. Energy and thought are both essential to success. Too often is it true that (because of unfavorable conditions of soil, climate and markets or the selection of unprofitable crops) the work of farmers brings but little return in money.

In no other pursuit does location have more to do with insuring either a great success, moderate returns, or a practical failure.

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In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and neighboring states, the farmers are facing adverse conditions, compared with the situation near Spokane, Washington. While many are moderately successful, it is unquestionably true that the same energy and ability used on irrigated land near Spokane would yield many times the net annual profit. There is no question about that fact, for it can be demonstrated as true to the satisfaction of any who care to investigate.

Farm Where the Maximum Profit Is Certain.

The lands of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company offer to you an opportunity to secure "the best results" from your knowledge and labor. Your energy and ability will readily be transformed into immense profits under the favorable conditions you will enjoy on one of these irrigated farms. A large acreage is not desirable. Ten, twenty or thirty acres is all that one family needs of this land to insure a far larger net income than 80 acres, 160 acres, or 200 acres will produce in the Middle West.

Conditions Are Unusual.

The tract of land now being sold by the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company of Spokane, Washington, was until a few weeks ago utilized for pasturage and to raise feed stuffs by the Hazelwood Dairy, the second largest dairy enterprise in the whole United States. It comprises 3000 acres in one body, located from 4½ to 7½ miles from Spokane, Washington, a modern city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The dairy people have discovered that with irrigation they need only 480 acres, to secure the same results they have been getting from 3,000. So all but 480 acres of this 3,000 acre tract is to be sold. An irrigation system ample to supply every acre of the entire tract is practically completed, and will be in use this spring.

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The Great Northern Railroad, which runs from Minneapolis, Minn., to Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, skirts the north side of this tract, and a standard gauge electric line, handling Northern Pacific freight cars, passes by the south side. The distance over fine roads to Spokane is from 4½ to 7½ miles—not a very long haul if you desire to save all freight charges.

Spokane offers a HIGH cash market for every possible product of these small farms, whether it be fruit, vegetables, hay, alfalfa, poultry, or stock. Prices for all farm produce will be found from 33⅓ to 200 per cent higher in Spokane than in Chicago. This applies to everything the farmer raises to sell, from hay to pork, and from fruit to poultry. It includes milk, garden vegetables, eggs and butter.

Personal living expenses are a little higher here, but the farmers' net profits are so tremendously increased that the increased cost of living is trivial indeed.

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The sales managers of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company, through personal observation, have become impressed with the belief that Dunkard Brethren are both good citizens and good farmers.

A business acquaintance with Sherman Stookey, J. A. Harlacher and Edwin Harlacher, Dunkards of Teakean, Idabo, has engendered the hope that more of the same sort of men will buy land and locate out here.

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If you might be induced to change your location for a better one, write for literature and detailed information regarding Hazelwood Irrigated Farms.

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Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

We are Headquarters for These Goods.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Please send **Catalogue No. 144,** showing samples of bonnet and cap goods for Fall and Winter wear, to the following address:

Name.....

P. O.....

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Note—Write name and address plainly.

The Lord Our Righteousness

By Elder S. N. McCann,
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This little volume contains eighteen chapters filled with food for thought. It all points to the end sought—"The Lord is Our Righteousness." It is a most excellent work and everyone ought to have a copy and give it a careful and prayerful reading. Enough is said to lead any Christian to a higher and nobler life and to turn sinners to repentance.

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We have only a limited number of the second edition of this book which we will furnish as long as they last for ouly 35 cents per copy.

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Complete works of Flavius Josephus, the learned, authentic Jewish historian and celebrated warrior. To this are added seven dissertations concerning Jesus Christ, John the Baptist, James the Just, God's Command to Abraham, etc. This is the translation of Wm. Whiston, A. M., with an introduction by the Rev. H. Sebbing, D. D.

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is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

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If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

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Quickly relieves and permanently cures Constipation, Stomach and Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

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If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

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If our directions are followed, WE GUARANTEE PURE HERB TABLETS to satisfy every customer, or we will return their money.

In most people uric acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older, and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

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Just send us a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook, and we will mail 100 days' treatment of our Pure Herb Tablet treatment. Use them ten days, if perfectly satisfactory, send us $1.00, if not, simply return the balance and you still have your money. We claim this treatment has no equal for the above diseases, and take this honorable way to prove it to our patrons. Don't miss this opportunity. Speed the day by sending now to

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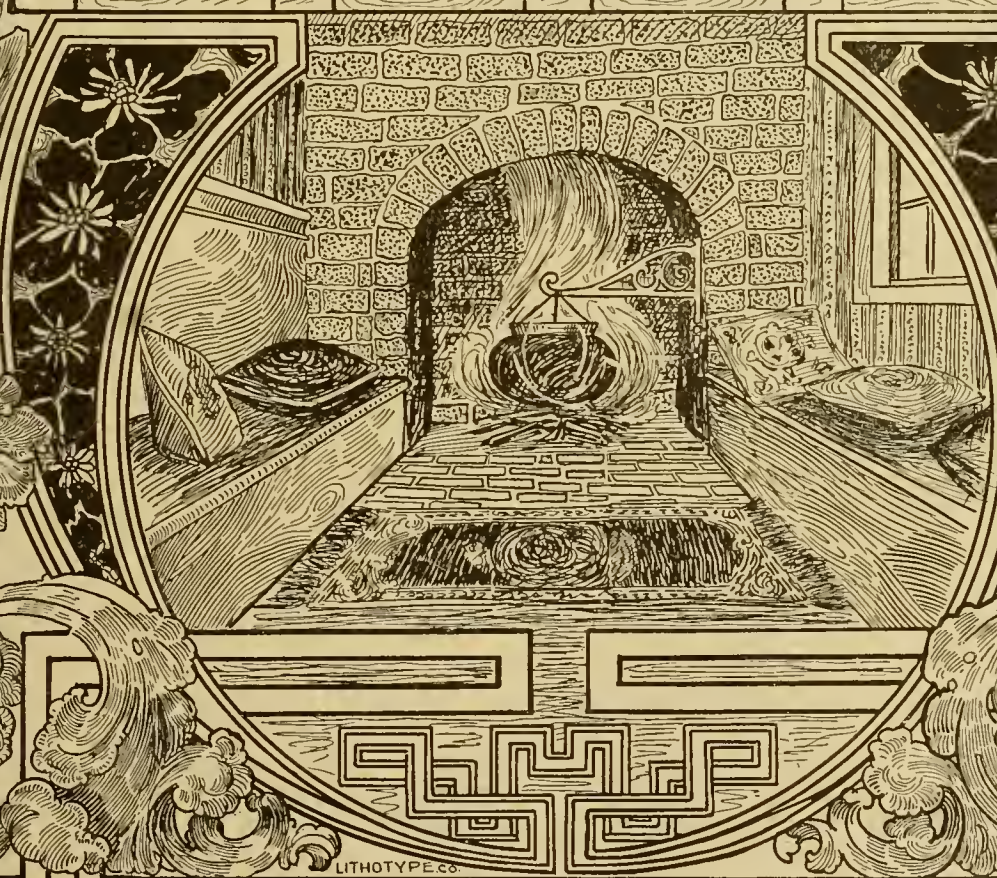
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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LITHOTYPE.CO.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

February 19, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 8. Vol. IX

LOW RATES TO CALIFORNIA IN MARCH AND APRIL



OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FEB. 16, 1907.

To the Brethren and their Friends:

In former letters your attention has been called to the scenery along the lines of the Union Pacific, New Salt Lake Route and the Southern Pacific en route to the Annual Meeting.

By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

BUY YOUR TICKETS TO THE ANNUAL MEETING via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans, returning over some of the other lines shown on this map and stop off and visit the Brethren en route, as your tickets will permit you to do at any point west of the Missouri River.

BUY YOUR TICKETS OF YOUR HOME AGENT as he is your neighbor and will undoubtedly give you reliable information.

For further information see the nearest agent of the Union Pacific Railroad or write to

Yours fraternally,

Geo. L. McDonough

Colonization Agent.

BUTTE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

HAS

1. An Unquestionable Title.
2. Easy Term Payments.
3. Unexcelled Climate.
4. The Most Fertile Soil.
5. All Kinds of Building Material.
6. An Eternal Supply of Pure Water.
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8. A Prohibitory Liquor Clause in the Title.
9. Splendid Railroad Facilities.
10. An Insatiable Domestic Market.
11. A Great Foreign Market.
12. Country Life with City Privileges.
13. Opportunity for Electrical Power and Illumination.
14. Hunting and Fishing.

HAS NOT

1. No Isolation from Civilization.
2. No Questionable Neighbors.
3. No Saloon Nuisance.
4. No Alkaline or Sulphur Water.
5. No Stumps to Grub.
6. No Stones to Haul Off.
7. No Ague and Malaria.
8. No Consumption nor Asthma.
9. No Asthma nor Hayfever.
10. No Cyclones.
11. No Long Winters.
12. No Living in Dugouts for Years.
13. No Dust nor Mud.
14. No Gravel to Haul for Miles.
15. No Biennial Drought.
16. No Extortionate Water Rents.
17. No Exorbitant Prices on Lands.

Why should young men and women, starting out in life, decide on making their fortunes and their homes in countries where there are conditions that insure sickness, disease and calamities, when there are countries that are comparatively free from such things? Why not go to a country where church, school and agricultural privileges are ideal?

Health is the greatest thing in this world, outside of securing a place in the next. The climatic conditions for health in BUTTE VALLEY are unquestionably unsurpassed. The price of land is low. The society is good. The saloon evil is forbidden. Only one thing will prevent your getting a good home cheap—procrastination. Judging from the way the people are writing us for cars for the transportation of household goods in March and April, we suggest that you make arrangements for your future home in BUTTE VALLEY at once.

Talk it over with the family and write us to-day. Make your sale of such stuff as you do not care to take along, and then GO.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

504 UNION TRUST BUILDING

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HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 21. Chicago, Ill.

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Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,
Frsdrick, Maryland.

JUST 50 MORE AGENTS NEEDED

to push the sale of our **Inglenook Cook Book.** Get in line with the other fellows who are making from

$2.00 TO $4.00 PER DAY

If you have **any snap to you** and want to make some money between this and April. Write us to-day for our proposition. Address

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Brethren Teachers' Monthly

Thousands of subscriptions have been placed on our list the past few weeks for the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly.** It is being hailed with delight among the teachers and Sunday school workers in general.

It more than fills the place of the Sunday School Commentary, the Advanced and Primary Teachers' quarterlies. These publications have been discontinued and the "Monthly" launched on a broader field of helpfulness for Sunday-school workers in general.

BEST STEP FORWARD.

When ordering some books, and a copy of the Brethren Teachers' Monthly for one year, Prof. W. L. Eikenberry of the Wm. McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"Allow me to say in closing that I think the establishment of the Teachers' Monthly one of the best steps forward which has come to my notice, so far as the literature of the church is concerned. I fear that you cannot continue to supply it at the price you name, however.

Very truly,

W. L. Eikenberry.

WILL CONVINCE YOU.

If you are a superintendent, teacher, or Sunday-school worker, we want to send you this monthly for at least three months. We feel sure it will convince you that you can't afford to be without.

Subscription Price,

Single copy, ... 6 cents
Single copy, per quarter, ...13 cents
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Three or more copies to one address, per quarter, each 13 cents
Three or more copies to one address, per year, ...each, 48 cents

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

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Aid Digestion. Restore Strength

Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

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Brawntawns will make you healthy. bright and cheerful

Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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Sisters, when in need of **Cap Goods** remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List FREE. I make a discount to the Aid Societies. Mention the Inglenook.

MARY A. BRUBAKER,
Box 331. Virden, Illinois.

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In Fresno County, California, is without doubt the best proposition on the Pacific Coast for the Brethren and others who want homes where pioneering is a thing of the past. No Floods; Good Water System, Good Land at reasonable prices. Raisins, Wine Grapes, Table Grapes, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Berries, Alfalfa, and Lumber are the chief products.

The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Betts are the resident ministers.

Why not look into the Reedley proposition? It will stand thorough investigation. Write for booklet.

LYON LAND COMPANY.
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Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE
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We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.

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Fill out the coupon below, mail to us and we will at once send to you our new Catalogue No. 144, containing samples of Fall and Winter Bonnet Goods.



Style B.

We are showing a splendid line of Chenilles, Felts, Silks and Velvets this Fall. We have patterns and designs never before shown, and they are sure to please you.

WE MAKE BONNETS TO ORDER

Catalogue No. 144 is complete in every particular. It shows six shapes of Bonnets; gives full directions as to made-to-order Bonnets; gives prices complete on all goods, and has some Special Features in other lines which you should not miss. Send for it at once.

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We send special samples cards of these goods with the samples of Bonnet Goods.

Catalogue No. 144 shows two styles of made-to-order Caps. It also gives description and prices complete.

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Name.....

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Note—Write name and address plainly.

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THE BEST LANDS.
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It is a large 8vo. book, well bound in cloth and contains 1,055 pages. The print is large and clear.

Regular price, ...$2.00
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REDUCED PRICE.

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Leather binding, former price, $5.00, now $3.10.

Send your order now, to

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The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

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IDAHO

MAKING STOPS AT

NAMPA, PAYETTE and WEISER

where the BRETHREN CHURCHES are located. Then through Oregon, via Portland, and San Francisco to Los Angeles. Arrangements will be made for the benefit of those who go to Los Angeles by some other route, to return over the above route, giving the Brethren a longer time to visit friends in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, also for those who intend to visit the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
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Thousands of People

have found homes and settled in SOUTHERN IDAHO and still there is room for thousands more in the fertil valleys along the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

The people are happy because they are prosperous and in a mild climate that is unsurpassed for healthfulness.

Fruit in abundance every year, and crops never fail. Go and see Idaho and be convinced.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

For further information write to

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S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
DAYTON, OHIO

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 19, 1907. NO. 8.

How the House Fly Sees

N. J. Miller

THOUGH the house fly is considered a nuisance about the house and is charged with carrying the germs of typhoid, it is an interesting study. An hour spent noting the movements of its legs as the insect walks across a plane surface like glass, is not the dullest hour in one's life. There is no magic in its power to walk across very smooth surfaces though upside down. A sticky fluid is secreted by the little pads at the extremities of the legs, which is adhesive enough to hold the insect to the surface. Even the pair of transparent wings offer a world of interest.



However, there is another pair of wings beneath these. They are usually unnoticed since they are so small and very unlike those above. Should one observe closely he will note these rudimentary wings, called balancers, simply very slender stalks bearing on their free ends small rounded bodies. These rudiments, perhaps, aid the fly to balance itself in flight: they also are organs of hearing.

The head, as everyone knows, is largely eyes, a compound one on each side. Fine criss-cross lines can be seen extending over their surfaces, which are the boundaries of so-called facets. They are polygonal areas very much like the facets of the grasshopper. Lying beneath each area and abutting against it is a lens, nerve and other structures concerned in sight. So we may think of the compound eyes consisting of many simple eyes packed side by side like brick laid down on end in a pavement.

Some naturalists believed that each single eye formed an image of the whole object or objects in the fly's field of vision. Since the structure of these eyes has been more closely studied another view is held. The consensus of opinion is that each facet forms an image of but a small part of the field of vision so that the images form a mosaic of the field. Further, it is believed that the fly cannot perceive outlines very definitely for more than a few feet distant. Light and movement are more keenly perceived. Though supplied with "thousands of eyes" the fly has a distorted view of things having more than small dimensions.

A French naturalist, after making an intensive study of the sight of flies and other insects, came to some very interesting conclusions. He believes that a fly resting on the floor and looking at a man a few feet distant, gets a queer conception of his form and size. The man, he would have us know, appears to the fly to be over one hundred feet tall; his lower extremities of huge dimensions and his head the size of an ordinary pin-head; the toes of his shoes like sheds fourteen feet high and many feet long; and the folds in his trousers like furrows drawn across a field. Queer indeed, is the fly's conception of size and outline of a man! It sees a man very much like some men metaphorically see others.

THE WAY.

The winter months seem wondrous hard and long!
Sickness and sorrow meet me as I go.
Sickness and sorrow! God ne'er meant it so.
Unkindness, jealousy, or social wrong,
Should never drown Love's rapturous undersong.
I pondered thus, and walked in paths I know,
Among the flower beds hid in banks of snow.
I dug a sleeping spring flower from the throng
Of wild flowers, resting calm in Nature's tomb.
The frail hepatica was cold and gray,
As if the world would never more be gay.
I carried it, sad-hearted, to my room.
Three days! Oh Joy! Oh Love! My flower's in bloom.
Patience! Grope on, my soul! God shows the way.

—Flora Lewis Marble.

WE need not be afraid that we shall go too far in serving others. There is no danger that anyone of us will ever go too far in the walk of active love.—*J. C. Hare.*

JUST TO SEE HOW IT GOES.

BY IRA P. DEAN.

An execution was to take place in the county jail, a prisoner was to be hanged for murder. A farmer living a few miles from the town in which the execution would take place, declared a holiday on the farm on that day. The farmer and his wife had decided to see the murderer executed and explained the hanging to their two boys, aged six and eight years, so they would not care to see it.

The day for the execution arrived, the farmer and his wife drove to town, leaving the two boys at home on the farm.

The parents had not been gone very long when the older boy suggested that they go to the barn and he would hang himself to see how it goes. They both started to the barn, secured a rope and fastened it to a rafter under the overshoot; a wheelbarrow was placed for the boy to stand on until he was ready. The rope was fastened about his neck, and everything ready, he said to his younger brother, "Now when I say 'ready' pull the wheelbarrow away and when I holler, you cut me down."

The little fellow agreed and the signal was given, "Ready," and the wheelbarrow was removed. No sooner was this done than the hanging boy began to kick and twist and squirm in an effort to get his breath, while his little brother stood back clapping his hands on his knees and laughing in innocent glee.

"Whenever you're ready, holler," he said; and kept on innocently enjoying the dreadful tragedy, while his brother was strangling to death, because he could not hollow for help. He was growing quiet when a farmer passing saw the boy hanging to the rope. He instantly leaped from his buggy, rushed to the scene and cut the boy down who was now unconscious. His little brother did not realize what had been going on, that his brother was strangling to death, just to see how it goes. After vigorous work the boy revived.

But how many young men are drinking their first glass of liquor, smoking their first cigarette, committing their first theft, swearing for the first time, telling their first lie, just to see how it goes and just like the boy of my story, they never dream that they may become a victim to the very evil itself.

The boy who takes the first drink does not intend to become a victim of the demon, alcohol. He means to stop when it becomes unpleasant, but he never stops to think that that very first drink is part of the rope that strangles out the very purity of their innocent lives. Before they touch the evil thing they are purely innocent, but after just the first yielding they are foully guilty. Because they "just want to see how it goes," they are cut down, victims of their folly.

Harrisburg, Pa.

SHAMS.

OMA KARN.

It looked so beautiful peeping out from among the several kinds of fruit that were piled up on the plate. One had thoughts of the sunny southland from which it came as you looked at its rich yellow beauty, and I found myself having an earnest desire to feast upon its juicy interior.

And, so it came about, that when the dessert was put on the table, I was not sorry to find that particular orange on my plate. "It is a new variety," my hostess told me, "such a delightful kind," and I remember thinking at the time that it certainly must be a delightful kind to bring such a sparkle of appreciation to her eye—but then I was peeling the orange and anticipating the joys of the "toothsome things to come."

It seemed a very light weight for an orange of that size, and the rind had wonderful adhesive qualities, and to my disappointment the inside was not juicy at all, but dry and lifeless—but just then, just as the suppressed mirth of the company broke into peals of laughter, I made a discovery—I was peeling a mock orange.

The victim of the joke enjoyed it as much as anyone. But it left me thinking. Is there not a lesson in it? Are there not a great many people in the world who are like mock-oranges? Shams who make a very nice appearance on the outside, and who at first glance seem to be very wise, but when the outside rind of pretense is peeled off, are found to be hollow and lifeless inside. Such people never amount to very much. Their masquerade may attract attention, and escape detection for a while; but sooner or later the test will come and the truth will be known.

We can build a house so that it looks very beautiful and attractive on the outside, but unless it is of substantial material throughout and built upon a solid foundation, it will soon fall when the storms come. So it is with a make-believe life. Unless the heart is right in the sight of God, unless we are filled with the inner strength of a pure strong character, we will be cast away with the mock-orange.

A VEGETABLE HAIR.

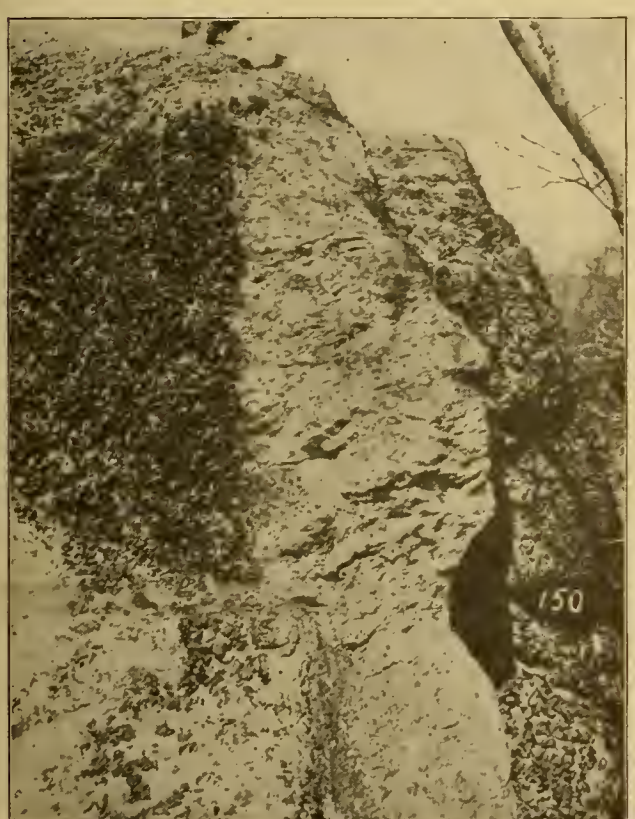
One of the most interesting, though perhaps least known industries of Algeria is the production of vegetable hair. This hair or fibre is made from the dwarf palm which grows in large quantities along the coast of Algeria.

A few years ago this plant was looked upon as a useless weed; now it has been found to contain a most useful fibre and is largely sought after. This fibre is an excellent substitute for horsehair and is in great demand among upholsterers, mattress makers, harness makers and carriage builders on the Continent for the cheaper class of goods.—*Selected.*

The Great Stone Face

D. C. Jacobs

NATURE is full of change. The bud we saw yesterday is a full-blown flower to-day; the leaf beside it, broad and green in summer, in autumn brown and sear; the shrub we knew in our childhood is now a spreading tree. Such changes are easily recognized, since they fall within the span of man's life and so the principle of perpetual progress in the organic world is familiar to us all. However, progress in the inorganic world is, because of its slowness, less easily recognized, and therefore the wide-



The Great Stone Face.

spread impression that the hills are unchanging. This, however, is a false impression. Not only the hills, but mountains, plains, and valleys are perpetually acted upon by the heat and cold, sunshine and rain, wind and stream and are gradually changed. Not only now are they undergoing changes but by such agents each feature was originally formed and by these same agents it will eventually be transformed into a feature of a different type. Thus every element of the landscape has an origin and a history."

The origin of the Great-Stone-Face is none other than the action of the aforenamed elements. There are no evidences, on the part of the white manor his predecessor at sculpture. As to the history, none will be given except that as told by an Indian legend.

It is situated near the summit of the almost perpendicular rocky wall-like southern slope of Rocky Ridge, one of the main ridges of the South Mountain, rising in the form of huge benches. The rock, which very strikingly resembles a human face, is an integer; part of the rock being covered with grayish-brown fungus gives the impression of hair and adds greatly in identifying it as a face. The dimensions of the face are about twenty-five by fifteen feet. The rock is of a dark gray color with eyes, mouth, chin and forehead clearly marked.

From the top of this rock you can look down upon all the neighboring ridges of the South Mountain save one to the southwest, while along the entire southern horizon loom up the foothills, cutting off the view of the settlement. In the ravine below flows a small stream which two and one-half miles farther furnished power for the Caledonia iron furnaces of Thaddeus Stevens, the ruins of which now strew its banks. Turning toward the north you see the beautiful Cumberland Valley stretching out before you; in the foreground is Chambersburg while a blue line to the extreme north is the North Mountain.

Rolling back the scroll of time we see upon this very ledge of rocks a Shawnee brave cautiously directing his eagle eyes upon the valley to the north. Facing about he sees the campfires of his own peaceful tribe dancing in the dark valley below. Turning again he intently fixes his gaze on the valley beyond. Why scans he so eagerly that northern horizon? Ah! 'tis the scout of the warlike Iroquois he is looking for. His tribe is peaceful and industrious, little able to cope with that stern tribe whose only profession was war. The sentinel hears a rustle of the leaves to his rear! Nimbly he glides into a safe niche. Does he give the alarm to the camp below? No, 'tis the daughter of the Medicine Man come to share his vigil. He at first says, Nay, go down to the camp, a place of safety; for the Indian's ear is not acute enough to hear the stealthy approach of the Iroquois scout when thou art present. Prevailed upon by love he permits her to remain.

But alas, the enemy seeing the heights unoccupied creeps stealthily up to the crest of the ridge and slays the sentinel ere he can give the alarm. The squaw is bound and gagged. All is now in the hands of the cruel Iroquois.

The scout now waits for the main band to come up when a descent upon the sleeping camp is planned. After torch and scalping-knife and tomahawk were

satiated only two of the once peaceful tribe remain alive, the Medicine Man and his daughter. With haughty brow the scout who first scaled yon ridge and he who killed the sentinel, views the scene, but that haughty look is replaced by one of intense terror as he sees a colossal statue looking down on the ruins they have made. He immediately squats under cover and by a circuitous route steals upon this image from the rear, when lo! he finds in the place of the dead sentinel a huge stone face.

The Iroquois, ofter going on his warpath as far south as Virginia, returns to his northern home where while instructing the young brave in the craft of war tells him how the Great Spirit changes faithless sentinels into stone faces and makes them view forever the scene of the resulting disaster.

Gettysburg, Pa.

ONE CENT.

O. H. KIMMEL.

THE commonest piece of specie in America is the one-cent piece. It is the delight of the child, the convenience of the young and the necessity of the superannuated. Yet how many boys and girls or men and women can accurately tell the history of Mr. One Cent?

Whose face do you see on the cent?

The face of an Indian girl, you say.

But hold, you are wrong. Think again.

But it is an Indian, for there are the feathers and all! I say yet that it is an Indian.

But I say again that you are wrong. Now let us borrow a cent and look at its face. Why, we behold that this face has no high cheek bones nor an Indian expression. There is a strong Saxon outline, a Saxon expression, yes, it must be a Saxon, and its appearance upon the cent came about in this wise:

Mrs. Sarah Longacre Keen who was until her death a resident of Philadelphia, was called the queen of the American mint. This was while her father, Mr. James B. Longacre, was chief engraver of the mint at Philadelphia.

In 1835 competition was opened up for sketches and engravings for the new copper cent that was to be issued, and which has since been in service. Many competitors sent in their designs in hopes of winning the ample prize which was offered. Longacre scratched his head and racked his brain for some original design that would strike the eye of the judges, but without success, for months.

One morning some Indians with their chief came to the city and were shown through the mint. They were introduced to "paleface engraver" Longacre, who was just then showing Sarah—"the queen"—the great concern. The old chief was attracted to the sweet-faced little white maiden. She was equally fascinated by his queer looks, with feathers and paint. Her desire to try her appearance in the feathery headgear became strong enough for the demand to be made, and the old fellow solemnly removed the feathers from his brow and placed them on the glowing locks of the little maiden.

The quick eye of the father took in the scene at a glance and something took possession of his mind, for he went to work at once, and crudely sketched the child in the feathers. Later he saw the peculiar combination of Indian feathers and Saxon sweetness, and he made a design of this for the new cent, and after a long deliberation and many siftings the Longacre design was chosen by a majority of one vote, and thus we have to-day the Indian feather and Saxon face design on the coin which has a greater circulation than any other single coin in the world.

East St. Louis, Ill.

PERSEVERANCE SHALL WIN.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

Whate'er trade you choose well consider
Its end ere at it you begin.
But always remember this motto:
Perseverance in all shall win.

Success does not come from calling,
And neither from what "might have been;"
But from what you do; for remember,
Perseverance in all shall win.

When fortune is smiling upon you,
And everything seems so serene,
Keep working and ever remember,
Perseverance in all shall win.

Keep working on and ne'er falter,
And never in idleness join,
Else Fortune will leave you; remember,—
Perseverance in all shall win.

And when Fortune seems turned against you,
And all of your hopes seem so thin,
Keep up your low spirits by saying,
Perseverance in all shall win.

Take this as your motto and heed it,
To leave it unheeded is sin.
'Twill help you through life's dreary pathway;
Perseverance in all shall win.

Then let each who reads this try being
A hero or a heroine;
And at your work always remember,
Perseverance in all shall win.

Osage, Sask., Canada.

SING INWARDLY.

WHEN the outer life is of a nature to cause you to weep, says Charles Wagner, you must learn to sing inwardly.

Assuredly there is but one salvation for many in the battle of life; that is to have this inner power. Otherwise nothing will succeed. If the power does not exist, he must create it.—*Gospel Witness.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Twelve. A Visit with old Friends.

WHEN the two years of Bible study were past, Joe Noble came to visit his friends. His subsequent work was to be at a mission point. He made no trip to France, for Mr. and Mrs. Noble were coming back at the end of the summer.

Joe was Nat's senior by seven years, but on Nat, as much as on the parents, devolved the entertainment of the guest.

Joe was to come immediately his work was done at Crown college. He generously allowed himself a fortnight for the visit.

He arrived on Saturday. At the station at Hampton there were to meet him, a man in whose face time was bringing its lines and whose hands gripped his own like a vise, and a boy, already as tall as the man, with the man's dark eyes and hair and with gay laughter like that which came from a woman's lips.

Joe and Nat felt with mutual keenness the changes seven years had wrought in each other. Nat seemed to all at once recognize that the young man was a clergyman, and it dawned upon him that the party he had planned might be a very inappropriate function.

Joe found a stalwart young fellow, of the same age he himself had been at the time of the first visit, in place of the child of that time. He had never figured as an athlete and he felt rather awed by this youngster whose eyes were six inches above his own.

The woman who met him at the cottage door had lines where there had been dimples seven years ago, but her figure had the same grace, her step the same firmness, and in her clear blue eyes there was a new earnestness.

In the mother's skirts a baby was hiding its ringleted head.

Joe touched one of the fair curls, and said, "How do you do, Joy?"

The baby looked up at the young man, at her mother, then back at Joe, carrying on the lips of her upturned face the smile she had caught from her mother.

"Pa-pa, t'at Joe?" lisped the baby.

"That's Joe. Here, shake hands with him," said John raising her right arm.

She thrust her face up as far as she could, and pursed up her lips, making a slight sucking sound with them.

"I kiss Joe," she said gravely.

The young man did not lift her but stooped far down to the little form.

Nat shared with the guest his bed in his own pleasant room.

During the days Joe did not much hinder the work of his host by conversation. But at night, in Nat's room, he and the boy talked of many things.

Only once did he venture directly upon the topic of religion.

Nat, with precocious understanding, briefly silenced him.

"It's my intention," said the boy, "to get a college education and then enter journalism. I don't think membership in your church would be consistent with a reporting job on a daily paper. I'll have to wait until I find another church that suits me—as well." He added the two words from habit of integrity.

"Can I get a college scholarship?" Nat asked one other night.

"You likely can," answered Joe. "You have a good mind, and that is what nearly all schools require. Some give free scholarships to pupils who have influential friends.

"It would be quite a help if I could get one. Pa can't furnish my college expenses and he'll need me to work here during vacations. So I'd have to work two or three winters to get money for expenses in school."

"Hampton high school is first-class. You're as good as the best. There's no reason why you should not win a scholarship," said Joe.

On the second Tuesday night of Joe's visit the party was to be Never had the Kempers opened their house to so many simultaneous guests. Invitations were sent to the young of the whole extensive neighborhood. There were Marian and Howard, her husband, Harry, Cecil, Victoria, Flossie, Maggie Allen, Jim, who was visiting his grandparents,—all our old friends and a score we never knew. Mr. and Mrs. Racy were also coming.

Nat, with some assistance from Victoria, had planned the games. There were fortunes, Charades, I-spy, Spook, Going-out-west, Going to Boston, Farmyard Animals, An Ocean Trip, and two or three requiring steady hands and eyes.

When Farmyard Animals was played the company were arranged in a circle and Harry Ryan passed from one to another, whispering to each person that

particular one's duty. Ostensibly, Harry was directing each one to imitate the cry of a certain farmyard animal. In reality, however, he told everyone, except Maggie Allen, to just keep silent. He told her to squawk like a goose.

Most of the other young people were familiar with the trick, but Maggie did not often have the opportunity of going to a party, and Harry knew it quite safe to cause her to be the butt of the joke. Probably no other player knew who was to have the conspicuous part.

When Harry finally said, "One, two, now!" Maggie obediently opened her lips, amid dead silence, and began a very unmusical screech. But Victoria looked up instantly and, when Maggie was pausing between "nk" and the guttural "kwee," the younger girl raised her own voice in a shrill, quivering "neigh."

Later, when there was to be a game requiring an uneven number of players, it was Victoria who insisted that she wanted to talk to Mrs. Kemper. There was a rapid glance exchanged between Cecil and his willful sister, and Maggie again had an unembarrassing share in the game.

"Miss Victoria," said Joe Noble, stepping up to the girl's chair while refreshments were being served, "did you know Sylvia and Golden?"

"Yes, sir. They were Nat's sisters; and the prettiest little girls."

"Joy is fine, too, don't you think?"

"Yes, she's sweet. But Sylvia and Golden, together! One was just so pretty, and then when I'd look at the other she seemed prettier yet. Always the last face I'd see would be my choice. There's only one of Joy."

"Joy is fond of looking at her sisters' pictures. She was showing them to me this morning. Then she tugged and tugged at me until she got me to the bureau. She pulled at one of the drawers of the bureau. I opened it for her, and Joy took out Sylvia's and Golden's dresses, the blue one and the rose-colored one."

Victoria looked at him curiously.

"I don't see why you ever liked to go to college. There are no little children there," she said.

"Maybe I have a fancy for children because I never had a little sister to play with, as Nat has," Joe replied.

"Won't you be glad to see your mother?"

Joe smiled. "I shall be very glad," he said.

"Why didn't you take a trip over to France to see her instead of coming here?" asked Victoria.

"It's only a few weeks yet until father and mother will come back. I couldn't have come here if I had gone to France."

"You'd rather be here than in Europe?"

"I should rather see these friends than go to Europe."

"How queer you are," Victoria said, laughing. "What are you going to do? Are you going to work?"

"I'm to take care of a church at St. Ames," answered the young man.

There was now such earnestness in the girl's eyes that he contiuned:

"Our meetinghouse at St. Ames is about as large as two of these rooms. There are twenty-seven pupils enrolled in the Sunday school and there are nearly always at least twenty of them in attendance. They have gathered up twenty books for the library. Those books are read so much that the first ones are worn a lot.

"The Sunday school goes picnicking once every summer. At first we went on the fourth of July, but last year there were exercises in the church that day and the picnic was held later. There was a boat in use, in charge of a careful oarsman, and everybody got a good boatride. There were swings, and a creek to wade in and from which pretty pebbles and shells could be picked up.

"Plenty of cold lunch had been brought, but the finest part of the meal was furnished by our sexton and his daughter. They had caught enough fish for each pupil a share. Some set to work and scaled the fish, then a fire was kindled, and we had a fine addition to our cold food.

"There is prayer meeting once a week, two or more sermons are preached, and the work is doing nicely indeed. But the first missionary, Martin Snell, will go to another place soon. And his wife, who has always held classes in sewing, will give her work over to another woman. This woman has both less competence than Mrs. Snell and less time to devote to the classes." The speaker ceased, his eyes directed upon the others in the room.

"Oh! I'm getting stupid," said Victoria, springing to her feet.

"When I don't have to go to school any more," she continued, "I'm coming to St. Ames, at picnicking time. I'll bring a needle and thread along, too."

Nat and Joe played their cornets awhile, and then the party broke up.

When the boy had leisure from the words of pleasure, and so forth, from the guests, he passed rapidly to where Victoria was standing.

"I *can* go with Harry and Cecil," the girl replied in answer to his approach.

"I guess you can't go with Cecil," Nat said, laughing, and looking across the room at Victoria's elder brother, who, arm-in-arm with Flossie, was passing out of the doorway.

During the walk homeward, Victoria was more quiet and less changeable in her moods than Nat was accustomed to finding her.

When she said "Good-night," at her home, she abruptly added, "I think that Joe is a good man."

The first letter Joe wrote to the Kempers after his return home contained a paragraph that would perhaps have been of interest to Victoria had she known of it.

"Mother and father have brought along a jolly young girl. She is the daughter of Mr. Charles Bentley, who was my father's senior partner in the store about ten years ago.

"At that time Mr. Bently removed his family and the value of his possessions to Europe. When he learned of my parents' being there he and his only daughter went to them. His death occurred soon afterwards.

"Stella Bently, also her inheritance, was put under the care of my father, and, for that obligation, father is to retain as his own all the money that accumulates above a quarter-million."

THE SECRET OF SUCCESSFUL HYMNS.

The greatest poets have not always been successful as writers of hymns. A hymn is a composition so condensed, so poetical and so devout that it fitly carries the aspiration and praise of great assemblies upward to the throne. Beyond this, a hymn must conform rigidly to certain rules of melody so that it may be set to music without loss of harmony. The successful hymn is almost always mated with a tune that belongs to it, and if it be sung to another air there is loss of freedom and lack of union in the vocalization by the congregation. Not long ago, at the close of a very eloquent sermon, the minister gave out Cowper's beautiful hymn:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

"We will sing it all," he said. The organist instead of choosing the familiar tune suited to the noble simplicity of the stanzas, led off in a wailing funeral air that reminded one of the keening at a wake. A hymn should never be divorced without good reason from its married musical mate.

Among the hymns most perfect and exquisite in form and most successful in conveying devotional thought are, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," "Lead kindly light," "The Church's one foundation," "Stand up, stand up, for Jesus," "Rock of ages, cleft for me," "Jesus, Lover of my soul," and "My faith looks up to Thee." Many others arise in memory, fragrant and blessed associations. Every one of these, you will notice, has a single controling motive, is concrete in form and simple in expression. Each possesses a thought that is as the keystone in an arch. The hymn writer whose efforts seem to me most spontaneous and like the singing of a bird is Bishop Heber. I have read that he wrote the immortal missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at white heat to meet an immediate need for a song that should assist the service of praise at a missionary convocation. In our hymn-books there is nothing more beautiful and indeed it would be hard to match it in poetic literature anywhere, than his hymn on childish piety:

By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows;
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet
Is upward drawn to God.

The whole hymn repays study as an example of consummate excellence, as well as unerring discrimination in thought and as a lyric of praise. Many of the paraphrases are happy instances of simplicity and majesty combined. The old Scotch version of the twenty-third psalm, "The Lord is my shepherd, I'll not want," is finer than "The King of Love my shepherd is," although it is hardly fair to call the latter a paraphrase. In the whole hymnal there is nothing nobler than

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

The church owes much to Isaac Watts, who set so many devotional thoughts like apples of gold in pictures of silver, in frames of melody. The church owes much to Charles Wesley, to James Montgomery, to Bernard of Clairveaux, to every singer from Moses and David on through the centuries, who has led the choir of praise.

The late Dr. Matheson, whose death is a grief to some who never saw his face nor heard his voice, but to whom he has been a guide and friend, wrote, among other things, a beautiful hymn beginning:

O love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe,
That in thine ocean's depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

From early youth Dr. Matheson was blind, so far as the external beauty of this world was concerned, but few men have ever had fuller spiritual insight. Notwithstanding his infirmity, he wrote and taught and preached, and there was never anywhere a hint in his work that he was not as other men.

I do not suppose that a fine poem and successful hymn was ever written to order. The hymn must have grown out of the writer's life, must have crystallized out of real experience. Then it must have been written by one whose nature it was to sing, and one who loved to sing the praises of the heavenly Father.—*Aunt Marjorie, in the Christian Intelligencer.*

"FOR LOVE OF IT."

"DUTY is for man an enemy and an intruder, so long as it appears as an appeal from without. When it comes in through the open door, he leaves by the window; when it blocks up the window, he escapes by the roof. The more plainly we see it coming, the more surely we flee. It is like those police, representative of public order and official justice, whom an adroit thief succeeds in evading. The officer, though he finally collars the thief, can only conduct him to the station, not along the right road. Before man is able to accomplish his duty, he must fall into the hands of another power than that which says, "Do this; do that; shun that, or else, beware." This is an interior power —it is love. When a man hates his work, or goes about it with indifference, all the forces of earth can not make him follow it with enthusiasm. But he who loves his office moves of himself; not only is it needless to compel him, but it would be impossible to turn him aside. * * * This central force manifests itself under a thousand forms. * * * All that it touches bears its seal, and the men it inspires know that through it we live and have our being. To serve it is their pleasure and reward. They are satisfied to be its instruments, and they no longer look at the outward glory of their office, well knowing that nothing is great, nothing small, but that our life and our deeds are only of worth because of the spirit which breathes through them."—*The Simple Life.*

SOME SANDY BEACHES THAT SING AND BARK.

SAND-HILLS that sing and bark are not to be put in the class with sky-blue elephants and pink crocodiles. Such sand-hills do exist, and the fact that the strange noises which emanate from them have never been fully explained, throws an atmosphere of mystery about them.

Some of the so-called "singing sands" may be found in the neighborhood of Manchester, New Hampshire, but among the most famous in the world are the "barking sands" on the island of Kauai, of the Hawaiian group. The Baltimore *Sun* says that these sands form large conical dunes along the shore, some of them as much as seventy feet in height, and as the grains roll down the slope, impelled by the wind, they emit a muffled sound that is not unlike the barking of a dog.

In the Colorado Desert, which is so celebrated for its extraordinary and deceptive mirages, similar sands occur in hills which, being of a non-sedentary disposition, are continually traveling hither and thither over the vast plain of clay. Of course, it is the wind that moves them, and the silicious particles of which they are composed give out, when a strong breeze is blowing, an audible humming or singing sound.

By examining these particles under a magnifying-glass, it has been ascertained that nearly all of them are perfectly spherical, so that they roll upon each other at the slightest impulse. This accounts for the rapidity with which the hills travel over the desert.

As for the singing, the reason is by no means so obvious, but the theory now accepted is that it has something to do with an exceedingly thin film of gas covering the grains. By and by, if the sand is gathered and taken away, it loses its vocal properties.

The singing sands of the Island of Kauai are perhaps the most remarkable of all. When a small particle of them is taken up and clapped smartly between the hands, it gives out a sound so shrill as to be described as a hoot.

Again, if a shovelful be but into a bag and slammed about with violence, the barking noise becomes surprisingly loud. The Hawaiian natives believe that the sounds are made by the ghosts of dead people, the dunes having been used since time immemorial as burial-places.—*The Scrap Book.*

THE RAILROAD SITUATION IN A NUTSHELL.

IT is high time now for the railroad managers to get out of Wall Street, and to operate their roads. There is not a system in the country at the present moment that has any reason to be especially proud of its achievements. They are all in the market for enormous sums of money with which to make good the defects due to the negligences, the wastes, and the dubious financial transactions of the past. Even where a set of men have managed by stratagem and spoilation to capture control of a railroad, and to own actually a majority of its shares of stock, they have not acquired any right to manage that railroad in their own private interest. Whatever may be the objections to government ownership,—and those objections are very great, —it would be better than the indefinite continuance of an irresponsible and uncontrolled private management in the interest of a ring of plutocrats. But we are evidently at the beginning of a period of publicity in railroad affairs. Quite irrespective of the ultimate bearings of the facts, it has been of great importance to secure the information that has already come to light by virtue of the Interstate Commerce Commission's investigation of the control of the Southern Pacific by the Union Pacific.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for February.*

ODD FACTS ABOUT GOLD.

FEW people know the real color of gold, because it is seldom seen except when heavily alloyed, which makes it much redder than when it is pure.

The purest coins ever made were $50 pieces which once were in common use in California. Their coinage was abandoned because the loss by abrasion was so

great and because their interior could be bored out and filled with lead. They were octagonal in shape, and were the most valuable coins ever minted and circulated.

All gold is not alike when refined. Australian gold is distinctly redder than that taken in California. Moreover, placer gold is more yellow than that which is taken from quartz. This is one of the mysteries of metallurgy, because the gold in placers comes from that which is in quartz. The gold in the Ural Mountains is the reddest in the world.—*Exchange.*

PATHS.

The path that leads to a Loaf of Bread
  Winds through the Swamps of Toil,
And the path that leads to a Suit of Clothes
  Goes through a flowerless soil,
And the paths that lead to the Loaf of Bread
And the Suit of Clothes are hard to tread.

And the path that leads to a House of Your Own
  Climbs over the bowldered hills,
And the path that leads to a Bank Account
  Is swept by the blast that kills:
But the men who start in the paths to-day
In the Lazy Hills may go astray.

In the Lazy Hills are trees of shade
  By the dreamy Brooks of Sleep,
And the rollicking River of Pleasure laughs,
  And gambols down the steep;
But when the blasts of the winter come,
The brooks and the river are frozen dumb.

Then woe to those in the Lazy Hills
  When the blasts of winter moan,
Who strayed from the path to a Bank Account
  And the path to a House of Their Own;
These paths are hard in the summer heat,
But in winter they lead to a snug retreat.

—S. W. Foss.

WILLOW STUDY FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Now is the time to study winter buds, for many of them begin to swell and show that they feel the "northing sun" as early as February. And a good way to make the study easy, is to gather large twigs, or small branches rather, and bring them into the house for forcing in water. The warmth and light of a sunny window will help them to make immediate use of the food which the tree stored away in the summer past, and you may have leaves and blossoms long before the snow is gone out-of-doors.

You will be interested in the study of many kinds of trees, but one of the most attractive, and among the easiest to force, is the willow. There are many kinds, some large trees and some only shrubs, but all are useful and attractive.

Observe closely the tree from which you gather twigs, its size, and the color of its bark—it is from the bark that the black willow takes its name. The silky willow's purple twigs and the Golden Osier's yellow ones will help you in like manner to know them. How many scales in the seed covering? Do you find any at the very tips of the twigs? As the "pussies" grow some will cover themselves with golden or reddish fuzz, according to the kind, and be as dusty as millers. Others will be small and silvery green, with no dust or fuzz at all, yet apparently on the same kind of twig. That is true, and I hope you will remember to watch some of these small green catkins on the growing tree. In June or late in May you will find the little green catkins have grown large and are covered with rows of tiny pointed pods, which open just as milkweed pods when ripe, and out float the tiny seeds, each borne up by the silken wings which carry them far from the parent tree.

When your twigs have been only a few days in water you will find that all the willows have put out rootlets and have begun to grow. Even if a twig happens to be wrong end up, if it has plenty of warmth and moisture the rootlets will often form. This habit of taking root easily makes the willow most useful as a "soil-binder" when planted along the banks of streams that "wash" and overflow in flood-times. It has also other uses; its wood makes charcoal of the finest grain, which is therefore used in the manufacture of gunpowder. Perhaps your mother's clothes-basket or the baby's carriage is made of peeled willow withes, grown for the purpose of "pollarding" or cutting back the tree known as the basket willow. The wooden shoes worn by many of the working people of Europe are of willow-wood, which is exceeding light though tough when well seasoned. And we must not forget what fine whistles we can make as soon as the bark "slips" on the willows. It would be interesting to observe how long the whistle season lasts, between the time when the bark will "slip" and when it "binds."—*Floral Life.*

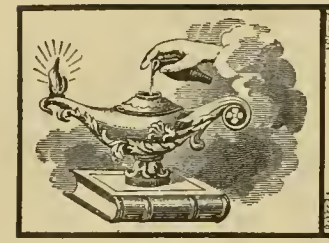
THE BOY WHO DECEIVED HIS TEACHER.

The boy who used to boast of getting the best of his teacher has been heard from. The same traits of character which tempted him to deceive his teacher into believing that he had solved his problems and completed his tasks himself, led him to cheat his employer, to idle whenever his back was turned, and to clip his day's work, until he finally lost his position.

His lack of education—the result of cheating his teacher—has proved a perpetual handicap, and has lost him many a good situation. His dishonesty, which started in the schoolroom, has grown until nobody will trust him, and he has no credit or standing in his community.

As a boy, he thought himself very clever in being able to dodge his lessons and impose upon his teacher; but he realizes now that the person cheated was himself. In those precious days of youth, he robbed himself of pearls of great value which he never will be able to recover.

The thief of time and opportunity often thinks he is enriching himself, but he awakes one day to the truth that he is poorer and meaner for the theft.—*Success.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

S. Z. SHARP.

"And he believed in the Lord and he counted it to him for righteousness."

THE two important topics in this text are Abram's faith and his righteousness. At no previous period in his life was his faith so emphasized as it is here, though it was strong enough in the beginning to induce him in his far-away home in the land of the Chaldeans, to forsake friends and kindred and journey to a country of entire strangers, trusting alone to God for guidance and protection. He also had the promise of God, Gen. 12: 2-3, that of him there should spring forth a great nation and in him should "all the nations of the earth be blessed." No doubt Abram believed all this, yet his comprehension of its full meaning may have been vague, but when God took him out under the starry firmament and in a vision demonstrated unto him the vast scope of his promise, he more clearly grasped the idea and accepted implicitly all that God's language conveyed. This is faith in the true sense.

The strength of this faith is the more apparent when we consider that as yet Abram had no child, that both he and Sari his wife were now so far advanced in years that according to the course of nature an heir was not to be expected, but Abram stumbled not at these things, but accepted without mental reservation what God said. This was the type of true faith and Abram became worthy of the title, "the father of the faithful."

However, in God's promise and Abram's acceptance of it, there is something more than simple faith in a coming son and his descendants to be as numerous as the stars of heaven. It is contained in these words, "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." It is Abram's faith in a coming Redeemer "who is made unto us righteousness." Paul in Rom. 4: 3-5 alludes to this when he says, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." It is an apt illustration of Christ's saying, "Blessed are they that have not seen yet have believed."

Abram as yet had done no works. He had not yet entered into covenant with God, nor was the observance of the rite of circumcision yet commanded. The complex and elaborate law of justification by works was still in the future. Abram's faith was just that kind which Christians must now exercise to be accepted of God. It stands out in strong contrast with the faith of Abram's descendants who later on had more faith in the ceremonies of the law, the sacrifices and oblations than in the promises of him who gave the law. His faith is a rebuke to the Pharisees who rested all their righteousness in the letter of the law and disregarded its spirit. Who "pay tithes of mint, anise and cummin and omit the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith." It is also in strong contrast with those Christians of to-day who trust that their salvation is secured by a literal and minute observance of all the outward rites and ceremonies of the Christian religion, not realizing that these are but shadows of the substance, the faith in the righteousness of Christ.

The second topic in our text is "righteousness." How is righteousness connected with faith? What is meant by "imputing"? It is thrice quoted in the New Testament. Rom. 4: 3-5, 23-25. Paul refers to Abram's case as an example of justification by faith and connects it with the reward. It should not be inferred that this is the only instance in which Abram believed God, or that he was the only one accepted by faith. This case is quoted because there was no opportunity for trusting in works.

Righteousness is connected with faith in this way: It is the channel through which God bestows merit, and not the source of it. The dying Israelites, bitten by fiery serpents, were saved through faith, but the healing came from God, and not from faith. "By grace are ye saved through faith and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

The sinner who thinks he must become better before he believes unto acceptance makes a sad mistake. The primary lesson of practical Christianity is that we must begin by receiving and passively trusting, and not by giving. We must learn to believe God's Word because it is God's Word, and this delivers us from the bondage of sin.

Righteousness is imputed unto the believer because of the atoning sacrifice made by Jesus Christ. This idea was embodied in the promise God made unto Abram, "In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed."

Righteousness should not be mistaken for sanctification. The former may be instantaneous, as in the case of the jailor. It signifies innocence, just, and

acquitted before the law. Its condition is implicit faith in God through Jesus Christ and perfect submission to his will.

Fruita, Colo.

VAINGLORY.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

VAINGLORY blossoms, but never brings forth fruit. Vanity makes man ridiculous; pride, odious. Beware lest you think yourself to be something when you are nothing. The peacock can display much fine plumage, and struts about with much pomp,—beware. Before deciding on your own merits, inquire what the world in general thinks of you. The praise of a friend will do you no harm, and the opinion of an enemy will do you an immense amount of good. The refusal of praise or commendation often proceeds from a desire for more.

THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

While the cobbler mused there passed his pane
The beggar drenched by the driving rain.
He carried me in from the story street
And gave him shoes for his bruised feet.

The beggar went and there came a crone,
Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown.
A bundle of fagots bowed her back,
And she was spent with the wrench and rack.
He gave her his loaf and steadied her load
As she took her way on the weary road.

Then to the door came a weary child,
Lost and afraid in the world so wide,
In the big dark world. Catching it up,
He gave it milk in the waiting cup,
And led it home to its mother's arms,
Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

The day went down in the crimson west,
And with it the hope of the blessed Guest;
And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray:
"Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay?
Did you forget that this was the day?"

Then soft in the silence a Voice was heard:
"Lift up your heart, for I kept my word,
Three times I came to your friendly door,
Three times my shadow was on your floor.
I was the beggar with bruised feet;
I was the woman you gave to eat;
I was the child on the homeless street."

—Edwin Markham, in the Delineator.

THE BIBLE'S DEPTH.

I AM glad there is a depth in the Bible I know nothing about, says Mr. Moody; that there is a height there I can not climb to if I should live to be as old as Methuselah; I venture to say if I should live for ages on the earth I would only have touched its surface.

I pity the man who knows all the Bible, for it is a pretty good sign he doesn't know himself. A man came to me with what he thought was a very difficult passage, and he said:

"Mr. Moody, how do you explain it?"

I said, "I don't explain it."

"But how do you interpret it?"

"I don't interpret it."

"Well, how do you understand it?"

"I don't understand it."

"But what do you do with it?"

"I don't do anything with it."

"You don't believe it?"

"Yes, I believe it. There are lots of things that I believe that I do not understand. In the third chapter of John, Christ says to Nicodemus, 'If you do not understand earthly things, how can you understand heavenly things?' There are a great many things about my own body I do not understand; I don't understand nature; it is filled with wonderful things I don't comprehend. Then why should I expect to know everything spiritually?" But men ask, "How can you prove the Book is inspired?" I answer, "Because it inspires me." That is one of the best proofs. It does inspire us.—*Ram's Horn.*

LIFE'S LITTLE DAYS.

ONE secret of sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. It is the long stretches that tire us. We think of life as a whole, running on for us. We cannot carry this load until we are three-score and ten. We cannot fight this battle continually for half a century. But really there are no long stretches. Life does not come to us all at one time; it comes only a day at a time. Even to-morrow is only ours when it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down it a fair and good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.

It is a blessed secret, this living day by day. Anyone can carry this burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do this work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, and purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. "Do to-day's fight; fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see and could not understand if you saw them." God gives us nights to shut down the curtains of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living. —*British Weekly.*

UNFAILING courtesy, kindness, tenderness and consideration for others, are some of the greatest ornaments to the character of the child of God. The world can understand these things, if it cannot understand doctrine. There is no religion in rudeness, roughness, bluntness and incivility. The perfection of practical Christianity consists in attending to the little duties of holiness as well as to the great.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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A GREAT MAN.

SOMETIMES, when tyranny mounts the throne and presumes to administer the government that was meant to protect and nourish the people, and the people bow themselves, not in submission but in the agony of their resentment, then fortunate that cause and happy that people when at their side they find the man who is able and willing to deliver them.

Such was George the Third of England; such were the American colonies; and such was George Washington.

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them." However "the father of our country" came by the greatness with which he has been crowned, we know that he has borne it royally,—that it has seemed a part of him. Whether receiving the highest gift of a grateful people, or at the head of a victorious army, or alone with his Maker, preferring petitions in behalf of the cause he served, the element of kingliness ever characterized his bearing and gave him a place held by few.

The place held by George Washington in the hearts of the American people is his inherent right. No manipulation of filthy lucre, no shameless intrigue, attending the lust for power, besmirches the place he occupies.

"Never seduced through show of present good
By other than unsetting lights to steer
New-trimmed in heaven, nor than his steadfast mood
More steadfast, far from rashness as from fear;
Rigid, but with himself first, grasping still
In swerveless poise the wave-beat helm of will;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood."

This is the man whose name our children are taught to lisp and whose noble deeds they follow with awe-filled and reverent hearts. Surely we do well to note the day that marks his birth. By so doing the ranks of the loyal and upright are increased. For, however great the man, and however large his place in the hearts of the people, Washington holds no monopoly of true greatness. On the contrary, his life is an inspiration to everyone. Whoever will may possess the virtues which made him great.

A LEADER IN PHILANTHROPY.

We have come to look upon the wise disposal of accumulated millions for the establishment and maintenance of beneficent institutions and especially for the relief of the poor as a very modern practice,—a fad, rather, contemporary with the recent and still prevailing period of prosperity. But the present-day philanthropists are not the pioneers of their kind. They are simply following in the footsteps of those whose unselfishness and large-heartedness years ago marked out the way. The next to the last day of the year but recently closed witnessed the passing away of one,—and that one a woman,—whose systematic giving of large sums for charitable purposes covered a period of seventy years.

While this woman was not a resident of our country, we feel that our interest in the work to which she gave herself is such as will justify our devoting some space to a brief account of her life and work. An article in the February *Review of Reviews* furnishes the facts as here given.

The year 1837 which marks the accession of Victoria to the throne of England also dates "the transmission of a great fortune into the hands of one who was to initiate a course of benevolence unknown before, alike in its power of suggestion, its comprehensive magnitude, and its vigorous pursuit." The possessor of this large fortune, supposed to be about fifteen million dollars, was Miss Angela Georgina Burdette, daughter of Sir Francis Burdette in whose veins flowed the blood of one of the guards of William the Conqueror. Miss Burdette was twenty-three years old when this large fortune was bequeathed to her. During her life she was known as the Baroness Burdette-Coutts. The cognomen "Coutts" is the name of Miss Burdette's maternal grandfather whose fortune she inherited by the will of his second wife.

"The gifts of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts to the London poor antedate those of George Peabody by ten years. She made her initial study of the poor of London at first hand. Only one contemporary vied with her in visiting the poor,—the noble Earl of Shaftesbury, whose work for many years ran parallel with that of the Baroness, but whose limited financial resources did in no sense permit him to rival her in the bestowment of wealth upon the poor."

The Baroness had no peer in the variety of her gifts. In their distribution she began where her heart was,—with the church. Endowing the bishoprics of Cape Town, South Africa, and Adelaide, Australia, and giving a large sum to endow the Church of England in British Columbia, and the building of St. Stephen's

church almost under the shadow of Westminster Abbey, are among her works in this line.

"It was a favorite belief of hers that near the church the schoolhouse should have an important place. This idea was nobly carried out in the founding of St. Stephen's school, which became the standard of such schools in London, and in some respects in advance of the standards set by the education authorities. In the direction of industrial training the Baroness was the forerunner of methods that rank high in our time as among the essentials of education. She believed in teaching the 'common things,' as she called them. In one of her schools she gave prizes for papers on such subjects as 'Household Work,' 'Household Management,' 'Needle Work,' etc.

"Among the honors to be won at Oxford is the Burdette-Coutts scholarship. Distinctive lines of research were also marked out by the Baroness,—as archæology, paleontology, and zoölogy. She provided means for the topographical survey of Jeruslem, for the verification and authentication of the Bible, employing agents to search out ancient manuscripts, some of which were used by the New Testament Revision Committee in 1870."

The Baroness "taught that kindness to animals is 'a fundamental part of education.' To promote this end she offered prizes for essays on the treatment of animals. Under her humane leadership the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized." She protested against the killing of birds for the sake of their plumage, and pronounced the use of humming birds as "a mode of ornament which must suggest a bloodstain in the delicate hat or cap."

"Humanity to children held a foremost place in her thought. The famous bill of 1889, making it lawful to remove children from the custody of incompetent parents and place them in the care of the state, was passed through her unwearied efforts."

These are only a few of the many lines in which this benevolent heart found expression, and we have not mentioned all that was done in any one line. "It is one of the noblest encomiums upon her notable history, as a princely giver, that she had few corrections to make regarding the objects or methods of her beneficence. Her money paid no tribute to education for its own ends, none to patriotism nor religion for their own sake, but it was given as a helpmeet, an ally, a partner, unwilling to do its part without the co-operation of the recipient. It was her conviction that when full reciprocal action had been secured between giver and receiver the result was always salutary."

We are grateful for the example of this noble-hearted woman. And while the little sum at our disposal may seem insignificant compared with her millions, yet by following her example the blessings coming to us may be as great as those she experienced.

THE NEW DEPARTMENT.

We have received a number of replies to our question as to whether we shall have a page devoted to the Nookers' favorite poems. Judging by these we conclude that a large majority of the family favor the change and will give the department their *hearty support*. Let me emphasize the importance of this latter clause. If after the department is well started it should fail to appear in any issue of the magazine, put it down that there are no "favorites" within our reach. In the other departments when our contributors fail us we resort to the scissors and paste-pot. But in this case we cannot fall back on that help. We would not be so presumptuous as to make selections ourselves in the hope that they would prove to be someone's favorites.

One who objected to the change said that we needed "Facts, Figures and Fancies," and that many of the poems called for in "Poets' Corners" were chaffy and sentimental. As I look at it, the latter characteristic need not be an objectionable one, but let us by all means keep out the chaff.

Another interested reader, while not objecting to the new department, expressed the opinion that "Facts, Figures and Fancies" cause some of a certain turn of mind to read the paper who otherwise might not. We will keep this in mind, along with what was said by the reader quoted above, and may continue this department which adds to the variety of reading matter.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

We can build a house so that it looks very beautiful and attractive on the outside, but unless it is of substantial material and built upon a solid foundation, it will soon fall when the storms come.—*Oma Karn.*

Success does not come from the calling,
And neither from what "might have been;"
But from what you do; for remember,
Perseverance in all shall win.

—Joseph D. Reish.

Because they "just want to see how it goes," they are cut down, victims of their own folly.—*Ira P. Dean.*

Righteousness is the channel through which God bestows merit, and not the source of it.—*S. Z. Sharp.*

The praise of a friend will do you no harm, and the opinion of an enemy will do you an immense amount of good.—*Richard Seidel.*

To say the least, it is a mother's duty to prepare her daughter so far as possible to be able to meet and conquer the difficulties that will beset her path.—*Lula Goshorn.*



Persia is having trouble with the new shah who refuses to accept the demands made by the constitutional monarchy.

The British Royal Commission on Tuberculosis has finally announced its conclusions that the drinking of unsterilized milk is the chief cause of consumption, thus flatly contradicting the theory of Professor Koch, the great German scientist, who held that bovine tuberculosis was not transmissible to man through milk.

Japan's minister at St. Petersburg has made known to the Russian minister of foreign affairs the desire of the mikado to reëstablish the normal state of affairs in Manchuria. The withdrawal of all troops has therefore been ordered except those actually necessary to guard the railroad.

The gulf division of the hydrographic office reports that since the Kingston earthquake the gulf stream has moved many miles to the west, now passing close to the coast of Central America in a big circle, turning to the north and east, instead of keeping the sinuous line it formerly described.

By agreement between the House post-office Committee and the attorneys for the railroads, the postal appropriations for transporting the mails on the railroads will be based on a compensation of $19 per ton per mile instead of $21.27, as last year. This will result in a total reduction of about $4,000,000.

It is said that in Widnes, England, illuminating gas is furnished to consumers at a lower rate than in any place else in the world, the price ranging from twenty-two to thirty-two cents. The town has about thirty thousand population. "The price of gas is remarkably low everywhere in Great Britain whether under public or private control."

It seems that the process of bleaching sugar to its present snowy whiteness comes in conflict with the pure food law and will have to be abandoned. The refiners and chemists say that four pounds of "bluing" are used to every one thousand pounds of sugar for bleaching purposes and claim that this is not adulteration. But the pure food commission looks at it otherwise and unless some other process can be hit upon the white sugar may have to go, yellow taking its place.

Of the many strange materials used in the construction of clocks, slate is probably one of the rarest. Indeed it is likely that there is only one in existence made of that material. Pritchard, a slate quarryman of Cardiff, Md., is the maker of this clock, which is composed of five differently-colored slates. The one hundred and sixty-four pieces, mostly in open-work design, are held together by three hundred screws of different sizes.

The exportation of iron and steel manufactures reached their highest record during the last year, according to figures compiled by the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor. The total of these products exported in the calendar year 1906 aggregated $172,500,000, an increase of $30,000,000 over the preceding year. There has been an increase of seventy-five per cent in the exportation of these articles in the last three years.

Inventive minds have been busy trying to devise some means of averting the many fatalities that we read about in the newspapers which result from carelessness or mistakes in the handling of drugs on the part of druggist and consumer. Now the *Scientific American* tells of an entirely new bottle for poisons that has been devised with the simplest lock and key arrangement which will render it absolutely impossible to be mistaken for a bottle containing harmless fluid.

Senator Daniel has introduced a bill establishing a fund the income from which is to be used for promoting a better understanding between employers and employés, thus securing industrial peace. The trustees are to be the Chief Justice of the United States, the Secretary of Agriculture, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, a representative of capital, a representative of labor and two others to be nominated by the President. The Nobel prize, recently awarded to President Roosevelt, will form the nucleus of the fund.

The closing days of the fifty-ninth congress will be given over to the regular annual appropriation bills, there being no time for bills likely to excite discussion. This is disappointing to many, the president being one of the disappointed ones. Some of the reforms recommended by him will receive no attention and he will have to look to the next session for their enactment.

From Madagascar comes the report that the leaf of the rafia palm produces a wax which promises to equal that of the bees. The natives beat the dry leaves on a mat and gather the powder and particles that fall. These are boiled and the wax thus obtained is made into cakes of any form. The wax is said to be very pure. Experiments are being made to determine its commercial value.

A statement issued by Secretary of the Navy Metcalf dealing with the construction of the battleships Connecticut and Louisiana, the former by the government navy yard at Brooklyn, and the latter by the Newport News Ship-building Company, shows that the government-built ship cost $359,425 more than the private-built one. The cost of the Connecticut was $6,340,247, and of the Louisiana $5,980,822.

The report of the Carnegie Fund for the Advancement of Teaching shows that already 389 institutions have applied for a share of the proceeds, and that of these fifty-two have been placed on the accepted list, having met the conditions in regard to undenominationalism and academic standards. In the accepted institutions forty-five professors have received more than $69,000, and the widows of some professors have been assisted. One-half the accepted colleges are in New England, New York and Pennsylvania, and, with one exception, the entire list lies in the northern belt of States.

Post-office officials say that despite the fact that the public has been urged for years to write the sender's name and address on all letters and packages sent through the mail, comparatively few do it. During the past year they say about 260,000 parcels were delivered at the dead letter office which could have been promptly returned to the owners had the senders placed their name and address on the wrapper. More than 50,000 letters are mailed annually without any address on them at all, and because of errors in address or no address at all about $200 a day goes into the dead letter office.

Baron Kantaro Kaneko, a member of the Japanese house of peers and recently a special ambassador to America to study political and economic conditions, said a few days ago concerning the condition at San Francisco that he considered it to be a local question and unindorsed by American public opinion. This he thought was borne out by President Roosevelt's message, a message which he considered the greatest utterance since Washington's farewell message. He considered that an injustice was done the Japanese children in San Francisco, but "before this injustice," he said, "Japan rests peaceful and quiet. Not a single soul has ever thought that the San Francisco affair would endanger the friendship of both nations. The affair, disagreeable and regrettable as it is, has served the unique purpose of demonstrating to the world how deep-rooted is the friendship between Japan and America. The latent cordiality Japan entertains for her tutor is shown by the fact that, suffering under the severest strain, Japan does not forget what she owes to America in her modern progress, but unflinchingly trusts in support of her rights the justice which guides American sentiment."

All records for benevolent donations were surpassed with the announcement Feb. 7 that John D. Rockefeller had given $32,000,000 to the General Educational Board, a body incorporated by Congress for the purpose of promoting education throughout the country by means of gifts and otherwise. While the board is not confined to the distribution of Mr. Rockefeller's donations, nevertheless he has been the principal contributor to its funds since its organization, having given $11,000,000 on a previous occasion. This latest contribution is the largest ever made by an individual for any social or philanthropic purpose in the history of the race. The only condition attached to the gift is that Mr. Rockefeller and his son may direct the disbursement of two-thirds of the amount. The younger Rockefeller is a member of the General Educational Board, and it was through him that the board was advised of his father's addition to the endowment. It is understood to be the purpose of the board to assist colleges, as distinguished from the larger institutions known as universities. The board promptly accepted the gift and acknowledged its gratitude to the donor. It is said that Mr. Rockefeller gave three rules to guide the board in the use of his millions: To operate in higher education with the religious denominations. To fix upon the centers of wealth and population to form the permanent pivots of our educational system. To mass the funds on endowments, insisting on the largest possible local coöperation.



THE SLEEPY SONG.

As soon as the fire burns red and low,
And the house up stairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But the one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house up stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—Josephine Daskam, in T. P.'s Weekly.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

LULA GOSHORN.

SOMETIMES we hear mothers of grown daughters complaining of being overworked and having no time for recreation; not being able to attend or take part in any affair outside of home duties. Now such a plea is not to be wondered at where there are little ones and a dearth of household help, as is common in most farmers' families, but when there are daughters almost grown, it should make them blush for shame that their mother feels so cumbered with care. But really it is the mother's fault to a great extent, after all.

When the girls are small, let the mother take them with her in the kitchen (if they don't naturally follow anyway), and when she makes pies, let the little woman have a bit of dough and make a little pie like mamma's. A little rolling pin and a tiny pan or two won't cost much and it will help lay the foundation for greater work. It may cause a little extra cleaning up, but it is worth while. It is really a sin how some mothers bring children in the world and let them grow up and even get married without knowing how to get a good meal. I wonder what kind of a home they expect the new one to be when the mistress thereof is ignorant of the many little details, and often the more weighty matters, that count so much toward making a success or failure of a home.

Mothers should let the little daughter prepare a simple dish for the family meal and keep on preparing it until it is made perfectly, then take up another, and so on until almost before she knows it the child will have gained invaluable instruction; something which in later years she will appreciate more and more.

As she grows older, let her take turns with her mother in caring for certain departments. One week let it be the sweeping and dusting; another week, the cooking; another, the mending, etc., until she has thoroughly mastered every part of the complicated machinery of the home. Then let her take all the responsibility for a short time, to teach her how to manage all of it together.

How much easier it will then be for her when she leaves the rooftree for a nest of her own, and she will know in part, at least, what it requires to make and maintain a home.

Mothers often keep putting off such instruction until the girls get older, but suppose something should happen to you, and you would not be able to teach your daughter when you think the proper time has arrived. A little now and then will take but a short time, and really the little ones enjoy it if it is presented to them in an attractive way. "We are going to clean the room now, so it will be nice when papa comes home," or, "We will make such and such a dish for dinner, and you want to help," or some such expression of interest on the mother's part will usually secure ready service, and the pupil is taught before she is aware. School work takes a great deal of the average girl's time, but many other things may come in at odd moments that will not be hard for her, rather a little recreation from her books.

I sometimes wonder what the consequences would have been had my mother not taken the pains to teach me a great many things about housework while I was a very little girl. I am not a "natural born" housekeeper as some are, and while I was yet a child my mother became an invalid. How grateful I am that I was early taught the rudiments of housekeeping. No difference if the girl has wealth and does not need to

work, she should know how to do it, to be able to intelligently direct those who do it for her, and should it become necessary for her to labor for her daily bread, no field offers surer employment or better advantages than that of cook or housekeeper. Wages are good and growing better. As a rule, the work is not hard and many spare moments may be turned to good account along other lines if necessary. Added to her other accomplishments, it would be wise and well for her to take a short course in hospital work. In these days of scarce help and high-priced nursing, she would find this of great value in her own home and elsewhere.

To say the least, it is a mother's duty to prepare her daughter so far as possible to be able to meet and conquer the difficulties that will beset her path. And with the many avenues open to the girl of to-day, wherein she may be useful and a blessing to humanity, how can she be content to sit down to idleness and fancy work, and let the golden moments melt away?

Ladoga, Ind.

DESSERT FOR THE LUNCH PAIL.

HEALTH authorities to the contrary, we like to see a delicious pie find its way into the children's pails occasionally. Not every day, not even every other day, but perhaps once a week. American children seem born with a love for pie and though over-indulgence in it is certainly harmful, a healthy, active boy or girl can eat it occasionally with impunity.

The pie for the lunch pail should not be a piece of pie, for that mashes and the juice is apt to spread over the rest of the lunch, besides making a much besmeared child before the meal is finished. Instead, let it be a saucer pie, nice and fat and brown, plump full of filling. Place it in the pail in the saucer in which it has been baked and put in a fork to be used in the eating.

Even in a saucer pie the juciest of fruits should not be used, though a tablespoonful of cornstarch, flour or cracker crumbs will help to absorb the juice. Some of the fillings which make delicious pies and are easily carried in the lunch pail are made from apples, dates, pumpkin, prunes, bananas, cranberries, cornstarch and mincemeat.

A cup custard or a bit of pudding baked in an individual dish is an attractive desert. A fruit custard may be made by placing bananas, oranges, dates or any fruit desired in the bottom of the cup and pouring the custard over it.

When baking a pudding for the family dinner it is but the work of a moment to fill a couple of small dishes and bake them separately for the school lunch. It is more a matter of thoughtfulness than actual work that makes an appetizing lunch.

For children the raised doughnuts are preferable to the ordinary doughnuts, as they do not soak up the grease and so are more easily digested. But after a couple of days they become too dry to carry in the pail.

A piece of sponge cake to be eaten with jelly, conveyed in a glass is a good, wholesome dessert, entirely unobjectional even for a child with a weak stomach. Ginger cookies and ginger bread, not highly spiced, taste particularly good for lunch as they do not dry out.

At least one kind of fruit should form a part of the luncheon. A few pieces of good candy, a handful of cracked nuts or raisins, or a bag of popped corn, dropped into the pail will help to make lunch time interesting.

Best of all, do not let the child see what is put into the pail. Have him busy about some other part of the house while his luncheon is being put up. It will give him a little surprise party every day in the week and his lunch will taste twice as good.—*Exchange.*

SHIELD YOUR NERVES.

A beautiful woman gave the following advice to a girl admirer: "Shield your nerves and don't let them become too sensitive. Make yourself take life calmly. If you lose a train don't pace the platform wildly, but inquire when the next comes in, and sit down calmly to wait for it. That's just what most women don't do; they sit down perhaps, but they tap the floor with their feet, clinch and unclinch their hands, and are apparently in a fever heat of excitement over the arrival of every train that comes in, even though they have been assured that theirs is not due for another half hour. That half hour of waiting means to them a frightful wear and tear of nerves, and they are practically weeks older for it. Try to cultivate calmness, but if you cannot do that all at once you can keep your face still."—*London Family Herald.*

RAINY-DAY AMUSEMENTS.

I HAVE found a pleasing amusement for small children,—that of molding various articles from a composition made of one pound of best cornstarch and two quarts of common table salt well mixed. Whenever any is to be used, moisten with water and form into balls, cubes, and so forth. Place on a pan with paraffin paper under it, bake in a slow oven or place in the window and leave for several days until perfectly dry. This will help many rainy days to pass more quickly for little people. It can be used for relief maps by older children.

MY seven-year-old twins are each filling a scrapbook, and are so intensely interested in their work that I wish to tell the plan to others. On the first page they pasted a picture of a house, and on the second, a family. Here are a father and mother and

their numerous children. On the third and fourth pages are the barn, windmill, tank, horses, cattle, swine, sheep and the poultry house with incubator, chickens, geese, ducks and turkeys. The next two pages represent the farm implements and after this begin the furnishings of the house. The parlor, sitting room, dining room, bedrooms and kitchen each occupy a page. Furnishings from a piano to a door key are represented. The children cut their pictures from old newspapers, magazines and catalogues, and find much pleasure in cutting them out.—*Selected.*

HOME ADORNMENTS.

A ROOM without pictures is like a room without windows. Pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul, leading to other scenes and other spheres. Pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are books, they are histories and sermons, which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.—*Dr. Downing.*

SELECTED RECEIPES.

CREAMED EGGS.—This makes a change for breakfast and suppers and makes of two eggs a dish for four people. Boil two eggs until hard. Shell and chop. Melt one tablespoon of butter. Add one level tablespoon of flour and pepper and salt. Let this cook together a minute taking care that it does not brown. Add slowly one cup of milk stirring until it thickens, add the chopped eggs and serve on slices of toast.

SAVORY POTATOES.—Peel and cut into small cubes eight large potatoes. Boil until tender in salted water, into which you have stirred two stalks of celery, cut up small, and half a minced onion. Drain the potatoes from the water, and stir them into a cup and a half of white sauce, seasoning with salt and pepper. Turn into a buttered pudding-dish, and bake to a light brown.

SCALLOPED SWEET POTATOES AND BACON.—Parboil and peel sweet potatoes. Chop six slices of cold, fried bacon small. Put the sliced potatoes into a bake-dish, sprinkling them as you proceed, with the minced bacon. Sprinkle the top of the potatoes with buttered crumbs, and pour a cupful of soup-stock over all. Bake for three-quarters of an hour.

TAKE a can of corn, add a pint or more of milk, a bit of salt, and just a shaking of sugar if the corn is not very sweet, a little pepper and two chopped onions. Let it stew slowly about half an hour, then thicken the liquid with corn starch or flour, and add a good sized piece of butter. Serve with toast.

OILING A PINE FLOOR.

A HARD oil finish is usually the most satisfactory for a soft-pine floor; it is really a light varnish, and will give a very pretty gloss. The oil may be obtained at any first-class paint-store, by the quart or gallon, and is made in light and dark shades. The light oil is the more expensive, and gives a clear, amber color, while the dark is about the shade of ordinary varnish and is suitable for medium shade and dark woods.

To obtain the best results, fill all cracks with putty, mixed with a little plaster of Paris to harden it; clean the floor thoroughly, so that marks and smirches will not show through after oiling. When absolutely dry, apply the oil, working lengthwise of the boards, and using a new, wide, flat brush; one which has ever been used for paint, even if carefully cleaned, will spoil the brilliancy of the oil. Let the oil dry for three or four days—a week would be better—and then give the second coat. This will improve the gloss, as well as give a harder surface to the wood. After oiling do not use the floor for two weeks, if it is possible to avoid doing so, for if it is allowed to dry perfectly, the wearing qualities of the oil will be greatly increased. After the floor is oiled for the first time, the results will be somewhat disappointing, but if the oil is allowed to dry as suggested, subsequent oilings will be found very satisfactory.—*Unidentified.*

DEEP BREATHING.

A STRONG advocate for deep breathing says that by its practice she has cured herself of nervous headache, neuralgia in the face, stiffness from over-work, indigestion, cold in the head and insomnia, not having had the expense of a physician for two years, and not having touched a drop of medicine for thirteen months. She converted an attic (which has a window on every side) into a sort of "breathing room," and spends fifteen minutes there every morning and evening, summer and winter, let the weather be what it may. When very tired, she takes her breathing exercise in a recumbent posture on a comfortable couch; when the weather is very cold she walks briskly across the floor, and at other times stands quietly, with weight on balls of feet, head thrown back and chest lifted, raises the hands slowly while inhaling, touches the fingers above her head, then lets fall slowly while exhaling.—*Exchange.*

To mend iron utensils take one pound of salt and two of wood ashes, moistened with water to a smooth paste. Fill the crack with the mixture and set away to dry. It will be as hard as the iron.—*Selected.*

WHEN anything is accidentally made too salt, it can be counteracted by adding a tablespoonful of vinegar and a tablespoonful of sugar.—*Selected.*

Read this to the Little Ones

AT THE LINE O' LIFE MACHINE.

It was Robert's first visit to a printing office. His father was employed as foreman of a weekly paper and the office was near enough so his little-man-son, as Robert loved to hear his father call him, could sometimes go with his father.

How the big machines clattered and roared! How the wheels went round! How the dynamo frightened him when his father told him that if he touched certain "live" parts of it, he would be very dangerously "shocked." Robert knew something about being "shocked," for one day in a thunderstorm some unseen hand had suddenly picked him up out of the chair where he was quietly eating his breakfast and bounced him onto the floor, leaving him all tingling and stunned. He did not know why his mother hugged him in her arms and cried. He thought he was the one to cry.

So when his father told him that "harnessed lightning" was hid away somewhere in that dynamo and that it was the strong, swift fingers of the harnessed lightning that made the big machines whirl and fly tirelessly all day long, he was very willing to stay away from them and very anxious to have his father assure him that the lightning was really harnessed and would not leap out at him a second time.

But the machine that interested him most of all was the linotype machine where the paper is set up. You little folks who have never seen a linotype machine must try to get to a printing office where one is at work. Then you will understand this story better.

There was a lady who lived near Robert's mother who wrote articles for the paper that was printed in the office, and sometimes she wrote stories for boys and girls. When Robert went in to visit the linotype there was one of her stories lying beside the machine and the man who "ran" the machine—Robert thought the machine did the running—said he was "setting the story up." Robert watched him as his deft fingers flew from one letter to another spelling out the words of the story just as the author had written them. Then he watched the long arm come down and pick up the bunch of type and drop it into some mysterious place where there was hot metal waiting to be turned into lines of type—solid lines of metal words from which the story would be printed later on.

"Well, sonny, what are you thinking about?" said the linotype man.

"I was wondering what you do when you make mistakes?"

"Can't rub them out the way you do at school, eh?"

"No sir! What *do* you do? My mamma knows that lady. She's awful particular and you don't *dast* to make mistakes in her stories!"

The linotype man laughed. "Supposing you sit down here and set up some of that story yourself!" he proposed.

It took away Robert's breath but in another minute he was sitting at the machine and putting his little fingers on the "keys" in front of him, slowly spelling out a sentence from the manuscript before him. The type-forms dropped down into place, the big arm reached down and caught them away and pretty soon there were his own lines o' type ready for him to handle and look at. This is the way one of them read: "In that toun therre woz e men." He thought he was writing, "In that town there was a man."

Robert was scared. "And will it always have to stay that way?" he gasped. Then the linotype man explained how the metal line could be melted up and the line written over again and slipped into its place.

"Shall I tell you a story—a very short one?" said the linotype man as Robert changed places with him again.

Robert nodded. He liked hearing stories better than setting them up.

"You and I and your father and mother and everyone in this world is sitting at a machine something like that."

Robert's eyes grew big and bright.

"I do not call it a linotype machine but a 'line o' life machine' because the people who are at work at it are writing lines of life instead of lines of type. See?"

Robert was pretty bright but he did not see yet.

"Been a good boy all week?" asked the linotype man.

Robert shook his head and got red in the face.

"I got mad at my little brother."

"Well, then, youngster, that was a line of life. You set up something you would not like everybody to read. You got the type all mixed up and hit the wrong letters! You spelled M-A-D instead of K-I-N-D, eh? And—have you rubbed it out yet?"

"I made it up," said Robert stoutly.

"But you haven't forgotten it?"

The visitor shook his head.

"That's rubbing it out. Everything we do writes a word in our characters and every act is a line of life. See, laddie boy? Some boys swear and chew, some steal, some are manly and clean and kind. The lines of life are bad or good or mixed. That's the end of my story."

That night Robert came mighty near writing another ugly M-A-D but he remembered in time and the fingers of his heart picked out better letters and he wrote B-R-O-T-H-E-R-L-Y K-I-N-D-N-E-S-S, and it made a beautiful line o' life he and his father and mother and little brother were always glad to remember.—*Ada Melville Shaw.*



THE RURAL LIFE

WHO IS OLD?

I've seen a grandsire, on whose head
The frosts of eighty winters lay,
With joyous youth and prattling babe,
From hour to hour, engage in play.

I've heard his merry whistled note,
As down the road, with crutch or staff,
He came to where the children were,
With them to have a romp and laugh.

And grandma's wrinkled face I've seen,
As bright as that of girl or boy,
When to their pleasure she gave aid
Or turned their sadness into joy.

Then, who is old; if silvered locks,
Decrepit step and wrinkled face
Hold not the secret in their grasp
Twixt youth and age to point the place?

The answer comes as quick as thought:
We've crossed the line twixt young and old,
When sunshine fades from out our life
And when we let our hearts grow cold.

—B. Baldwin, in Pathfinder.

BROMUS SECALINUS.

WM. MOHLER.

WHEAT or chess, as it is sometimes called, is a plant common to the grain fields of many grain-growing States.

In Nebraska and in the dryer parts of Kansas it is so rarely seen that but few of the rising generation know the plant when they see it. They know nothing by experience of the wonderful magic-like properties attributed to it.

Botanists tell us that cheat (*bromus secalinus*) in its life's history does not differ from that of other plants, but in parts of the country where it is a troublesome plant there is a belief among the common farmers that cheat is a form of plant assumed in common by the crippled plants of the fall-sown grains and of some of the grasses.

At a farmers' meeting held several years ago where the topic, "Will grain turn to cheat?" was discussed, a number testified that where fall-sown wheat was closely pastured during the winter it was apt to turn to cheat. One man declared that if barley was sown in a certain sign it was sure to turn to cheat. One farmer when he was sowing barley was stopped sowing for several days by heavy rains. The barley sown before the rain made a fine crop, that sown after the rain turned to cheat. Several said that it was not an uncommon thing for timothy to turn to cheat, and that if the cheat that came from timothy was cut at the right time it would turn back to timothy.

These farmers were all quite positive that timothy and all of the grains sown in the fall would, under the right conditions, turn to cheat. They were not slow in referring to fields that they had seen, to prove the position taken. But with timothy alone was their any evidence given that cheat ever turned back to the kind of grain from which it came. And that no other cheat than that which came from timothy would turn to timothy. Sometime afterward I was shown a field of clover that turned to cheat the third year after it was sown.

Yet in face of all of the evidence to the contrary, the scientific men tell us that neither wheat nor other grains will under any circumstances turn to cheat, and that in every case where such a thing appeared to take place, the *bromus secalinus* (cheat) seed was either sown with the grain or got into the soil from some other source. The seed may have remained in the soil from some previous crops or it could have been put there in barnyard manures.

A study of the cheat plant itself may explain what appeared to be a field of grain turned to cheat. The cheat plant increases wonderfully by stooling; so much so that where there is but one cheat seed to thirty of wheat, there is cheat enough for a good stand if the wheat was injured or destroyed. The kernel of cheat seed is enclosed with such a dense covering that it takes much and continued moisture to cause it to germinate. It has such great vitality that it can live, without damage, in the soil for several years waiting for favorable seasons. Open, wet winters and late, cold springs that so often seriously damage the wheat or other grains are the seasons favorable for the growth of cheat.

In the field where the clover turned to cheat, the clover was killed by an open wet winter and the cheat took its place. Wheat then does not turn to cheat but cheat takes the place of wheat that was in too feeble a condition to crowd out the cheat. In Nebraska where the winters are generally quite dry, a field of grain turning to cheat is an almost unheard-of thing. Even when they do have winters that are just right for the growth of cheat, it does not take the place

of grain because both the seed and the soil are clean of cheat.

Falls City, Nebr.

THE LEATHER BUSINESS.

G. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

THE new year brings no relief in the leather situation. Prices are firmer than ever, and prospects are for a farther advance. The leather industry is one of the greatest industries in the United States. It has a total business of $252,000,000 yearly. Yet the 111,866,960 hides and skins tanned annually by American tanners are not sufficient to meet the demands of this country. It would be impossible for this country to raise as many hides and skins as its tanners want, so foreign countries must contribute largely to the needs of the American industry. The recent fifteen per cent duty that has been on hides and skins has been a great setback to their importation.

It is apparent that the only way to lower the prevailing high prices on leather is to increase the supply. Machines are now made to stretch skins in the tanning to more than their natural size. It has been a question whether skins so stretched are as durable as they would be without stretching, but if this proves all right, it will bring a small measure of relief.

Many kinds of artificial leather are on the market, but none has ever been conspicuous in the shoe trade, as they are not durable enough. They are used principally for cushions, upholstering, hats, etc.

Artificial leathers are made in different ways. One way is to take scraps of leather from factories and grind them fine and mix with glue, then roll into sheets under pressure. Another way is to take extra firm cotton cloth and treat it with a composition coating, consisting of linseed oil, turpentine and other ingredients and then bake it. This leather is of no value for shoes, but it helps the situation to some extent, as it makes less demand for the real thing. Some trademen predict that the scarcity of leather will at some future day, if no relief is found, make leather shoes a luxury, as furs are to-day—a nice thing to have but not a necessity—and that we may have instead a leather substitute, such as the canvas shoe lined and waterproofed.

The daily press keeps up the excitement and makes the situation look more serious than it really is. There will be some time elapse before there will be a shoe famine, if ever.

Mansfield, Ill.

POP CORN GROWING IN NORTHERN ILLINOIS.

POP corn is an increasing product of the Prairie State. Illinois to-day is furnishing thousands of tons from its corn belt, so that the home people who are traveling or visiting in distant places may be reasonably sure that they are munching a home "goody" when they begin on a bag of hot puffed grains in any twenty states in the union.

In some parts of Illinois it has been a crop for twenty consecutive years. In one locality in Ogle county, W. H. King began raising pop corn two decades ago. He commenced with a small patch that grew larger each year. When he died, his son carried on the same business, until at one time eighty acres of his farm were planted in pop corn. In one crop 120 tons were produced. To accommodate this crop a special barn or crib, 80x30 feet and seven stories high was built on the King farm.

There are a good many other pop corn districts that are producing pop corn extensively. The ground is rotated with other crops, and when there is a falling off in one section, it is started in another.

There are two leading causes of the increased demand for pop corn. First is the very large manufacture of pop corn confections. Chicago to-day has an immense output of this kind. A single manufacturer consumes a large number of car loads of corn in a single year.

Then there is a wonderful increase in the manufacture of corn popping machines. Some of these almost as large as a traction engine, are a mass of polished metal and glass, and one power or another is applied to run them on the public street.

It is related that a representative of a pop corn machine factory started on a tour to the south. He contracted with the Ogle county pop corn grower to send him lots of pop corn on his order. The Ogle county grower followed the machine man all over Dixie, shipping one or two ton lots, until his entire crop was sold south of the Ohio river.

The ground for pop corn is prepared in the fall. In the spring it is harrowed thoroughly and rendered as mellow as possible. In most instances the seed is drilled and the Rice variety is, in the main, made use of for seed. Pop corn is cultivated in about the same way as other corn. It ripens in about ninety days.

It used to be that pop corn was husked entirely by hand, but this is a very slow job and costs twenty-five cents per one hundred pounds. A good many growers are running it through a shredder. The corn of this year is not used for popping until next year, for it must be allowed to dry between the two years. Generally it is shipped on the ear, for it is said to pop much better when it is shelled from the cob into the popper.

Sometimes the price of pop corn gets down so low that many raisers are discouraged. The price runs along about one and one-half cents a pound. It is claimed that a crop of one and one-half tons to the acre at that price makes a good paying crop. There are some instances when there are two tons to the acre, and at one time pop corn sold for $3 for one

hundred pounds. It has been as low as sixty cents a hundred.

Walter King says that there has never been a year since his father or himself began raising pop corn to any extent, that there has not been a double inducement. He says that the fodder of pop corn makes the finest kind of stock food. The fodder is fine, tender and sweet and stock consume every vestige of it. This use of the product has encouraged growers to plant it when for a single object of raising for the corn alone would not be sufficient to cultivate it.

The pop corn crib put up by the Kings is one of the best-arranged structures for the purpose in the State. There is a gangway of about ten feet the length of the building which is eighty feet long. On each side about eight feet apart there are seven floors rising to the roof.

The boards of the floors and the sides are nailed far enough apart to allow a free circulation. The inside is lined in this way so that there are air chambers between the siding and the weatherboarding, the air freely circulating between. In the center of the building is a succession of hatchways five feet square, and through these the corn is elevated from the first floor. This building will hold and thoroughly dry six hundred tons of corn.

At times a deal of pop corn has been raised in Stephenson county. One dealer in DeKalb county is now growing it, and in some of the districts in the Kankakee valley, Indiana, reclaimed from the swamps, it is an increasing product.

Chicago is the leading distributer of this crop. One dealer alone distributes Illinois pop corn all over the United States and some of it finds its way to foreign lands.—*J. L. Graff, in Prairie Farmer.*

THE SUGAR PINE.

Sugar pine is one of the most valuable timber trees of California. Since early mining days it has been used largely for timbering tunnels and shafts, as well as for building purposes, and the exhaustion of the eastern white pine forests has of late brought greater demand for the lumber of this tree. The supply in sight is large, but by no means unlimited.

The wood of sugar pine is soft, straight-grained, and easily worked. It is very resinous; the heartwood is light brown in color, while the sapwood is yellowish-white. When finished, the wood has a satiny lustre that renders it excellent for interior finishing. The lumber is used extensively for doors, blinds, sashes, and interior finish; also for shipwork, cooperage and woodenware—in short, for almost any purpose for which white pine is used. The poorest grades are used extensively for fruit boxes and drying trays. Sugar pine is undoubtedly the most valuable tree of the Sierra forest.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

PEAS AND RASPBERRIES.

I grow early peas between raspberry rows. I plow a furrow half way between the rows in the fall and scatter in this furrow barnyard compost and let it lay through the winter. As soon as the ground is dry enough in the spring I work these furrows down with a harrow going several times on one strip to mix the soil and compost well together. I then sow the peas in a drill made in the center of this prepared soil, covering the seed with a corn plough.

Every few days I go down the rows with a light harrow and just as the peas are coming up run over them with the smoothing harrow; then keep well cultivated. Peas are picked and marketed before it is time to gather the raspberries. The peas help the soil, the crop is profitable and the vines come in just right to mulch the raspberries.—*Farm and Home.*

BIRDS AND BUTTERFLIES.

Nature has given to the writer a very tender heart, and sentiment in generous quantity. I love birds. I love butterflies. I have admiration for and sympathy with every living thing, and this simply because there is something sacred about the mysterious thing we call life. I have always been averse to taking life wantonly. I am opposed to boys handling guns, even of the toy kind, because this practice fosters habits of the sportsman, and destroys the natural tenderness of heart and sentiment. What a dreary abode this world would be without the birds of the air, and the butterflies and snakes, and bugs, and frogs, toads, fish!

Yet necessity knows neither law nor sentiment. We often find ourselves in the situation where, in order to protect ourselves and our property, kill we must. Beautiful as the butterflies, and some of the bugs are as they fly through space, we often have to destroy them at a wholesale rate, and by most horrible methods. Certain birds also at times become so destructive that there seems to be no way out but to reduce their numbers. The *Farm and Fireside* does not care to suppress truth even if unpalatable, or "gall and wormwood" to a particularly sensitive reader. I have said in these columns and elsewhere, many good words even for the English sparrow. We have this bird here in moderate numbers, and it does us no harm. I therefore do not object to, but rather enjoy its presence, especially during the long winter when bird life is ordinarily rare with us. Yet in my boyhood days I have seen this same bird so destructive when it descended on the wheat-fields in flocks numbering thousands that I joined in its persecution with zest, and industriously shot, trapped and snared it without hesitation. With it, as with the robin and other birds, it is mostly a question of circumstances, and especially of numbers. But we should never destroy any of these creatures—unless we have to.—*Farm and Fireside.*

A CEMENT HOUSE.

ONE of the most useful outhouses I have seen lately is one constructed from top to bottom from gravel and cement. It is eight by ten feet on the inside, with a ten-foot ceiling. The floor is cemented and is four feet below the surface of the earth. The walls of the building are a foot thick, with nearly two inches of air space running along the center of them.

It was constructed in the following manner: After the excavation was made, two-by-four oak pieces were set to each side and the ends so that when boards were nailed to them space was formed for bottom layer of cement. When this was put in planks were nailed above these for another course. This plan was followed until the building was the desired height. Then an oval roof was constructed from oak boards with circular rafters resting on the top layer of cement. On this, at the proper time, was placed a cement roof. The roof rested on the framework until dry, then the framework was permitted to remain to strengthen the roof. The door facing is held in place by bolts laid in cement and projecting through its sides. The doors when hung will be double on the outside, packed in between with sawdust. The inner door will be light. The house will be fitted up with a stove and grates and used for a fruit dryer in the fall. In the winter it will be used to store fruit and vegetables in. There is no drain, but a large stone jar was set in the cement in one corner of the building and the floor made to incline toward it.—*Selected.*

USES OF SAWDUST.

MANY are the uses of sawdust. In the days when the sawdust wagon made its lumbering rounds through the streets of most large cities, two commercial uses of sawdust were to sprinkle floors and to shelter lead pipes from cold, and glass bottles from breakage.

Near every sawmill was a vat for the sawdust and it was carted away free by anyone who had use for it. In this era of the use of by-products sawdust has a commercial value. It is no longer given away, but it is sold.

One of the recent uses of sawdust is its distillation, resulting in acetic acid, wood naptha, wood alcohol and tar. Sawdust may also be burned in special furnaces or mixed with other material for fuel.

Sawdust when saturated with chemicals, can be effectively used in the manufacture of explosives, but it is more particularly in demand in paper making than for any other purpose. Such a thing as sawdust on the floor of a room as a substitute for a rug or carpet is now practically unknown. Sawdust has joined sand in this respect.

Cotton felt has been substituted for sawdust as a non-conductor of cold in winter. Gas can be made from sawdust. It is also used for briquetts, i. e., blocks of compressed sawdust and wood chips burned for fuel. Even in the protection of glassware against breakage, sawdust has been superseded by excelsior, sawdust being regarded as too valuable for such use. —*Exchange.*

A GOOD THING TO KNOW.

"I HAVE had quite a little experience with the different ways of removing obstructions from the throats of choking cattle, and find that a short piece of rubber hose is the best thing to use. The hose admits air, and is not so apt to slide by the obstruction; therefore it is better than a whip-stock or any solid instrument." —*Farm Journal.*

THE WEALTH IN A TREE.

What do we plant when we plant a tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee;
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be;
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade, from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

—New York Mail.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Purchasers for first-class improved farms, 80 to 200 acres. S. Burkett, North Manchester, Indiana.

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FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Filling a Long-Felt Want.

"Give us a national ode!"
The American people cried.
But Teddy's our National Him,
And there's Uncle Psalm, beside.
—E. G. Nedloh in January Lippincott's.

Items of Interest.

The total peanut crop of the United States is about 300,000,000 pounds annually, and is worth $11,000,000. Over 350,000 acres of land are devoted to raising peanuts.

The King of Denmark has a very valuable collection of birds' eggs, which include specimens of nearly every kind in existence. The collection is considered to be worth about $70,000.

The schoolboys and girls of Kentucky have raised over $6,000 for a statue of Stephen C. Foster, who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." The work will be done by a celebrated sculptor, the features being modeled after a photograph of Mr. Foster taken in 1858.

It is in the forests of Canada where the biggest motors in the world are seen. They have been specially designed for hauling logs over snow and rough roads. One of these machines is capable of drawing a train of two hundred tons weight of logs at a speed of twelve miles an hour.

French walnut is the finest wood that comes to this country. It comes from Persia, but is prepared in France. Its price has been as high as $8 a pound and as low as $2 a pound. It is used principally for veneering, for only the very wealthy could afford to have chairs and tables of solid French walnut. Mahogany, wonderful as it is, rarely brings such high prices. From $2 to $3 a pound is a very good price for it. Ebony, if it is in a particularly large piece, so that it will cut well, will often bring $5 a pound in the wood market.

Not What He Expected.

Former Governor Hoard, of Wisconsin, when addressing a rural audience, was wont to make the statement that he spent his boyhood on a farm and that in consequence he had always remained a farmer.

During election time, relates the New York Herald, the former governor was participating in a political meeting in a small country town. After he had been presented to the chairman to deliver the main address he at once strove to create an atmosphere of sympathy between the audience and himself.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I come from 'way back there. I was born and bred between the corn rows. Now, what am I?"

A lone, rasping voice from the rear of the hall gave the answer:

"Then ye're a punkin!"

An Unconscious Humorist.

"There were two men in a scrimmage in front of the bank to-day," said Mr. Biggs at the supper table, "and it looked pretty bad for one of them. The biggest one grabbed a stick, and I thought he was going to knock the other's brains out, so, of course, I jumped in between them."

The family had listened with rapt attention, and as Mr. Biggs paused in his narrative the young heir, whose respect for his father's bravery is immeasurable, proudly remarked:

"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"—Selected.

Suggestion in the Barnyard.

Little Johnnie, having in his possession a couple of bantam hens, which laid very small eggs, suddenly hit on a plan. Going the next morning to the fowl-run, Johnnie's father was surprised to find an ostrich egg tied to one of the beams, and above it a card, with the words:

"Keep your eye on this and do your best."—Tit-Bits.

Medical Student: "What did you operate on that man for?"

Eminent Surgeon: "Five hundred dollars."

Medical Student: "I mean, what did he have?"

Eminent Surgeon: "Five hundred dollars."

A scientist says that his investigations show that a great deal of soft soap is being used. Evidently he is not acquainted with politics or he would have found that out long ago.—Pathfinder.

"What is an agnostic?" asked Rollo.

"An agnostic," replied Uncle George, "is a man who loudly declares that he knows nothing, and abuses you if you believe him."

Teacher: "Wait a moment, Johnny. What do you understand by that word 'deficit'?"

Johnny: "It's what you've got when you haven't got as much as if you just hadn't nothin'."

Some Things to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to tell a story. A well-told story is as welcome as a sunbeam in a sickroom.

Learn the art of saying kind and encouraging things, especially to the young.

Lacked Capacity.

The baby of a Maryland family had been through a siege of chicken-pox. The infant's sister, a girl of ten years, being met by the minister's wife one day, that good woman naturally inquired as to how the baby was getting on.

"He's some better, thank you," said the little girl, a shy and noncommittal child.

"Very much better, I trust," said the minister's wife.

"O, he couldn't be very much better," responded the child, "because, you see, he's too little."—Harper's Weekly.

Charles Kingsley's receipt for being miserable is as follows: "Think about yourself, about what you want, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you. In other words, center all your thoughts on self and you will have abundance of misery."

Neff's Corner

A man refused $250 here a few days ago for some vacant lots which he bought about eighteen months ago for $100. A block which was offered me last spring for $375 is now held at $600. Ground is broken for another 50 by 90 feet two-story brick business block, in which rumor says another bank will be opened when completed. My carpenters have five houses under way for Neff's Corner patrons, a number of other residences are going up and things generally about Lake Arthur are right lively. And the delightful weather we have been having and still have is more than I can describe, and is sufficient to account for the whole thing. Of course, we had a big snow in November, but in a few days it was gone, and we have long since been basking in the usual glorious sunshine. But we have more than fine weather to account for the growth of our town. The drilling of artesian wells, fencing and breaking land, planting orchards, sowing alfalfa, and building of substantial country residences, all bespeak the rapid and stable development of the surrounding country.

There are many more things I could tell you and the only reason I do not occupy my corner every week is because I am too busy to stop and tell you a few of the many good things there are to tell. But two more things I must mention this time, which someone might want to know.

First. Several shares of the stock of the Lake Arthur bank can be had at $100 per share. And if this won't prove a paying investment, I miss my guess.

Second. A beautiful body of 120 acres of land within a mile of the pretty little town of Dayton, N. Mex., where the Brethren preach regularly, is offered in exchange for a farm in Kansas or Oklahoma. For further information about any of these things, address

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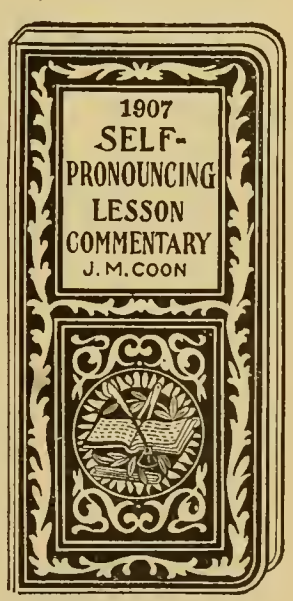
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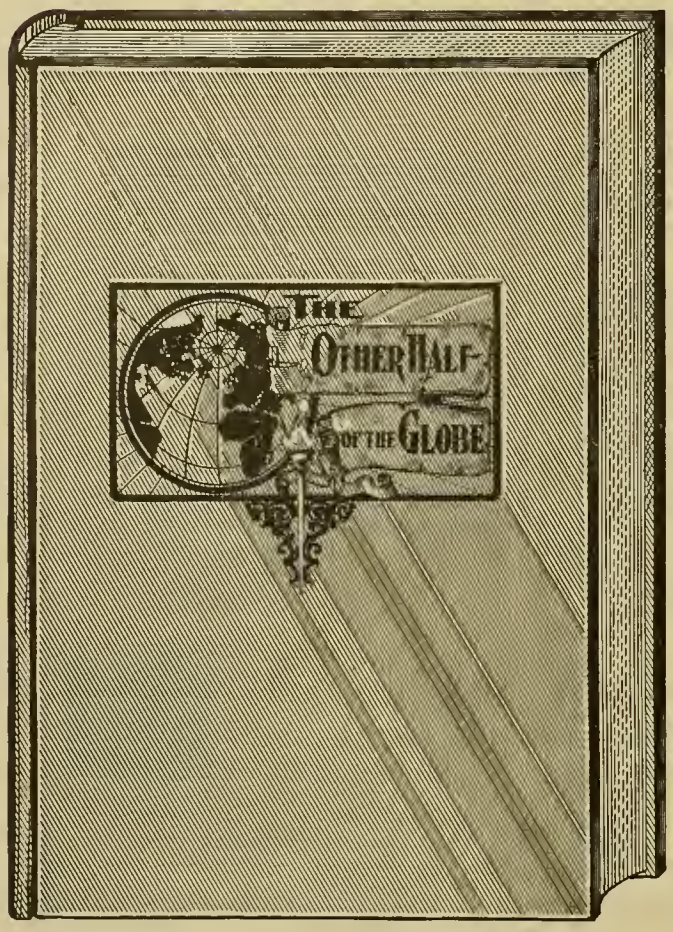
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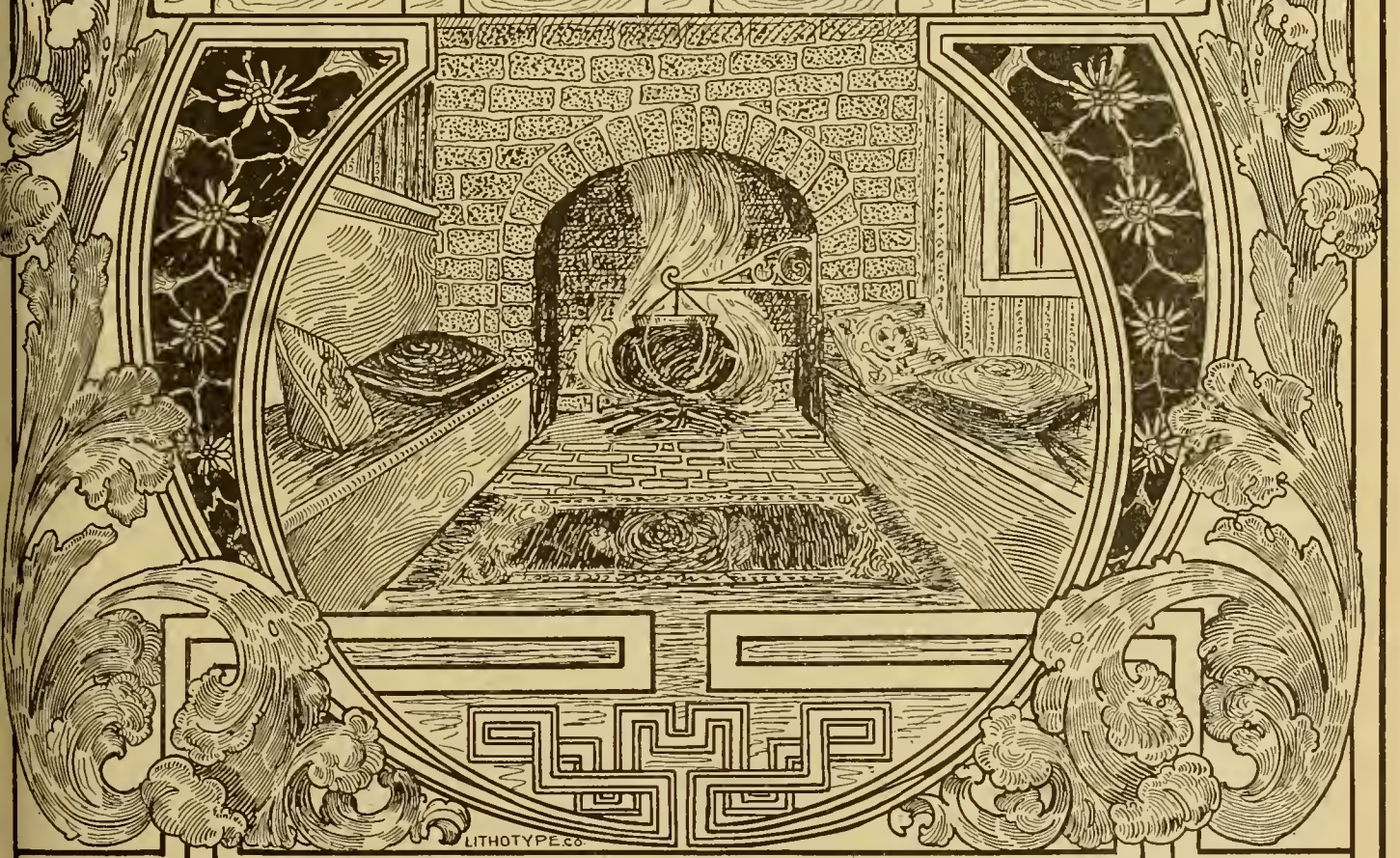
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A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A Bit of Experience.—John R. Culp.
True Nobility.—Agnes Neff.
A Mountain Mirror.—N. J. Miller
The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.
Sermonette.—Wm. Howe.
The Call (poem).—Walter Swihart.
Why Do They?—Maggie M. Winesburg.
The Physical Side of Child Life.—Walton F. Stover.
A Purifier.—Ida M. Helm.
The Farmer's Friends. No. 4.—John H. Nowlan.
The Meat Packing Industry.—Walter C. Frick.
Cumberland Valley, Pennsylvania.—D. B. Hostetler.



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To the Brethren and their Friends:

In former letters your attention has been called to the scenery along the lines of the Union Pacific, New Salt Lake Route and the Southern Pacific en route to the Annual Meeting.

By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

BUY YOUR TICKETS TO THE ANNUAL MEETING via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans, returning over some of the other lines shown on this map and stop off and visit the Brethren en route, as your tickets will permit you to do at any point west of the Missouri River.

BUY YOUR TICKETS OF YOUR HOME AGENT as he is your neighbor and will undoubtedly give you reliable information.

For further information see the nearest agent of the Union Pacific Railroad or write to

Yours fraternally,

Geo L McDonough

Colonization Agent.

Brethren Welcome to Butte Valley, California.

Following is a copy of a letter written to Bro. H. F. Maust by the Secretary of Chamber of Commerce at Yreka, the county seat of Siskiyou County, California.

Yreka, California, Feb. 11th, 1907

Mr. H. F. Maust,

Mount Hebron, California.

Dear Sir: If at any time there is anything that lies within our power to make your residence among us pleasanter or more profitable, you have but to make your wishes known.

The writer of this letter, the Secretary of the SISKIYOU COUNTY CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, when a boy worked for a big mercantile establishment in a town in the State of Indiana, and among the patrons of the store were a large number of people of your sect. As I had orders from the manager to extend credit to any Dunkard that asked it, that order gave me a very high regard for your people, and I have never had occasion to change my mind.

We are very glad to have you settle on Siskiyou lands and are sure that you will be glad of it too.

I came here twelve years ago to stay a week, and was so greatly impressed with the opportunities here presented that I have remained ever since.

Should you or any of your people come into Yreka, the county seat, be sure to call on me; you will be cordially received and made most welcome.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) T. J. NOLTON, Sec'y.

The Doctor in China

The Chinese people are a quaint and eccentric race, in many respects, and distinctly original in their methods and practices. History shows that the arts and sciences flourished in the "Flowery Kingdom" thousands of years ago when the nations of Europe were enshrouded in a semi-barbaric darkness. The Chinaman does things in what appears to us to be a topsy-turvy way and in many instances seems to pervert the natural order of doing things. The Chinese carpenter, for instance, invariably pulls the plain towards himself in place of pushing it forward as is our custom. The doctor in China gets paid by his patients while they are well, and the minute they get sick his pay stops. This plan, although a decidedly novel one, is not without its good points and shows the inbred shrewdness of the sons of Confucius. With the Chinese doctor the sickness of his patient means a loss, while with our doctors and under our plan, it becomes a source of profit. In either case, however, the calling of the physician is expensive business. Mrs. Mary Kramolich, 1711 "P" St., South Omaha, Nebr., says: "Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill., Dear Sirs:—Your BLOOD VITALIZER is our only doctor. I have seven children and when any one of them is sick, I cure him promptly with the BLOOD VITALIZER. We could not get along without it."

AN OCTOGENARIAN WRITES.

Grand View, Iowa, June 14, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I feel exceedingly grateful for your valuable healing medicines. A short time ago I had a severe attack of pleurisy in the left side and also chest. Your **Oleum** and **Blood Vitalizer** cured me in quick order. Your Blood Vitalizer has so strengthened me that I can do my daily work very well, although I am nearly 84 years old. I have used your medicine off and on for several years and it has always done me a great deal of good. May the Lord's richest blessings attend your business. I am the husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Stock who has at times written you.

Respectfully yours,
Francis Stock.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

Dayton, Ohio, June 25, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have thought so many times that I would write you and should have done it long ago, but somehow I never got around to it. There is nothing better than the **Blood Vitalizer.** I just learned yesterday that the Rev. ———, who has been troubled with tetter for forty years, has been cured by the **Blood Vitalizer.** Nothing helped until he got the **Blood Vitalizer.** He says there is nothing like it. It is also a great children's medicine and they like to take it.

Yours truly,
R. F. D. No. 4. J. P. Neff.

ALL ARE PLEASED.

Platteville, Wis., June 28, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—Mr. William Ginkens of this place obtained three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** and also some **Oleum** of me. It cured him of both eczema and rheumatism. He declares it is a grand medicine. He is so enthusiastic that he wants to peddle it around, but I know you do not allow that. He is very thankful for what it did for him. Mr. and Mrs. Kinch want me to extend to you their thanks for what the **Blood Vitalizer** did for them and their family. All those who have used your medicine give it a great name. I shall certainly do all I can to get an agent for it here, as I cannot possibly act myself.

Yours sincerely,
Mrs. Margaret M. Austin.

CURED STOMACH TROUBLE.

Manitowoc, Wis., July 9, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—In regard to the **Blood Vitalizer** I can menton the following remarkable cure. I have a brother-in-law who was suffering terribly with some form of stomach trouble. The doctors said it was cancer of the stomach. He vomited blood at times and could not partake of any food except milk and gruel. After using six bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** he is well again.

Yours truly,
R. F. D. No. 3. Wm. Grosshuesch.

DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER ceased to be an experiment more than a hundred years ago. Time has still further tested its merits. It has established itself as a family remedy in thousands of homes, even to the fourth and fifth generation and is daily growing in favor.

To be convinced of its health-giving powers, order a trial box. It is not a drugstore medicine. Address

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue. CHICAGO, ILL.

You Can do Better at "Hazelwood"

Many of the Brethren in Illinois and Iowa are prosperous. They have comfortable homes, big substantial barns, first-class stock, modern farm machinery, and are both comfortable and happy. Others of the Brethren who are equally industrious, equally intelligent and equally upright lack material prosperity.

The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

It is not the difference in the men.

The cause of the distinctive difference in the prosperity of the Brethren is **the quality of the soil** that they cultivate. Those who move from poor land to fertile acres soon become well-to-do. Those who change their location from rich land to poor land soon become poor.

The labor and expenditure necessary to raise a crop are if anything greater on poor than on rich lands, yet poor lands mean poverty and rich lands mean opulence to those who work them.

The richest lands of Iowa and Illinois will produce not more than one-third the tonnage per acre in a year of the annual yield from the irrigated acres of "Hazelwood," located between 4 and 7 miles west of Spokane, Washington.

The products of Hazelwood lands (alfalfa, vegetables and fruits) will bring many times as much in dollars and cents than will an equal weight of products possible to the lands of Iowa and Illinois. The highest cash market in the United States for farm produce (Spokane, Wash.) is within easy driving distance. Hazelwood farmers have no freight to pay.

With the same energy and application any of the Brethren who will locate at Hazelwood can accomplish in one year what it would take him many years to accomplish on the richest lands of Iowa and Illinois.

This is a broad statement, but we can prove it: You will make more money in a few years off a small acreage at Hazelwood than you can make in a lifetime off a large farm in the richest and most fertile part of Iowa or Illinois.

If you want to know more abont "Hazelwood Irrigated Farms," cut out, fill in and mail us the following coupon, or send us a postal card or letter asking for information:

Information Coupon.

Hazelwood Irrigated Farm Lands Company,
Neeley & Young, Sales Agents,
340 Riverside Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Dear Sirs:—Send me information regarding your irrigated farm lands now, and a free colored map of the Spokane country as soon as it is completed.

Name, ...

Town or Postoffice, ...

State, ...

Information Coupon.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

Brethren Publishing House
ELGIN, ILL.

SONG PRAISES

For Sunday Schools and Christian Workers' Meetings

Edited by PROF. GEO. B. HOLSINGER

Author of GOSPEL SONGS AND HYMNS No. 1 and BRETHREN HYMNAL

This new volume embraces selections from the latest gospel song writers, containing some of the best music to be found. It contains 128 songs and hymns, selected with the greatest care, thoroughly covering the field for which it is intended.

Price, per single copy, prepaid, ...25 cents
Per dozen, prepaid, ...$2.50
Per 100, f. o. b., Elgin, ...$18.50

Published in round and shaped notes. Shaped notes sent unless otherwise specified in order. Address,

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

THROUGH

IDAHO

MAKING STOPS AT

NAMPA, PAYETTE and WEISER

where the BRETHREN CHURCHES are located. Then through Oregon, via Portland, and San Francisco to Los Angeles. Arrangements will be made for the benefit of those who go to Los Angeles by some other route, to return over the above route, giving the Brethren a longer time to visit friends in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, also for those who intend to visit the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
DAYTON, OHIO

Thousands of People

have found homes and settled in SOUTHERN IDAHO and still there is room for thousands more in the fertil valleys along the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

The people are happy because they are prosperous and in a mild climate that is unsurpassed for healthfulness.

Fruit in abundance every year, and crops never fail. Go and see Idaho and be convinced.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
DAYTON, OHIO

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 26, 1907 NO. 9.

A Bit of Experience

John R. Culp

ONE day in early spring a friend and the scribbler stepped off the train in Little Rock, Arkansas.

Loitering about town we happend into a meat market and seeing there displayed for sale, wild turkey and deer and even a hind quarter of a black bear, and being told they were captured about there, my friend, Brown, could be persuaded to do nothing but that we procure some guns and try our luck. He was an enthusiastic hunter. We were entire strangers to the country and could get no guide, but nothing daunted, we got a couple of good double-barreled shot guns and a plentiful supply of ammunition. We walked out along the highway and after leaving the town, or rather city, about three miles, we struck off into a large forest which appeared quite virgin. We could see no where that any timber had been cut and in places it was grown up with bayberry and black haw and the wild plum and seemed a good place for game.

We had not proceeded a great way till we struck a trail. We were in high glee and followed the trail rapidly. It appeared to be a catamount or wild cat, but we never learned. Soon it ran into and through small pools of water and the pools seemed to be getting larger, making the trail difficult to follow. In our eagerness we had forgot all time and place and all of a sudden, as wakening out of a trance, we were in water nearly knee deep and it was almost dark and we were as completely lost as the "babes in the wood." The thought of standing in water nearly to our knees leaning up against a tree was not suggestive of very pleasant dreams, and turning our energies to securing a better camping place, we soon came to a small round knoll that arose perhaps two feet above the water and was some twenty feet across and fortunately contained some dry fallen logs. Gathering some dry leaves and broken twigs, we soon had a blazing fire and only then we realized how desperately hungry we were. Brown had jokingly slipped a dry sandwich in his pocket out of our lunch on the train, which he now brought forth and generously divided.

Consoling ourselves that we had no dishes to wash, we lay down by the fire to sleep. We had no difficulty in waking early in the morning, and while breakfast was being gotten ready, in many places, I don't think there was any within ten miles of us, and I am dead sure there was not a bite within reach. We decided on a course to pursue to get out to a habitaion. Our ardor for hunting had considerably subsided.

After wandering about for a while we discovered an almost imperceptible current in the water winding down among the trees and then we knew that to follow down stream would take us out somewhere and our hopes and hunger increased wonderfully. Following down for some three or four hours it had increased to a considerable stream with an unwarranted number of tributaries which we were forced to wade. Several times we were in water waist deep and it was with difficulty we kept our guns and ammunition dry.

Along about noon with our hopes and hunger and ardor and ambition and weariness and anxiety all out of proportion, we sat down on a log to philosophize. What a resourceful field the true philosopher has to draw from, to neutralize all discrepancies, to tide over the most dire calamities or to justify the most unreasonable actions. Our meditation was broken in upon by the faint sound of some one chopping in the distance. It is truly wonderful what distance sound can be carried through a forest when all else is still. But my friend bitterly declared it was only a woodpecker digging himself a home in a hollow tree, and there was not a living human being within a thousand miles and we would not get a bite to eat till we got to the mouth of the Mississippi river.

We started in the direction the sound came from and all at once it came loud and clear and we knew we were in sound of some one who could relieve us, and our weariness and perplexities vanished like a nightmare. At last we came in sight of our man chopping in a small clearing and a boy of perhaps twelve years gathering and burning the brush. We explained our situation and he stuck his ax in a log and cheerfully

led the way up to the little log cabin he called home.

He introduced us to his wife and then the daughter, a girl of perhaps eighteen years, and a girl of greater beauty or sweeter charm it has seldom been my lot to see. The wife hastily set about getting us a meal while the daughter went to the spring for fresh water. In a very short time we were invited to set up and eat, the good wife saying it was the very best they had.

Our meal consisted of hot biscuit, fried bacon, sorghum molasses and coffee. Brown ate ravenously but the water and over-fatigue had unnerved me and I could not eat more than a half biscuit. As we walked up through the little clearing of not more than seven acres, I could not help but note the house of hewn logs about twelve by sixteen feet with but one window, a single sash set solidly in the logs and one door. On the side were tacked a few coon skins and a mink or two while on the pickets surrounding the garden were perhaps a dozen muskrat skins to dry and tan. The roof was of clapboard, that is, a nice piece of oak is taken and cut about three feet or three and one half feet long and then strips split out about four inches wide and one-half inch thick and these are put on for roof and when done well, makes a really good roof. The door was of puncheon, that is, timber split same as clapboard only longer, while the lock was a flat piece of wood twelve or fourteen inches long. One end was fastened by a peg on the inside of the door but loose so that it would move up and down easily and the other end dropped into a notched peg in the door jamb near the edge of the door, and a little above this small bar a hole was bored and a good leather string put through and fastened to the slat. Pulling the string raised the end of the slat out of the notch and the door was open, to lock the door pull the string inside. A chimney made of sticks and mud, and floor of clay completed the house.

The table off of which we ate consisted of four round sticks set up and strips of board nailed across and on top of these were rough oak boards. Two beds occupied two corners of the room. The bedstead was made by setting a post about four feet from one wall and about six and one-half feet from the other wall and from this wall to post was fastened a good stout pole, from this pole to pins in opposite wall was stretched bed-cord on which was placed bedding. Over these beds on pins hung the extra dresses of the women folk all clean and nicely starched and ironed. In the other end of the house was the cookstove and oaken flour chest.

The only sink, cupboard, clothespress, or trunk, were pins driven in the logs. Just over the door swung the ever-ready rifle with its powder horn and bullet bag. The attic was reached by going outside and going up a ladder set gainst the end of the house and crawling through a door about two feet square. Such was the home in which we were freely and cheerfully offered shelter and food, and neither would they accept a penny from us, not even powder or shot, that we would have gladly left to lighten our load. And I truly believe it was a happier, truer, nobler home than thousands have who would look down in disdain upon its inmates.

It left a vivid impression upon my memory, but it was the counterpart of many which in later years it fell to my portion to see.

These kindly, generous, goodly folk were loth to see us depart, they were anxious to hear and talk of the outside world.

But a couple of hours of rest and cheery comradeship had lightened our hearts and we determined to push on. Learning we were so far from Little Rock, we decided to cross over a range of low hills to another railroad. After getting explicit directions how to follow the dim path over the hills to the settlement, giving them a last farewell and the old man going with us out through the cow yard and past the little stable of fodder that contained his one mule to the top of the hill to show us the right path, we again plunged into the deep woods, with only a couple of hours of daylight before us, but we hoped to reach the settlement before dark. It soon began to rain and it was not long until we were soaking wet and made our progress exceeding slow. We were seriously considering camping again for the night when we beheld the twinkling of a light through the rain and trees. In a little while we were at a cabin by the road-side. Upon calling, a young man of about twenty-one or twenty-two years came up and said we could get the best they had to eat, but he would have to cook it himself as the rest of the family had gone to a neighbor's to a dance. I lay down on the floor before the great open fireplace like a wornout footsore hound just home from the chase. In a short time supper was announced. We had corn pone baked in the fireplace, there being no stove, fried meat, coffee and long sweetening. That fellow was the best cook I ever saw. His service would be worth $5000.00 a year in a Fifth Avenue hotel.

The sky cleared off and the great big moon rose up so bright and cheery and round and looked so happy as if to atone for our wetting a few hours before.

Brown was getting anxious to report home. With the undaunting courage of youth we set out, having a plain road before us. Our friend of a few hours would accept no pay for his generosity and we left him about a dollar's worth of powder and shells.

We had not been on our way a great while till my nose began to bleed and got worse and worse till it ran from my nostrils in streams, but we pushed doggedly on. However, the loss of blood began to weaken me and ere long I became so weak I could not set one foot before the other. We sat down on a log by the roadside. And again the sky clouded over with

low, dark heavy clouds till it was fearfully dark. The very blackness of the night seemed to hover about us and cover us over like a black shroud over the bier of the dead, and indeed it seemed as if it would be my own burial shroud for the prospect of having my grave dug there by the lonely roadside began to loom up before me as I began to swoon. But my friend, Brown, chafed my hands and bathed my head with water that he dipped up in his hat from a pool in the road, and a constitution of iron and an unconquerable will came to the rescue and I soon revived, and our situation not being the most comfortable, Brown went to reconnoiter.

He soon returned and said that there was a house only a little way that we must get to. The folks living there had a sick horse and coming out in the night with a lantern revealed them to us. We were gladly taken in and put to bed. It was now about 2 A. M. After a nice breakfast we again set out. But the Nemesis of ill luck relentlessly pursued us, for we had been on our way not long till it began to rain, first just a drop now and then, then a little faster, and faster till at last it fairly poured down and we were soon drenched to the skin. We sought no shelter but pushed steadily on till about the middle of the afternoon, two wet weary discouraged crestfallen hunters tramped into a small railway station, where they expressed their guns home, got a room in the hotel, hung their clothes around the stove pipe to dry, and went to bed.

Eureka, Ill.

TRUE NOBILITY.

AGNES NEFF.

True nobility does not apply to hereditary nobility in which the title descends from one generation to another. For that is only a title of rank and has no relation to personal character.

While some such noblemen may have true nobility, there are others in whom it is sadly and entirely wanting.

Of Lord Byron it has been said: "He was a great poet and a nobleman but not a noble man." Of Lord Shaftesbury. "He was alike noble in rank, in character, and in works, thus combining in himself the highest qualities of manhood."

True nobility is first of all a feeling, an expression not so much of the intellect, as of the soul, a feeling which involves the sympathy with all that is true and good, and is conscious of entire harmony with that which is elevated and pure, and looks with dissatisfaction upon all that is low and degrading.

Such were the traits of character illustrating the lives of such men as George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. How lofty their aims, how earnestly they sympathized with struggling humanity, and how unselfish and complete were their sacrifices!

But one need not be a statesman to be noble. It matters little whether one dwells in a royal palace, or a humble cottage, in public or in private life.

Nobility is frequently found in persons of humblest worldy circumstances.

Almost every day we read of acts worthy of heroes by those whose names are scarcely known in the community in which they live.

Wherever self-sacrifice, truth, purity, generosity, and fidelity are found, there will be found what all should seek, true nobility.

THE RUMSELLER'S SIGN.

SELECTED BY EFFIE E. MILLER.

I will paint you a sign, rumseller,
And hang it above your door,
A truer and better sign-board
Than you ever had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many will pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rumseller,
As you wait for the fair young boy,
Just in the morn of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, Rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Holding with either hand.
He wavers but you urge him;
"Drink! pledge me just this one,"
And he lifts the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And I next will paint you a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into this loathsome creature
The fair, young boy has grown.
The work was quick and rapid;
I will paint him as he lies
In a torpid, drunken slumber
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all in the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word, "lost."
I will paint all this, rumseller,
And paint it free of cost.

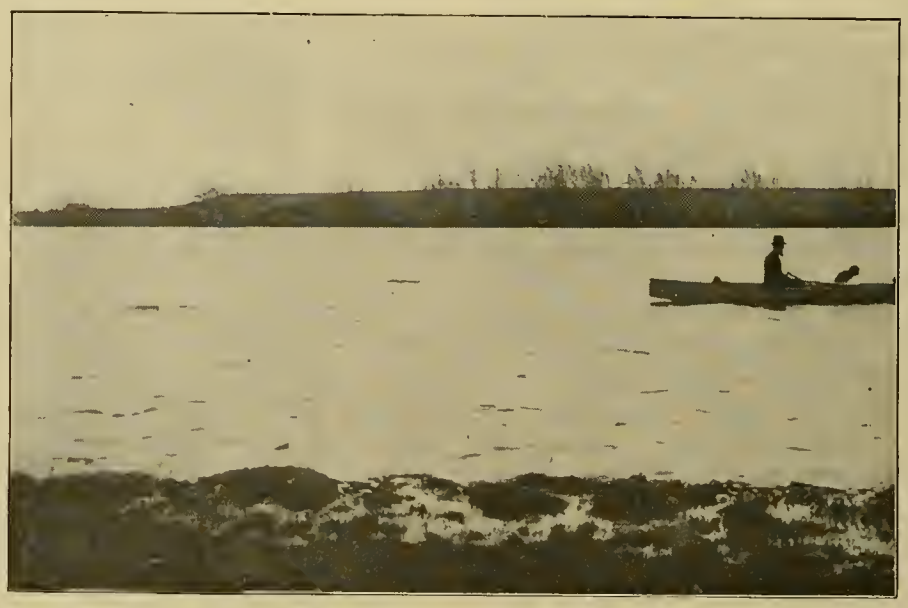
The sins and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and want and woe,
That is born there in your rumshop
No hand can paint, you know;
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view
This wonderful, swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

A Mountain Mirror

N. J. Miller

IN earlier times than now the contour of the country around the Rockies was not as at present. Before the rock-ribbed range existed the area was an archipelago or a sea bottom, so the geologist declares. The waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic were connected by broad channels and wide-open seas. No need was there then of discussions in Congress whether the connection should be loch or sea-level system. The waterway between the oceans was established for that time. Finally came a disturbance in the earth's crust which gradually uplifted the area into plains and mountains. The mountains became snow-capped, glaciers were formed, larger by far than those of the Alps to-day, which scarred and ground the mountains and adjoining territory. These, together with the large volumes of water resulting from their melting, and other forces, cut deep into the rock. In this way were carved small valleys and buttes along the range and the range became sharply cragged. The small valleys, formed along the mountain ridge, were dotted here and there with lakes, mere basins cut out or small valleys clogged by glacial and wateraction. Owen's Lake is one of the thousands thus formed on the flanks of the Rockies.



Owen's Lake.

Owen's Lake is just four miles east of Boulder. A chain of buttes or "hog-backs," extending northward and southward, stretches itself about a half-mile east of the lake. To the west four miles distant are the Rockies, just far enough away for one to enjoy the vastness and sublimity of the brown and crimson foot-hills and lofty peaks. Sixty miles to the northwest is Long's Peak, ever snow-capped and in sight. Thence the snow-covered range extends southward to the Arapahoe peaks, thirty-five miles due west,—onward south and east, falling out of the horizon near Boulder mountain. The foot-hills, about 5,000 feet high, are four miles distant, though they, together with the range and peaks mentioned, appear to be less than a mile or two away. It is "The Switzerland of America," a place that thrills, stimulates and inspires. For me, this place is worthy the words of the Swiss mountain-climber who said: "I like to be on the mountains. One has pure thoughts here."

Owen's lake is a mirror comprising over sixty acres in area. On its west bank are a few summer cottages occupied by tourists wishing to spend a few weeks in the shadow of the Rockies to recreate, boat and fish. Much is added to the enjoyment of one's stay there by the congenial Elder Fitz, who lives in the large mansion, the east walls of which are almost splashed by the water. There is just room enough for a driveway, overarched by trees, between the mansion and the clear water,—an attractive roadway leading past the boats and boat-landing, through orchard to the long, narrow dairy barn.

The lake is a good mirror. Nearly every lake is a mirror, though it may form very poor images. Almost every boy or girl has noted, as he or she walked along the bank of brook or creek his or her image or that of trees and other forms in the water. In a mountain lake, however, the conditions for a mirror are exceptionally good. The clear water, unclouded sky and

bright sunlight are seldom surpassed elsewhere. If these conditions exist and the lake's surface is almost without a ripple,—a smooth surface being one of the essentials of a good mirror,—one is certain to see splendid images. In Owen's lake one finds good reflections of the surrounding scenery on a day like that. The whole mirror is filled with the images of Long's Peak, the Arapahoes, Flagstaff, Green and Bear mountains, and the lesser peaks of the ridge. Every canon, lesser ridge, frowning turret, spire and peak is found faithfully reflected there. Even the hog-backs and fields of grain are reflected in panorama. Never shall I forget the reflections the other morning as wife and I looked out of the bed-room window across the lake. The sun was just below the horizon and lit up the clouded heavens with all the colors of the white light spectrum.



An Attractive Roadway in the Shadow of the Rockies.

Hugging the east shore was the image of the deserted ore-mill a half-mile distant; the rest of the motionless surface was splendid with the images of the sky of black and gray clouds bordered with every shade of green, blue, yellow, crimson and red.

HAPPENINGS OF A YEAR.

HERE is a statement of some things that happened among the 80,000,000 people in the United States last year:—

Number of murders and homicides in the country, 9,350—an increase of 138 over the previous year.

Number of suicides, 10,125—an increase of 143; of these 7,242 were men and 2,882 women.

Number of legal executions, 123, exactly the same as in 1905; 35 were hanged in the North and 88 in the South.

Number of lynchings, 69—an increase of 3; all were in the South except one, and all were negroes but 5; Mississippi leading with 12.

The wholesale killing by mobs are not included in the number.

Number of people killed by automobiles, 209; injured, 851.

Number killed while hunting or by hunters, 178; wounded, 167.

Killed on railroads as passengers or while crossing tracks, 3,295; injured, 9,561.

Killed on electric lines, including employees, 674; injured, 2,953.

Lives lost in fires, 1,184; in explosions, 623; in cyclones and storms, 719; in mines, 599; by drowning, 2,985; by lightning, 205; by electricity, 176.

The record of embezzlement, forgery, defaulting and bank wrecking aggregated $14,734,863—an increase of more than $5,000,000 over 1905.

The fire losses approximated $352,000,000, of which $235,000,000 is charged to the calamity at San Francisco.—*Selected.*

OUR CALENDAR.

THERE are some curious facts about our calendar. No century begins on Wednesday, Friday or Saturday. The same calendars can be used every twenty years. October always begins on the same day of the week as January, April as July, September as December, February, March and November begin on the same days; May, June and August always begin on different days from each other and every other month in the year. The first and last days of the year are always the same. These rules do not apply to leap year, when comparison is made between days before and after February 29.—*Exchange.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Thirteen. A Reverse.

THAT thought the sun was fairly a boiling heat one day, two years later, as he shocked wheat on his father's farm. It was the first wheat John Kemper had raised in his own fields. The man had need of good crops and hard labor that season, for all his savings had gone to help a less fortunate man.

At last, when the clacking reaper had to "make one more round" to accumulate work for the shocker, Nat climbed over into the orchard to rest beneath a tree.

He lay down at full length, on his back, thinking and dreaming of the days that would be his in the autumn.

"The scholarship and the college. Joe is certain I'll be able to enter Crown."

Pleasant thoughts crept drowsily through the boy's brain, until, in a very little while, he lay fast asleep.

When he awoke he was so stiff he had to rise slowly, and sharp twinges of pain darted down his back.

As the afternoon and evening passed the stiffness became scarcely evident but the shooting pains continued.

Nat made no complaint to his parents. In the morning they found him moaning, and tossing the covers of his bed.

His face was flushed with fever and the slightest movement of his stiff-jointed legs produced terrible pains along his back.

When the doctor was come and had examined the sick boy, John asked him what to expect.

"Can't tell yet," was the reply.

But when the fever had passed, and Nat's lower limbs lay inert, the answer was apparent.

Nat had never thought to experience such dark days as were those, and Ellen had never expected to see her son so bitter.

But the doctor brought one atom of hope, and some brightness returned to the boy's wan face and dull eyes.

To the question, "Can nothing be done? Must our boy never walk again?" the physician replied:

"There is a doctor who may be able to cure him," —but the expenses of the trip and of treatment could not be less than two hundred dollars.

John Kemper could only turn to his wife a countenance that was stern from great mental pain, and, in a repressed voice, answer her entreaties.

"I can't do it, Ellen. Every penny we had in the bank went to Len Rollin's security."

When Mrs. Kemper returned to her son and told him, he cried as he answered:

"Can't I have that? Must I be helpless all my life? Pa ought to get the money for me in some way. Ask him whether he won't mortgage the place."

"Mortgage our home, Nat?"

Nat turned his head fiercely toward her, exclaiming with something like terror in his voice, "Am I not worth as much to you and pa as this farm is?"

Ellen returned to her husband, who was sitting with his head lowered so that his chin rested on his chest.

His attitude was possibly what prompted the wife to life her own head high.

"We must do it. We can mortgage the place. Surely Nat's worth more than this farm is. And any way we can pay off the mortgage."

John did not raise his head or even his eyes.

"Yes, Ellen."

Everything was made ready for the trip to the great doctor.

Under stimulation of hope Nat gained strength rapidly. His arms and body were coming back to capability of usefulness, but he had no power to move either foot ever so little.

But only two mornings before the journey was to be made John Kemper was too sick to leave his bed.

"Typhoid fever," pronounced the doctor. "He didn't give up soon enough and it has a bad start. He must have a trained nurse," he said briefly to Ellen.

"I can care for John," responded Mrs. Kemper.

The doctor looked at her with his keen eyes.

"You would have to be up day and night. You could not stand it. You would become so worn out that you could not give John the care he will need to pull him through."

"We took care of Nat," Ellen said half angrily.

"There were two of you to do that. And Nat's condition was not so serious. That is," he added, seeing the scorn that for an instant showed in the woman's face, "Nat's case did not depend so positively on constant care."

"If we hire a trained nurse Nat can't go to the doctor." Ellen spoke with an effort.

Dr. Galane's eyes were kindly.

"Your son has his life. I think he wants his father to have his," he said.

But Ellen said nothing to Nat of the seriousness

of John's condition and refused to let the doctor bring a nurse.

The second night she was beside the fever patient,—the last night before Nat was to be whirled away to Dr. La Mar's,—Ellen found it hard to keep from going into occasional dozes.

Once she slept soundly and started to her feet, terrified by something, before she was fully awake.

The bed by which she sat was vacant.

She hurried into Nat's room. There, on the edge of the boy's bed, sat John, his hands covering his face, making peculiar groaning and sobbing sounds.

Nat had been sound asleep, and, his nerves yet weak, the sight of his father there on the edge of the bed startled him.

Ellen forced water between John's lips and then led him back to his bed. He sat down on one side of it, however, and refused to lie down. All the wife's coaxing could not persuade him to do so, and she dared not leave him for an instant.

At last, succumbing to fatigue, he dropped back listlessly, and lay in a stupor.

When Ellen could endure her anxiety no longer, she ventured to leave the room, and telephoned to Dr. Galane.

When the doctor had worked over the sick man and had somewhat revived him, he went away, saying to Ellen on the threshold, "I'll bring a nurse this evening."

When Mrs. Kemper went into her son's room, he said, "Did Dr. Galane go home? He didn't come in to tell me at what time I'm to go with him to the train."

"I'm afraid you'll have to give up the trip, Nat. Pa is very sick and we'll have to have a trained nurse. We'll—"

Nat interrupted harshly, "Give up my trip? Give up my hope of walking! I may as well give up my life. Isn't it enough that I have lost the chance of an education? Isn't it enough that I suffer for weeks and months? What a life do you expect me to have? This?"

"Pa might die," said the mother, timidly.

Nat turned away his face and did not answer.

Joy had ever been a sunbeam. She was always happy, but she went about the house quietly, so as not to disturb the invalids.

When Dr. Galane had brought the trained nurse that evening, Ellen told her little daughter that it was because papa had been very, very sick.

As she was getting ready to be tucked into bed, the little girl knelt and said, "Dear Jesus, make papa well, and make Nat quit bein' ugly. I want Nat to be a good boy."

The prayer brought tears to the mother's eyes, and kissing Joy, she hastened into Nat's room. There she cried out, "Nat, can't you be a good boy?"

The boy gave a slight start, but made no reply.

Then Ellen let herself fall on her knees to pray, and she could say only, "God, help my boy to be good."

Nat turned toward his mother and spoke with a touch of bitter scorn:

"Mother, perhaps I can be good here, flat on my back all my life. But can I ever be of any good? Don't I need just what I lack now to be of any use to other people? I ought to have now what I need. Another time may be too late."

But Ellen said, "My boy, you need to be good."

He turned his face away.

Dr. Galane noiselessly passed into the room as Ellen came out.

The doctor sat on a chair at the bedside and extended one arm so that his hand rested on Nat's shoulder. He sat thus a long time. Finally the boy turned his head.

"What do you care? Go out of the room," he said.

The doctor stood up and placed himself where Nat, to see his face, would have to keep his eyes turned slightly upward.

"You are tired," he said, keeping his voice in a monotone. "I told a young fellow that a few nights ago and he said he knew it but he couldn't sleep. I advised him to count the figures on the paper of the ceiling above him, or to name them, and in a week he told me the plan worked admirably. He was just fidgety because a spell of sickness had put him back with his work and—" the words trailed off so low they could not have been understood even by a wide-awake person. And Nat was breathing heavily in sleep.

Dr. Galane was back again in the morning early, very early, before the wearied boy had roused from his deep, refreshing sleep.

When Nat opened his eyes, the doctor began speaking briskly

"You haven't sat up for a few days, and this morning your mother and I are going to get you into a chair again. Here she comes now with your breakfast."

The doctor and Ellen arranged the bedclothes more comfortably, washed the boy's hands and face, and as soon as breakfast was well begun, the man brought in a pair of crutches.

"And we're going to put you on these. Look at these arms and hands. There's strength in them now and you'll soon be able to bear weight on them."

Any change from lying prone was a relief to Nat. Dr. Galane amply supported him as he took a few peculiar, jumping steps across the floor on the crutches. The boy was able to swing his helpless feet forward by an impetus of the body.

"Will it always be this way?" Nat asked the doctor when he was once more in the chair.

"You'll always have to walk with crutches," the man replied kindly.

Some of the sullenness was settling on Nat's face again.

"And if it were a horse or a dog that couldn't use its legs, I'd be discouraged about it. But you're a boy and soon will be a man. And a man's a big man or a little man according to the size of his head and his heart."

He was answered by the flicker of a smile about Nat's lips.

When Ellen again talked with her boy he was under the influence of reviving strength and the uprise of youthful confidence.

"I'll have to plan things differently, but maybe things will come right in time," he said. "At least, I'll try to be a good boy. How is pa?"

"Holding his own, the doctor said," replied Ellen. "Nat, I want the church, and I need it."

"Yes. It will help me to be good, too," said the boy. "And it will please pa."

WOMAN'S LOVE AND PATIENCE.

SELECTED BY R. G. LAYMAN.

Every day one hears of some unfaithful husband and the constancy and love of some woman who, it may be, had only been the companion of her choice for a few months, a few years. The jingle of the morning wedding bells had died away, the merry-makers had turned their thoughts to other scenes, the holly and mistletoe had gone to sleep to be replaced by the roses "that had come again." Then had begun life's struggle.

One morning, in the police court, in this city, a man, with swollen eyes and distorted features, was called before the trial judge. He had been drunk the night before; had forgotten the sacred promise to love and cherish; the poison had taken possession of his senses; the wife whom he had given his sacred word to support, and comfort all through life, and the little baby, whom he had often caressed, had been forgotten in his hilarity with mutual friends (?) as the sparkling viands flowed.

"Bring that man out," (calling his name), said the judge. The charge was drunk—$2.50. He didn't have it, and without any solicitation or persistence on the part of the officials, he turned his face toward the cell, in which he had slept the night before. Then came the climax to the scene.

A little woman, whose eyes were dampened and whose features told the story of mental and bodily agony, with baby in her arms, moved silently over to the sergeant's desk and, after searching her pockets, handed over the fine, having left only a few cents, perhaps the money she had been saving to buy a dress for herself or clothes for the baby, making many sacrifices to accumulate the little amount; or it may be, she was saving it to buy her husband a shirt, or a lamp to brighten the home. After the fine had been paid, the couple wended their way home. Reconciliation had taken place, woman's love and forgiveness had won. But what must have been the anguish of the wife the night before—waiting and watching for the home-coming of the husband. No semblance of his presence, the hands of the clock were pointing to another day—no tidings,—weary, the watcher fell into a sleep, the joys of a year or two ago were rehearsed in her dreams, a gleam of sunshine through the windows revealed to her the fact that another day had come, but he was not there; where is he? Has he been killed, did he get drunk? Have the police arrested him? May be so, I will go and see.

During the pathetic scene in the court-room every eye was turned upon the little woman with the baby; even the applicants and older members of the "Gin Mill Society for Promotion of Crime, Rags, Sickness, Sorrow and Death" turned their begrimed faces toward her, and, doubtless, beneath these rough exteriors were tender hearts, souls of sympathy, for each one had possessed a mother, probably a wife.

This is only one instance of that infatuation called love. Hundreds, thousands of good, pure women, cradled in luxury under the old home roof, without a thought of sorrow, listen to the sweet pleadings of a knight who prays, attends church, does not chew tobacco or smoke cigarettes, doesn't gamble, and as to drink—never, never,—until the knot is tied.

In every instance, or nearly every one, the woman keeps her promise through all the vicissitudes of life, whatever her companion may do and when the sunlight of life is silently stealing away and twilight comes to him whom she loves, her heart is as warm and tender as she looks upon the dear, familiar features now in the cold embrace of death, as when she first met him in the "spring-time of the past." Verily, woman must be inspired with the love and sympathy that comes from above.

Roanoke, Va.

HOME OF "OLD OAKEN BUCKET."

Cranberry picking on the "Old Oaken Bucket" farm, a most successful cranberry picking at that, kept the farmers' wives of Greenbush and Cohasset, Mass., busy last fall, and the famous old well sank into abeyance for the time being, says the New York *Herald*.

The old barn, the only building standing of the time of the poet, Samuel Woodworth, rang with the sound of voices and pit-pat of the berries falling. Women sort them in huge trays—scores of women—and a man in an outer room turns a wheel that works a separator.

Henry Worthey was there. Henry H. Worthey,

whose father was Joseph Worthey and whose grandmother took for her second husband the poet, Samuel Woodworth.

He is a tall, thin man with russet cheeks and kindly, twinkling eyes, and he smiles more frequently than New England folk are wont to.

"We've had a busy summer," he remarked. "There have been over a hundred people here in one day to see the old well; and there was seldom a day went by but what there was one or more. They were from all over this country and some of them from way off—England and the like—just to see the old well.

"My! I remember the time that the well wasn't so noted. We didn't even keep that old oak bucket. It just naturally got worn out and it lay around loose for awhile. When I was a boy I remember seeing two of the slats hanging in the woodshed, and one day my father gave away one of the hoops to a neighbor who needed a hoop for a bucket of his, and another neighbor got the tail of the bucket, which he afterward sold to a minister for 50 cents; so we have nothing of the original left, and there are thousands of people coming here to see it.

"If you could only tell just what was going to get noted you could be kind of careful of it, but how are you going to tell?

"That water is good water; even now it is noted all over the countryside. You'll notice that there is a path worn from the front gate to the well. Well, that's from the people just dropping in for a drink on a hot day.

"Samuel Woodworth was born on this farm and he drank a lot of that water. He was in New York in 1817, one hot day in summer. That was when he was between thirty and forty, and he took up a glass of water to drink.

"When he had put it down he said: 'That isn't like the water we used to draw from the old well, is it? I'd give a good deal for a drink of that water now.'

"And his wife said: 'Why, Samuel, I think that would make a real pretty piece of poetry; why don't you write something about it?' and he sat down there and wrote 'The Old Oaken Bucket.'

"Samuel Woodworth has written a lot of things and some of them are just as pretty as that, I think, but there aren't any of them that make people remember him like that little poem he wrote that hot summer day in New York."

The well itself is of the old-fashioned variety, of the time of a hundred years ago. It has the great sweep and from it hangs a new oaken bucket, not moss covered, but discolored, as any wood becomes, when constantly in dampness and water.

It lies snug to the side of the house, uncovered, and with the trees of the orchard all about. The trees are leafless now and the summer enthusiast of curiosities is not evident.

THE SERVICE OF THE MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

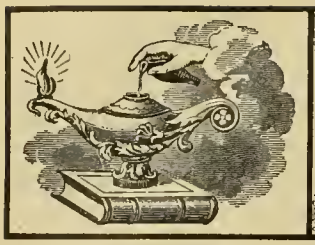
The first medical mission is said to have been conducted by a Dutch physician in the East Indies from 1624 to 1638. The growth of the movement was very slow and it was not until the latter part of the nineteenth century that it became important. Livingstone's many years of gentle ministration to the sick, and Arnot's journey over half of tropical Africa with nothing to pay his way except his box of medicines, did much to call attention to the value of medical practice as a beneficent feature of missionary service.

The latest statistics of the evangelical societies show that there are now 400 hospitals, besides many dispensaries, with nearly 800 medical missionaries, of whom 250 are women; and in the hospitals, dispensaries, polyclinics, and native houses an average of about 2,300,000 patients are annually treated. This does not include the Roman Catholics, who make a large feature of medical missions.

No words could exaggerate the usefulness and success of this work. The missionary physician is eagerly welcomed in every land. His influence is far-reaching, for he carries the best gifts of medical science to the neglected, he revolutionizes native practice, and he supplants the terrors of the barbarous quack. It is, under the law, a misdemeanor to practice the arts of the fetich doctor in the Congo Free State and Rhodesia, but the medical missionary is doing more than the law to destroy baleful superstitions that have held millions in degrading bondage.

Even in advanced countries like India, where there are many native physicians schooled in western therapeutics, the medical service is woefully inadequate to the need. The most competent Indian doctors and surgeons have more work than they can do at high rates. The poor must suffer; but everywhere the widest blessings of the medical missions fall upon the poor. The latest Africa book, "Uganda to Kartoum," has a photograph of about a hundred patients waiting their turn as a single physician treats their cases. There is need for good surgeons as well as good doctors, and women physicians are especially important. In India there are 50,000,000 women who are practically cut off from the outside world, and the women practitioners who may go among them are still too few. They are training hundreds of native women nurses every year, but the need far exceeds the supply.

The missionary finds everywhere that his medical service greatly promotes all phases of his work. It gives him the best of opportunities for his special calling; and a cured patient often brings not only his family, but also his whole village to the mission.—*From "The Civilizing Work of Modern Christian Missions," by Cyrus C. Adams, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews February.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

WM. HOWE.

"Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

More things are wrought by prayer than the world dreams of but not half as much is wrought as there ought to be. There are not enough of people praying. All men should pray. Many of those who pray do not pray enough. Men ought *always* to pray.

There would be more praying if there were less fainting. There is probably more fainting in the church than in the world (Luke 16:8). The wise men of the world know the power of push and pluck, of persistence and perseverance. The truly wise in the church know no less about patience and importunity, but the truly wise are in the minority. If there be few that practice this wisdom it only proves how few there be that have it, for wisdom dies when it is not used.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," especially when expressed. If the desire be not expressed it proves that the desire, or the faith, or maybe the body, or two, or all, are very weak. When all are strong the abundance of the heart will be manifested by the mouth speaking those sincere desires.

To "pray without ceasing" (1 Thess. 5: 17) is a reasonable proposition for a trinity of reasons, to say the least.

He who has eyes to see them may be kept joyfully busy *counting* the blessings he has received. How much more may he be engaged with *thanksgiving*. Indeed "men ought always to pray."

Moreover, when we consider not only our daily but our momentary needs of spirit, soul and body we are amazed at the time that would be consumed in *petition* alone were we to ask for all we need—to say nothing of the needs of all the world. The rain falls upon the unjust without their asking. We presume likewise sometimes upon the just. Praying men everywhere daily get more than they think or have time to ask. It is well that "he knoweth our frame" (Ps. 103:14) and its needs (Matt. 6: 32), and that he giveth like a father—yea, "how much more." (Luke 11:13.) But "men ought always to pray" nevertheless.

Praise is an important part of prayer. We'll *never* get done talking to him of the wonders of his creative hand and of the marvels of his creative power.

How reasonable that men should *always pray!* This does not mean that men shall always be on bended knee. It is often better to run or sow or reap than to kneel while we pray. It does mean that men shall be *thankful to God* for all they get. It does mean that men shall *look to God* to have all their needs supplied. Phil. 4: 19. It does mean that men shall have a *holy reverence* for the good things about them and above them—things that God has made. Good men will be constrained to do no less and when they do as much they will, is some proper,—maybe feeble way, do what they ought. They will pray and never faint.

Some have voted Abraham as one that fainted (Gen. 18:32, 33) when he prayed for Lot and his loved ones. If he did he fainted on ground some have never occupied. It was after he had received satisfactory answers to a series of six definite prayers. He did not faint as many do with the thought that God is unwilling to hear and answer prayer but rather because he was getting embarrassed in the presence of so many answers from the Lord that he concluded he had better stop his asking.

THE CALL.

WALTER SWIHART.

From Sodom a call! Do we feel it at all,
When plenty we have and to spare?
Why turn it away,
While to-day is the day
Souls perish in throes of despair?

The Gospel we teach, all creatures can reach—
All classes can yield to its love.
Then share while we may,
While to-day is the day
To get ourselves treasures above.

The careless of heart—who've failed in their part
To keep themselves breasting the tide—
May duty obey
While the call rings to-day,
That our mite with them we divide.

We know not how soon—this hour may be noon,
Be morning, or falling of night—
However, my friends,
God's welcome depends
On doing our part with our might.

The heart-well may dry, the action may die,
And all the knowing forget;
Yet heaven will keep
While the ages may sleep,
And pay you most fully the debt.

Churubusco, Ind.

WHY DO THEY?

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

Why do so many of our ministers—of every denomination—nearly always take their text from the Old Testament instead of the New Testament? I know that the Old Testment is a sacred history; and a record of the promises of God. Yet if I am not mistaken, Christ, said at his coming, "All things have become new." For he was the Word himself. Then why not preach from the "Word"?

There are countless bright jewels in the words and works of our Savior to take a text from; and the "Lamp" that sits on high to guide the feet of the weak and sinful has a million bright rays to light our way. And I would like to ask our ministers why they pass by the Lamp and its jewels, and go away back to the Old Testament for a sermon. It may show a learned man, and a deep reader; but at the same time one-half of his congregation—if they be of the humbler classes of people—don't understand one-tenth of what he is preaching.

I have known people to come home from church and say when they were asked about the sermon—"Oh, he gave us a Bible story to-night; went away back to the days of Solomon, and others, and did not mention the Savior's name once."

Time and again, I have heard the minister in the pulpit hurl at the sinner fearful threats of the wrath to fall on all sinners,—holding one might say a millstone over their heads to crush them with,— and at the same time he failed to point out to them "The Door" through which they might enter in, and escape the destruction that awaited them on the path that they were following.

The life and words of our Savior, and the love the Father and Son had for all, is the sweetest of all stories, and one that even the dumbest might understand, for hearts can be reached through love when all other means fail to have the least effect.

I know that every one should read the Bible for his or her own self, but still Christ commanded his disciples to go forth and preach the glad tiding of salvation to all the world. Then why not preach it? Preach of Christ, his words, works, love and sacrifice for all mankind. He bought us with his blood, and to him we must go for our redemption. A hungry soul will not find the Bread of Life in a Bible history sermon, then why not hold on high the Lamp of life, and point out its beauties to all mankind?

Our Savior did not say, "Go ye forth and preach of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the glories of Solomon." If he did, I will have to confess that I have not read my Bible well enough to find it yet. I only know that he said to preach salvation for all that would believe in his name.

If a man saw a fellow-man, stumbling along on a dark, dangerous road, he would not go to the stumbling one and say, "Farmer So-and-So said a long time ago, that a new and safe road was to be built at that place, along which travelers might pass in safety," when he knew that the safe road was already built. I think that the man would be more apt to point out the new road to the one on the dangerous path.

Don't you, dear ministers?

Steel, Ohio.

LOWLY SERVICE.

It is easy for us to overlook the blessedness of lowly service. The thing that is wrought in the eyes of the world is the thing we most aspire to. But in the eyes of God this may be a most menial service, and one all unworthy of our exalted destiny. The lily, though it bloom in the valley, and low among the grasses, hath a mission as beautiful as the cedar on the top of the mountain. Men admire the higher rather than the lowlier stations. We feel that we are equal to the highest, and the ambition may be wise. But perhaps the endowment God has given us is only such as can successfully be used down by the side of the lily and not up where the cedar grows. It may be our mission in life to carry out his work in spheres that are hidden from the public gaze. And this, for us and for him, is best. It is better to be the strength of the foundation than a piece of ornamental sculpture over the door to be gazed at by the passer-by. To be unseen and unknown, yet faithful to our God-appointed mission, is better than to seek a station for which we are unfitted and where only failure awaits us. Success in life lies, not in rising higher and higher until we reach the top, but in doing the very best possible in the station where we are.—*The United Presbyterian.*

GOD'S GRACIOUS RESERVES.

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia God said, "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." In Canaan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving up anything till we have dared to act—that he may test us. Not giving everything at first—that he may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing.—*Selected.*

Chung-Kung asked Confucius about perfect virtue. The master said: "It is when you go abroad, to behave to every one as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting at a great sacrifice; not to do to others as you would not wish done to yourself; to have no murmuring against you in the country, and none in the family." Chung-Kung said: "Though I am deficient in intelligence and vigor, I will make it my business to practice this lesson."

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A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

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CROSS WORDS.

We talk about the imperishableness of smiles, pleasant words and helpful deeds. We sing, "Kind words can never die," and dwelling upon the happy condition resulting from the use of such words we determine that we will have to do only with those influences which live forever.

But there are other things besides kind words that live on and on. Just as truly may it be said that cross words never die. Some one has said, "No idle word thou speakest but is as a seed cast into time and grows through all eternity." But the idle word does not grow alone, and the kind word does not live alone. Along with them, poisoning the very atmosphere itself, flourishes the cross word.

While we are largely responsible for the things we have and are we are not altogether so. Our memories possess many things that came there by a power outside ourselves. And the memories of others,—what part have we had in their making? Have we dropped therein the kind word that will bring pleasure to its possessor whenever it is recalled? Or have we given the cross word that rankles deep at every turn of the mind?

"Cross words can never die."

WHILE WE WAIT.

Born of the spirit of the times that breathlessly endeavors to encompass the whole field of human knowledge and effort in the short span of one lifetime, the admonition often comes to us not to let one precious moment go to waste; every one should be assiduously employed,—down to the few that come to us by reason of our having to wait on the train or some appointment. For these unfortunate occasions the perusal of a book or paper is suggested as the wisest way to use the moments and add to our accumulated store of knowledge.

Now I am in hearty sympathy with the spirit that cries out against the waste of anything so precious as time, but I question the wholesale use of the expression, wasted moments, when applied to the time spent, while waiting, by people who do not improve (?) that time by reading. Books and papers have their place and must come in for some attention from the one who would keep abreast of the onsweeping tide of affairs, but let them not consume all the time not demanded by our vocation, especially while we wait, for usually the surroundings are then most favorable for the pursuit of studies of which the printed page can give only a hint.

The moments while we wait furnish us an opportunity to think about ourselves. Not in the sickly way of the selfish, self-centered, but in the hearty way of cultivating an interesting acquaintance. We have rushed at this and that, and buried ourselves so deeply in our work that we have not even taken the time to analyze the motives that so impelled us. This introspection will help us to find our place in the world,—where we belong in the hurrying, jostling throng,—whether we are simply one of the crowd or whether we are one out of the crowd.

From thinking about ourselves and the motives that prompt our actions, we naturally turn to a study of others, and it will then be easy to see what poor judges we must be at the best with respect to their actions. Books and papers dwell much upon the subjects connected with the inexhaustible study of human nature, but for the most part they give us only such information as may be gotten first-hand from the people around us if we will take the time to study them, and the personal contact gives an added value to the knowledge never obtained from books.

The little child that passes while we wait will take us back to our own childhood. We will look out upon the world again from the child's position. We will recall how some things perplexed us and how some of our knowledge of the world's ways came to us as sudden revelations and how other things came bit by bit. And thinking thus, child-life, whether represented by the one clothed in the rags of poverty or in the garments of the rich, will become dear to us, and our further study of it and consequent association with the children themselves will bring us many rich experiences, to say nothing of other happy results.

The tendency to let other people do all our thinking for us,—people who are paid so many dollars a thought,—is one to be deplored. The resulting drain on our purses is the least objectionable part of the condition; the swelling of the thinker's purse is more serious, while the worst effect of all is our poverty of mind. Let us cease being so dependent and begin an account of our own by doing some deep thinking. The mere act will prove most beneficial to us and may result in giving the world that which will continue to be a blessing long after we have passed away.

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.—No. 8.

From 6:20 to 9:25 A. M. nine passenger trains leave Elgin for Chicago over the Milwaukee road. Some of the trains are made up here while others are through trains. Within the same period two or three freight trains pass over the road.

Most people in the neighborhood round about know that the road is pretty busy during that part of the day, and yet some of these will continue to walk down the track as if it were especially designed for a foot-path.

But not all continue to walk there. About two months ago two men walked down the track one morning for the last time. They have not ceased to walk that way because they came to realize how unwise they were; they did not live to profit by that which often comes on the heels of such folly, and it is to be doubted whether any one else will do so.

It was a strange coincidence that two men should walk down the same track at the same time and about a block apart and be killed by the same train. It was early in the morning,—not yet light,—and the men were on their way to work. Added to the natural darkness of that time of day there was a heavy fog which almost obscured the lights. The men heard a freight train coming, and knowing that it was on the track where they were walking they stepped over,—not on the space between the tracks, but on another track, and a fast passenger train, coming along at the same time on that track, sent them, without warning, into eternity.

The newspapers said it was an accident, but can we call that occurrence an accident when the one who figures most in it has made every condition over which he has any control favorable to it? But accident or not, it was a terrible thing, and considering its cost it ought to bring to us something that may be of use to us as we go our ways.

We are in the habit of saying that death is here or there,—as it manifests itself in its triumph over a victim,—but really death is everywhere. *Our attitude toward it determines its power over us.* Below my window is the street car track; every year hundreds of people meet death on a street car track. Several rods farther away is the railroad, and death is there. A few feet farther on is the river; a leap from the bridge into its waters, or simply rocking the boat that moves over its surface may tell us that it is the place of death. On the farther bank of the river is the third-rail electric line; by placing the foot on that innocent-looking third rail we may meet the grim monster. All through the Publishing House there are wires here and there, connected with the little dynamos, that may become the active agents of death. But no one need fear to enter the building on account of these and the many machines that have a power similar to theirs in this respect. We need to fear them only when our attitude is such as to place us within the power of their death-dealing agencies.

And is it not true likewise of eternal death? It can have dominion over us only when we place ourselves within its power. When we walk in its way, when we place our foot on its track, when we cover ourselves with its element, when we rest our eyes on its attractions, then we are at its mercy.

THE BEST.

We are false to the powers that are under our control if we do less than our best at all times. We are apt to rest with simply doing good when that good is far below our well-doing capabilities. The production must be equal to the working capacity of the plant, or it may lead to ruin. In the spending of money wisely the superlative degree is the only one that puts us beyond all risks. It is not enough that the cause to which we give is not a bad one, it must be the best in the field. Anything short of the highest endeavor is not only injurious to our perceptive faculties, but it puts a premium on mediocrity. More than all else it defeats the best and cheats us of the best's reward.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

A man's a big man or a little man according to the size of his head and his heart.—*Mary I. Senseman.*

Wherever self-sacrifice, truth, purity, generosity, and fidelity are found, there will be found what all should seek, true nobility.—*Agnes Neff.*

For me, this place is worthy the words of the Swiss mountain-climber who said: "I like to be on the mountains. One has pure thoughts there."—*N. J. Miller.*

Hearts can be reached through love when all other means fail to have the least effect.—*Maggie M. Winesburg.*

The Gospel we teach all creatures may reach—
All classes can yield to its love.
Then share while we may,
While to-day is the day
To get ourselves treasures above.

—Walter Swihart.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," especially when expressed. If the desire be not expressed, it proves that the desire, or the faith, or maybe the body, or two, or all, are very weak.—*Wm. Howe.*



THE Illinois senate has passed a bill prohibiting persons under eighteen years of age and pupils in schools or universities from smoking cigarettes in any public place.

LEADERS of the liberal party in Cuba are making open signed threats of war against the United States if it does not withdraw, according to promise, and leave them in absolute control.

A PLAN is now on foot, under the direction of the bureau of American republics, to bring about an exchange of professors between some of the South American and Central American universities and the United States universities, as is being done by the German and American institutions.

AMONG the prizes offered for aeroplane flights abroad is a $40,000 prize for a flight or race from Ostend, Belguim to Paris, France. It is open to both aeroplanes and dirigible balloons. August 10 is the date set. The distance is about one hundred and seventy-five miles, and it must be covered within twenty-four hours.

THE two-cent railroad fare crusade is sweeping through the United States. In nearly a score of state legislatures bills fixing the maximum rate for the carrying of passengers on railroads at two cents are pending and in most of these states seem certain to be passed. Ohio led the way a year ago. In only one state so far, South Dakota, has the two-cent fare bill been definitely defeated.

CHICAGO'S population is 2,350,000 according to an estimate made recently by the city statistician. The number of immigrants who have settled in Chicago since 1900 is estimated at 350,000, and the influx of population from other cities and towns at 100,000. The increase of births over deaths is estimated at 185,000.

FEBRUARY 17 the senate adopted a resolution in which "it advises the president he will receive the cordial support of the senate in any steps, not inconsistent with the treaty or other international obligations he may deem it wise to take in coöperation with or in aid of any of the powers signatories of the treaty of Berlin for the amelioration of the condition of the natives of the Congo Free State."

CARRYING more than $83,000,000 to pay for various improvements in waterways throughout the country, the Rivers and Harbors Appropriation Bill was passed by the House Feb. 7. One of the most important amendments provides for a deep-water channel in the Mississippi between St. Paul and St. Louis, at an estimated cost of $20,000,000.

CHARLES W. OLDRIEVE, who started from Cincinnati January 1, on his water-walking shoes, accompanied by his wife in a rowboat, reached New Orleans February 10, having made a world record by walking the waters of the Ohio and Mississippi, a distance of 1600 miles, thus winning a $5000 wager. His "shoes" were tiny cedar boats four feet five inches long, five inches broad and seven inches deep.

MORE sugar was produced from the beet than from the cane in this country last year, for the first time, the beet output being 672,000,000 pounds, according to the Bureau of Statistics. The total amount of sugar consumed in this country was 6,500,000,000 pounds, at a cost of $300,000,000. The average per capita consumption was 76 pounds, or half the individual's weight.

THE director of the office of public roads of the department of agriculture has notified a committee of congress that automobiles are ruining the roads of the country. He says that the heavy machines going at a high speed create a vacuum which loosens the roadbed, and that it gets loose and goes to pieces. He makes the announcement that the most expensive roads are the ones more easily affected by the autos.

THE Southern railway which has been tunneling under Lookout mountain, near Chattanooga, Tenn., where the famous battle in the civil war took place, has struck a cave whose existence has hitherto been unknown. It is a large cavern and is reported to extend 18 miles from the tunnel. A bridge is to be built across the cave over which the railroad will pass. A cascade of water is said to be in the cavern and stal-

actites hang from the dome. The railroad company may take advantage of the scenic effect and light up the place with electric lights.

THE latest annual report of United States Commissioner of Education Elmer E. Brown, covering the year 1905, shows a total of 18,896,213 pupils in public and private schools. The length of the school term in days averaged 150.3. There were at work 111,195 male teachers and 348,532 female teachers. The cost of public education was $3.49 per capita. Commissioner Brown notes the rapid increase in the number of students receiving secondary instruction.

A RECENT number of the *Scientific American* contains a copy of the photograph of the German Crown Prince electrically transmitted to a distance of more than one thousand miles. The photograph is the result of Korn's photographic fac-simile telegraphy which it would seem has overcome all difficulties heretofore in the way of transmitting likenesses over great distances. As to the practical utilization of the invention, the inventor states that its application for purposes of crime detection would prove of the greatest value.

EXPERIMENTS are being carried out in London, England, upon a fifteen-horse-power automobile and a few heavy mechanically propelled vehicles with a new material that has been evolved as a substitute for pneumatic tires. In this new tire the resiliency of the pneumatic tire is retained as much as possible, while puncturing is completely obviated. "Elastes," as the new material is called, comprises a mixture of glue, glycerine, and chromic salts. These are dissolved and mixed at a high temperature, and while in the liquid state are injected into the inner tube of the tire.

A SOUTH CAROLINA man has designed and patented what he terms a fresh-air cabinet, which fits closely in the lower part of any window and is made of a bellows arrangement that extends inward about 3 or 4 feet. A bed or cot having no headboard is placed close to the window, so that the forward end of the cabinet will enclose the pillow. An opening is made in the front end of the cabinet large enough to admit the head. In this way a person lying on the cot will have the head out in the air, while the body will be under the bed clothes in the room, the latter being of the regular temperature.

THE gold coins of the United States will be changed some time during the coming year, for the first time in fifty years. President Roosevelt believes that the gold coins now in use are inartistic, and after discussing the matter with the treasury officials he took it up with a celebrated New York artist. Under the law the president has a good deal of authority in prescribing just what figures or emblems shall appear on specie money. His limits are that the designs shall not be changed oftener than once in twenty-five years, that on each coin shall appear an emblem of liberty, the year of coinage, and the words, "E Pluribus Unum."

As the elections for the new Douma proceed it has become apparent that the peasant-labor combination probably will control two-thirds of the delegates, notwithstanding all of the handicaps with which the government has surrounded the electorate. A greater proportion have voted than any other class of the population, many of them making long journeys to the polling places. The greatest indifference was shown by the class of small land owners, of which only twenty per cent chose delegates. Wherever possible the electors appear to have chosen the same delegates they did last year, notwithstanding that 180 of the most active members were disqualified because they signed the Viborg manifesto.

THE decision, under the Burton act, regarding government regulation of the use of the hydraulic power of Niagara Falls, has put an effective stop to the alarming encroachments which various power companies were making on the upper Niagara river, upon which the Falls depend for their scenic beauty. Under the act the power companies are restricted, the total maximum amount allowed being 15,100 cubic feet per second on the American side, and about 12,000 feet per second on the Canadian side. As the volume of water passing over the Falls is estimated to be about 220,000 cubic feet per second, it will be seen that the action of the United States government has effectively checked the destruction of the Falls, at least as far as American control is concerned.

THE report of the Maxwell fuel contest between New York and Boston, to show the comparative merits of alcohol, gasoline and kerosene in the propulsion of automobiles, was made public Feb. 11. It shows that the engines operated with alcohol developed more power on hills than those using the other fuels. The reason was that while the initial pressure with alcohol is less than with gasoline, the mean effective pressure is greater. Another advantage of alcohol was found to be the absence of metallic pounding, caused by premature sparking. All three of the liquids can be used in the same carbureter, but at its present price alcohol is about two and one-half times as expensive as gasoline, and over three times as expensive as kerosene. The trip was made in January between New York and Boston, with three cars having identical motors.



The Physical Side of Child Life

Walton F. Stover

In Two Parts. Part One.

A CHILD'S progress depends upon three capabilities: Being impressed, able to reflect and able to express. His strength at any given time is his ability to limit things and remain unlimited himself. A strong mind requires a healthy body. Having made a close study of the health of children, my observations during several years in the school room have caused me to note that the following phases of his home life must be considered, if he is to get his share of the happiness and prosperity that the world offers to all alike. The things to be most particularly observed in promoting the child's health are care of the body in general, clothing, sleep, eyesight, ventilation, exercise and habits.

Among the first to be considered are baths, care of teeth, food and drinks. The skin throws off from one to two pounds of waste per day. A better understanding of how filthy the skin becomes may be had by comparing its waste to that of the lungs. Each minute the skin throws off eleven grains of waste to the lungs' seven grains. We notice very quickly how the atmosphere in a room becomes poisoned from what the lungs expel. As just stated, the skin excretes more than the lungs and because of the clothing this poison is continually re-entering the blood and undermining the health. It is a great struggle for the skin to remain on the outside of the body. The child should take a bath as often as convenient and never less than once a week. This should be a hot bath and not last more than ten minutes. Nothing but the best grade of soap should be used. The cheap soaps are the cause of most of the skin diseases. I mean by cheap soaps those that contain an unproportioned amount of alkali. The bath should be taken at night, but not too soon after meals. The hot water will cause the blood to come to the surface, thus leaving the digestive organs, where it is needed for a time after meals. The bath should be at night because it tends to relax the system, thus inducing sleep. A hot bath, if followed by friction and taken frequently, is the only known remedy for a cold.

Another important phase in hygiene is the care of the teeth. They should be cleansed after each meal, but if brushed after breakfast, they may be kept in fair condition. A tooth brush costs little as compared to the dentist's bill. Salt is the best known dentrifice. Use salt freely, brushing in all directions. Remove waste from between the teeth with soft wood toothpicks. When teeth show the least sign of decay consult a dentist at once.

As to food, it should be well cooked, thoroughly masticated and eaten slowly. Coarse food is better than pastry. There is no excuse for pie and cake, and such foodstuffs, unless it is to cause one to forget a poorly prepared meal. They should be relegated to the forgotten past along with sour pickles, mustard, horseradish, catsup, so-called acid vinegar and other condiments too numerous to mention. These things are intended for sale, but not to be eaten. Excessive indulgence in condiments causes a superabundance of gastric juice, which impairs digestion. Most diseases originate in the stomach. A disordered stomach is often due to one's eating unwholsome or ill-prepared food, or eating too rapidly. Among ill-prepared foods, perhaps bread ranks first. In many instances bread is not thoroughly baked. Often it is baked in large quantities and becomes dry before it can be used. Bread must be fresh to be easily digested. Another great factor of ill health is the eating of rare meat. If meat is not thoroughly cooked it is slow of digestion, and often carries with it living germs. In any of these cases the dangerous results may not show for a long time and thus permit the victim to go on blindly until it is too late to overcome disease. On the other hand if meat is cooked too much it loses its nutriment and thus the stomach is fooled as much as if it had taken so much of the so-called breakfast foods.

The child should drink sparingly at meal time, but through the day should drink much water—from three to four pints. This tends to wash the digestive organs. Besides this it is known that the body is one-thirteenth water. A cup of water the warmer the better, taken before breakfast, is a safeguard against many ills. The longer before breakfast the better, as it will not then dilute the digestive juices. Hot water is one of the greatest remedies for the average ills,

but is not used often enough, perhaps because it is not put up in bottles.

The use of coffee and tea interferes to some extent with digestion, but more particularly do they affect the nervous system, and a child whose nerves are not normal should let these drinks alone altogether. Warm water with milk added to it and perhaps a little sugar is a splendid substitute.

Linton, Ind.

MAKING LITTLE THINGS IN THE HOME COUNT.

Now is the time to look after the little things about the house which are often allowed to go to waste, things which at the time seem of minor importance, but which, if saved and utilized, become of value when needed later on as a summing up at the end of the year will show.

Honest economy is not stinginess, and taking care of the leaks is money saved.

That a "woman can throw out faster with a teaspoon than a man can throw in with a shovel" is a true maxim, and on the other hand the economical housewife is the best help a man can have in assisting in buying and paying for a home, and making that home a beautiful, as well as comfortable abode.

Unfortunately the home is sometimes devoid of all ornament and refinement because of the waste that is allowed to go on year after year, when, if everything was made wise use of, there would be plenty to use in making home more attractive and comfortable. The little things that go toward making the everyday life happy are of the very highest importance, for our lives are greatly affected by our environments.

Many think that it does not pay to make rag carpet, that the saving and sewing of the rags is a waste of time. But a good home-made rag carpet will outwear two or three cheap sale carpets. In every home there are rooms where such a carpet is needed.

Hit-and-miss carpets striped in the warp are pretty and inexpensive, as well as easily made. The white rags may be colored and mixed in with the colored rags, a rather dark dye being used for the greater part, as too many bright ones cannot be used to good advantage.

It is a good plan to cut and sew all rags that have accumulated once during the year, winter being the favorite time for this work. In this way sufficient rags are soon secured for the new carpet.

If preferred large floor rugs may be woven in place of carpets, having hit-and-miss for the center of the strips and a stripe woven in at the ends, any way one likes.

The floor rugs have become very popular as they are easily taken up and cleaned. Where these rugs are used the sides of the floor are treated to a coat of paint, or stained to harmonize with the prevailing color of the rug.

There is almost always some material on hand from which the pretty and serviceable scarf rugs may be made. These rugs have a center of dark material, and a stripe of bright colors at each end. Hit-and-miss rags are also utilized for the center.

Old skirts, men's woolen clothes, etc., make nice centers for the scarf rugs, and there are always small "left overs" of bright and dark flannels and calicoes which may be used for the stripe. These rags should be cut as near the same thickness they will weave up as is possible, and they should be cut wider than for ordinary carpet rags so that the rugs will be heavy enough to stay in place.

Crocheted rugs may be made from ordinary rags. Using a large wooden hook (which may be made at home), make a chain of four stitches, join, and work doubles around it—widening by making two doubles in one stitch as is needed to make the rug lie flat.

Pretty bed room rugs may be made of white rags, with pink or blue calico rags for the stripe and border. Make the center of rug of the white rags, and when as large as desired work in a few rows of pink or blue, then a few rows of white, and make an edge of scallops of the color by making a chain of four stitches, skip two and making a double in third stitch all round the edge of the rug. These rugs may be washed and scalded and are as clean and fresh as when first made.

Hen's feathers, which are often thrown away, may be saved and made into good common pillows or cushions. They may be rendered odorless and soft by pouring over them boiling water, letting stand until cold, then being wrung out, and rapidly dried. These feathers make nice filling for all cushions, from the rich, embroidered ones to the modest, but good, all-round one of red oil calico.

Where such feathers are not needed they should be saved and given to people in poorer circumstances who will find a ready use for them. The poor we have always with us, and many times their pathway is made brighter by these small gifts which supply needs.

All women should study and practice home economics. Economy in the home brings success in that it is an all-round saving to the purse. To allow things to go to waste because they are small and may be purchased for a small amount is extravagance, as a summing up at the end of the year will show. The sum for which the articles in question could be purchased over again should be put to some better account. Many do not realize the importance of these little things.—*Cora Belle Williams.*

WHENEVER we step out of domestic life in search of felicity, we come back again, disappointed, tired, and chagrined. One day passed under our own roof, with our friends and our family, is worth a thousand in another place.—*Earl of Orrery.*

THE EXTRAVAGANT LANGUAGE CURE.

THE beam in one's own eye is less noticed than the mote in another person's eye.

A family while at the breakfast table one morning pledged to observe the strictest veracity for that day. A member of the family tells the "consequence."

As a first fruit of the resolve, we asked the one who suggested it:

"What made you so late at breakfast this morning?"

"She hesitated, began with "Because I couldn't—" and then, true to her compact, said, "The truth is, I was lazy and didn't hurry, or I might have been down long ago."

Presently one of them remarked that she had been very cold, adding, "I never was so cold."

An inquiring look caused the last speaker to modify her statement with, "O, I don't think I was so cold, after all."

A third remark to the effect that Miss So-and-So was the homeliest girl in the city was recalled as soon as made, the speaker being compelled to own that Miss So-and-So was only rather plain, instead of being excessively homely. So it went on throughout the day, causing much merriment, which was good-naturedly accepted by the subjects, and giving rise to constant correction in the interest of truth. One thing became more and more surprising, however, to each one of us, and that was the amount of cutting down which our most careful statements demanded.—*Exchange.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

CAKE PUDDING.—Brown scraps of cake or cookies in the oven, break into small pieces and cover with sweet cream. Delicious and quickly made.

GRIDDLE OMELET.—Four eggs, two and one-half cups of sweet milk, two cups of rolled cracker crumbs, salt and pepper. Stir well. Fry on griddle in spoonfuls, like griddle cakes, allowing both sides to brown well.

CHEESE RICE.—Boil one cupful of rice in two quarts of water until tender; drain, shake hard, stand at back of range ten minutes to dry. Add one tablespoonful of butter, four tablespoonfuls of grated or cream cheese and a dash of cayenne pepper. Stir well and serve hot.

NUT WAFERS.—To make nut wafers, cream a quarter of a cupful of butter, beat in one egg and one cupful of sugar, and keep beating till smooth. Add a scant teaspoonful of vanilla, or half a teaspoonful of almond extract, and a cupful of chopped nuts. Then stir in one cupful of well sifted flour in which has been mixed a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Drop in small spoonfuls on a buttered pan and bake in hot oven.

SHE DID.

ADMIRAL CAPPS, in an address to a temperance society, told how drink had once caused the downfall of a brave soldier.

In the course of the sad story he said:

"Sometimes, after a debauch, the man would be repentant, humble. He would promise his wife to do better. But, alas! the years taught her the barrenness of all such promises.

"And one night when he was getting to be an old man—a prematurely old man, thin limbed, stoop shouldered, with red-dimmed eyes—he said to his wife, sadly:

"You're a clever woman, Jenny; a courageous, active, good woman. You should have married a better man than I am, dear."

"She looked at him and, thinking of what he had been, she answered in a quiet voice:

"'I did, James.'"

For the Children

A PURIFIER.

IDA M. HELM.

"WHO started that fire in Mr. Brown's field!" exclaimed Esther, excitedly, as she ran into the house.

Her grandmother answered, "The weeds and thistles were growing so thickly that Mr. Brown decided to set fire to them and burn them all out so the grass might have a chance to grow."

The next morning Esther went out to look at the field and everything looked black and dead. "I don't believe anything will ever grow there again, it's too bad," she said. But her grandmother answered, "Just wait a few days, Esther, and see what will happen, and see if you can not learn a lesson from this text, 'He himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire.'"

As Esther watched the field day after day she kept thinking of her text. One day not long after the fire, she noticed small, dark clouds gathering in the sky, larger and blacker they grew till all at once a copious shower came gently falling on the parched, blackened field; then came a few days of drizzly weather, and one morning Esther looked through the rain and saw little spears of green distributing themselves over the field. Soon the clouds passed away and the golden sun shone in all its splendor. With joy Esther ran over to the field and lo, the whole field looked like a beautiful,

green carpet. She took off her shoes and walked over it. "It's as soft as—as—as fur," she said.

She ran back to the house. "Grandmother, I know about the *saved* in the text," she said; "if Mr. Brown hadn't started that fire his field would still be full of thistles and weeds; the fire burned the weeds and now the grass is growing more beautiful and luxuriant than it did before."

"You are right," said her grandmother, "fire is a purifier. Gold is refined by fire; when the ore has gone through the fire all the dross has been separated from it and it is left pure and shining just as the weeds have disappeared from Mr. Brown's field and now it is lovely and green. But, Esther, think about your text a few days and see if you can not tell me how you can apply the text to yourself."

For several days Esther studied her text, then she said, "Grandma, I think I can tell something about how I can apply the text to myself. There are ugly thistles that creep into my life sometimes and if I would never destroy them by and by there would be so many that all the beautiful flowers would be smothered out.

"When Dora wanted me to go fishing with her and make mamma believe I had been to school she was sowing a thistle seed. If I had gone with her and told mamma a lie about it there would have been an ugly thistle in my heart and if I would have continued in that way by and by there would be nothing but weeds and thistles growing in my life.

"You know Doris and I made fun of Mrs. Durham's faded dress and torn shoes; that was a terribly jaggery thistle. When mama reproved me and my conscience showed me what a great wrong I had done and that I had started a habit that would be a thorn in my life, I felt so sorry that I cried and I went and begged of her to forgive me. I think I was saved from the weeds as by fire that time. If I trust God always he will help me to keep the field—my heart—beautiful and pure, a place where he will delight to dwell. Then sin can not live in it because God is all-powerful and he will destroy all the sins that strive to enter our hearts if we ask him. Then flowers of truth and love will grow in our heart-fields. The Bible says, 'God is a consuming fire.' It is the thistles of wrong and sin that he will consume and with the weeds all destroyed and the flowers blooming, we can help brighten this world, and we can truthfully say, 'we are saved as by fire.'"

Ashland, Ohio.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE BY THE SEA.

The little schoolhouse where Sarah and Katy went to school stood in the prettiest kind of a place. It had a nice yard all about it, and as there were so few scholars, never over twenty, and because the scholars rarely played in the yard, having even a prettier place to play in, the grass kept very green, especially in one corner under the three big shady thorn trees that every fall covered the grass with great brown seed-pods that the school-children called "snakes."

The front yard of the schoolhouse went down to a broad rocky shore, and there the children were allowed to play at recess, also at noon, for most of them brought their dinners.

Oh, what a lovely playground this rocky shore made! The water, even at high tide, was never deep near the shore, and the barefooted children played in or near it all the summer days, without having to think about not getting their feet wet.

All sorts of interesting things were found on this shore; gold and silver shells, also little boat-shaped shells, and often starfish; now and then a stranded jelly-fish; queer, long, twisted, shaving-like objects that rattled when shook, and had every one of their many divisions full of tiny little baby shells; curious egg-cases of the skate-fish, sometimes called mermaid's purses; sea-urchins, some of them all over purple spines, and some of them perfectly dry and empty with no urchin at all left inside.

Then there was seaweed; many kinds, from the sort that pops when its little bladders are stepped upon, to the yard-long pieces of crimson and green ribbon-like kelp. And there was much of the nice Iceland moss which is used for puddings; this the children used to gather and dry and carry home to their mothers.

Often the farmers came down to the shore and rode their horses far out into the water, and with the large rake which was fastened to each horse brought in huge piles of this fat seaweed.

The horses would kick and jump and make a great splashing in the water, which was pretty deep where they went, but the men in their waterproof clothes did not mind, but kept the horses' heads up, and the school-children, all the boys at least, wished they could ride after seaweed too.

Many of the rocks had gray and white crystals in them, and the children pounded out a good many. Then there was one huge rock full of seams of mica or isinglass; it was always known as the "isinglass rock." The children dug out many of the shining flakes. In fact, they brought every day such a load of their curiosities into their schoolhouse that the teacher set apart a large closet for a cabinet, where each child could put his treasures. Once in a great while a big king-crab or horseshoe-crab was found on this shore, but these findings caused so much excitement and squabbling among the children, as to who saw him first, and to whom he really belonged, that the teacher was forced to say that every horseshoe-crab that was found near the schoolhouse must be brought to her, and she would dry and preserve it for all the school to see. This turned out to be a fine plan, and before long a row of these big crabs, hanging by their tails, went entirely across the wall just back of the teacher's desk.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)



THE RURAL LIFE

THE FARMER'S FRIENDS. No. 4.

JOHN H. NOWLAN (ROBERT E. ERICSEN).

Bumble Bees.

THE bumblebee is a widely-known insect—forty kinds being known in Britain and more than sixty in America.

The tongue of the bee is a hairy, channelled member, the mouth parts of a bee being a transition from biting to sucking insects.

The crop is sometimes called the honey bag and there by some unexplained process the honey is evolved from the nectar of flowers. Digestion takes place only in the second or true stomach.

Bees feed on the nectar of flowers, and when collecting it they go only to one kind of flowers on one trip. That is, if the first honey is taken from white clover the bee will visit nothing else till it goes to its home and unloads. If, on returning, the first flower visited is a thistle it will visit no other kind till again loaded.

The advantage of this is apparent. In passing from flower to flower it brushes off pollen from one flower and carries it to another of the same kind. Thus the fertilizing action of pollen is effected much more economically and expeditiously than by winds.

This pollen is collected in little pockets or baskets on the hind legs and from it bee-bread is formed.

Clover cells are deep and fertilization is effected mainly by the agency of the bumblebee, whose tongue can reach the coveted nectar.

The first crop of clover seldom matures much seed because of the scarcity of bees for fertilization.

Wax is a secretion from the saccharine food of the bees, coming out on the lower part of the body from between the abdominal rings. The place of beeswax is being taken by agucerite, a fossil wax found in connection with the coal measures of Galacia, Spain, and Gresten, Austria. Its melting point, 140 degrees Fahrenheit, being higher than beeswax makes it adapted to uses where beeswax is not.

The queen is large, and, like the workers, is provided with a sting, the workers being only undeveloped queens. The males have no stings, are more yellow on the body, and the abdomen is blunt.

Solitary females survive the winter by crawling into sheltered places. When spring comes each selects a place for her nest, collects pollen and lays her eggs. The nest is located in a cavity in the earth, in a hollow rail, an old mouse nest, straw stack, hay mow, and in fact may be found in any protected cavity.

The eggs soon hatch and in a few days the larvæ spin cocoons similar to those of the silkworm. When mature they are released by the old bee and at once begin to assist in the care of their younger sisters.

The empty cells are then cleaned and used for the storing of honey and pollen. Several successive broods of workers and queens are produced during the summer.

If you are careful not to disturb the nest you may go around them with impunity, but let them be disturbed a few times and then it would be best for you to give them a wide berth. The stiletto of the bumblebee is a much more formidable weapon than that of the honey bee and is not lost at the first thrust, but can be used repeatedly.

When winter comes the workers and drones die, as honey is not stored for winter use, the queens alone surviving to found new colonies next year.

In this part of America (Southern Illinois) the worst enemy of the bumblebee that I have found is the skunk and allied animals. They visit the nests to feast on the honey and young bees.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

NEW JAPANESE PASTURE PLANT.

THE Department of Agriculture has conducted some experiments at its Arlington Farm, many of which are believed to be valuable to farmers. One plat in particular has received much attention from those who are endeavoring to find plants suitable as forage to browsing animals. This plat when seen last summer was heavily covered with deep-foliaged plants looking entirely unlike any of our economic plants.

This plant is in fact a native of Japan, a wild growth which frequents the mountains of the islands. The Department people think it may make a valuable browse. It is a perennial, needing no second planting and two or three cuttings can be made each year.

Since the cows on the Department farm have eaten it readily it is believed that there is no doubt that it will furnish a valuable feed for sheep and goats likewise, possibly also horses. Its prospective value lies in the fact that it will probably thrive over great areas of mountainous land where other forage attains only a sparse growth.—*Guy E. Mitchell.*

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

IX. The Meat-Curing Cellars.

THESE rooms, while somewhat uninviting for several reasons, are nevertheless interesting. I once visited the Ohio penitentiary and I will never forget the feeling I experienced as I was secured within its iron bars and high stone walls. For, when the guard had admitted our party into the immense room where were cell after cell, arranged one upon another, and with a loud click had locked the iron door behind us, there swept over me a great chill as if I were now about to spend many years of my life there. Such is only a slight exaggeration of the feeling that comes over one as he enters one of these cellars for the first time.

They are unhealthy places. Not that there is any foul matter lying about or any decayed or otherwise unwholesome meat contained therein (the sanitary inspection maintained by the government strictly prohibits such conditions), but the damp atmosphere which necessarily arises from the brine and the ever-wet floor, makes the tendency toward the contraction of tuberculosis, rheumatism, kidney disease, etc., one of no small proportion. This is a condition, however, which cannot possibly be remedied, for, make the rooms as light, paint the walls and ceiling as bright as you will, keep the brine as sweet and the floor as clean as the most expert housewife could make it, and in spite of all this and the sweet odor which permeates every nook and corner of a well-regulated cellar, there is still that creeping sensation on entering which is caused by the cold, damp air.

Into these cellars all pork and beef cuts when trimmed, unless designed for fresh meats, are conveyed through various chutes. There they are sorted into various grades and loaded into trucks and hauled away to different parts of the cellars, where the hams and shoulders are packed in large barrels of brine, holding when full from one thousand to one thousand five hundred pounds. Other pork cuts, such as sides and backs, are placed upon great solid piles where they are left to cure in dry salt.

Here are seen tierce after tierce of hams and shoulders placed in rows, two tierces in width, that trucks may be drawn up and loaded or unloaded as the case may be. Each tierce bears a white card and upon examination it is found to bear the date on which the hams were placed therein. At other points, generally in a separate cellar, are seen great snow-white mountains of sides and backs, forming, as it were, a great series of snow-covered mountains.

After from two to four weeks they are extracted and well washed. Some of the hams, shoulders and sides now go to the immense smokehouses, where in many sections, both to their sides and above and below, they hang for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours over slowly-burning hickory fires. Others are sent to the packing rooms where they are both government and company branded, rolled in fresh salt and packed in large boxes for shipment, as Premium Style, California Style, etc.

Experience overrules any great disliking to these conditions. It is a part of the great packing industry and there are always men who are willing to take the positions.

Chicago, Ill.

CUMBERLAND VALLEY, PENNSYLVANIA.

D. B. HOSTETLER.

As a great many western people who formerly lived in the mother State of Pennsylvania read the INGLENOOK, I will write a few lines about the beautiful Cumberland Valley, where still live a generous people, enjoying the benefits and necessaries of life as of yore.

There is a consequence I wish to speak of which will without doubt surprise the many readers of the welcome INGLENOOK. When there is a consequence there is also a cause, but sometimes the cause is hard to understand and usually the consequence is not realized nor observed until a late hour. But there is a consequence or condition here in the Cumberland Valley that we sometimes think should not be nor exist, when we read of the prosperity of the western countries and the advance of prices of land.

The condition is that here in the rural districts land and property are almost valueless, farms with large buildings sell for twenty and less dollars per acre, properties in small towns sell for nearly nothing. Not only village houses are unoccupied, but some farms are left without farmers. Smaller valleys adjoining the Cumberland Valley are becoming disinhabited where once lived prosperous farmers.

Now the question, What is the cause? Well, there is a cause. The emigration is westward. No emigration to this country. Large factories in the principal towns are continually increasing in capacity, where good wages are paid for labor. Many have left for the towns, many have gone west and secured good homes. Still all the reactions do not change the delightful summer climate and mild winters. At present we have the usual good sleighing, which is taken advantage of in many different ways and for many purposes, especially during the calm and moonlight evenings.

IN THE GARDEN.

IT will always pay to test our seeds before planting time and be sure as to their vitality; so much loss in time and money is often met through poor seed. Shallow boxes or pans that can be put in sunny windows or any warm place are convenient. Put in garden soil and cover with cheese or other light, loose cloth, sprinkle on the seed and cover with another thickness of cloth and a little soil. Keep moist and moderately

warm and in five to ten days, owing to kind of seed, they will have started sufficiently to ascertain their value. The number of seeds of each kind should be recorded so that the percentage of loss may be easily reckoned and if not more than sixty or seventy per cent grow, the seed had better be rejected. If that number show reasonable vigor, it is safe to say that a larger number will grow when sown or planted under fair conditions in the beds or out of doors.

Early potatoes can be forwarded from ten days to two weeks by sprouting them previous to planting. Take shallow boxes three to four inches in depth and fill, say two-thirds full of sand, cut the seed potatoes same as usual and stick them in the sand eyes upward. Sprinkle more sand on them, sufficient to nearly cover them, moisten well and set them in a partially darkened room, with a temperature of about 45 degrees. They should have three to four weeks time before planting. The boxes should not be larger than can be easily handled, so that in planting they can be carried direct to the planting ground and disturbed as little as possible to avoid breaking the sprouts. No matter if they are grown to considerable length, only so they do not break off, else nothing would be gained. Cover the sprouts entirely regardless of length and often they will be breaking the ground in four or five days.

Sweet corn may also be forwarded several days by the sprouting process. It is far less hardy than the field varieties and thus quite liable to rot in germinating. This crisis safely passed, it will withstand cold and wet to considerable extent, so the very early sorts are safest if germinated previous to planting. Use shallow boxes or pans and cover the same as directed for testing. Six to eight days before required for planting will be sufficient time.

Peas, both sweet and edible, will gain much time in maturing if started in the same way.

Lima beans may be started three weeks or more before they can be safely planted in the open ground. They readily bear transplanting, the only precaution necessary being to take up a good-sized ball of earth with each plant. Start in boxes or pans, plant one bean in a place and far enough apart that, in taking up, the roots shall not be disturbed. They may be left to grow three or four inches in height and with care in transplanting will receive no visible check. Plant them eyes downward and cover not to exceed half an inch deep.

Onion sets may be safely set out as soon as the frost is out sufficiently to work the surface of the ground: and so also with the extra early smooth peas. Lettuce and radishes will follow closely in the wake of the above, and thus, with hotbeds already in operation and the early outdoor planting and germinating of seeds as above, the home-grown vegetables may be ready for use very early in the season.—*Vick's Magazine.*

SEED AND SOIL SPECIAL.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad Company has completed arrangements to run a Seed and Soil Special over its lines in Illinois and Missouri the last week in February and first week in March. The last week of February will be devoted to Illinois and the first week of March will be spent in Missouri. The Alton's Seed and Soil Special will be manned by the leading agricultural experts from the Illinois College of Agriculture at Champaign, Ill., and Missouri College of Agriculture at Columbia, Mo. These two institutions will send forth the leading men in their profession. Owing to the high class of farms located on the Chicago & Alton, perhaps greater care will be exercised in selecting the speakers and in the preparation of the subject matter than has ever been done on any previous Seed and Soil Special run in this country. With these agricultural experts will be associated gentlemen who, from practical experience, have proved by gratifying results the wisdom of the guidance laid down by the agricultural educators.

In accordance with the railroad's policy of liberality, arrangements will be made to transport free of charge farmers from adjoining towns to the place of meeting so that one and all, rich and poor, may gain the valuable information which will be imparted at the meeting. The schedule of the Special can be obtained from ticket agents of the Chicago and Alton R. R.

Never lose an opportunity of seeing anything that is beautiful; for beauty is God's handwriting—a wayside sacrament. Welcome it in every fair face, in every fair sky, in every fair flower, and thank God for it as a cup of blessing.—*Emerson.*

YOU HAD BETTER BE CHOPPIN' WOOD.

It's a rather important question, that's a botherin' us just now,
I don't just understand it, and I'm tryin' to figure how
A man can see where there's any good in a thing so full of harm
That he's obliged to protect his nose, his ears, his legs and arm;
But don't you know, I sometimes think a fellow don't want to know,
And it's up to him to stop right there and to go a little slow,
For to know a thing and then not act, there's naught comes out that's good,
He'd be a whole lot better off, if he was out choppin' wood.

The question that's before us now is the one of foot-ball fame,
It's tryin' to locate the good, in this rough and tumble game,
If you can show me where it is, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I'll show you why that one and one don't make an even two.
If no spiritual good, there's no bodily good, for the two go hand in hand,
Our bodies were made in the image of God and to do his good command.

Are we then to use them in reckless ways, just simply because we could
Knock the other man down and crack his crown? You had better be choppin' wood.

Now just suppose that you'd been killed in this here reckless game,
And you'd approach Saint Peter, and he'd ask you for your name,
And what you'd done in this here world, now what do you reckon he'd say?
It's hard for me to tell you, but I'm a thinkin' it would be this way:
You've come too soon, your work's undone, there's a widow needin' you.
You're a well-built fellow, that I'll admit, but it seems you didn't do
The work that's planned for men like you, you should have been doing good,
You'd stand a ten times better chance, if you had been choppin' wood.

There's physical exercise enough, in this here troublesome game,
But who can tell when they're piled up high, how many will come out lame?
This rough and tumble exercise is more of a fight than play,
And it beats the band what one will do in order to gain his way.
You place in a school-yard a cord of wood, we'll make it three or four,
And a few good axes, a saw, and a good saw horse, and nothing more,
Then wait for the spirit of exercise to move these students good,
And I'll venture to say, you'll not see many of them a choppin' wood.

Suppose a team was organized and their purpose was choppin' wood,
Can you imagine the good they'd do for the surrounding neighborhood?
You'd see the poor folks of the town a praisin' the Lord for such men,
And just look at the exercise they'd get, it's the very best, and then
They'd be doin' the work the Master had planned, for men with strength to do,
And if you'd hurt yourselves a choppin' wood, Saint Peter would say, "Go through."
I'm not a sayin' you shouldn't play, that's essential, and very good,
But instead of playing that foot-ball game, you had better be choppin' wood.

—Dan W. Graybill, in Purple and Gold.

FASTEST TRAINS OF TWO CONTINENTS.

THE fastest train run on the American continent is on the Atlantic City railroad, where fifty-six and five-tenths miles are covered in one hour. The railroad passes through a country that is nearly as flat as a table and no occasion for checking the speed is encountered.

The fastest run made by any train in Europe is over a portion of the Caledonian railway, between Forfar and Perth, thirty-two and five-tenths miles, which is covered in thirty minutes, a rate of sixty and ninety-four hundredths miles an hour. The first part of the journey is over a level plain, through the valley of Strathmore. At twenty miles out a steep descent of about one hundred feet is made to the River Tay, succeeded by a sharp grade which leads to the top of an incline about six miles long that ends in Perth station.—*Automobile Magazine.*

THE LOAFING BUSINESS.

MY son, follow not in the footsteps of the loafer, and make no example of him who is born tired, for, verily, I say unto you, his business is overstocked, the seats on the corner are all taken, and the whittling places are all occupied. It is better to saw wood at two bits a cord than to whittle at a whittling match and abuse the government. My son, whilst thou hast in thy skull the sense of a jaybird, break away from the cigarette habit, for lo, thy breath stinketh like a glue factory, and thy mind is less intelligent than a store dummy! Yea, thou art a cipher with the rim knocked off.—*Robt. J. Burdette.*

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

"Troubles never last forever;
The darkest day will pass away."

—Selected.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

In a Hurry.

I do not know that money talks.
If it does 'twould appear it
Goes through my hands so very quick
I never get to hear it.
—Judd Lewis, in Houston Post.

It doesn't talk, that I avow,
When down my way it flutters,
I've got to shove it on so fast
That it just fairly stutters.
—The Commoner.

While the Chinese have been creating havoc among their forests for centuries, the Japanese have taken good care of theirs, and to-day more than a third of the area of Japan is still under forest. There are only twenty sawmills in the whole country. The Japanese forests include four zones—the tropical (bamboo and banana), the subtropical (camphor), the temperate (oak, maple, poplars, etc.), and the northern (pine).

Client—This bill of yours is exorbitant. There are several items on it I don't understand.

Lawyer—I am perfectly willing to explain it, but the explanation will cost you $5.—Christian Register.

"Father, when I leave school I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph! My son, you ought to be successful. That's all you've done since you've been at school."

Things to Learn.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you cannot see any good in the world, keep the bad to yourself.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to greet your friends with a smile. They carry too many frowns in their own hearts to be bothered with any of yours.

Disconcerting.

"Now, boys," said the schoolmaster, as reported in Harper's Weekly, "what is the axis of the earth?"

Johnny raised his hand promptly.

"Well, Johnny, how would you describe it?"

"The axis of the earth," said Johnny proudly, "is an imaginary line which passes from one pole to the other, and on which the earth revolves."

"Very good," exclaimed the teacher. "Now, could you hang clothes on that line, Johnny?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Indeed?" said the examiner, disappointed; "and what sort of clothes?"

"Imaginary clothes, sir."

"Is there anything you don't need that I might take?" asked the slovenly old junk man, watching Subbubs packing his goods on the moving van. "Yes," snapped Subbubs, "a bath."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Items of Interest.

The making of wooden spoons is a handicraft in Brittany, and one of considerable importance, for wooden spoons are employed almost universally there for table use. Many an old sailor takes up the carving of these necessary utensils as a means of livelihood.

The natives of New Guinea employ extraordinary fishing nets of spiders' web to capture fish weighing up to a pound. They fix bamboos bent in the shape of a landing handle in the jungle glades, and the spiders weave their net all over the frame. The method of fishing is to watch for passing fish and then to dip it out and throw it on dry land.

A snail's rate of travel was ascertained by experiments in Florence. Half a dozen snails were permitted to crawl between two points ten feet apart. Exact time was kept from the start to the finish, and thus the average pace was learned. The figures were then put into tables of feet, yards and furlongs, and it was found that it would take a snail exactly fourteen days to travel a mile.

A completely equipped Roman mint was discovered in a cave in the neighborhood of Kayosovar, Hungary. Besides crucibles, which still contained bronze, there were three dies for the production of gold coins, dies of silver, bronze and iron ore and three hundred coins. The investigation made showed that the workshop dated from the first century of the Christian era. A number of neatly worked earrings, bracelets, and other objects of bronze, as well as tools, such as hammers and tongs, were also found.

One of those fussy, philanthropic old gentlemen, who single-handed are engaged in "reforming" the world, was "pumping" the motorman.

"My friend," he inquired, "what do you do with your wages every week—put part of it in the savings bank?"

"No, sir," replied the motorman, who had taken the size of his inquisitor, "after payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm 'fraid of them savin's banks."

Did the Best He Could.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—"Put your tongue out, dear."

Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—"No, no; put it right out."

The little fellow shook his head weakly and the tears gathered in his eyes.

"I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

Neff's Corner

A number have written me, asking whether they could pay for a house and lot in Lake Arthur on installments. I pay spot cash for lots, lumber and labor, and if I were to borrow the money for you here, the rate of interest charged would be twelve per cent or more, which is more than you would want to pay. But you can get a house and lot here on installments by the following plan: You can send your money at intervals, and in amounts to suit you, and as received certificates of investment will be issued to you, and your money will be invested for you in some income-bearing property here, and you will receive your pro rata share of the income the property brings, and as soon as you have invested $250 and received investment certificates to that amount, you can return them if you wish and receive in even exchange without further payment a warranty deed for one of the $250 properties. Thus your money will be earning a good rate of interest all the while and will secure you one of the houses and lots so soon as the required amount has been invested. If you were to begin now, for instance, to send in payments, I have the opportunity of investing your money in a desirable residence property that is bringing an income of 24 per cent. At that rate, $100 invested one year would pay $124 toward a house and lot if the investor should desire to re-invest the interest as accrued.

For any further information, address

James M. Neff.

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

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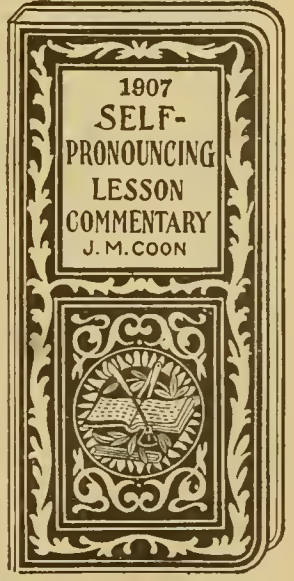


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These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

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Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 21. Chicago, Ill.

VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

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Just a few more agents to sell the
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DON'T PROCRASTINATE

Or you will miss a splendid opportunity of earning a neat little sum within the next few weeks. If you are willing to work there is from

$2.00 TO $4.00 PER DAY

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ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Brethren Teachers' Monthly

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BEST STEP FORWARD.

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"Allow me to say in closing that I think the establishment of the Teachers' Monthly one of the best steps forward which has come to my notice, so far as the literature of the church is concerned. I fear that you cannot continue to supply it at the price you name, however.

Very truly,

W. L. Eikenberry.

WILL CONVINCE YOU.

If you are a superintendent, teacher, or Sunday-school worker, we want to send you this monthly for at least three months. We feel sure it will convince you that you can't afford to be without.

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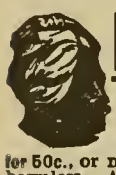
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The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Retts are the resident ministers.

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It is printed in three colors; red, green and white. The text is printed on the red and green in large silver letters and on the white in gold letters.

It is very attractive and printed on heavy cardboard. Size, 10x11 inches. Price per copy 25 cents, per dozen, prepaid, $2.50.

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Brethren Publishing House,
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Christian Workers' Outline Booklet

(Jan.-June)

is now ready for mailing.

It contains

one page of outlines and references on each subject for six months, beginning with the first Sunday in January.

A Christian Workers'

organization in every congregation, using the outline booklet as a help in stimulating the work, would come near being ideal along the Christian Workers' line.

Has Your Church

an organization? If not, organize at once and get your young people to work.

Conference has asked that an organization be effected in each congregation and has outlined of what it should consist. These recommendations are found in the booklet. Order your booklet now.

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FREE On 10 Days Approval

We will send you our new Spray Medicator and treatment for all forms of catarrh if you will simply send us your address. This is a new discovery that strikes right at the root of this dreadful disease and kills the germs. It affords immediate relief. The balmy oils used in the medicator are forced in a filmy cloud to all parts of the diseased nasal passage.

Don't think for a minute that you can cure catarrh of the head by taking medicines into the stomach. My treatment is applied direct. It stops the hawking and spitting, sniffing and snuffing, does away with nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat, soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the headclear as a bell.

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is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

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FOR A SHORT TIME

If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

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No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

100 DAYS' TREATMENT $1.00

If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

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If our directions are followed, WE GUARANTEE PURE HERB TABLETS to satisfy every customer, or we will return their money.

In most people uric acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older, and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

SEE HOW EASY.

Just send us a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook, and we will mail 100 days' treatment of our Pure Herb Tablet treatment. Use them ten days, if perfectly satisfactory, send us $1.00, if not, simply return the balance and you still have your money. We claim this treatment has no equal for the above diseases, and take this honorable way to prove it to our patrons. Don't miss this opportunity. Speed the day by sending now to

PURE HERB TABLET CO.

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ASHLAND, OHIO

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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

From Palestine to Egypt.—Marguerite Bixler.

The Ingle Nook (poem).—Adaline Hohf Beery.

"Give Me Your Money, Then Get Out."—Ira P. Dean.

Teaching Stories to Children.—Clyde C. Madison.

The Mills of God.—Mary I. Senseman.

The War Question.—D. L. Garver.

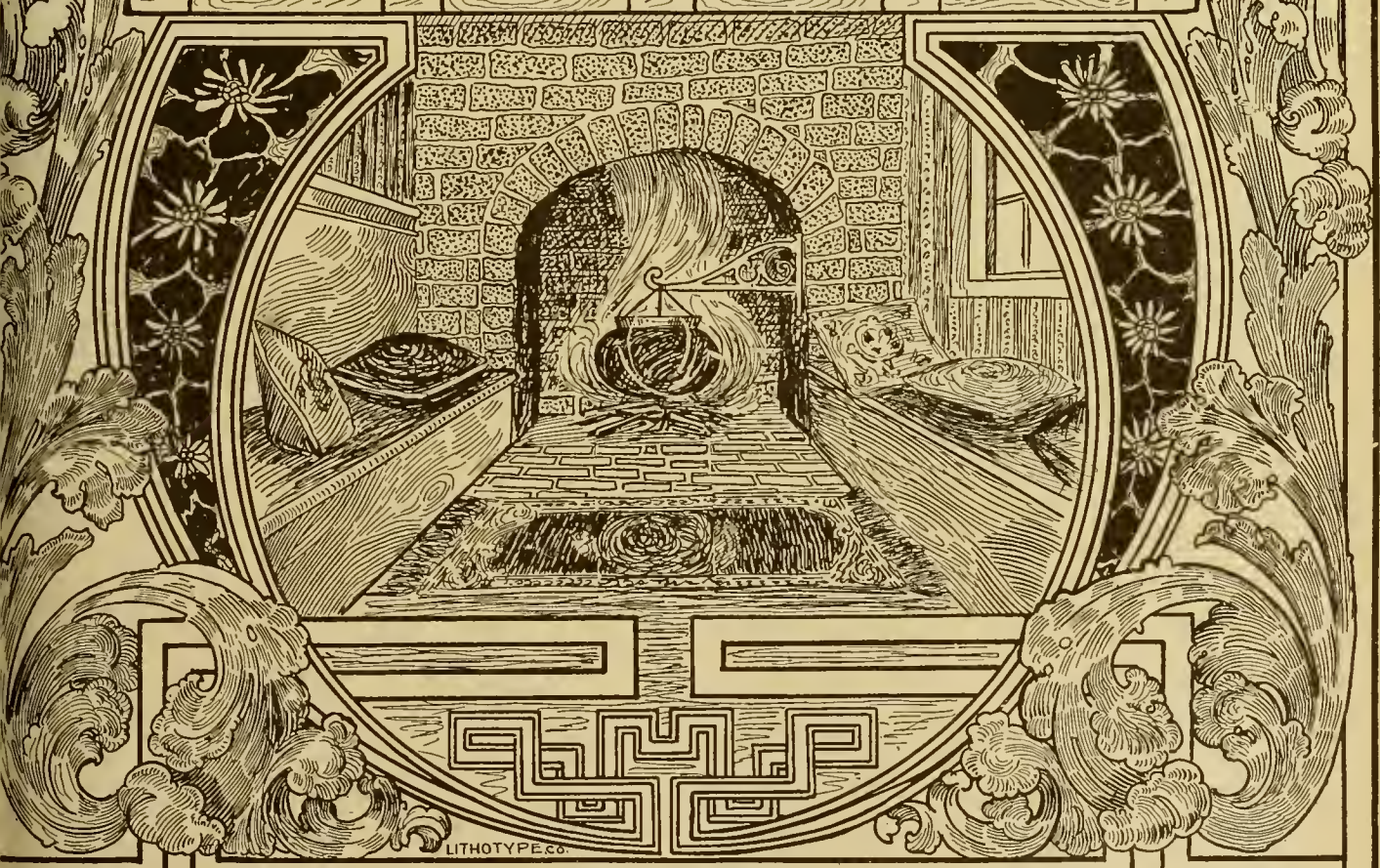
The Physical Side of Child-Life.—Walton F. Stover.

Faith (poem).—Richard Seidel.

Twig Bending.—Mrs. M. B. Wade.

The Meat-Packing Industry.—Walter C. Frick.

The Busy Season in Louisiana.—J. I. Miller.



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March 5, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 10. Vol. IX

LOW RATES TO CALIFORNIA EVERY DAY IN MARCH AND APRIL



OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FEB. 23, 1907.

To the Brethren and their Friends:

In former letters your attention has been called to the scenery along the lines of the Union Pacific, New Salt Lake Route and the Southern Pacific en route to California.

By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

BUY YOUR TICKETS TO CALIFORNIA via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans

	From Mo. River Terminals Kas. City to Co. Bluffs inclusive	From Denver Col. & Cheyen'e Wyo.	From Sioux City Iowa	From Chicago Ills.	From St. Louis Mo.	From St. Paul & Minneapolis Minn.	From Peoria Ills.	From Des Moines Iowa	From Bloomington Ills.	From Memphis Tenn.
To SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO and many other California points. Not via Portland, Oregon	$25.00	$25.00	$27.00	$33.00	$30.00	$34.85	$31.00	$29.25	$32.00	$31.65

TO GRASS LAKE (the nearest station to Butte Valley) via Sacramento and Weed, Cal., $1.25 higher than above rates.

BUY YOUR TICKETS OF YOUR HOME AGENT as he is your neighbor and will undoubtedly give you reliable information.

For further information see the nearest agent of the Union Pacific Railroad or write to me for a souvenir booklet of Annual Meeting to be held in Los Angeles, California, next May. Take it with you for reference on the trip.

Yours fraternally,

Geo L McDonough

Colonization Agent.

Things Do Move in Butte Valley

John Campbell and Harry Moore are clearing sagebrush from their land at the rate of ten acres per day. Just like breaking stalks back in Indiana. They say they would rather clear ground this way than to grub stumps back east. Strange, isn't it?

Hershel Maust and Leo Wolfe are also in the clearing business. They have a couple of good teams at each end of a long squared log which mows a wide swath of sagebrush at a time.

A brother from Saskatchewan, Canada, came down the other day to "spy out the land," and he, like all the rest, bought a nice farm and went back after the family. That's right, boys, you better do that while you can, for there are a lot of them in the same notion.

Mrs. E. M. Wolfe entertained several friends at a barn raising last week. Buildings have been going up remarkably fast of late, and it has only begun. Several carpenters are writing they are coming. That's right, boys, come ahead. We have named the new town Somerset. There is no postoffice there yet and as soon as there is we will tell you, so you may write to your friends. In the meantime you may reach them at Mt. Hebron.

B. F. Snyder's new sawmill will be here in a few days and then the saw dust will fly. These seven-foot-over pines look just a bit "skeery" to a fellow that has been sawing eighteen-inch beech.

M. D. Early, the secretary of the company, will move with his family, to the Valley next week and open an office in the new town and be there on the ground to take good care of those who come to locate.

Dr. W. S. Campbell, of Lafayette, Indiana, has been here visiting relatives, and he emphatically declares that the half has never been told about the Valley.

Mrs. B. I. Harter, of Chicago, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Wolfe, and, of course, she bought a farm too; they all do.

The people over at Picard are begging the Brethren to come over and preach for them in their church. Splendid mission point.

Some of the fine cattle the Brethren brought from the East, which are getting fat here on the range already this spring, would, if they could, send word back to their cousins that there is a better country farther west.

The surveyors will lay off the town lots in a few days, and the railroad grade will be finished, and then things will assume a different tone. This town will make a nice shipping point, as it is so centrally located.

Hardly a day passes now that we do not send somebody a deed for his farm in Butte Valley. Letters also come by the dozens asking for the best locations. Judging from the letters there will be a very large party of Brethren on the special train to the Annual Meeting, which stops here over night to attend the dedicatory services of our new church.

There will be a happy time here in a few days when those seven cars of household goods arrive with the owners and they find their farms and settle down to make themselves a home in a veritable paradise.

If you know of anybody that wants to know more about the Valley, tell them to drop a line to

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO.

504 UNION TRUST BUILDING

SAN FRANCISCO, . . CALIFORNIA

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Very truly,
W. L. Eikenberry.

WILL CONVINCE YOU.

If you are a superintendent, teacher, or Sunday-school worker, we want to send you this monthly for at least three months. We feel sure it will convince you that you can't afford to be without.

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Single copy, per year,	50 cents
Three or more copies to one address, per quarter, each	13 cents
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Friend:—Have you heard of the fast becoming famous Wenatchee Valley of Central Washington? If you have or have not, I would be pleased to have you write me for printed matter, telling about its wonderful resources. Frult raising under irrigation is the leading industry. To an Eastern man frult raising would seem like an unprofitable business. But listen a minute. Last season Elder A. B. Peters (known to many) harvested $500 worth of peaches to the acre from three-year-old trees. The land with the water right cost him, three years ago, $165 per acre. Now it is worth (if compared with the prices other lands are selling for, and by the per cent of income on the investment) one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Daniel Peters, a cousin of his, will make confirmation that he the last season picked 61 boxes off of one tree and got $61 for them. Mixed farming land adjoins the valley. Commence your investigation now.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MARCH 5, 1907. NO. 10.

From Palestine to Egypt

Marguerite Bixler

NOVEMBER 12, 1906, finds me standing at my open window in my pleasant room-home in the city of Jerusalem—the city whose peculiar historical happenings have caused earth and heaven to throb and vibrate with interest and sympathy unrivalled.

The sun is painting pool and dome and Judean hillside with a roseate morning blush, and as I stand here taking a last lingering look, a feeling of sadness steals over me that this eighteen-day score in the anthem of life must now have written over it *Fine*—but, this is no time for day-dreaming. Our school has yet other fields for research. After a few moments of getting busy, we are again quite practical in bidding farewell to the Hughes hotel's silver tea-service, delicate dark bread and white butter! Again the scene changes and our horses' hoofs are swiftly clattering o'er stony streets. We are carried out past the old Jaffa gate, David's tower, crumbling remnants of city wall, and soon find our baggage, as well as ourselves, being ushered into a car of the little railroad train bound for Jerusalem's ancient and modern sea-port town—Jaffa.

The ride through this section of country is indeed interesting. Silvery with olive groves, rich with dark green, golden-touched lemon and orange tree, fruitful with the tall, stately datepalm, dreamy with hazy, lazy cloud-land, delightful with dash and splash of crystal stream as it tumbles down o'er ragged rock, we have ever before us a picturesque panorama.

Many places of biblical interest are passed. Permit me, dear classmates of the school of Research, to caution you, that while many of the places shown us are *authentic,* many are not. Let us be sensible in our interpretation to others who have not the opportunity of visiting the Land. While we were on our way to Hebron we were shown a place where Philip baptized the Eunuch. (Acts 8). Here we are shown another supposed place. An intelligent priest with whom we had conversation, and who, for twenty-five years has lived in Jerusalem, says: "It is six in favor of this place, and a half dozen in favor of the other." We cross the boundaries of Judea, and, into the wonderful Valley of Roses we plunge, which, we are told, in the springtime is a veritable little paradise.

We think of the *one* Rose,—without thorns—the beautiful, mystical Rose of Sharon whose fragrance can not be crushed out by any worldly antagonist's carefully concocted chemical preparation, but is surely and sweetly permeating the hearts and lives of mankind. I find myself softly humming Dr. Palmer's,

"There's a Rose that is blooming for you, friend,
There's a Rose that is blooming for me—
Its perfume is pervading the world, friend,
Its perfume is for you and for me.
All in vain did they crush this fair flow'r, friend,
All in vain did they shatter the tree,
For its roots, deeply bedded, sprang forth, friend,
And it blooms still for you and for me."

Our guide points to the place known as Nachon's threshing-floor, where God smote Uzzah for touching the ark. (2 Sam. 6). We are now nearing the little village Kirzath-jearim where, for twenty years in the house of Abinadab, the ark of the Lord rested. (1 Sam. 7: 2). To our right, far up the hillside, we see Samson's cave—his hiding place. It is now used as a sheepfold. To our left we are shown his burial place. Yonder is Timnath, the scene of interesting exploits among the Philistines, by this Nazarite. Judges 13-16.

The valley of Ajalon, where Joshua commanded the moon to stand still while the battle against the five kings was raging, brings to mind a story I once heard in America: There was given a dinner, when toasts were in order. An English gentleman, the first to respond, said: "Here is to England, the sun of the world." The French gentleman followed with—"Here is to France—the moon of the universe." Next, one of our illustrious countrymen arose and said, "Here is to America, the Joshua who commanded both sun and moon to stand still!"

Ramleh is interesting because here is located the home of Joseph of Arimathea. While our train waits, many natives come with oranges, lemons, dates and cakes, offering them to us for a few *once perplexing* coins.

Lydda recalls thrilling events belonging to the age of the Crusaders. Here was the home of St. George the dragon killer, and here, for a space, dwelt a man who restored the dead to life. Acts 9.

Now our train stops and in a very short time we are all out, for is this not ancient Joppa, picturesque modern Jaffa, overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean? 'Twas here that, a thousand years before the star hung over Bethlehem's manger, Hiram, King of Tyre, sent Solomon cedar wood from Lebanon for the beautiful temple at Jerusalem. 'Twas here that Jonah the son of Amittai embarrassingly embarked "to flee unto Tarshish." 'Twas here that the good woman, Dorcas, lived and made coats and garments with a missionary needle. 'Twas here that Peter "tarried many days with one Simon a tanner," upon whose housetop he had his convincing vision of the cosmopolitanism of his risen Lord's religion. In this place so rich with Bible association *we* are permitted to be. We stand at the tomb of Dorcas; we mount the steps and stand upon the housetop; we look out over the quiet waters of the sea—and our hearts echo,—God is good—God is love.

We have finished our tour of Jaffa and are now having a taste of Oriental home hospitality, being welcomed by our friend and interpreter, Jameel H. Nissaire, his mother, sisters and brother. This hour will always be a fragrant flower in the memory-twined wreath of Palestine pleasures. The afternoon is drawing to a close; we hasten to the waiting boat, and, with time and tune, our dusky-faced boatmen row us safely to the ship *Khedevial,* where, after the usual ceremonies of embarkation, we are once again upon the historic waters of the Great Sea. This evening we are watching another sunset which floods land and sea and sky, with enchanting beauty. Finally the glimmering lights of Jaffa fade in the distance. It is night upon the Mediterranean. The fairy, Sleep, waves her magic wand and for hours we lie entranced within her bowers, the spell to be broken by the breakfast bell, reminding us that we now open our eyes in Port Said, Egypt. The custom-house doors are always open to visitors and as our party insist on seeing everything, our conductor cheerfully leads the way in, and out again, where we place our feet upon terra firma in the marvellous, wonderland of Khem,—the land which to the Christian scholar, in interest and importance, stands second to Palestine—the land of the "Abyss of Waters," the land of the age-defying Pharaoh, the land of the mystically-made Pyramid, the land of the secret-faced Sphinx—upon whose semi-serious semi-smiling countenance we gaze with awe and wonder. Yet while looking, I can not keep from thinking: Ah, how the world would listen, to hear you tell your story—but—*you* can keep a secret—better than——well, *you* can keep a secret!

Keep thy secret, O silent Sphinx.
Hush,—part not thy lips
To tell the story.
In his own time will be revealed
The meaning of it all.
For ages past, thy sleepless eye
Hath watched o'er Egypt's sand and sin.
Thy ear hath heard the oppressed one's call
Sounding above the revelling din
Of queen and king.

THE INGLE NOOK

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

Poke the lazy pine-knot, Jamesie,
Fan the yule-log to a glow,
Till the sparks, with cheerful crackle,
Up the wide-mouthed chimney go;
Bring the chairs and cushions, Jenny,
Make a cosy circle here,
So the light is on our faces,
Mellowed into lines of cheer.

Dusk has blurred the cold, white landscape,
As we peer thro' northern panes;
Boreas' notes are raised a trifle,
Whistling down the firry lanes;
In the distance, with faint jingle,
Swift some late homesteader goes;
Thoughts of wife and bairnies warm him,
As his own dear chimney shows.

This is solid comfort, Jamesie!
With our toes turned to the fire,
And with quip and smile for fellow,
There's no courtly station higher;
'Twould be perfect, Jenny, lassie,
If you'd sing that sweet old tune,
That long meter hymn which mother
O'er my cradle used to croon.

Did you crack the walnuts, Donald?
Pass them down the hungry line;
Shake the popper lively, Polly;
My! how bright your black eyes shine!
This is toothsome taffy, truly,
Eh, my Andy, curly-haired?
Take a good, big bite and welcome;
Sweets are nicest when they're shared.

What's that book you're reading, Connie?
Hiawatha? That's like you!
We shall all be kindly melted
By a tale of love so true;
Let's take hold of hands, my comrades,
While the ingle blinks and burns;
Let's be royal chums and brothers,
Any way the weather turns!

Huntingdon, Pa.

Yea, thou couldst whisper to us now
Of marble temple's waning glory,
Of remnant left, with age made hoary—
But in our seeking, low we bow
Our hearts to him.
Our faith we sweetly dip anew
In service; and recognize the Sculptor Hand
That ruleth best o'er all this land.
Then keep thy secret, noble one;
Be silent, Sphinx, be true.

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"GIVE ME YOUR MONEY, THEN GET OUT."

IRA P. DEAN.

While away from home I was obliged to enter the office of a hotel late in the evening to telephone to my home city. While waiting for connections through the various exchanges, I was called upon to witness a very unpleasant scene.

A young man, apparently well dressed, entered the office from the bar room. His coat was off, sleeves rolled up, collar, necktie and shirt open and his hair all disheveled; he was angry. Stepping up to a gentleman who just entered the office, he assailed him. "You stopped the drink on me; and you think you're smart. I have a notion to smash you right here," and he drew back as though he would.

"Joe you're mistaken; you don't feel well, wait once," replied the gentleman.

"Wait! you, no. Be a man or be a mouse."

Words were exchanged in furious tones, but his friend chose to be the mouse. This did not suffice and the intoxicated young man meant fight and started to use loud and abusive language.

He was told to calm down as there were people upstairs who wanted to sleep. This he did not heed, and kept on calling his friend all kinds of names, when the bartender stepped into the office, took the young man by the collar, took him to the door and kicked him out.

What lesson did I learn? Why was the man put out after spending his money? If the bartender had not given him liquor he would not have had to put him out. He practically said, "Give me your money, then get out."

The bartender wants your money and he doesn't care what you want. If only the drunkard would see the part he plays in this dreadful tragedy, but alas—he can't.

But—is this all? No. He is paying his way to hell. What! yes, it is true. He pays for liquor which intoxicates him and is the means of increasing the rapidity of the wheel of life, only to hurry him to eternal perdition. It is the means of sending thousands to hell every year, and sadest of all, they themselves pay for it—they work hard and long to earn money with which to buy liquor, then suffer, both here and hereafter.

Yes, tis true, "They paid their way to hell, but they can never pay their way back." Who will swing the red lantern before these wretches, who, in darkness rush on to doom? Will you? You are responsible,—you—what will you do?

Am I wrong? If I am, let us hear from you. Tell us the bright side of the story and prove to me I am wrong.

WHAT OSLER SAID.

"Oslerization" and to "Oslerize" are terms that have come from a badly reported address by Dr. William Osler. Now, however, he has taken time to explain that what he really said in that famous address was this: "The teacher's life should have three periods—study until 25, investigation until 40, profession until 60, at which time I will have him retired on a double allowance. Whether Anthony Trollop's suggestion of a college and chloroform should be carried out or not, I have become a little dubious, as my own time is getting so short." This is very different from the generally accepted idea that he asserted that man's creative usefulness ended at 40 and suggested his chloroforming at 60.

In an article on medicine Dr. Osler writes thus on age: "Within the past three centuries the average working life of English speaking men has doubled. A few lived as long as now and some strong or favored ones had efficient working powers as long; but the common life was worn out in what is now middle age. In Shakespeare's time the 50's were venerable. 'Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster,' was 58 when supposedly so addressed, and Admiral Coligny, murdered at 53, is described by his contemporary biographer as a very old man.

"Now," continues Dr. Osler, "when we hear of a death in the 60's we instinctively feel it an untimely cutting-off in what should be still fresh and vigorous age, and even at 80 it seems but just fair ripeness for the sickle."

LEND A HAND.

Lend a hand to the tempted, to souls in the shadow, to the student at school, to those who are often misjudged, to the soul crushed with unspeakable loss, to the poor fighting the wolf from the door, to those whose lives are narrow and cramped, to the boy struggling bravely to culture his mind, to young people whose homes are cold and repelling, to those whose surroundings are steadily pulling them down, to the prodigal sister—her life is as precious as that of her prodigal brother—to the girl who works, works, works, and knows nothing of recreation and rest; and an open hand, a warm hand, a strong hand, an uplifting hand, a hand filled with mercy and help.—*Silver Cross.*

Cahokia Mound

O. H. Kimmel

THE Mississippi valley is the garden spot of America. Travelers who have gone up and down this land of ours, those who have crossed the continent, those who have pursued the Oregon and those who have passed from the orange groves of the south to the bleak northland unite in the same declaration—The broad prairies of the Mississippi valley are the garden lands of America.

This valley contains our great agricultural states and great commercial cities. Nowhere in the land, perhaps, is there a more general commercial activity. While this is so in our day we wonder what were the conditions here before the white man's hand of conquest came to grasp and to hold? What have we to tell us that in other days, days long since gone by, this great valley attracted a people of whose wonderful work we know so little.

True, when the Frenchman came the red man had builded Kaskaskia and Cahokia along the Father-of-waters—mere straggling villages—not so much because of the location as because of their isolated location far from the dreaded Iriquois.

But before the red man came, it must have been a peculiar people that inhabited this region. The Mississippi valley seems to have proven a garden spot to him, for at many points are seen remains of his handiwork. Just outside of E. St. Louis to the southward stands a great mound of earth which is one thousand and eighty feet long, seven hundred and eighty feet wide and one hundred and two feet high. It is weatherbeaten and worn by time to such an extent that but for its location it might be mistaken as a work of nature. But when we take a perspective view of its location we know that it cannot be a natural phenomenon, but that it is one of the largest temple mounds that has been found on the earth.

As this mound must have been erected over two thousand years ago, when, so far as we can tell, all kinds of tools and appliances were crude, it is certainly a wonderful work of primitive man. We know not why such a mound should be erected unless it was for religious purposes, but we know that it must have taken thousands of men many, many years to construct so great a temple.



Cahokia Temple Mound, near E. St. Louis, Ill.

It is hardly probable that any people would construct so great a structure upon an isolated spot, but it is an analagous fact that they would build it in a populous and prosperous region. This being the case, the very region now occupied by the greatest Mississippi city must have been in the day of the Mound Builder a great commercial, political and religious center. Who knows but in this region a great city stood and that on this great river their boats plied? We are given to thinking that these people were barbarians, but research will not substantiate this claim. And again, with all our fine arts, and our architectural skill and the accomplishments of which we are justly proud, if we should expose our greatest work and our most magnificent handiwork to the ravages of this climate for two or three thousand years, do you think that a trace of our work would remain to tell a wondering future people of our greatness? Or would the erosions and intrusions of an inclement weather long before the time limit had come have covered up each trace of our work and the last

vestige have been lost? We are compelled to answer, when we look around us, that the latter would be the case. Then would we call a people whose work has stood so many centuries—and bids fair to stand as long as the hills— a barbarous people?

Let us not do that, but let us put into use the blessings of the ages that we have inherited and seek out the Rosetta-stone which will enable us to know this people, its purposes and its conceptions of life.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

TEACHING STORIES TO SCHOOL CHILDREN.

CLYDE C. MADISON.

NOTICING the four articles concerning the teaching of stories to school-children, I am moved to express a few additional thoughts along that line.

We will all agree that the teaching of stories is intended to strengthen the imagination and create a desire for higher literature.

These are important purposes of course, but there is another more important object which should be considered, and that is the moral developement.

If you would have a well developed crop of any kind you must begin to cultivate it at an early stage of development and continue to care for it throughout its immaturity. And the quality and development of the crop at maturity is proportional to the proper cultivation during its period of development.

I firmly believe these principles accurately apply to the development of the intellectuality and morality of the human being. Further, I want to emphasize that they especially apply to the moral development.

Now then we will briefly consider what constitutes the proper cultivation for perfect results. Of course minds differ, but we all will agree that every act of cultivation should be carefully considered and intended to advance the crop and not for the pleasure of the act. And so is it with moral cultivation. The teaching of stories should tend to a moral uplifting and not for mere pleasure. Hence we should condemn every story that does not tend to advance morality. We should not tolerate stories that will stunt the moral nature in order to develop the intellectual faculties. Whenever a story is so far-fetched that it is an impossibility, it creates a vain imagination and stunts morality. Children are real and should not be taught stories containing impossibilities. I think stories, although fictitious, based on facts and portraying an ideal character are very valuable.

I will conclude by saying that stories should be very carefully examined and, if not found above suspicion in vanity they should be cast far from the tender minds of children.

Richmond, Ind.

A FEW NOTANDA OF 1906.

THE Liberal party comes into power in the English House of Commons with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as leader. The Educational Bill passed by this House was so amended by the House of Lords that it was rejected when it was returned to the Commons.

Clement Armand Fallieries was elected President of France by the Assembly.

The Russian Duma, or Parliament, assembled, but it was soon dissolved by the Czar.

Commander Peary planted the American flag at the "Farthest North" yet reached by any explorer. This point is about two hundred miles from the North Pole.

Meeting of the third Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro.

Norway, having been peaceably separated from Sweden, chose the second son of the present King of Denmark to become constitutional King of Norway. This prince was crowned as Haakon VII in the ancient cathedral of Trondhjem, the northernmost town of any importance in Europe.

An insurrection in Cuba having proved too powerful for President Palma to suppress, the United States Government intervened and resumed a protectorate over the island.

The Colorado River breaking from its course now flows into Salton Sink, a region lower than the sea-level, and threatens to make a new lake in the route of the Southern Pacific R. R.

An unusually severe and destructive eruption of Vesuvius was followed by an earthquake and fire which destroyed the greater part of San Francisco. Still later in the year, Valparaiso, in Chili, was almost destroyed by an earthquake.—*The Ohio Teacher.*

NATURE'S BEST TONIC.

LAUGHTER is undoubtedly one of Nature's greatest tonics. It brings the disordered faculties and functions into harmony, it lubricates the mental bearings, and presents the friction which monotonous, exacting business engenders. It is a divine gift bestowed upon us as a life-preserver, a health-promoter, a joy-generator, a success-maker.

Life, with the average American, is too serious at best. Never lose an opportunity for relaxation from the stress and strain of your business or profession. Every draught of laughter, like an air cushion, eases you over the jolts and the hard places on life's highway. Laughter is always healthy. It tends to bring every abnormal condition back to the normal. It is a panacea for heartaches, for life's bruises. It is a life-prolonger. People who laugh heartily keep themselves in physicial and mental harmony, and are likely to live longer than those who take life too seriously. —*Selected.*

THE MILLS OF GOD

A Story in Fourteen Chapters

By MARY I. SENSEMAN

Chapter Fourteen. The Size of a Man.

JOE Noble was busy, but he dropped all his work and took train for Hampton.

It was Nat on crutches he saw this time,—a broad-shouldered fellow with hands and arms of iron.

Joe had walked out from the station. He was greeted joyously by every Kemper.

"This takes you by surprise," he said. "Well, I'm here for Nat. There's a scholarship at Crown college that he may as well have. Stella Bentley enters the college course this fall. She took the preparatory work during the last two years."

"Why, I can't go," declared Nat.

"Can't go? With your health and your head? Only eighteen years old and have given up your desired college education?"

"I have no money."

"Look here. Besides the scholarship, there are two fellows I know of who will pay you to tutor them in algebra. They're conditioned in that branch."

"I can't teach, Joe."

"Indeed you can. Perhaps in a country school you'd need a pair of feet. But at Crown men teach with their heads and not with their legs."

"You'll have to give me a day or two to get ready," said Nat, laughing.

Before Joe carried away his prize, however, the two made a call at the Ryan home.

Joe was able to report an enrollment of one hundred and thirty in his Sunday school.

Both said good-bye to Victoria, and she said, turning to her parents, "Isn't Joe fine?"

Joe took Nat to his own home in D——. The boy received a hearty welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Noble. Stella Bentley shook hands with him just before they all entered the dining-room that evening.

Stella was a plump, rosy-cheeked girl with flaxen braids coiled about her head and a pair of gray eyes that looked squarely at everything.

She said nothing during the meal, but after dinner she sat beside Mr. Noble on a divan and she occasionally spoke a few words to him.

"As I was riding on the car this afternoon there came in a rather old negro, his wife, a great, stout woman, and their son, a boy of about twelve years. The man gave the conductor two nickels and the boy gave another one. The conductor punched transfer tickets for them. Pretty soon the woman began asking her husband about the transfers he had. On comparison, they learned that the two he had gotten had, in each, one more hole punched than there were in the boy's ticket.

"The wife had been scolding her husband at a great rate and the boy, catching his father in so heinous a mistake, followed his mother's example.

"The black of the woman's eyes rolled about in almost a sea of white, and she pulled the youngster down across her knees and spanked him then and there."

Mrs. Noble smiled and Joe and Nat laughed, but Stella's laughter was more distinct, falling on the ear clear and full and good to hear.

Presently the women withdrew, and Joe said, "How Stella laughs when she's amused! And she seldom ever smiles at other times."

"She smiles when she's happy," said Mr. Noble. "This morning she was in the back yard and old Bounce came in on three legs. Stella has a knack of caring for a hurt creature, and she examined the leg and then put it in splints. Then, to help still more, she made a sort of sling, suspended from his back. Bounce was grateful and he licked her hand. She smiled, for I was there by that time and saw her."

Joe conducted his guest to a bedroom and they chatted there a few minutes longer.

"I feel out of my element here in your beautiful home," said Nat, with a hint of self-reproval in his words.

"You don't appear so," replied Joe. Then he smiled as he said, "If you want the opposite of beauty you should visit me at St. Ames. I have positively the ugliest two rooms in the ugliest house of the town."

"Were you surprised when you met Stella? I ask, because I was three years ago."

"Yes, I supposed her to be much older."

"Her seriousness is older, her laughter is younger, than she is. She herself is the happy medium. You are going to go away with her to-morrow. Take good care of her."

"According to your father," said Nat, tapping his inert limbs, "she'll take care of me."

In Stella's room were Mrs. Noble and the girl. The latter was sitting on a trunk.

"To-morrow I'll be going back to Crown, our dear Crown," said Stella.

"You and our new friend," said Mrs. Noble.

"And our new friend," repeated Stella, with a smile.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

(The End.)

THE WAR QUESTION.

D. L. GARVER.

A LITTLE criticism on the President's late message we think would not be out of place. He says:

"It must ever be kept in mind that war is not merely justifiable, but imperative, upon honorable men, upon an honorable nation, where peace can only be obtained by the sacrifice of conscientious conviction or of national welfare."

We would say in reply that there is much more likelihood of two nations sacrificing "concientious conviction and national welfare" by fighting each other, killing thousands, and spending millions, than it would be to submit to peaceable arbitration. We think it more honorable for two men or two nations to settle their knotty questions peaceably than to kill each other. And again he says:

"Peace is normally a great, good, and normally it coincides with righteousness; but it is righteousness and not peace which should bind the conscience of a nation as it should bind the conscience of an indvidual; and neither a nation nor an individual can surrender conscience to another's keeping."

The President should remember that in war the outcome does not depend much on the nation's conscience, but depends on the number of men and the calibre of their guns. The weaker nation generally surrenders "conscience" and a lot of territory to the other's keeping.

"Moreover, though it is crimnal for a nation not to prepare for war, so that it may escape the dreadful consequences of being defeated in war, yet it must always be remembered that even to be defeated in war may be far better than not to have fought at all."

We think it would be much more honorable, and more civilized, and more likely to establish justice, by submitting to peaceable arbitration than to decide the question by killing each other. He says:

"And no public men have a right, whether from shortsightedness, from selfish indifference, or from sentimentality, to sacrifice national interests which are vital in character. A just war is in the long run far better for a nation's soul than the most prosperous peace obtained by acquiescence in wrong or injustice."

The people who advocate the settlement of national questions by a peaceable court, are not indifferent or sentimental and they are not as likely to have to acquiesce in wrong or injustice as those who fight it out and we think they are far more highly civilized than those who fight. It seems that the President has forgotten that war is simply a relic of barbarism, the same as the dance house and the gambling dens. He says again:

"As has been well and finely said, a beaten nation is not necessarily a disgraced nation; but the nation or man is disgraced if the obligation to defend right is shirked.'

In this he includes a man that will shirk his obligation to fight for what he considers his right, same as a nation. Now we will suppose that there is a big two-fisted fellow who always carries a bowie knife and a revolver, and gives notice to all his neighbors that if they interfere in any way with his rights he will kill them. That is the spirit of war personified.

In conclusion I would say, that while I think that Roosevelt is mistaken in his advocating war, I would give him credit for doing more good by inducing Russia and Japan to settle their trouble by peaceable arbitration than all the fighting and killing that was done by both of their great armies.

Eighty and a hundred years ago dueling was quite common. General Jackson fought a duel with the governor of Tennessee but neither party was killed. After that Jackson got into a quarrel with Charles Dickenson on a bet made on a horse race, and after taking a fist fight, they fought a duel, Jackson had two of his ribs broken, but he killed Dickenson. Then they elected Jackson president. People have become a little more civilized now, and if two men should do that now they would find themselves in jail. The only way to fight duels now is for a whole lot to get together and kill each other and call it war, and even that is playing out quite fast. I think the next generation will be civilized up to settle questions between nations by peaceable, civil arbitration.—*The Advance.*

INTROSPECTION AND RETROSPECTION.

I HAVE the blizzard of eight years ago to thank for the most valuable lesson I ever learned.

Yet the blizzard only indirectly—a magnificent old Scotch-Canadian directly.

"But from all evil some good we may take"—and if that blizzard hadn't imprisoned a number of us in the city, away from our suburban homes, I wouldn't have had the lesson, and you couldn't have had it.

For hours a couple of thousand nervous men paced wearily up and down the big waiting rooms of the terminal depot, or gathered in groups and discussed the situation, or asked questions of railway employes.

No trains were running—no telling when any would run.

At last four of us decided to go to a hotel— and went, after telegraphing our families.

Ferguson—the Scotch-Canadian and an iron-mast-

er; Milwell—a lawyer; Beale—a manufacturer, and myself.

We could get but one room—and that on the top floor, and a pile of snow had drifted in through a ventilator. But it was shelter, and there were two big beds and plenty of covers.

We drew lots for bed partners, and Ferguson and I got the short ones.

We said our prayers and tumbled in. Now that discomfort was over, we were inclined to have some fun.

Except Ferguson. He was silent—and it was strange, for he was a mighty companionable old chap.

But we couldn't make him talk for a long time. The rest of us chaffed and told stories, and laughed—Ferguson was silent.

He wasn't asleep—I discovered that when I yanked the covers off him and got a jab and a kick at the same time.

At last he talked—and what he said was worth listening to.

He told us that he had been doing something his mother taught him up in the wilds of Canada, nearly fifty years before.

"Introspection and Retrospection," he called it.

Every night he said, during all those years, he had done it.

This is how: Lie with eyes closed and mentally review the day.

Things done and not done, and why. Personal behavior; treatment of others; maintenance of self-respect.

At first, he said, it was hard to remember much that had happened, and still harder, next morning, to apply the decisions and resolves made. But sticking to it made it easy, and now every event of the past day marched in orderly procession before him when he willed, and he awoke each morning, armed and outfitted for that day.

He told us that it had become his habit to defer over night, whenever possible, his decision on important questions.

Away from the man with an alluring proposition, or an engaging manner, he could decide things on their merits. And few things looked the same.

He never changed his night-time decisions— said that where he was wrong once he was right a hundred times, and was satisfied with that proportion.

Told us, too, of instances where he had reversed day-time decisions at night—and profited by so doing.

But what he had to say about personal behavior, treatment of others and maintenance of self-respect, was most interesting. If he had been hateful in manner; if he had displeased himself in any way; if he had been any less a man than he felt he ought to be—and his standards were high,—there was shame and reproach and intent to stand straighter, and, *effort* to stand straighter.

He held that confessing a fault was simply common honesty, and that an apology, if it was due, should be made sincerely and unaffectedly as a little courtesy to one's family.

More things he told us—but you catch the drift, don't you?

And now for my own experience with "Introspection and Retrospection."

I was self-assertive and positive; what I said and did was right, because I said and did it—in my opinion. That is, before I tried the plan.

I thought I was rather a big man in achievement and position. Also, before I tried the plan.

I had an idea that the world was especially made to be my habitation, and that pretty much everybody else trespassing on my property.

Ever feel like that?

Politeness, while never essential, was all right with my friends and those from whom I wanted favors, but with those who were subordinate and who wanted favors from me—not to be expected.

That is the way it looked before I tried the plan.

It was awful—the first night. I laid awake a long time. And I didn't get anywhere near the business end of things. My confounded meannesses—that I had felt to be virtues—loomed up too big.

Next day I nearly took a man off his feet by saying "Good morning"—I had previously grunted at him. I apologized to another for some nastiness of the day before, and he immediately inquired about my health.

I kept on, night after night—and made amends morning after morning.

Making amends was tough work for awhile—but about the time I got sort of used to it I didn't have much of it to do.

Yet it was never half as tough as the arraignment of self by self—the baring of my soul to my soul in the still watches of the night.

I grew decenter and decenter—had to, to find any comfort in living.

I made fewer business mistakes—had my salary increased the next year without asking for it.

I have kept it up—every night, no matter how tired I am, I spend a quarter or half hour in reviewing the day and planning for the morrow.

I am glad I learned—so will you be, if you try it.

Why shouldn't we all be pleasant to do business with? Whether employer or employe?

Why shouldn't we make the most of ourselves?

Why shouldn't we understand that in respecting the rights of others we are firmly establishing our own rights?

Why shouldn't we be men—big, broad, kindly, thinking men?

The world needs each of us as that kind of a man—and Introspection and Retrospection will do much toward making each of us that kind of a man.—*C. A. Peake.*

WASTE OF LIFE.

Scientists and eminent medical men have recently called attention to the appalling waste of life and have shown that hundreds of thousands of needless deaths and millions of needless illnessess could be prevented by scientific means. A noted British alienist has told us that in half a century science will save annually 200,000 lives in England alone by means of sanitary and hygienic measures, which is a pleasant offset to the announcement of another equally eminent alienist that "according to the statistical figures on insanity it can be shown that before long there will be actually more lunatics in the world than sane people."

There is hope for the prevention of waste of life through the advance of popular knowledge of how to prevent disease and of science in grappling with and overcoming it. But there are other sources of life waste impervious to popular knowledge or scientific ability. The statistics of this kind of life waste for 1906 are painfully interesting and ought to produce some effect upon a careless world.

For instance, 208 persons have been killed and 823 injured in the United States by automobile accidents, and in nearly every case the accident was due to unskillful handling or to reckless speeding. Of course these injuries have not been inflicted purposely, but the results have been none the less deadly and unnecessary. Again, during the hunting season proper, seventy-four persons were killed and seventy wounded. During the whole year one hundred and seventy-three were killed and one hundred and sixty-five wounded. More than two-thirds of these casualties were caused by the recklessness of the amateur sportsmen and their poor marksmanship. A large number were caused by a hunter or other person being mistaken for a deer. The fatalities from this source increase every year. Again, athletics caused a needless waste of life. Covering the entire year, for the fatalities are not confined to the conventional season, football has killed twelve and seriously injured one hundred and seventeen; baseball has killed thirty-one and injured twenty; putting the shot killed one and injured one; throwing the hammer killed two; polo injured two; footracing killed two; golf killed one and injured three; the racetrack killed six and the prize ring killed seven. Fireworks, in their various forms, killed one hundred and fifty-eight and injured five thousand three hundred and eight.

As if there were not sufficient opportunities for wasting life, people have sought out new and strange devices. The idiots who rock the boat have drowned fourteen, and the other idiots who "didn't know it was loaded" have killed sixteen and wounded three. The looping the loop, roller coasters and toboggans have killed six and injured twenty-four; the scenic railroads killed four and injured fourteen, and of those who go up in balloons twelve have been killed and six injured.

A little more science, a little more knowledge, a little more carefulness, and a good deal more of the rigor of the law would save thousands of lives every year. At present life is about the cheapest thing in the world. —*Chicago Tribune.*

THE BOYS WE ALL LIKE.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken his character.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody else calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the characters.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say no when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in.

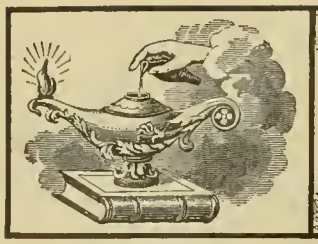
The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being.—*Exchange.*

"If I knew you and you knew me,
If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
The meaning of your heart and mine,
I'm sure that we should differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree,
If I knew you and you knew me.

I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and a large garden.—*Abraham Cowley. 1618-1667.*

"It is cheaper, safer and wiser to thoroughly educate the heart, the head and the hand than to make enormous expenditures to build penal institutions in which to maintain the victims of vicious ignorance."

"One example is worth a thousand arguments."



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

It takes the world a long time to understand and accept some of the principles established by God for the good of all people. This is not because the principles are so profound or so complicated; the wayfaring man, though he possess less than the average degree of intelligence, may interpret them aright. Our slowness to take hold of and apply these principles is due to the dominance of the carnal nature which is "not subject to the law of God."

Perhaps more people have stumbled at the principle of peace than any other one, and at greater cost to themselves. That tender sensitive thing, born of a carnal mind, and miscalled honor, has in its turn bred the spirit of retaliation, of standing up for one's rights, of salving one's wounds by inflicting others just as deep. Anyone who would not thus guard his honor (?) was branded as a coward.

But we are learning. The world is coming to see that simply from the business standpoint retaliation "doesn't pay." And it is beginning to see, too, that greater strength and greater manhood is shown by him who exemplifies the principle of peace than by him who endeavors to give as bad as he gets.

We are glad that away back in history, when the world was young, when the principle of peace was almost an unheard-of thing, there was one man strong enough to live by this principle, not from necessity, but from choice. Not long ago I heard it said that Isaac's name might be dropped out of the list of patriarchs, as he was not a strong character. But surely the speaker overlooked the fact that in one point, at least, Isaac came very near to the pattern laid down by the Savior, in that "when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not." If we can be called strong for standing up for this principle in this age when it is beginning to be understood, surely Isaac may be accorded double praise for his exemplification of it.

We ought to make every effort to know truth better, but we must understand to begin with, that we shall never know better truth.—*Spurgeon.*

"No wind serves him who has no destined port."

FAITH.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

While on the sea of life, what faith is mine!
I walk upon the wave, nor fear the tide;
When earth-born ebon clouds arise and hide
The azure sky, like Bethlehem's star 'twill shine,
And lead the way to perfect light divine.
'Tis like the form of Christ when storms betide,
It whispers to the soul, "Oh e'er abide
In God, and kneel at Truth's pure, sacred shrine."
The voice of doubt speaks not of holy peace,
Nor of the gifts we covet as the best.
Thus while I hold this light within my breast,
My soul shall know no failing, but increase
In that pure way whose blessings ne'er will cease,
Not e'en when passing life's severest test.

THE NEED FOR FAITH.

And I say unto you, Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—Luke 11: 9.

We Americans are proud of our progress in commerce and art and money-making. We are proud of our railroads and banks, colleges and libraries, and our energetic men and cultured women. We are proud of our tall buildings and broad parks and all our public improvements that cost twice or three times as much as they should.

And sometimes we are so foolish as to boast of our faith!

It is an idle boast, and we know it. For we have traded a good share of faith for these showy things, and we know it, too. We may not wish to acknowledge it, but when we give it any serious thought, we realize the truth.

For we have been imbued with an idea that simple, childlike faith could not go hand-in-hand with all the great inventions and improvements of the last few years; at least, we must have been, since we have not held to that faith which made our fathers strong in our rapid march forward. And to-day most of us regard this positive promise of Christ's as a figure of speech.

We say we have asked and not received; we have sought and not found; we have knocked and not had opened unto us. All of which is very true, and for excellent reasons.

We have not asked in faith; we have not sought diligently; we have not knocked hard enough. If we had done any of these things with the same concentra-

tion of thought and energy as we have done a thousand other things; if we had spent one-half the time on matters of the spirit that we have spent on those pertaining solely to the mind and the body, the result might be very different; indeed, it would be different.

Real faith is vastly more than mere spiritual trust. It is a matter of mind and muscle, also, and until we make use of these two adjuncts, we shall remain just where we are, unless we slide back a few feet. A man may have perfect faith in the producing possibility of a gold mine, but will that faith be justified so long as he sits idle and makes no use of his mind or muscle in getting at the gold?

And when Christ said, "Ask," he meant something more than simply making a request; when he said "Seek," he meant more than simply looking around the nearest corner; when he said "Knock," he meant more than tapping lightly. In every instance he meant "do something."

It is not enough to believe something. Faith is not a blind resting in the invisible arms of a distant being. It is an energetic quality, a confidence so absolute that it justifies any risk, so long as it is a risk for Right.

We do not hesitate to take risks with material things that are apt to blow up or run away or fall down or decay. We know everything will do the last named some day, yet we go ahead just as if everything was permanent, and we do not come out at the little end of the horn, either.

But what is our policy toward the Creator of all things? We hurry through a prayer once a day and through a stilted service once a week, and do enough charity work to retain the respect of our fellows, and then wonder why our every spiritual longing is not satisfied!

It's because we lack faith—the very first principle of faith. It is because we are so wrapped up in matters material that we slur the spiritual side of life. We knock at the door of the world, and we get in. But we knock eight hours a day, six days in the week and fifty-two weeks a year, don't we?

That's the point. In the old days more time and thought were given to the spirit, and there was less unrest. In these days we can do away with a great part of our trials and tribulations by giving to the spiritual side of life some reasonable share of the time and effort we commonly devote to business and profitless pleasure.

When we do this, we shall know what Christ meant. —*Philadelphia North American.*

CHRISTIAN LIVING.

A TRUE Christian living in the world is like a ship sailing on the ocean. It is not the ship being in the water which will sink it, but the water getting into the ship. So, in like manner, the Christian is not ruined by living in the world, which he must needs do whilst he remains in the body, but by the world living in him. The world in the heart has ruined millions of immortal souls. How careful is the mariner to guard against leakage, lest the water entering into the vessel should, by imperceptible degrees, cause the vessel to sink; and ought not the Christian to watch and pray, lest Satan and the world should find some unguarded inlet into his heart?—*New York Observer.*

THE BIBLE IN THE WORLD.

IT is said that when Alexander Duff was on his voyage to India with a large quantity of excellent baggage, including a splendid library of more than eight hundred volumes, the ship on which he was sailing was wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and when the rescued passengers reached the shore the only thing of all his baggage that was saved was a Bible that the waves had washed upon the sands; and as he picked it up and removed the wrapping he found it was perfectly uninjured. He was so deeply touched by the incident that he opened it, and read some of its precious promises to the little company that stood around him on the shore. All his splendid books had perished, but the Bible remained as the only salvage of the wreck. To him it was a beautiful figure of that which afterward became the object of his life, that the Bible was the only book that would remain out of the world's literature, and the only book which was worth giving to India—the land for which he was going forth to live and die.—*The Bible Record.*

WHILE WE MAY.

"IF I should die, John, I suppose you would spend a good deal of money for flowers."

"Ah, yes, Anna; but who ever put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing, only I thought that ten-dollar wreaths and fifty-dollar anchors wouldn't make any difference to me when I'm gone, and just a little flower now and then while I'm living would mean so much to me."

"Just a little flower, now and then, while I'm living." The reply of the young wife is eloquent of the heart hunger of thousands.

The relator of this says: "Why withhold the appreciative word, the loving look, the fervent handclasp until the pulses are stilled, the eyes closed, the ears unheeding. Why wait until flowers can no longer give pleasure to shower them upon our near and dear?

"The present is all we have. Then let us seize it. We can make it beautiful if we will; we can fill it with loving, tender acts and glorious words. Now is the time to gladden the hearts of those about us. Now is the time to give the 'little flower.' To-morrow it may be all too late!"—*Unknown.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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WHAT IS SACRED?

We have spoken in previous articles about how words have come down to us with a meaning quite different from that which brought them into existence. Now and then in this shifting about some words are almost entirely lost sight of, and while we may still be able to find them in the dictionary, they are usually termed *obsolete*. This may be due to the fact that the thing for which they stood has passed out of use or existence, or it may be a more apt word has been found for the place.

Among the words that at present seem to be undergoing a change is the word sacred. It is still in common use, but it seems to have lost some of the weight of its meaning. We say such and such things are sacred, and yet we treat them as the most common things. Now sacred means set apart to religious use; holy; consecrated; not common or profane; venerable. Keeping this meaning in view, let each reader see for himself what things in his world strictly belong to this class. What is holy to us? What do we look upon as consecrated?

We will all agree that, for the most part, among professing Christians the three persons in the Trinity are looked upon as sacred and consequently receive the reverence that is due them. We have said "for the most part," because even with this class the use of the word as thus applied does not always carry the full meaning. As an illustration of this statement, have you ever noticed with what readiness and emphasis some people repeat a story in which some person profanely used the name of God, giving it word for word? To say the least, it shows a lack of reverence for that which should be held as the most sacred.

We agree, too, that the Bible as the Word of God is sacred, and in its parts or as a whole should receive from us the deepest expressions of reverence. But does our practice bear out such an attitude? Is it not true that here again we must make exceptions? That these exceptions often include those whose religious zeal and earnestness should be such as to make of them safe examples, adds to the deplorableness of the condition. I refer especially to the use of Bible expressions,—the use of the words of the Lord himself,—in the spirit of levity,—as giving the desired turn to an expression designed to provoke a laugh. This practice is so common that even those who do not follow it themselves are inclined to look upon it with far less condemnation than is its due.

It is a beautiful accomplishment to be able to weave into our sober everyday talk apt quotations from the sacred Word. It not only shows our love for the Book, but it shows our recognition of the universal application of its truths and its incomparable manner of expressing the same. But when these same quotations are wrested from their true setting and used to give point to gay repartee, every vestige of sacredness is stripped from them, and the speaker must be classed among the profane.

I need only mention the marriage institution, with its God-given right to a sacred position in our estimation, to convince you that it is the mark for all sorts of light and frivolous expressions. That this may, in some degree, account for the sins that are connected with this sacred institution, is a natural conclusion.

With the desire to live fully in accord with that which is highest and best, we cannot afford to profane any sacred thing. We cannot afford to do it because it is not right, because in doing so we do violence to our sense of right. We cannot afford to do it, because it narrows one's life, cutting out that which inspires and elevates. We cannot afford to do it because we ourselves are so closely related to the sacred things that any profanation of them is bound to place us even lower than we thus place them.

BEGINNING IN TIME.

Every person who has ever followed a task from the beginning to the end has recognized that there are particular periods more favorable than others for the beginning of that task. Periods when all the conditions seem to lend themselves to the perfect carrying out of the work in question. When he can feel as he moves forward in that work that he is in full accord with the forces that have to do with its accomplishment.

In some lines of work this opportune moment is perceived only by those who have spent much time in studying the conditions affecting the undertaking. At this season all over our land we will find men carefully noting each step in the opening up of spring. The condition of the soil, the appearance of the sky, the "way the wind blows,"— all are taken into account, for all are influences in the making of that time which calls upon all tillers of the soil to catch hands with fortune. In some things the man in the business world likewise must learn to recognize the oppor-

tune moment by a thorough study of the conditions that bring it into existence. He must keep his hand on the pulse of the commercial world and be able to recognize "his time."

In most things, however, this propitious period announces itself to all alike and no one can plead ignorance as to its signs. The schoolboy is not left in the dark as to when he should begin getting his lessons, the business man does not have to guess at the time when he should give special attention to his business. The housewife need not sit and wait for the conditions to be ripe for the beginning of her tasks. And the one who would make a start in the religious life need not halt between two opinions. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice," leaves no room for doubts.

The one who begins in time is pretty sure to be master of the situation. The mere fact that he has taken hold when he should gives him additional strength and zeal. He is not only able literally to take things as they come, but he is in a position to forward their coming.

The one who begins in time is able to give attention to details. Those things that seem so insignificant and yet have so much to do with success will be brought into place and made to yield their full portion of service. There will be time for system which means thoroughness. There will be time for the peaceful enjoyment of the work,—that condition which causes one to love his work for the work's sake.

Beginning to study in time, to sow in time, to reap in time, to build in time, beginning to serve the Lord in time,—all these put one into harmony with the great clock of time. And keeping time thus, we find ourselves working with the forces of eternity.

DEPENDING ON OTHERS.

One reason so many people make a failure in life when they have at hand every means to make a success, is because they are not willing to "hoe their own row." They belong to the multitude who expect to *climb* with the same absence of effort with which one can slide down hill. When a task is set for them that requires original thought and action, they peep and see what the other fellow is doing and then copy. When there is some hard lifting to be done, they lean on the little end of the load while the other fellow manages to get them to the top along with it.

But no leaner ever stays at the top. He may be propped up for awhile, like a dummy, and have the appearance of a real owner of the place, but the least adverse wind will send him sprawling.

The plea of being "unfortunate" is a very common one for the leaner. He may be unfortunate, true enough, but the thing to which he lays his "bad luck" is not half so great an enemy to his success as this disposition to let some one else do his work. Brawn and brain and gain are close companions. To expect the third without the exercise of the first and second is so unreasonable that one wonders how anyone can be so deluded.

"NOOKERS' FAVORITES."

We are starting out this week with the new department given over to our readers' favorite poems. So far we have been well pleased with the poems called for that we have been able to secure. They belong to the kind that are worth preserving and remembering. We have access to a well-stocked public library, and between it and the private libraries of our friends here, we hope to be able to secure most of the poems asked for. However, should these fail us, we shall call for help from our readers by printing the names of the poems wanted.

In order to accommodate our readers as much as possible we have placed the new department not on what was formerly the last page, but on the page opposite that, the page formerly given over to "Facts, Figures and Fancies" now being occupied by advertisements. We did this because some wish to cut out the poems for a scrap book and yet they do not wish to mar the other reading pages of the paper.

We call your attention again to the fact that this is *your* department, and it will be exactly what you make it. When you read some one's favorite poem let it remind you of your own favorites that you would like to have, or the ones you have that you would like to share with others, and then see that we get the information that will make it possible for us to help you.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

While on the sea of life, what faith is mine!
I walk upon the wave, nor fear the tide;
When earth-born ebon clouds arise and hide
The azure sky, like Bethlehem's star 'twill shine.
—Richard Seidel.

Whenever a story is so farfetched that it is an impossibility, it creates a vain imagination and stunts morality.—*Clyde C. Madison.*

Let's take hold of hands, my comrades,
While the ingle blinks and burns;
Let's be royal chums and brothers,
Any way the weather turns!
—Adaline Hohf Beery.

He pays for the liquor which intoxicates him and is the means of increasing the rapidity of the wheels of life, only to hurry him to eternal perdition.—*Ira P. Dean.*

Mothers should tolerate no act of falsehood or dishonesty in the home between brothers and sisters; then they will not be practiced outside the home.—*Mrs. M. B. Wade.*

Regularity and punctuality count as much for health as they do for character.—*Walton F. Stover.*

ECHOES·FROM·EVERYWHERE

FEBRUARY 22 the government of the Netherlands issued an official declaration stating its readiness to receive the delegates to the second peace conference on or about June 1.

THE biggest corporation in Delaware, the Mexican Petroleum Co., was incorporated recently with full authority to do business in this and other countries. The concern is a rival of the Standard Oil Co. in developing the oil fields of the Southwest.

IT is reported that Honduras, Central America, has declared war against her sister state, Nicaragua. For some time there has been bad feeling existing between the two states. A treaty formerly agreed to by both has recently been broken by Honduras and now war is on.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made to establish a training school for aeronauts and constructors of airships at Chemnitz, Germany. A similar school has been in operation in Paris for more than a year. For the present, a one year's course is contemplated, the school to opened in May, 1907. The course is limited to the construction and use of ballons, but will be enlarged to include aeroplanes as soon as practical working types are developed.

SUPERINTENDENT RIGGS of Iowa in his annual report urges legislation to suppress fraternities in the high schools of the state. He says these organizations produce snobbishness among the pupils and are a standing menace to discipline, as so many of the members place allegiance to the fraternity above that to the school. Furthermore, he says, they often lead to extravagance and even dissipation and are opposed to the democratic spirit of the public school.

THE sundry civil service appropriation bill will contain a paragraph providing for the use of $50,000 by the interstate commerce commission for a practical investigation and testing of safety appliances and automatic block signal devices. There are dozens of automatic devices on the market. The difficulty is to determine which device will work best in actual practice and it is for the making of practical tests on the railroads that the appropriation was made.

THF advocates of woman suffrage in Massachusetts recently laid before the legislative committee on constitutional amendments in the legislature what they consider one of their strongest arguments—statistics showing that the state has over 350,000 spinsters and widows among some 900,000 women over twenty-one years of age.

A HITHERTO unknown portrait of Shakespeare has been discovered in the village of Winston, England. It has been in one family from time immemorial and has been valued merely as a heirloom. The portrait was sent to Christy's, the great art mart in London. and was declared to be the earliest portrait of Shakespeare extant. The estimated value is about $20,000. It is a panel portrait framed in oak and is in excellent condition except that is is a little worm-eaten in one corner.

AN effort is about to be made by the federal government to break up the operations of certain padrones who for several years have been engaged in the traffic of importing Greek boys who are held for long periods in what amounts to absolute slavery. This action is taken by the government as a result of complaints to the secretary of commerce and labor by governors of states and mayors of many large cities. The large shoe-shining shops make use of many of these Greek boys.

IN discussing research work before the University Club in Washington a few nights ago Dr. Ira Remsen, the famous scientist of Johns Hopkins university, said it was getting so that research was being carried on in kindergartens, but this was better than going to Germany for it. He said that this research was needed in politics as well as science, that most of our misapprehensions and disputes arise from ignorance. He added that one discovery he had made was that in a political dispute "the heat of the disputants is inversely proportioned to the knowledge of the subject of dispute."

A PENNSYLVANIA cigar drummer who has experienced much annoyance and loss of sleep on account of the noise of the train on the rails has invented a crosstie which he claims will give practically noiseless travel so far as the car on the track is concerned. The new

tie is shaped somewhat like the ordinary wooden tie, being a shell of steel filled with an asphalt composition, the under side being open to let the asphalt come in contact with the ground so as to secure a resilience to reduce the noise. A practical test is said to have been made of the new tie on the Pennsylvania railroad, with success. The cost is from $2 to $2.75 a tie.

CARRYING an appropriation of over $20,000,000, which makes it the largest of all the money bills, the Postoffice Appropriation measure passed the House Feb. 20 so altered in regard to the provision for finding the average daily weight of mails, which is the basis for payment to the railroads, as to enable the roads to draw $5,000,000 more than they would have done. All of the provisions for increasing the pay of 90 per cent of the employes were finally left in the bill. As passed, it creates a joint commission of three Senators and three members of the House to investigate the entire business system, of the department, $75,000 being set aside for the clerical expenses of this work. The bill now goes to the Senate.

SUPERINTENDENT T. F. JENKINS, of the New York Gerry Society for the Care of Dependent or Wayward Children, in a recent address, asserted that the records of the society showed that environment had an all-controlling influence in the development of human character. He said they kept track of all cases in which infants of bad parents had been adopted by good people, and that they had yet to find where one had gone wrong. He could mention hundreds of instances of children who did not possess the wicked characteristics of their parents simply because their surroundings have had a greater influence over them, and he pointed out that some of the greatest criminals have children living who are honest members of society and well-known citizens.

WITH the President's signature to the new immigration bill, the solution of the Japanese exclusion problem in California is made possible through the provision granting authority to the President to exclude Japanese and certain other alien laborers who come to the United States without passports. The measure was finally agreed upon by the House Feb. 18. Immediately after the passage of the bill, Mayor Schmitz, of San Francisco, gave out a statement on the part of the Board of Education of its willingness to admit Japanese children to the schools of the city, but declares its superior right over a treaty to control the public schools. It was known that this statement had been formally approved by President Roosevelt. The legal proceedings which have been instituted to test the action of the Board of Education will be dismissed upon motion of the government.

THE digestive organs and the blood have been the medium through which the science of medicine has been curing various diseases of the body. There have always been drawbacks to the method owing to the fact that the medicine which benefits the diseased part so often depletes some other portion of the body, as, for example, the stomach through which it passes or some of the delicate tissues of the body. Local applications have not always been practicable owing to the fact that the organs affected were not situated so they could be locally treated. But recently a French scientist, Dr. Stephane Leduc, has been trying with success a new method by which the desired effects have been secured through the direct application to the diseased part without invoking the aid of the stomach and blood. He makes use of the electric current and calls the process "electrolytic medication." Dr. Leduc is reported to have effected a number of cures in this way that resisted all efforts made in the usual manner. He considers that our present methods are absurd, that to reach a limited region we have been diffusing a harmful substance through the whole organism thereby injuring delicate tissues of great importance, such as the nerve centers, etc. The electric method seems to offer decided advantages in reaching in a direct manner the part affected.

OPIUM has been in use for so long by the Chinese that it is estimated fully four-tenths of them are smokers of the drug. In order to gradually decrease the vice the government now requires all smokers to report to the local official office of the place where they live and receive a smokin license. Two forms of license are given—one to persons above 60 years of age, the other to those under that age. But those who get the latter will not be allowed to take the former on reaching sixty years but are expected to overcome the habit by gradually reducing the amount of opium until, within a prescribed time, they can break off using the drug. If the smokers have not given up when the time of grace has expired, officials will be ordered to resign, government graduates will be deprived of their degrees, and common people will be registered as "opium-smoking class," and their names be posted on the thoroughfares of the city in which they live, and they will be excluded from public meetings and social gatherings. A vast amount of transportation in the interior of China is carried on by coolies. These men trot along with the most astonishing loads. Many of them however have become victims of the opium habit and their efficiency has been greatly decreased and their lives shortened thereby. The Chinese government has many times tried to stop the use of opium, but England has headed her off in order to preserve the market for the opium that is produced in India.



The Physical Side of Child Life

Walton F. Stover

In Two Parts. Part Two.

IN regard to clothing, quality should be preferred to quantity. It does not cost any more to purchase substantial clothing than it does to purchase many garments of inferior quality. Silk is the best possible, as it is so pervious, but as few can afford entire suits of silk the next best is woolen goods. Wool is much more pervious than cotton, which has a greater tendency to absorb the excretions of the skin. Underclothing should always be of wool because of its absorbent quality and also because it will better permit free circulation of air. If clothing, especially the undergarment, is not kept clean, the waste thrown off from the skin is forced back into the system. We always demand clean food lest the stomach rebel, but often forget that the clothing is continually forcing the worst kind of filth into the whole system.

Winter clothing should at all times be dry. There is not so much danger while the child is moving about, but the instant he becomes inactive his feet should be immediately bathed in hot water and dry stockings put on. Wet feet unattended to will eventually result in serious disease. A misleading feature of this carelessness is that oftentime the disease does not show until later years.

Cold feet are usually due to the fact that the stockings become damp, may be only from natural perspiration, and wet clothing through evaporation, causes the pores of the skin to close and its excretions are retained in the body. When the feet get wet, as evaporation is a cooling process, the cold is ever increasing. Another cause, though perhaps not so general, is the wearing of tight or misfitting shoes. Shoes should be large, else the circulation of the blood is hindered, which results in cold feet and otherwise causes an uneasiness. The shoes should have low heels from the fact that one naturally inclines to stand or walk as he would when barefooted. It is but natural that the heel of the shoe should be no more in thickness than is the sole.

There are certain conditions governing the child's health in regard to his sleep that must not be overlooked. An unbroken sleep and plenty of it is very necessary. Otherwise the mind is not clear and fresh for the day's work. A child should retire early and sleep at least ten hours. We learn from the lower animals that night is the natural time for sleep and those which support themselves at daytime give up the day at an early hour. The child's sleeping room should have no fire in it, as the fire consumes so much oxygen. A stove is the worst form of heat because it does not give a regular heat and further because it usually heats the room too much. A hot, unventilated room is the usual cause of colds, pneumonia and like diseases. There can be but one prevention of consumption, and other diseases of the lungs and air passages. Such diseases are curable only by the fresh-air treatment, and the sleeper, resting quietly while his body recuperates from the day's fatigue, lets the cold fresh air flow in upon him, and through its invigorating agency, the germs of disease are baffled in their course of destruction. How horrible it is that parents will deprive their children of this free medicine, but often permit them to dose with patent medicines.

The leading authorities claim that the practice of wearing the same underclothing night and day is one of the most dangerous that children are guilty of. At night the underclothing should be replaced by clean, dry and loose clothing. This has a two-fold virtue; it allows the day clothing to dry and the fresh air to remove the excretions that have accumulated during the day, and, also the dry night clothing will absorb some of the impurities that have been left on the skin after the garments were unchanged. In the morning, the day clothing being dry, will not cling to the body, and being free, will cause a friction, which adds warmth to the body.

The sleeping room of a well person should be ventilated by lowering the upper window sash considerably, with perhaps the transom open. This permits a continuous circulation of fresh air. The sick room should have consederably more fresh air than this plan will permit. In the school-room, where the windows are lowered from the top, thus permitting the fresh

air to circulate and the poisonous air to escape, the displeasure of the children has led me to believe that the home is often poorly ventilated. However, after a few weeks' training the children will readily detect foul air and will call attention to its presence.

A much-neglected phase of a child's health is his eyesight. Besides the inconvenience of poor sight, or of eye inflammation, weak eyes affect the whole nervous system. A pair of glasses is often the best cure of indigestion. Any inflammation of the eyes that can not be quickly removed by a few applications of hot water needs the immediate attention of an occulist or optician. A hot room, facing a hot stove, facing the light while reading, are the usual causes of weak eyes. The natural defect of the eyeball at birth is the cause of poor eyesight. This can be remedied only by wearing glasses and if properly fitted as soon as noticed may be fully corrected in time and may permit the wearer to discontinue the use of glasses when he is grown. This defect is not usually noticed until the child has become of school age and may not then fully develop until he has been in school for a few years. Hence, the reason that the parents should co-operate with the teacher when they are asked to have the child's eyes examined.

The child's physical exercises should be guarded closely. Sports should be encouraged. Anything that tends to make the child active counts for better health. There are over five hundred muscles in the body. One kind of work or one kind of play calls into action only a few muscles and thus develops the body out of proportion. The parent can supervise a splendid course in manual training and not take any of his time. Make the child's work and play constructive. Encourage him to plan and make things. This is a mental as well as physical training. At all events change his work and sports frequently. Do not let him do the same thing over again. It loses its newness and also deprives many of the muscles of the necessary exercise.

The last phase that I shall consider is that of habit. Teach the child regular habits. Have a regular time for all things. Let him know when he is to work, when he is to read or study, when he is to play, when he is to visit and when he is to retire. Give him his meals punctually and if he is to lunch between meals let that be at stated intervals. Regularity and punctuality count as much for health as they do for character, which are the two chief results of systematic training—the climax of man's happiness.

Linton, Ind.

TWIG BENDING.

MRS. M. B. WADE.

We often hear the old saying, "As the twig is bent so is the tree inclined." How many stop to think of this as they are permitting little ones, tender twigs entrusted to our care, to do and say and act in a way that will leave an impression on their minds to be carried through life?

Often a little falsehood is laughed at as some childish prank, when the habit grows on the child and later he or she is looked upon as a child that cannot be listened to with any confidence.

Many parents deceive their children about Santa Claus, who, if told the truth, would understand why their many requests were not granted by the mysterious person.

Mothers should tolerate no act of falsehood or dishonesty in the home between brothers and sisters; then they will not be practiced outside of the home. Instill into the young minds the thought that truth, and truth only is the watchword for all.

When spending a winter on the Gulf Coast a tree was noticed that plainly bore the marks of twig bending. Some force had bent the young tree until it had grown into the shape of a rainbow, the top about two feet from the ground. The surrounding trees were tall and straight. As its shape rendered it useless, so will falsehood and deception render a child unfit for a place among the noblest and best of men and women in later years.

The father who must toil all day has little time for training the children, and yet, the example he sets in the few evening hours and on Sunday leaves its impression on the minds of the children for all the time.

Fathers should study well their home and see if they are workmen that need not be ashamed. Guide the little ones entrusted to your care in the straight and narrow path, that they may ever remember their home as a refuge from all trials and little troubles. Give them good books to read and teach them to be content with what they have.

A little boy was asking for a new plaything. The mother read to him and his brother a story of two little boys that came to the mission room without underclothing or overcoats, and barefooted. When she had finished, no more was said about playthings but two solemn faces looked into mama's and the younger said, "I wish we had them here, we would give them everything they wanted." The older boy wanted to send some clothes to the mission for them.

Little minds are quick to receive a thought and often impressions are made when we are not thinking about our words. So we must watch and keep the twigs straight so that our fast-growing trees may not be dwarfed or deformed in mind or body.

Teaching fairy stories is another great wrong, one that every mother should set her mind against and have them stopped in the schools, and not permit such books to enter our homes.

Fairmont, W. Va.

FLORAL MATTERS.

HAVE you made your selection of seeds? If so, did you allow for the late-blooming kinds—those that fill the interval between the beginning of cool autumn days, and the coming of cold weather? Among these are the asters, and there are many varieties, both as to color and form, and every one of them is beautiful. If you do not care for any special color, get a package of mixed kinds, and they will not disappoint you. Zinnias are lovely, if seen from a little distance; but the petals are too coarse and stiff to be really beautiful in one's hand. They fill in odd corners, or border by-paths with a blaze of beautiful color until heavy frosts. Cosmos are lovely, and make beautiful vase flowers, if the frost does not catch them. Chrysanthemums should be planted early and as soon as they get of any size, should be transplanted, setting them a foot apart; or they may be potted and kept growing, pinching into shape, so they may be taken indoors when the cool nights come. Many seedlings make inferior bloom, and none but the best and most satisfactory should be kept after the bloom shows what they are.

Among the most satisfactory late bloomers are the hardy, ever-blooming tea roses. They are very cheap; many flourists offer them "six for a quarter" and ten cents each, or $1 per dozen, the florist to do the choosing. They are seldom sent out until the first of May, when they may be set in the border or bed, and given good care. As soon as they get established, they begin to put out buds, and bloom at intervals until a sharp freeze discourages them. If given good care through freezing weather, they will bloom abundantly the second season, increasing in beauty and size every year. They do their thriftiest growing during the cool autumn months, and literally cover themselves with buds and blossoms.

Try to have some fragrant-leaved plants. They "fill in" so deliciously with the blossoms when making bouquets. If you cannot have houseplants, have all the hardy, beautiful things you can gather about you during the summer.—*The Commoner.*

CARE OF HOT WATER BAGS.

Do not put water into the bag that is hotter than you can hold your finger in; fill the bag only about one-half full or a little more, then lay it in your lap before putting in the stopper and carefully press out the steam.

This makes the bag softer, as it is relieved of the pressure the steam makes if left in. When not using the bag, drain out the water, let it hang bottom up for a little while, then take it down, with the mouth blow a little air into it, just enough to keep the inside from coming together, then put the stopper in tight and hang it top up. The air keeps the inside from sticking together, as it will often do if there is no air in it, in which case the bag is quite sure to be ruined in pulling it apart. If you have a bag that is stuck together, put into it some hot water with a few drops of ammonia; let it remain a few minutes, then with a thin, dull-edged piece of wood try to separate the inside, very carefully. Never fold a rubber bag after it has been once used. A flannel bag for covering the rubber bag is very useful.—*Selected.*

NO PLACE FOR BOYS.

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,
If he is always told to get out of the way?
He can not sit here and he must not stand there.
The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;
A boy has no business to ever be tired.
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room
Are not made to walk on—at least, not by boys;
The house is no place, anyway, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somwhere; and what if their feet,
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,
Should step around the corner and pause at the door,
Where other boys' feet have paused often before;
Should pass through the gateway of glittering light,
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright
Ring out a warm welcome with flattering voice,
And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys?"
Ah, what if they should? What if your boy or mine
Should cross o'er the threshold which marks out the line
'Twixt virtue and vice, 'twixt pureness and sin,
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?

Oh, what if they should, because you and I,
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys
To make round our hearthstone a place for the boys?
There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;
And if our own homes are too daintily fair
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,
They'll find it, and find it, alas, in the street,
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice;
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price
For the getting of gain that our lifetime employs,
If we fail to provide a place for the boys.

A place for the boys, dear mother, I pray;
As cares settle down round our short earthly way,
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds
To show we remember their pleasures and needs;
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;
And to our life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys
That we kept a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Boston Transcript.

"THE woman who takes into her heart her own children may be a very ordinary woman, but the woman who takes into her heart the children of others,—she is one of God's mothers."

TAPIOCA PUDDING.

IDA M. HELM.

TAKE three tablespoonfuls tapioca and soak over night in a pint of lukewarm water. In the morning pour off the water, if any remains. Put one quart of milk in a granite stew kettle. Make a batter of the yolks of 3 eggs, ⅔ cup of sugar, and a little salt, then add the tapioca. When the milk comes to a boil add the batter and stir till it thickens, then pour it into a pudding dish.

For frosting, beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, sweeten and season with any flavoring desired; spread it over the pudding and set it in the oven till the frosting has set, but not browned.

For the Children

THE SCHOOLHOUSE BY THE SEA.

(Continued from Last Week.)

THERE was one short sandy beach on the shore and here hundreds of the funny little fiddle-crabs lived, who when they run, as they did very fast when they heard or saw any of the children coming, carry their one big claw just like a fiddle or a big bass-viol.

The children were very fond of these little crabs also and were always trying to catch them; sometimes they got quite a number and shut them into tin cans, and then called the noise they made while scrabbling about, "fiddling."

The teacher did not like to have the children chase the crabs, and she thought shutting them up was very cruel, and decidedly forbade it. But the children dearly liked to catch these little fellows, and very often brought one or two into school, though it was against the rules.

One day Katy and Sarah went very early to school. None of the other scholars were there, not even the teacher; and they ran out on the shore to play, and on the sandy beach were more little fiddlers than they had ever seen before, and the little girls ran after them just as fast as they could, and somehow managed, each to get a pint or more of the queer little crabs. They put them into their gingham aprons or "tiers," and by twisting up the ends tightly and tucking them in at the waist they thought they could keep the fiddlers all snug and nice until recess-time.

But not long after they had taken their seats, and the school-teacher had rung the bell for the school to come to order, one little wriggling fiddler wriggled out of Katy's apron and fell softly upon the floor. Katy, and Sarah who sat next to her, pretended not to see him and went on studying.

The crab had not gone far with his rapid sidewise walk, when the sharp eyes of the teacher fell upon him and she rapped smartly for attention. "Children," she said, "who has brought fiddlers into the school this morning?" No one answered and Katy and Sarah tried to twist their aprons still more snugly, and looked straight ahead.

"Children," said the teacher again, "I could easily find out who has these fiddlers"—for just then another escaped and ran across the floor—"but I want the naughty girl or boy to tell me at once."

No one spoke.

"Very well," said the teacher, "as the guilty one will not confess, I shall punish the whole school by keeping in every scholar at recess. I am very sorry to think that I have any scholar who is willing that others should suffer for his wrong-doing. Go right on studying, children," and she took up a book and rose to call a class.

Sarah looked at Katy and Katy looked at Sarah and both little girls poked each other gently; at last both rose and, with very red faces, and eyes brimming with tears, started to walk across the room to the teacher's platform. The teacher waited quietly and all the children watched their slow progress.

Sarah and Katy, getting redder and redder, and feeling the tears coming, each put an arm over her eyes, and in so doing loosened the aprons, and in a twinkling all the little fiddlers went sprawling upon the floor.

Oh, how the little fiddlers all ran! and the children, except the two culprits who were rather scared, could not help screaming and laughing! The teacher had to laugh too, though she was very much vexed, and motioning the two naughty little girls to stand on her platform she told one of the older boys to sweep the fiddlers out of the door. Oh, what a time he had! and how excited all the children got! but at last all the little fiddlers were out, and then they scuttled off as fast as possible for the shore, feeling, you may be sure that they had had a very dreadful adventure at the schoolhouse!

For a long, long week Sarah and Katy were not allowed to play at all on their dear shore, but had to stay closely in the school-house yard, watching quite sadly their playmates having fine times without them. One boy picked up three sand-dollars, and was thought very rich indeed.

The days went slowly, and it seemed to the two sorry little girls that never, never would they be able to go down on the shore again!

But at last the week of penance went by, and they were free to play there on the rocks once more with their companions, and to take an active part in gathering the seashore treasures; but they never, no, not even once, took any of their little fiddler friends into school with them again.—*Elizabeth Robinson, in Little Folks.*



THE RURAL LIFE

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

X.—Canning and Labelling Departments.

WALTER C. FRICK.

WHILE in cure such meats as are to be canned occupy large barrels of one thousand to one thousand five hundred pounds capacity. Steel forks, such as the small farmer uses to dig his potatoes, are used to lift the meat from these receptacles from whence it is conveyed to wooden or metal box trucks by means of which it is transported to the cooking vats. Here we first see one or two dozen iron vats into which the meat is next placed to be cooked, which is done by steam. These cook rooms are usually located upon the top floor, removed some distance from the abattoirs and on cold days the atmosphere is so steamy that one can see only a few steps in any direction. During working hours the floor about the vats is necessarily greasy and locomotion is sometimes difficult.

When partially cooked the meat is removed to a chute which conveys it to a moving table which, in turn, distributes it along a long table lined on either side with uniformily dressed men and women who stuff it into cans, pails and jars of various shapes and sizes. Usually these workers wear white, sometimes blue-checkered aprons, and often wear square white caps like that of the cook in a railroad dining car.

The dried beef and bacon division is of special interest. Imagine with me, if you can, a large square room with whitewashed walls and ceiling and floor as white as snow, filled with tables stretching clear across the room. At one end of each table is a large, revolving circular knife which cuts the pieces of beef or bacon into thin slices.

At the same end sits a white-aproned girl who, from morning to night, weighs out definite amounts of these slices, puts them upon small plates which are carried upon a constantly moving belt in the center of the table the entire length, or any portion of the entire length, until it is removed by some workers who pack them in the pretty manner in which you buy them at the corner grocery or market.

Sealing the cans is an interesting process. In the course of their manufacture a minute, protected opening is left in the center of the cap or lid. After the can is packed the lid is soldered on but the small opening remains untouched. In this condition the can is placed with several others in an air-tight chamber, the air is all removed both from the chamber and the can and the small opening is closed with solder while the can is still within the chamber. A few minutes later we find them occupying large vats where the meat is now thoroughly cooked, then removed in its container which is cooled, then washed in sawdust or hot water, dried and removed to the labeling rooms.

Glass jars with tin caps are also placed in air-tight chambers. All the air is now removed and when they come forth the lids stick like they were really a part of the glass substance itself, yet the admission of air through the most minute opening in the lid opens the jar.

In the labelling room each can is painted at the end and labeled in pretty colors. Each label has incorporated within itself not only the packer's name, the class of product and the brand, but also a United States meat inspection certificate (look for it on the next can of meat you buy), which is a guarantee of its purity, for government inspectors pay very particular attention to the meat handled in these departments and to the sanitary conditions under which they are handled.

Such trade names or brands as "California Hams," "Crescent Farm Lamb Tongue" or "Vienna" Sausage, etc., are no longer permitted under the late meat inspection law and hereafter must be so modified as to not be misleading. Thus the following modifications are allowed, "California Style Hams," "Crescent Farm Style Lamb Tongues" or "Vienna Style Sausage."

The cans are then packed in wooden cases and are now ready for shipment.

Chicago, Ill.

THE BUSY SEASON IN LOUISIANA.

J. I. MILLER.

I SUPPOSE there are a great many Nookers in the northwest, and east that never think about the great South, and what a busy place it is. No cold, long, hard winter to rest or loaf; every body busy from January 1 to December 31. Always so much to do. It looks to me as though any industrious person would be busy in Louisiana.

Someone might wonder what is going on that keeps us busy all the year. Well, in our section or in the rice belt, plowing begins in December and continues

until April or May. Some farmers begin planting rice in March and keep on until May.

You see when a man puts in from one hundred to five hundred acres, and some much more, they sow so as not to have the whole crop ripen at once. About the time the last sowing is done the first is large enough for water then the pumps are run day and night and the levee's must be seen after.

When the heads begin to turn down the water is turned off and in about ten days harvest begins. Then everything is hurry, scurry for about four months, until threshing is done, which takes in almost twelve months, and that is all we have in one year.

Let this suffice for the rice biz. At this writing we are having colder weather, from forty-two to fifty degrees. Still have strawberries to pick every day or two. Yesterday and to-day while picking, I was wishing I could hold up a bunch of large red ones to the outside of the Editor's window. More later.

Roanoke, La.

[I certainly wish that you might have your wish. The window is very easily opened.—The Editor.]

TREATMENT FOR APPLE SCAB.

I HAVE tried so many remedies for the scab on my apple trees that I hope others may profit by my experience. After I had several fine Baldwin and Northern Spy trees practically ruined by the disease, I began a systematic treatment, with such good results that my orchard is now in a flourishing condition. Before the buds open in the spring I spray with a solution of copper sulphate, one pound to fifteen gallons of water. Then, after the blossoms have fallen, I spray with Bordeaux mixture. If the trees are in bad condition or the season is damp, where scab is likely to be prevalent I continue this spraying every three or four weeks up to the first week of August. It means work, but it pays in good fruit and healthy trees.—*An Apple Grower.*

THE FARMER'S GARDEN.

THE farmer's garden should afford a great deal of interest and is generally sure to be a very important factor from the standpoint of economy. The farmer's family should be interested in it, for it not only affords them luxuries that city people are deprived of, but the choice fresh vegetables that are secured from it all contain health-giving properties which cannot be figured up in dollars and cents. On most farms land is generally plentiful enough to allow the selection of a choice location for the garden. When you have secured this spot fertilize and prepare it thoroughly, and as the plants push themselves up through the earth give them every care possible. We are firmly convinced that an excellent vegetable garden is one of the best ways of convincing those who live on a farm of the luxuries they possess, and it goes a great way toward convincing them that they are indeed fortunate to be classed as residents of a rural district.—*Weekly Witness.*

FOR FOREHANDED FARMERS.

ECONOMY should not be stinginess.

It's an important thing to look ahead through this world.

All greatness is born of ambition; let that ambition be a noble one.

Sell less hay, keep more stock and make more money.

It is quality, not quantity, of work done on a farm that pays best.

A small farm, well tilled, will pay better results than a large one half tended to.

Remember that legumes are natural nitrogen gatherers and the cowpea the best of the lot.

Have you ever tried feeding different kinds and combinations of food to your stock in order to find out which gives the best results?

Broadcast the poorer spots on the farm with lot manure to bring them up to a uniform fertility with the surrounding area.

Construct, as soon as possible, a hotbed for early garden truck. Six inches of fresh stable manure, four inches of top-soil, a few planks and an old window sash include everything really essential.

The rodent of late winter is a hungry customer, and a rat-proof corn crib or granary is as good as a bank balance, sometimes the beginning of one. Wire netting (with a ½in. mesh) tacked up inside the old crib does the business!

We farmers should start in the new year like the successful business man and keep a book account of receipts and expenditures. We can then know how we stand at the end of the year, what product paid best, and then resolve to do better. Better results should then be attained.—*Farm and Home.*

FARM SAVINGS.

THERE are a few things that every farmer can raise upon his own farm, with but little trouble or expense, and by so doing save a good many dollars a year. One of these things is sorghum syrup, and a very small patch of cane will supply enough for the use of a family for a year. In this age of adulterations it is utterly impossible to get pure cane syrup at the country stores, even if it can be had at the plantations where it is made, which seems doubtful, when we know that tens of thousands of barrels of glucose find their way each season to the "sugar coast." One-fourth of an acre of good Orange Amber cane will make thirty gallons of pure, eleven-pounds-to-the-gallon syrup, at a total

money cost of $3 for manufacturing and thirty gallons of the meanest kind of glucose syrup will cost $10.

On the other side of the field from the sorghum cane, two or three short rows of broom corn will furnish enough "straw" to make brooms to last a year and leave enough to pay the broom maker for his handles and labor. If you cut the corn green your wife will have better brooms than you can buy her and will never go back to "store" brooms again.

A word about cleaning broom corn of the seeds. Cut the corn as soon as the bloom drops, carry it to the barn, lay a board up, slanting, against a post. Take the stalk ends of four or five plants in your left hand, lay the seed ends downward on the board, and with a new curry comb rake the seed off.

In this way you can clean enough broom corn in thirty minutes to make two dozen brooms. After the seed is removed lay the corn thinly on a floor or rack to dry out. If cured in the dark it will be a better color.

Nearly every family uses some beans, and not more than one farmer in fifty grows them.

A small patch of medium corn land will grow two bushels of beans, saving the grower at least $5.

Plant two or three varieties until you find what sort is best adapted to your locality. The standard varieties of field beans are, Navy, Pea-bean, Marrowfat and Red Kidney; the first and last named being usually the most satisfactory. Do not plant too early for fear of bean weevil. June 15 in the latitude of Chicago, June 25 for Louisville is early enough.

Any farmer can construct a hot bed in two hours that will produce 1,000 sweet-potato plants, besides early cabbage and tomato plants enough for his own use, and the money outlay will be 50 cents—40 cents for ten pounds of seed potatoes and 10 cents for cabbage and tomato seeds.

Here we have four items on which the average farmer can save twenty dollars a year, and never miss the time it takes from his regular crops.—*Selected.*

MY LIMA BEANS.

Last year all of my garden space was taken except a strip along the fence, when I found I had forgotten the lima beans. We are all particularly fond of green lima's and any surplus we may have finds ready sale in the village so I decided to plant some on the strip, which is four feet wide and about three hundred long. It had not been used for years and was covered with blue grass and clover. First I spaded it up to the depth of six or eight inches, chopped the sod up with a hoe, then I gave it a liberal dressing of poultry manure, worked it thoroughly into the soil, then with a rake I smoothed the strip. This was about the twentieth of April, but it was not until the fifth of May that the ground was warm enough to plant beans. Then I planted one hundred and ninety-two hills, making two rows three feet apart and the hills three feet apart in the row. May was a wet, cold month and many of the beans rotted so I was compelled to replant about one-third.

They grew slowly through May although I cultivated them frequently and when the plants were six inches tall I applied more poultry manure, working it in thoroughly. But June brought fine weather and the beans began to grow rapidly. I kept them entirely free from weeds and stirred the soil almost every day. They climbed the poles and made a fine heavy growth of vines, and in July began to bear. From that time until frost they were covered with blossoms and pods, the dry weather seeming to affect them little. I think the reason for this was that I continued to cultivate daily throughout July and August and so in a measure offset the drouth. I gathered the beans as soon as they were large enough, selling all we did not need for home use. Several trees shaded the upper end of the rows of beans so much that twelve hills bore practically nothing, and the other end a big barn partly shaded twenty hills so they did not bear as well as those that had full sunlight, but with these drawbacks the yield was still good and this strip yielded a larger profit, in proportion to its size, than any other part of the garden. From the two rows I sold eighty-seven quarts of shelled beans at twenty-five cents a quart, making $21.75. Besides these we ate twenty-three quarts, and counting them at the same price, we have from this four by three hundred feet, strip $27.55.

Now, it seems to me that there is no necessity of placing the hills three feet apart and this year I intend to try a new plan. I shall plant the beans eighteen inches apart in the row—just half the old way—and place a pole at each hill, but instead of bringing four poles, two from each row, together at the top and tying them I will stretch a wire or twine along each row and tie the poles to it, upright. Then I can run a cultivator between the rows and can grow twice as much as formerly on the same ground. It will require more fertilizer and possibly in time of drouth the beans would not do so well but I intend to arrange to pipe water to the garden so I can water at will.—*Nat. S. Green, Vick's Magazine.*

DISEASE FROM OVEREATING.

Coming to the habit of overfeeding, we reach the tap-root of many an untimely ending. The popular impression seems to be that the more one eats the more strength one gets from the food. This is an utter mistake, and a most dangerous one. As crusty old Abernethy said, "One-fourth of what we eat keeps us. The other three-fourths we keep at the risk of our lives." It should be understood that the digestive capacity depends upon the amount of work done—

that the digestive fluids are poured out in proportion, not to the amount of food taken, but to the body's requirements. Now, if more food is taken than can be digested, the whole mass breaks down and ferments. Then it passes at the rate perhaps of one foot per hour through the length of the alimentary tube. The function of the intestines is to absorb; and it absorbs, in this case, not food, which it needs, but the poisonous products of putrefaction. These poisons are carried throughout the length and breadth of the body, and cause symptoms ranging all the way from weakness, headache, and dizziness to deadly "heart failure." —*Health Culture.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Soft people occasionally use hard words.

A toast—May the best you wish for be the worst you get.

Minds of too many men are filled with useless knowledge.

The more a man wants to borrow the harder he shakes your hand.

When any one has done you a favor how small it looks the day after.

Efforts of a homely girl who tries to look pretty are very often vain.

Some men outlive their usefulness and some others are born without any.

Your cup of joy will never run over if the bartender is allowed to handle the bottle.

When a man tells a woman she is pretty she thinks he thinks she is prettier than she really is.

Too many people assume that they have done their duty when they tell you what they think you ought to do. —Selected.

Brief Yarns.

One of Washington's high-school principals relates an incident in connection with last commencent day. A clever girl had taken one of the principal prizes. Her friends crowded about her to offer congratulations. "Weren't you awfully afraid you wouldn't get it, Hattie," asked one, "when there were so many contestants?" "Oh, no!" cheerily exclaimed Hattie. "Because I knew that when it came to English composition I had 'em all skinned."

It was a steep grade in a mountain division and the old lady was a fidgety, highly sensitive person. She said to the conductor as he punched her ticket: "Conductor, is it a fact that the locomotive is at the rear of the train?" "Yes, madam," the conductor answered. "We have a locomotive at each end. It takes one to push and one to pull to get us up this grade." "Oh, dear, what shall I do?" moaned the old lady. "I'm always trainsick if I ride with my back to the locomotive."

Medical terms sometimes undergo wonderful changes when handled by ignorant people. A London woman recently explained that she had been made a widow by "fiercy and ammonia," meaning pleurisy and pneumonia. Another who had bronchitis said to an inquiring neighbor that her ailment was "brown critters on the chest."

"I've got at least six complete novels," said Woodby Riter, "which I've written from time to time, and have never shown to a publisher. I've had them several years, and I really believe they're growing more valuable each year."

"I wouldn't be surprised," remarked Crittick. "The price of paper is steadily advancing."

The Meanest Man.

The following is a conversation overheard between two small boys in a city street not long ago. The first boy said to the second boy:

"Your father must be dreadful mean; he's a shoemaker and you have to wear them old shoes."

The second boy answered, "You needn't talk: your father is mean, too, 'cause he is a dentist and your baby's only got one tooth."

A tooth alleged to have been drawn from Napoleon's head at St. Helena was sold for $37.50. For Kant's wig only $40 could be obtained, but Sterne's wig was valued at $1,000. Two hundred dollars is said to have been given for Descartes's skull, whereas $3,400 was given for one of Sir Isaac Newton's teeth, and $20,000 was offered for one of the teeth of Heloise at the time when her body was exhumed. The waistcoat worn by Rousseau has been priced at $190, his watch at $100.

Paraffine wax models of all proposed British battleships are used by the Admiralty for tests before the keels of the ships are laid down, the miniatures being tested in a great tank. The models are from twelve to twenty-four feet long, the tank being four hundred feet long and twenty feet wide. The models are made of wax because it is a material which does not absorb water or change its weight, so that alterations can be easily made, and the material can be melted up and used again. The American naval authorities also have models of their hulls constructed, but these are much more elaborate than the British, being formed of white pine and fitted with rudders, false keels, propeller shafts and all et ceteras.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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Neff's Corner

Sometime ago I said your investments here would be a help to us in a missionary way. Some of you may have wondered how that could be. Now let me give you an instance. A sister in Missouri sent me $250.00 to pay for a house and lot. A man in Tennessee wrote me that he had been a member of the church at one time, but had gotten away from church privileges and neglected his religion, but wanted to get located somewhere where he could again have his family under the influence of the Brethren. A few letters were exchanged and before the sister's house was painted or papered or all the nails driven, the Tennessee man was here with his family, paid $6.00 for a month's rent and moved in. Now we have them located within four blocks of the church and expect them to become active workers with us. If the sister had not had the house built, I do not know how we could have accommodated them. And $6.00 per month returns on a missionary investment of $250.00 is not bad either.

But the Tennessee brother is a poor man and perhaps you wonder how he can afford to pay high rent. Well, its this way. He came from a section where wages are fifty cents per day and much of the time he could not get work at that. When he got here a job was waiting for him at $2.00 per day, and it is very rare, indeed, that the weather interferes with outdoor work. It is worth something to be in a fine climate and in a country where something is doing. And that is why investments bring such good returns here. If there is anything more you would like to know about the situation here from the standpoint of an investor or a settler, write me. Address,

James M. Neff,
Lake Arthur, N. M.

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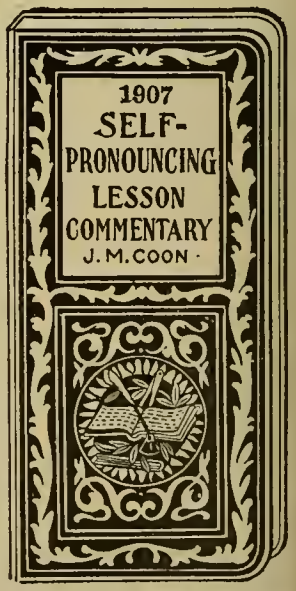
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OH! WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband, that mother and infant who blest,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure, her triumphs are by;
And the memory of those who loved her and praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wander'd in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint, who enjoyed the communion of heaven,
The sinner, who dared to remain unforgiven,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And we run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; and we things that are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
We mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, and the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud!
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

—William Knox.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord had need of these flowers gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

—Longfellow.

THE SUM.

A little dreaming by the way,
A little toiling by the day,
A little pain, a little strife,
A little joy—and that is life.

A short-lived fleeting summer's morn
When happiness seems newly born,
When one day's sky is blue above,
And one bird sings—and that is love.

A little wearing of the years,
The tribute of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands—the fainting breath
And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying, so
The actors in the drama go;
A fitting picture on the wall,
Love, death, the themes! But is that all?

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.



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Most respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Miller,
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast anl I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,
Dec. 26, 1905. 64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

Michael Troyer, of Twinsburg, Ohio, cured of cancer of the cheek.

Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, of Amboy, Ind., cured of cancer of both sides of the cheek and nose.

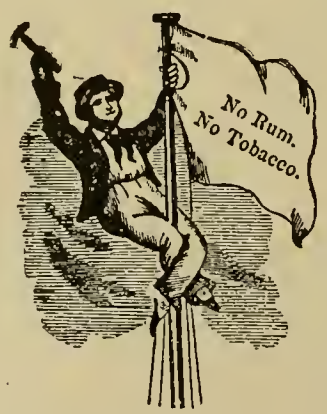
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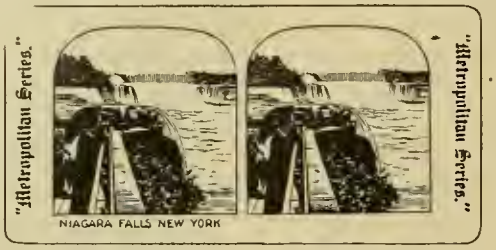
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THE BEST REWARD.

"Every man and woman, who labors honestly, of a right should look for an honest reward, no difference whether they have done a great work or whether it be little."—Extract from Editorial under the heading of "The Best Reward" in the Inglenook for June 19, 1906.

All will admit that it is a commendable ambition to secure the greatest possible legitimate returns from honest labor. It is clean, undefiled, honest money that is produced by the labor of farmers aided by Dame Nature. The work is not fitted to a sluggard's requirements. Energy and thought are both essential to success. Too often is it true that (because of unfavorable conditions of soil, climate and markets or the selection of unprofitable crops) the work of farmers brings but little return in money.

In no other pursuit does location have more to do with insuring either a great success, moderate returns, or a practical failure.

Farming under Adverse Conditions.

In Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Wisconsin and neighboring states, the farmers are facing adverse conditions, compared with the situation near Spokane, Washington. While many are moderately successful, it is unquestionably true that the same energy and ability used on irrigated land near Spokane would yield many times the net annual profit. There is no question about that fact, for it can be demonstrated as true to the satisfaction of any who care to investigate.

Farm Where the Maximum Profit Is Certain.

The lands of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company offer to you an opportunity to secure "the best results" from your knowledge and labor. Your energy and ability will readily be transformed into immense profits under the favorable conditions you will enjoy on one of these irrigated farms. A large acreage is not desirable. Ten, twenty or thirty acres is all that one family needs of this land to insure a far larger net income than 80 acres, 160 acres, or 200 acres will produce in the Middle West.

Conditions Are Unusual.

The tract of land now being sold by the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company of Spokane, Washington, was until a few weeks ago utilized for pasturage and to raise feed stuffs by the Hazelwood Dairy, the second largest dairy enterprise in the whole United States. It comprises 3000 acres in one body, located from 4½ to 7½ miles from Spokane, Washington, a modern city of nearly 100,000 inhabitants. The dairy people have discovered that with irrigation they need only 480 acres, to secure the same results they have been getting from 3,000. So all but 480 acres of this 3,000 acre tract is to be sold. An irrigation system ample to supply every acre of the entire tract is practically completed, and will be in use this spring.

Transportation Facilities Excellent.

The Great Northern Railroad, which runs from Minneapolis, Minn., to Seattle, on the Pacific Coast, skirts the north side of this tract, and a standard gauge electric line, handling Northern Pacific freight cars, passes by the south side. The distance over fine roads to Spokane is from 4½ to 7½ miles—not a very long haul if you desire to save all freight charges.

Spokane offers a HIGH cash market for every possible product of these small farms, whether it be fruit, vegetables, hay, alfalfa, poultry, or stock. Prices for all farm produce will be found from 33⅓ to 200 per cent higher in Spokane than in Chicago. This applies to everything the farmer raises to sell, from hay to pork, and from fruit to poultry. It includes milk, garden vegetables, eggs and butter.

Personal living expenses are a little higher here, but the farmers' net profits are so tremendously increased that the increased cost of living is trivial indeed.

Dunkards Will be Welcomed.

The sales managers of the Hazelwood Irrigated Farms Company, through personal observation, have become impressed with the belief that Dunkard Brethren are both good citizens and good farmers.

A business acquaintance with Sherman Stookey, J. A. Harlacher and Edwin Harlacher, Dunkards of Teakean, Idaho, has engendered the hope that more of the same sort of men will buy land and locate out here.

Write to any of the three (enclosing a stamp for reply, of course) and satisfy yourself if you wish, that Neely & Young is a thoroughly representative Spokane real estate firm, both widely and favorably known.

If you might be induced to change your location for a better one, write for literature and detailed information regarding Hazelwood Irrigated Farms.

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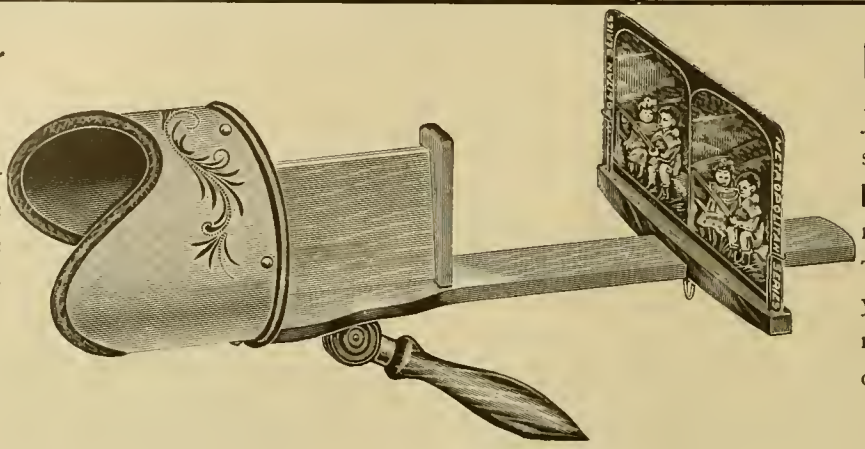
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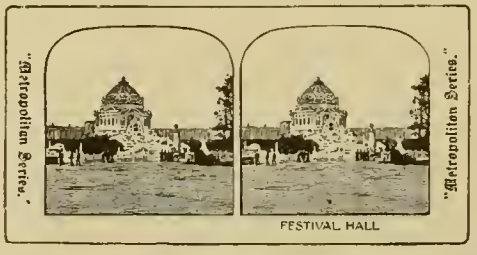


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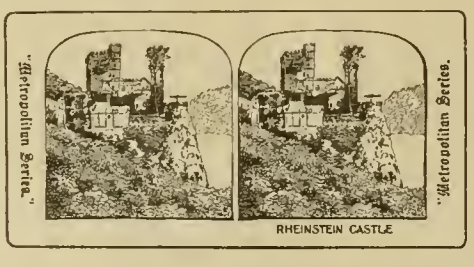
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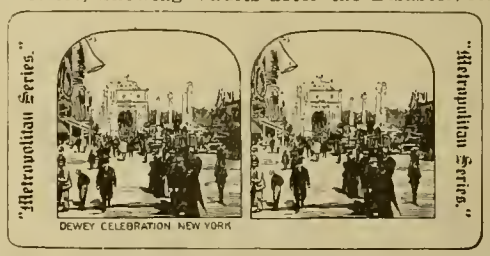
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Mexico's Liberty Bell.
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Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park.
Driving a Four Horse Team Through a Tree.
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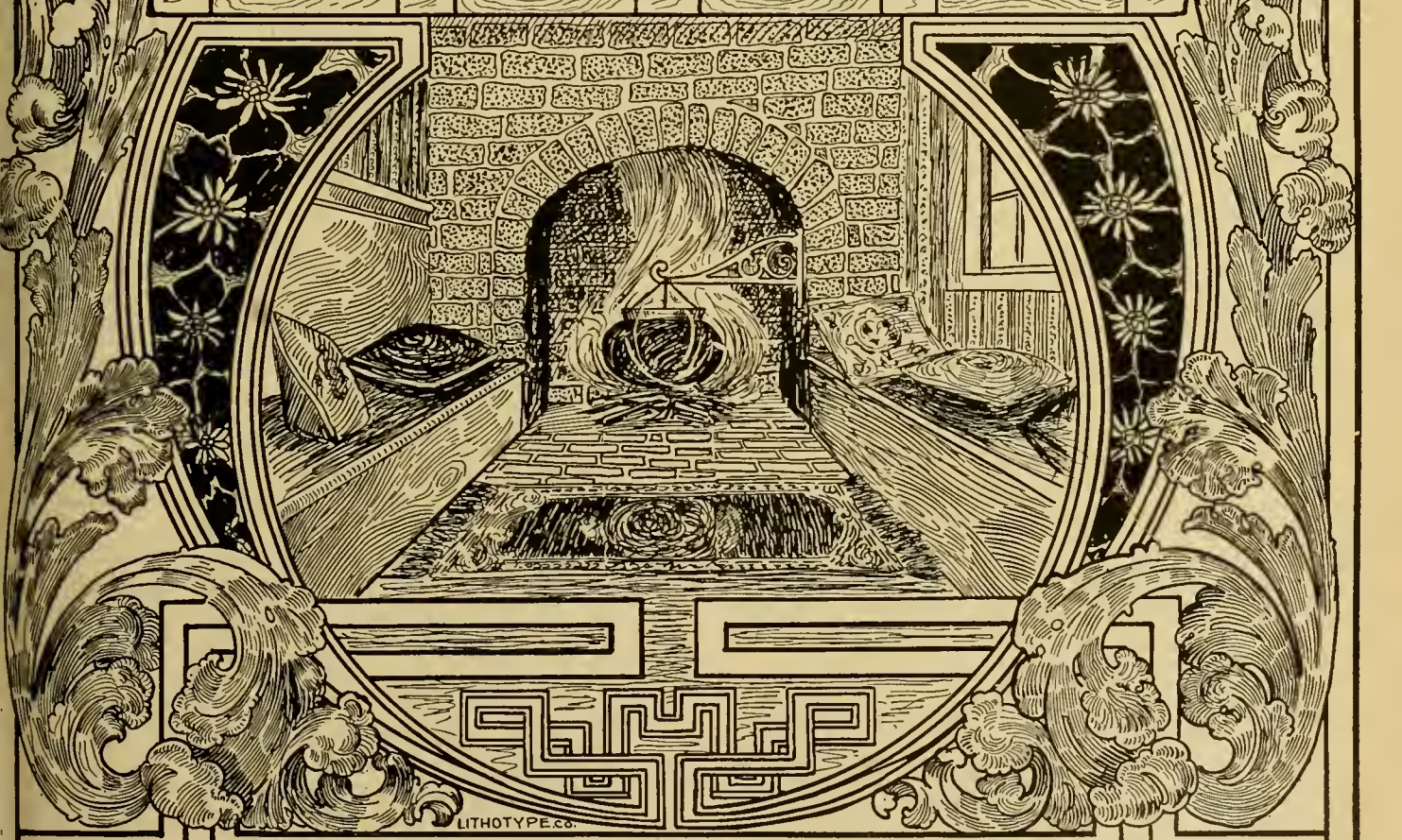
CONTINUED—OVER—LEFT HAND PAGE.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Coming of Spring.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.
Emulation.—Richard Braunstein.
A Thought (poem).—Nannie Blain Underhill.
Elijah Parish Lovejoy.—O. H. Kimmel.
Kathleen and Fate. Part 1.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.
Days.—Lulu C. Mohler.
Selected Paragraphs from My Diary.—Mrs. C. H. Diehl.
Sermonette.—Mrs. Flora Teague.
Food and Morals.—J. S. Flory.
Familiar Talks on Home Topics.—Mrs. Lula Goshorn.
Nut Hunting.—Huber Swihart.
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By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

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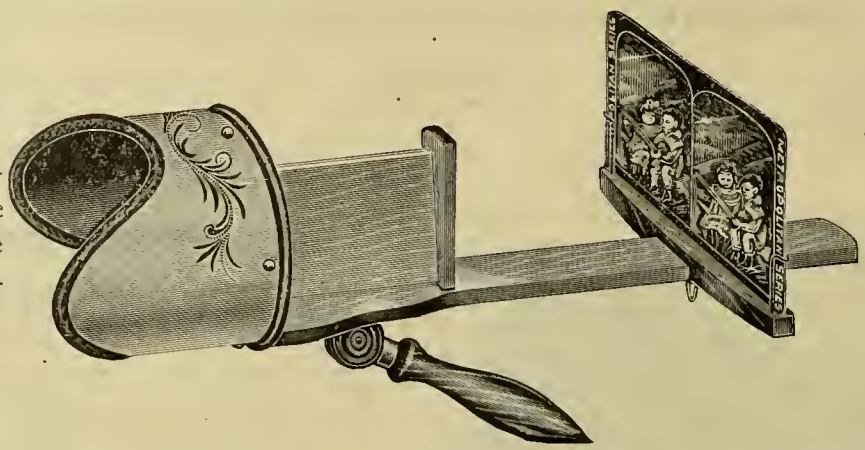
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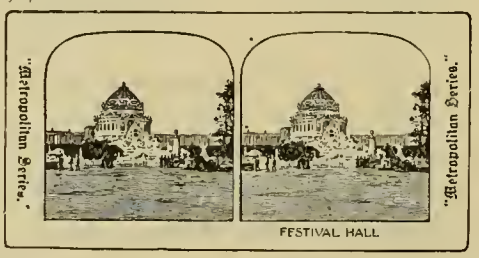


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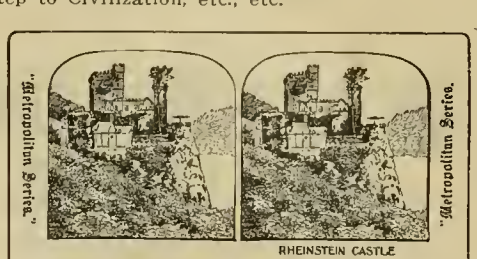
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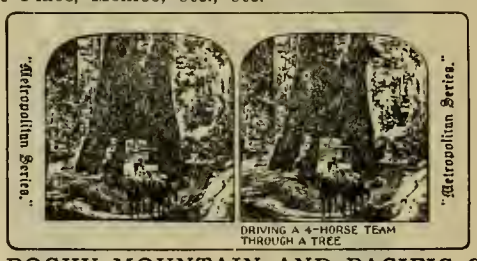
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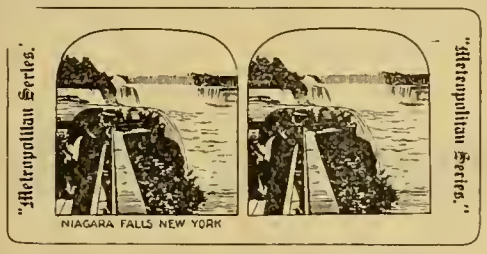
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MARCH 12, 1907. NO. 11.

The Coming of Spring

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

To the experienced observer, March brings decided changes to the outside world. The ice and snow have laregly given place to bare hills and brown meadows. The high winter winds have given way to sharp, gusty gales that seem, one moment to cover the sky with dark, somber clouds, and the next, sweep it clean of everything but its matchless blue. How the warm sunshine invites us to go out into Nature's domain and note what is going on. The wild geese, moved by that never-failing monitor—natural instinct—are flying northward and their course may lead them within our view. They may stop in Canada to nest and rear their young, or they may continue their flight to within the Arctic Circle. The flight of these geese is silent, save for the "honk, honk" of their leader, and with an order that indicates a good deal of intelligence.

Among other things that March has brought, are the bluebirds, sometimes called "the violets of song," and of which Lowell wrote:

> "The bluebird shifting his light load of song
> From post to post along the cheerless fence."

The robin, too, is here. No other bird has been written about more and is more warmly welcomed and loved. This is due to the fact that he lives near our homes and seems to enjoy the companionship of men. He is a bird of varied song. It is his morning song that welcomes the rising sun, and his evening note from the topmost bough of some tall tree, that puts it to rest beyond the western horizon.

From now on there is abundant evidence of new life and activity. The grass is peeping through the brown mold and will soon cover the fields with a rich mantle of green; the early spring flowers have awakened from their long slumber under the leaves. The maples, too, have caught the warming rays of the sun, and are crowded with red blossoms, and among the branches is heard the ceaseless hum of bees. The trees are under the influence of rising sap, which stimulates them to put forth their leaves, bursting asunder the velvet sheaths which protected them through the winter.

The creeks and little brooks are mostly free from the hands of the frost king and are dashing over their pebbly beds. Along the roadside on the edges of little runnels the chickweed opens its white stars almost before the snow is gone.

The animals which have been lying dormant through the winter, or snugly hidden away in their warm nests, have aroused themselves from slumber and are coming forth to enjoy the change; butterflies and moths, which have been shut up in their cocoons, now eat their way out of their prison houses and spread their wings to the bright sunshine. Now we may find the larvæ and pupæ of the black ground beetles, harmless, helpful things, that we think so ugly because their legs are so long. Here are the cradles of the splendid tiger-beetles, enemies of all spiders. Wheel-bugs and soldier-bugs, asleep under tufts of grass in tiny hard cases, will hurry out to save the wheat crops. All the beautiful lace-wing flies that spend their infancy among the shadows of water-plants, are now watching the stirring of spring life among flags and rushes; these will now come to the rescue of the plant world, because they have great appetites, and nothing satisfies them but the juices of other insects.

In this way, one by one, our old friends return, and familiar sights are repeated. It is a season which calls our thoughts out and up and away.

Spiceland, Ind.

* * *

MOST of us are wonderful economists when it comes to making a little goodness go a long way. We hate to waste it, or to show it when we know it will not be appreciated. But Marivaux put a large truth into a brief epigram, nevertheless, when he said: "In this world it is necessary to be a little too good in order to be good enough."—*Great Thoughts.*

EMULATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

MAN is naturally prone to indolence and inaction. This must be strikingly apparent to even the most superficial observer. We find this truth confirmed by a contemplation of man in whatsoever situation or condition of life fortune may have placed him, whether basking in the enervating sunshine of wealth, luxury and inglorious ease, or pining in the soul-sinking embrace of cold and cheerless poverty; whether possessing the advantages of cultivated and refined life, or suffering the degradation of the uncivilized and barbarous state.

Something then to excite—something then to arouse his naturally apathetic spirit, is necessary to spur him on to action.

Such provision Providence has wisely supplied by implanting in the human bosom a desire for fame and fortune—a desire for distinction. Were it not for this universal principle, pervading every breast, and inciting man to emulation, what a tame humdrum world we should have. But for this, how few would we find willing to assume the cares and responsibilities requisite to the common good, or even possessing sufficient energy of character to raise themselves above the ignoble level of ignorance and vulgarity.

A disposition to excel, therefor, if innocently directed, and governed by pure and honest motives, is a passion, noble and exalted.

To be honored and respected while living, and remembered and venerated when dead, is the parent source from which has emanated the most dazzling scintillations of genius. Those poets, orators and philosophers whose brilliant achievements of mind have imparted light and happiness throughout the moral world, owe to a laudible spirit of emulation their claims to excellence. By dint of this principle alone, many a proud name has been emblazoned high on the page of history, and has been made prominent on the record of immortality, which else were slumbering in oblivious silence.

Writing for fame has given the imprint of perpetuity to pages, which no doubt pecuniary considerations alone would have left below mediocrity.

Not alone have mental energies been developed and fostered by this ruling propensity within us, but every field of human enterprise has by its influence been filled with adventurers, each having competitors in his respective vocation, with whom to vie in displaying some coveted responsibility.

What deeds of heroism, too, have been achieved by this inspiration for fame. How often has it bared the daring arm of valor in the defense of invaded, or the rescue of lost, liberty.

A single blast from "Fame's loud trump" has shrouded in panoply, and led on to victory and triumph, hearts which nothing else could have strengthened in the hour of peril, against freedom's foe.

Whether the tendency of the mind has been manifested in a desire to accumulate wealth, or give laurels of valor—to move conspicuously in the fashionable, or shine "lord of the ascendent," in the intellectual world, that one controlling principle of our nature has been the moving cause, and that it is which constitutes the mighty propelling power which continues in motion the stupendous and complicated machinery of human life.

New York City.

A THOUGHT.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

A thought is very small;
We cannot see its face,
We scarce can hear its call,
Yet we accord it place.
The holiest room of intellect,
Is where we let it stay.
Is it a friend or an enemy—
Whence came this guest, I pray?

Whence came thou, little thought?
What may thy mission be?
With good and gladness fraught,
For time—eternity?
Before I gladly bid thee welcome,
Whence had this wee thought birth—
At the glorious throne of Heaven,
Or in the realms of earth?

The smallest guest that comes
To knock at our mind's door—
Could such wee thing do harm,
Or add to our full store?
When we allow this small seed lodgment
With entertainment kind,
In our warm, fertile, spirit garden—
Heart garden of the mind,

It soon begins to grow;
A plant, and then a tree:
If rapidly or slow,
It sure will fruitful be.
If it be sent to us from Heaven,
Let us glad welcome give:
It multiplies in pŏwer—God-given,
Increasing while we live.

If it come from beneath,
Oh, do not let it in:
It will bring naught but grief—
The fruit it bears is sin.
A thought is the tiniest message
Of evil or of good:
But it can bring the greatest blessing
If it but come from God.

Collbran, Colo.

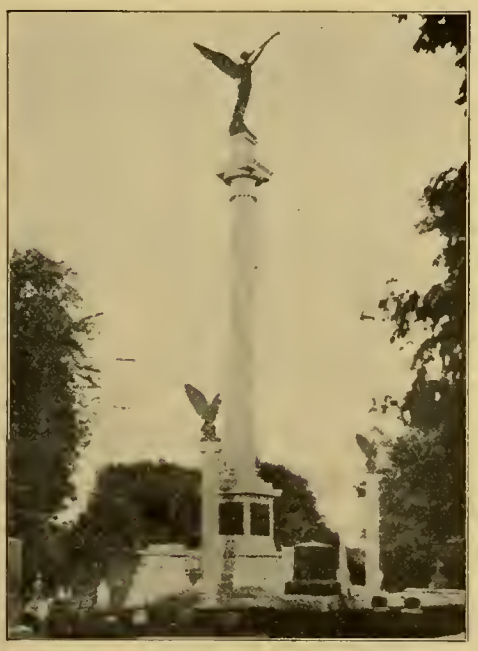
"If we should become intimately acquainted with those who have made a success in any given line, we would find that they have a peculiar gift—a gift for hard work and the intensive application of the mind and energies to the work in hand."

Elijah Parish Lovejoy

O. H. Kimmel

"MAN is wonderfully and fearfully made." The race may become so wrought up over civil or social strife that nothing will satisfy the call of the faction but the other fellow's blood. Then some martyr lays his life on the altar in order that the cause which he represented might live. Such a life as this was the life of Elijah P. Lovejoy, for when the strife between his cause and the mob came, his life was given up, but the cause for which he fought lived on.

Mr. Lovejoy was born in Maine in 1802. His early life was spent in his native state where he received his early education and training. He breathed the pure free air of his section of the country, and when he left his home country to join that emigrating band in the west, the cherished ideas of his youth went with him into his adopted home in the west. He chose St. Louis as his field of action, and there early became connected with the newspaper business. He quit this, however, to become a Presbyterian minister. Having decided that his life work should be that of preaching the Gospel, he returned east where in college for two years he better fitted himself for his chosen work. After that time he returned to St. Louis. A religious newspaper called the St. Louis *Observer* was just starting up, and the company choosing Lovejoy as the manager, put him again in the newspaper field.



Lovejoy Monument, Alton, Ill.

Under his management the paper flourished for a time, but finally editorials against slavery began to appear. Missouri was at that time a slave state and public sentiment immediately became aroused against the author and paper. The tenor of his argument had been only for "gradual emancipation," yet the condition of the public mind was such at that time that not only the slave traders and holders meditated violence, but many of the near friends of Lovejoy and the paper began to be fearful of the outcome.

However, the manager felt that as he had only advocated "general emancipation," the mind of the people in demanding that he cease the publication of such documents, was unreasonable, and he bravely announced his intention of continuing in the course he was pursuing. He knew that the great blot of slavery, as it appeared in American civilization and enlightenment, could not be suddenly plucked out and discarded, so he felt the need of a systematic campaign of education in order to suppress, and finally erase, the evil from the pages of our national experience. He claimed, also, the constitutional right of an American citizen to propose a redress for what he felt to be a grievance to society, and a menace to human liberty, and in this connection he quoted that clause in the Missouri constitution which said, "that every person may freely speak, write and print on any subject," and he declared that any attempt to make him discontinue his publications was an attempt "to frown down the liberty of the press and forbid the free expression of opinion."

These words forcibly expressed the ideas of free speech and the disenthrallment of the human mind, and the battle cry of human freedom. This of course became his platform, and from this time he not only continued his utterances, but he made them more elaborate and more forcible. From the liberation of the Black in America, he branched out to the emancipation of the world from the various stages of slavery.

While these discussions were going on, a negro was lynched in St. Louis. The *Observer* forcibly expressed its opinion on mob law. This widened the breach between the paper and its enemies and ended in the mobbing of his office. At this juncture Lovejoy became disgusted with the conditions and moved his plant to Alton. To this place a mob came and threw the press into the Mississippi. A new press was procured and the agitation was kept up for almost a year, when the press and material were destroyed by a mob. A new press arrived and was tossed into the river at once, by a mob. The fourth press was ordered, and came. It was stored in a warehouse near the river. Alton was then a small city

of perhaps twenty-five hundred people, and as police protection was not good, the owner of the warehouse asked that a guard of some twenty persons be maintained at the warehouse at night. The guard was furnished and Lovejoy was one of the twenty. This was on the night of Nov 7, 1837. As was anticipated, a mob came and demanded the press. A fight ensued in which Lovejoy was shot five times. He ran into the warehouse and his companions gently laid him down, and he died a martyr to his cause. The death occurred on the anniversary of his birth, and he was just thirty-five years old. After he had fallen, the press was secured by the mob, and sunk beneath the waves of the Father of Waters. The martyr's friends delivered the bleeding body of their chief to the sorrowing widow and son, and while the bitter pangs of agony tortured them, the world was learning of the tragic death of this noble man, and the lovers of liberty everywhere were adding their tears of sympathy to those of the sorrowing family.

But in this sorrow they did not look hopelessly to the future. They knew that such a life as Lovejoy's would not be sacrificed in vain. He had gone from one state which refused him protection into another to which he looked for protection, and there had met his death at the hands of a lawless mob. Factional misunderstanding had wrought up the inhabitants, and the natures which under ordinary circumstances would be blending together, were opposing each other in battle array in defiance of law.

The minds of the people, the friends knew, would awake, and when they would do so, would comprehend and reverence the work of Lovejoy. While the agitation continued for years after his death, before it took definite shape, the fact of his martyrdom to the cause added an ever-growing strength, and when the cause for which he died brought before the world another martyr—Abraham Lincoln—because of the accomplishment of the work—we can plainly realize the greatness of his works.

Lovejoy's body lies beneath a magnificent monument at Alton. This shaft of stone shows to the world our appreciation of this man's work; but the real monument is his works which have given impetus to the cause of freedom and emancipation throughout all the world.

May not his works live throughout all the ages, and each succeeding generation be louder in his praise until human liberty in its wider sense, will be a great reality throughout all the world.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

TAKE TIME.

The common mistake of the young is that they count too much upon genius and chance. They have heard that Napoleon overran Italy at twenty-seven, and William Pitt was prime minister at twenty-four years of age, or they have fallen into the habit of waiting for something to turn up. But the greatest geniuses in art, in literature, in science, in war and in statesmanship have been men of indomitable industry; and, as for chance, the least likely thing to turn up in age is the lost opportunity of youth. The seed of future greatness is sown in darkness. The young man who is destined to win the world's applause is hidden now in silent preparation. He knows that if he understands his subject better than anybody else, or if he can do a certain kind of work better than anybody else, there can be no doubt at all about the ultimate recognition of his superiority. There is no element of chance in a calculation of that sort. The critics, when they conspire to that end, may occasionally puff a nobody into a fleeting, factitious celebrity, but will strive in vain to write down the man who comes before the public with something really well done. If the critics carried the fate of authors and artists in their hands, they would have crushed Byron and Keats, Wordsworth and Browning, Rossetti and Millet. If the workman is his own critic, if he has an eye to his own faults, if he compares his work with his ideal rather than with the poor performance of his inferiors, there is no other critic of whom he need be afraid.—*Selected.*

WIN THE HEART.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive, with its thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeded on. But there is a lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon upon the sea, in spite of adverse wind or current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gentle but firm on that helm, you may pilot him wither you will. Never doubt he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustation of sin, or between barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, only manifestly working for his good, by little indirect kindness to his mother or sister, or even to his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him to yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to some little service of trust; love him. Love him practically. Anyway and everyway rule him through his heart. —*Oakland (Kans.) Blade.*

"He that would have the fruit must climb the tree."

Kathleen and Fate--Part I

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

KATHLEEN BRAINARD sat pondering. Truth to tell, she was not in an enviable nor even peaceful mood. The good-natured and even song of the kettle on the hearth unstrung her nerves exceedingly, while the patient tick-tock of the large clock on the mantel almost sent her into a frenzy. The fact of the matter is she was fretting herself over a scripture text, namely, that one which declares: "You can not make one hair white nor black."

For Kathleen's hair was *red;* which fact will serve as an explanation to the utter hopelessness with which she accepted the inevitable truth. Had Kathleen not been quite so young, she might have taken consolation in the gracious words of George Eliot, that Nature will repair her ravages. But the cycle of years stretched their immensity before her beclouded vision, and she could not but tell her heart that though Time verily was a kindly and sure transmuter, yet he was a decidedly slow one, and—and she was in such a hurry for the change. Her mind reverted to the sorrowful and tragic Marie Antoinette whose hair turned absolutely white in the space of a few brief hours; and the remembrance of that fateful lady somehow gave her an instantaneous hope. But she recalled the important fact that Marie's hair was not red; and the still more important one, that, (according to scientific theory) *red* hair is the slowest of all colors to fade. She clutched nervously the miniature mirror from its appointed place, which reflected a head encircled completely by what at a distance might have seemed a halo. But the face beneath it looked anything but saintlike.

Allowing her thoughts to enlarge upon Marie, the transformation of her hair and her disastrous end, and placing herself beside that historic lady, by way of comparison, so to speak, she acknowledged that she, herself, though if not stricken with immediate grief, had worried exquisitely, she could not tell how often nor how long at a time; she would not choose to if she could. She knew that she had lain awake whole nights, almost, worrying and suffering agonies untold—but let that pass. No one knew just what she worried about nor why she suffered. That was a secret sacred to Kathleen alone. Only to her sympathetic heart in those lone and dismal vigils did she confide that *it was because of her red hair;* which hard confession brings me to the purpose of this narrative.

But before entering into the details, let it be understood that Kathleen had a most unruly temper,—hot as a pepper, as Josiah Allen's Wife would doubtless say. Yet in justice to the subject of this history, we must add that she intensely desired to bring that obnoxious element under subjection, quoting the phraseology of that selfsame literary personage, Mrs. Allen, "wanted to like a dog."

Kathleen was truly and sorrowfully troubled, whether justly or otherwise, the reader may judge. She had debated the question of Reformation until it had come to be a hobby unto her morbid imagination, yet the days wore on, the nights bore fountains of tears with them as they passed her by, her diary testified to many high and holy aspirations and groaned under the burden of manifold heartaches and remorse,—yet, from a philosophic point of view she could not reach but one conclusion, namely, that *red hair* she had and that *red hair* was the inevitable cause of all her failings! Could a man gather figs of thistles? Could he place a scratching saw within a piece of revolving machinery and not expect it to do some lively jagging and make considerable noise? The saw could not help it; it was its nature, Kathleen admitted. But could you change its make-up? And could you make red anything else than what it really is? Nay, verily. Irrevocable and eternal law was against it. Neither white nor black—to say nothing, alas, of the enchanting golden hue which poets rave about.

Kathleen arrived at this conclusion for the hundredth time, and angrier than ever, actually stamped her foot at fate, who repaid that piece of daring by laughing outright in her face.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Johnstown, Pa.

"PROBABLY he who never made a mistake never made anything."

LIFE AND DEATH.

So he died for his faith. That is fine—
More than most of us do.
But, say, can you add to that line
That he lived for it, too?

In his death he bore witness at last
As a martyr to truth.
Did his life do the same in the past
From the days of his youth?

It is easy to die! Men have died
For a wish or a whim—
From bravado or passion or pride.
Was it harder for him?

But to live—every day to live out
All the truth that he dreamt,
While his friends met his conduct with doubt
And the world with contempt.

Was it thus that he plodded ahead,
Never turning aside?
Then we'll talk of the life that he lived.
Never mind how he died.

—Ernest Crosby, in the Standard.

DAYS.

LULU C. MOHLER.

I.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

THESE words always have for me a charm, expressing my feelings on a day when the clouds close us in. I wonder whether such days impressed Longfellow just as they often impress me. But our experiences are much alike, although by some natures they are more keenly felt and hence Longfellow expressed his in those verses.

Gretelle, a Southern girl, once wrote them to me in one of her letters. She was lively and gay, with a touch of tragic romance in her nature, and it gave to me a rift of light into her castle of beauty, where we keep and guard our dearest treasures, called our heart of hearts.

If you read these words on a sunny, happy day they surely will not appeal to you. Save them for a dark day in December when the rain is steadily falling and the gloom closes you in, then they may catch your fancy and together we will chant these verses of Longfellow.

"It rains, and the wind is never weary," and the trees are black and bare against the brighter dullness of the fields, not even a slow-flying, impudent crow or a graceful, wheeling pigeon to be seen; but along the creek bank and across the meadow goes a queer figure under an umbrella with the cows following close behind—going to the haystack.

"But into our lives some rain must fall, some days must be dark and dreary." Some days when we have a song in our hearts, they accord with exactness, for they close us in snugly all alone with our dreams, and when there is sorrow they are a comfort, for nature seems to be truly sympathetic and congenial.

Few of us dread a rainy day if we are in a mood to catch its witchery. Few of us dread sorrow if we are in a mood to let it work its rare and beautiful transformation. But when we are impatient—oh, the agony!

"And the day is dark and dreary." I am thinking of a person I know and love for their nobleness who was true when everybody felt them to be superior to the cause to which they were true, but they dared and faltered not. Let us not make the days dark and dreary.

II.

This morning I took a tramp. The clouds were piled cold and gray all over the sky, the sun behind them cast over our world a misty, beautiful brightness. The snow with the frost and sunlight gave this beautiful effect. The dead grass under foot possessed a wonderful beauty, for the frost spines made them look like dainty briars with a powder of star-shaped crystals. My eyes were not sharp, for I saw not a sparrow, rabbit or any wild thing.

Up there on the slope I was entirely alone with the hush of Nature, for all her children were fast asleep—no animation and stir that we have in June; and all the big circle of earth I could see belonged to me.

Truly if the beautiful nature was created for the comfort and pleasure of men we surely do not live up to our true position and rank, and we would try to be worthy and protect, enjoy and cherish our wonderful, beautiful home.

Across over the field by the creek is a bit of wood that is just as God planted it. A mighty elm stands there and a tangle of trees and shrubs that is a place of beauty in summer, with violets and bluebells and the creek slipping through where it is almost dark in the shade of the trees.

I wish, I wish I might remember the beauty of the earth in the frost and misty light, for its beauty changes and grows, like the attractive face of a young girl who did not at first impress you as beautiful, but the kind of face of which one never becomes tired, as we are apt to of a perfect face.

III.

I remember right well a perfect morning in May, sitting on a high bank over the stream, under the most beautiful elm I ever saw, watching and listening to a countless number of tiny green and gold linnets. It was a joyful oratorio, as they threaded in and out among the leaves.

What is all of this beauty, joy and sadness for? Would it be well to weave it into this fabric we are weaving? I am glad it is woven into mine and you are too, and when they are finished and God holds them up for all eyes to see when we are all assembled before him, I am sure the good designs Nature taught us to make we will never be ashamed of, for she teaches lofty things.

Leeton, Mo.

"LET us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled."

SELECTED PARAGRAPHS FROM MY DIARY.

MRS. C. H. DIEHL.

We cannot pray as we ought, unless we live as we ought.

There is more of preaching than practice.

We seek to control others; yet how few of us are masters of ourselves.

It is easier to make a profession of righteousness, than to work it.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of people you may come in contact with and you will never be forgotten.

Nine-tenths of the worry of life is borrowed for nothing.

No one ever looked for the dark side of life without finding it.

He who is false breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Show and style and smartness run away with a man's means.

Hundreds would have never known want, if they had not first known waste.

There is no grade downward on the road that leads to God.

To hint at a fault does more mischief than speaking out.

The opportunity of doing good comes to all.

The more we pray the more we forget to be unthankful.

Never make a promise rashly; but if once made, let no pleasure, no feelings of indolence, tempt you for one moment to break it.

A breach of kindness will not justify a breach of trust.

Keep clear of personalities in conversation; when you must talk of persons, dwell on the good side.

Troubles give sinew and tone to life.

There is more virtue in a sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom.

Every to-morrow extends either a hand of anxiety or a hand of faith.

Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thoughts.

Such are life scenes: change and disappointment, are written upon every leaf of time's book.

The present seems cheerless, oftimes sad, and we look forward to the future for a reserved cup of bliss; the future comes and we find the cup empty or sadly adulterated.

Trust not to each accusing tongue,
As most weak persons do,
But still believe that story false,
Which ought not to be true.

Could we all act fully upon this motto, how many heartaches and saddened lives would be saved.

I long to hand a full cup of happiness to every human being.

The little I have seen of the world teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger.

If thou hast a word of cheer, speak it while I am alive to hear.

To some, life is a pleasure; the years that are gone are full of happy memories, the light of other days are sweet and pleasant.

Look on the bright side, it is the sunshine and not the clouds that makes the flowers. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once.

The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face.

The heart, tho' only a handful of muscle, the whole world cannot fill, and only he who made it can mend it.

One trouble makes us forget a thousand mercies.

Let your wit be your friend, your mind your companion, and your tongue your servant.

Desire is a tree in leaf. Hope is a tree in flower; and enjoyment is a tree in fruit.

It is really of little difference who we are; it matters more what we are.

The ruins of old friendships are a more melancholy spectacle than those of desolated palaces; they exhibit the heart, that was once lighted up with joy, all deserted.

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

Thinking, feeling and acting, are connected links in our being.

I would rather not know the good I should do, than not to do the good I know.

Sin is like a river with a strong current, and the farther you go down the stream the less likely it is that you will ever return.

We must put on Christ as a garment of the needy soul, there can be no choosing out here of shreds and patches from his divine beauty; you must take the whole suit—else you cannot put him on; the garment is seamless and cannot be divided.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

THE STRUGGLE WITH APPETITE.

I shall never drink again; but one night in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vile and my pain was gone in a minute or two, but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame.

I should have gotten drunk that night, if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody; of the bright little

home in New York; of Mary and the boys; I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone, and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat and shouted, "Drink, drink, drink!"

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon, they were shut up, so were the drug stores, and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight and won it in the evening by the grace of God; but the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

What would you take in cash to have that put into your life?

That is to be my portion until my dying day, but if merciful, patient time shall cauterize and heal the old, dishonorable wounds, and cover them with repulsive but impervious cicatrices, yet because I had those wounds I am to be through my whole life considered a moral cliff-dweller, a creature of precipices, where one false step ends all; and so, denied full confidence of my fellowmen— the highest grace of life to strive for, in this world; and I am told I have a Christian enemy or two who wait on tiptoe of expectancy and cheerfully prophecy the sure, near coming of my final plunge into the Dead Sea of drink.

Several years ago at another time, after a long lecture tour in the West, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston, "I will arrive home to-night at eleven." The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me, my heart was hauling away, like a great balloon.

She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow, and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. "What is it?" I cried, "what is the matter?" and in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: "Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years, that I seem to be just one great ear when you are away beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old, unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail, and to-night I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness, and in this midnight through Kneeland Street alone."

She thinks that I will never fall; and would deny to-day that she knows any fear, but yet, until the undertaker screws her sweet face out of my sight forever, that ghastly, unformed, nameless thing will walk the chambers of her heart whenever I am unaccounted for.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait to-night until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons and sends them maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms.

And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered or had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time, can go to bed without a fear and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through too peacefully even to dream, by the mercy of God, that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives, who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lava-crust of burnt-out confidence—their very love a terror and a pain.

And you good, calm, untempted men who never fell, who never tasted death for any man and never mean to, I beseech you, cast a vote the next time for the sake of the drunkard, and try to make the stations on life's pathway safe for storm-tossed men to stop at any day or any night.—*From Lecture of John G. Woolley.*

WE DO NOT WANT SAFETY DEVICES.

In an article entitled "The Needless Slaughter by Street Cars," in the March *Everybody's,* the writer, John P. Fox, tells of his discovery of the fender in use in Liverpool:

"I learned that up to the time of my first visit twenty-one persons had actually been in the way of cars equipped with this fender and *not one* of them had been killed! Not only had every man, woman, or child been pushed off the tracks, clear of the wheels, but in every case this had been done without anything approaching serious injury. From the official records of this fender one may learn that within the last five years, out of three hundred and forty-four persons who have fallen on the tracks *not one* has been run over and killed.

"Full of enthusiasm over this wonderful record of success, I promptly sent accounts of this fender back to Boston and New York, so that American managers *might lose no time* in learning of it. I smile now as I think of my innocent confidence. On returning from Europe, I went to the managers of the Boston Elevated and was talking with the secretary, when he called out to General Bancroft, the president:

"'See here, General, just listen to what Mr. Fox says he has found in Liverpool. He has been telling

me that they have a fender over there so perfect that three times it pushed off the track a man who was trying to commit suicide, and without even hurting him.

"And this was General Bancroft's reply:

"'You send that man over here and we'll kill him quick enough.'

"Doubtless it was a jest. For personally, General Bancroft is a humane and considerate man. But as a jest, it seemed to me rather grim. And so it proved. for nothing could better illustrate the whole attitude of American managers, I will not say toward anything in the way of life-saving devices, but toward anything that comes from Europe. They think, they *know*, that 'we do things better over here.' They are patriotic and they are proud of it."

"Even the small expense involved in adopting better fenders seemed to loom large in the eyes of some managers, for a successful fender manufacturer once told me of a street-railway president who, admitting that the fender which he had in use on his line was not the best, still said:

"'Do you think I am going to pay $35 for your contraption when I can satisfy our railroad commission with one that costs only $10?'

"The too frequent attitude of railway managers seems to be that a fender is a 'bother'; and they will put up with any sort of makeshift. Of the prevailing American type of projecting fender, General Bancroft once declared:

"'The fender is a great humbug. It might *under some conditions,* if a person were thoughtful enough to step between the rails and wait until the fender picked him up, be of some service. *But such conditions rarely happen.* Almost everybody is caught by the fender or side of the car, and is sucked in, so to speak, by the car and under the wheels.'"

MORE ENDURING THAN BRONZE.

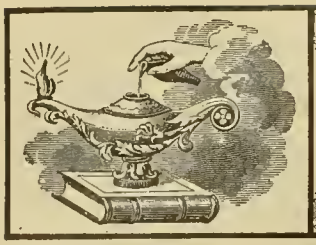
David C. Beaman, of Denver, in his brief for the State of Colorado in the suit between that state and Kansas over the use of the waters of the Arkansas river, pays a glowing tribute to the beneficence of irrigation, and ends with the following majestic passage, quoted from some unknown author:

"Although the tomb of Moses is unknown the traveler of to-day slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palaces of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with their cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity Himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the magnificent and costly architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left one upon another, but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into dust, but its cistern and aqueduct remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into the city of Rome its liquid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in the rays of the morning as when thousands of worshippers thronged the lofty colonnades. And if any work of this generation shall rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name shall hereafter flash brightest through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men, and linked his memory to some such work of national utility or benevolence."—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

TAXING THE "UNEARNED INCREMENT."

It was reserved for Germany to adopt a bolder and more direct curb upon land speculation. Here the idea has been widely accepted that the new value added to land by the activity of the community as a whole is a fit subject of taxation, since such a tax merely restores to the people a part of the latent accumulation of wealth created by them. This doctrine is decried by some persons as socialistic, or at least semi-socialistic; but in Germany people are not easily frightened away from doing a reasonable thing by such cries, usually raised by interested parties. Germany has departed widely from the unrestrained individualism which prevails in the United States, but which our people have at last begun to correct,—the individualism which gave our railroads, trusts, and corporations generally the opportunity to do things harmful to public interests. In Germany, on the other hand, the community idea is strong; the individual man is regarded more as a member of a great organism, to which he owes service and obedience. If his activity is not good for the community, legislatures and town councils are much more ready than in America to put pressure upon him to compel him to do his part toward the public welfare.

It was but natural, therefore, that Germany should be the first country to try what is called "taxing the unearned increment." The beginning was made, however, not in Germany itself, but in the German colony of Kiaochou, in China. This was done by a decree of the imperial government in 1898, less than a year after that territory was acquired. When the colonial budget came up for debate in the Reichstag speakers of all the parties except the Social Democracy indorsed the government's course; and thus the German Parliament became the first legislative body in the world to vote for this form of taxation,—a fact little known outside of Germany.—*William C. Dreher, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.—Lying.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight."

To be a liar one must walk after the "father of liars," for lying does not belong to God. He has given us in his Word some strong statements in regard to lying. He hates a lying tongue. Prov. 6: 16, 17. He himself can not lie. Heb. 6: 18. Lying lips are abomination to him. Prov. 12: 22. Finally we are told that "all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. Rev. 21: 8. From this we learn that lying is a heinous sin. We are treading on dangerous ground if we resort to this evil under any conditions.

There are people who would scorn to tell a lie, yet will with a clear conscience seemingly, "stretch the truth." There are those, too, who will not *tell* a lie, yet would not hesitate to *act* one. As Christian professors we may not be guilty of lying outright, yet we are sometimes prone to extravagant assertions, making our stories stronger than they should be, representing faults and blemishes in salable articles as perfection, covering up defects with a cloak of righteousness. It might often be well for us to hesitate and meditate a little before we speak and act. Weigh words and actions well; speak and act clearly, slowly, thoughtfully and we shall not be so apt to endanger ourselves.

It is a sad state of affairs even in this life when we are compelled to apply the following old adage to any one:

"The truth itself is not believed
From one who often has deceived."

Some one has said, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Every one admires and honors an honest man. It is a grand thing to come in contact with one who is thoroughly reliable in every way; with one who will not stoop to do a questionable act under any circumstances. To be a character like this, one must be true from the inside out. It can not last if only on the outside.

Parents and teachers have a great responsibility as well as a noble work on hand to develop in every soul that is placed in their care, the little germ of truth into a strong and sturdy growth that can not be moved or shaken. We ourselves need to be true followers of him who declared, "I am the Truth," in order to successfully lead others in that direction. Never let us be caught in any questionable act or word before the little plastic mind that so freely absorbs whatever comes in contact with it.

Our world would be a far grander and nobler one were we all free from lying and deception. "Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor," Zeck. 8: 16, is a command we should all try to follow more closely. If we love the truth we shall be as God desires us to be, for he is a God of truth, justice and right. Deut. 32: 4. Jesus, our loved Savior, was full of grace and truth. John 1: 14. No one was able to convince him of sin. Following such high ideals will bring peace and happiness here and eventually permit us to dwell throughout eternity with truth-tellers. Will that not be worth the price?

Lordsburg, Cal.

BE TRUE.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and such word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

THE FIFTH GOSPEL.

THERE are four written Gospels. The fifth is writing now. The world may forget the four, and the leaves of the Book may never be turned, but the fifth Gospel men are sure to read.

That fifth Gospel is your life of Christ; that is, your life in Christ. Men may forget Christ; they never forget the Christian. Christ lives in heaven and on earth. The world's dull eyes have never gazed upon his heavenly glory, but they are looking eagerly for him on earth. Christ in men is the most powerful preaching.

The world has had many lives of Christ. Each Christian is writing his own, and the very children read it. We are either revealing or veiling Christ to men.—*Selected.*

GOD OUR REFUGE.

THERE is a door open, open to-day. It is the door of refuge which swings easily on the strong hinges of faith. And it will open as wide to him who has failed in the ways of the world as to him who has succeeded, for with God there is only one sort of success—that of the spirit.

The world has so many gods. We are repeatedly told it has need of them. It were as near truth to say the world has need of many kinds of mother-love. Of this, one kind suffices. Of gods, One is enough. We may name him as we choose. That counts for nothing. But the manner in which we come to him counts for much.

We must come to him as the one refuge in all creation. We must look to him as the exile of years looks to an earthly home where the best of days were spent, and to reach which no journey is too long or too hard. For there is nothing in life, however great and fine it may at the time seem, which can in any way compensate for the lack of faith in God as our refuge.

Without this, all the brightness of the world is bound to tarnish and grow barren as time passes. Our dreams of youth we find to be only mirages, which vanish as we approach the place where we thought to grasp them. But with it the world and life keep growing better and more helpful: men seem kinder to us, and we are kinder to them; God comes nearer to our hearts and our souls, not because he has moved—for his place is ever the same— but because we have come back home.—*Selected.*

THE FLOWER OF GOD.

THE flowers got into a debate one morning as to which of them was the flower of God; and the rose said: "I am the flower of God, for I am the fairest and the most perfect in beauty and variety of form and delicacy of fragrance of all the flowers." And the crocus said: "No, you are not the flower of God. Why, I was blooming long before you bloomed. I am the primitive flower; I am the first one." And the lily of the valley said modestly: "I am small, but I am white; perhaps I am the flower of God." And the trailing arbutus said: "Before any of you came forth I was blooming under the leaves and under the snow. Am I not the flower of God?" And all the flowers cried out: "No, you are no flower at all; you are a come-outer." And then God's wind, blowing on the garden, brought this message to them: "Little flowers, do you not know that every flower that answers God's sweet spring call, and comes out of the cold, dark earth, and lifts its head above the sod and blooms forth, catching the sunlight from God and flinging it back to men, taking the sweet south wind from God and giving it back to others in sweet and blessed fragrance—do you not know they are all God's flowers?" All they that take this life of God, answering it, come forth from worldliness and darkness and selfishness to give out light and fragrance and love, they are God's flowers. There is not one of us who cannot bring something of this life to our fellow-men; no matter how arid your life is, no matter how dull it is, no matter how poor it is, it is possible for you to be the giver of life to your neighbor—life to your neighbor.—*Lyman Abbott.*

BEST SELLING BOOK.

"OUR best selling book?" said the dealer. "This is it, this fine-print volume in the flexible black binding—this Bible. Every year there are over 8,000,000 Bibles sold.

"The Bible is the only book with which one can never get overstocked. We keep a certain number of presses going steadily year in and year out on Bibles, and if we find we have 100,000 or so copies on hand it causes us no uneasiness. We keep the presses going just the same—we know all will be sold. It seems almost providential, doesn't it?"—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

A WOMAN went into a home recently to call upon a neighbor that had moved into the community. She was there thirty minutes, but the other woman did thirty minutes of talking. There is little communion in such a monologue. There is just as little fellowship wih Christ, if man insists on doing all the talking, or refuses to do any at all; both must have a part. All have heard of the man that left a neighborhood because he had no friends there, and of the other man that regretted leaving the same community because he had so many friends. One was devoid of fellowship, the other full of it. The trouble was not with the community, but with the man. Two men in the same house may be like these other two in their fellowship with God. One may have none at all, and another may enjoy communion every hour. The difficulty is not with God, but with the man.—*Selected.*

A BUSINESS man who does his business as to the Lord who lives his own life with fidelity and courage, who rises to the highest level of his being, is a Christian worker though he may not know it, a light that shines upon others and draws them into its own track. —*British Weekly.*

THERE is a place in Christ's army for every soul that belongs to him, and a spot on the battlefield where each soldier is needed.—*Van Dyke.*

"NEVER esteem anything as of advantage to thee that shall make thee break thy word or lose thy self-respect.'

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A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

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THE LENGTH OF A LIFE.

"Desire not to live long but to live well;
How long we live not years but actions tell."

This is not a new idea. Long ago the poet set this thought to meter, and long before that it was food for the meditation of the good and wise. And not only did they meditate upon it, they tested it thoroughly and we now enjoy the benefits of that test. The most convincing example of the truth of this thought is that of Christ and Methuselah. Make a comparison of their lives and note the result.

Methuselah's unusually long bodily existence constitutes the sole reason for his name being with us today. We might say that the "tracks of his long wandering" are all that we have. We do not know what he said, we do not know what he did.

But what of the One who lived among men only thirty-three and a half years,—three and a half years in public work? Not only do we have his name on history's page, but he still lives among us. Among us? Yea, more, he lives *in* us, directing us in even the least things, inspiring us to attempt the greatest things, and over all diffusing the incense of his holy character. When, therefore, we undertake to estimate the length of a life we must take into consideration its breadth also. Not simply how far down the ages has it come, but how far out has it reached, how many has it touched in the vital way of making over their lives after its own nature?

And this is not all. To set in motion influences that will go on multiplying of their kind to the destruction of that which is good, does not argue a long life. The influences must be such as will work in harmony with the forces that are everlasting. Here is where the length really comes in. It is a long life or a short life according to the weight it throws upon the eternal principles.

These are some of the things we ought to think about in connection with our own life. Why do we wish to live long? Why do we say, Not now, but to-morrow, next year, or, after many years? Is it not because we desire to company longer with those we have learned to know and love, because we desire to continue or complete the work most dear to us here? How can we do this in a more effectual way than to put in motion now those influences that, as a part of us, as the very essence of our lives, shall continue to live in the lives of others after we have passed from time? And how can we do this more surely than to yield our lives wholly to the influence of the life of Christ who still lives and will continue to live with men for time and eternity?

"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."

"CHARITY AND DEMOCRACY."

"Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." There is no one but that recognizes the universal truth that is contained in the first part of the above sentence. It may likewise be as plainly seen that the latter statement bears the same relation to truth, but when one wills in conformity to the statement he finds himself face to face with some problems the existence of which he may have known nothing about. Not that there is the least hint of any impossibility connected with the carrying out of such a noble effort, for the problems are all solvable; at the same time they call for tact and insight and a degree of charity far greater, it may be, than that which gave rise to the effort.

Modern charity, meaning the system followed out by trained charity workers of the present, endeavors to dispense charity in the way most conducive, physically, morally and spiritually, to the recipient's welfare. How this is done and its relation to democracy is the subject of a very interesting article by Joseph Lee in a December issue of *Charities and the Commons*. We are indebted to the article for what is here said on the subject.

The writer first calls attention to the fact that modern charity is sometimes accused of being undemocratic because of its insistence upon investigation as opposed to ready giving without previous inquiry. Even business men have arrayed themselves with these accusers, the writer giving an instance where a business man told a trained charity worker that she was unfitted by her training to deal with people who were placed by a great public disaster in a position requiring relief. Another instance is given of a committee of business men empowered with the management of funds collected for one such emergency, expressing their opinion that what was wanted was not discrimination and investigation, but plain, straight-out relief to the unfortunate. In contradiction to the truth of these charges is the fact that in many cases of the public disasters, after more or less aimless effort, the business of dispensing relief has been handed over to trained workers.

The writer goes on "to show not only that the

principles of modern charity are the right principles and those which in the main must govern all intelligent or beneficial administration of charitable relief, but that they are fundamentally and characteristically democratic." A number of examples are then given to prove that "investigation, as a prerequisite of treatment, is an application of the cardinal principles of democracy."

"If you were dealing with a pocket, investigation would not be necessary. All you would need to do would be to fill it up. If you were dealing merely with a stomach, somewhat the same thing would be true. The special tenet of modern charity is the belief that you are not dealing with a pocket or with an animal, but that you are dealing with a man; with a creature, that is to say, whose nature is not solely or primarily either animal or pecuniary. It believes that you are dealing with a creature who cannot live by bread alone, that you are dealing primarily with a soul. It places its accent not upon the material but upon the spiritual side."

The writer then gives the three most important of "certain principles of treatment that charity has worked out which have an important bearing on the relation of charity to democracy." We give the three with some abbreviations.

"In the first place, charity believes that the way to build up prosperity is chiefly not by gift but through inducing activity; that character is a growth from within and cannot be stuck on without. Not what you put into a man, but what you get out of him; not what you give him but what you enable him to do, is the measure of your service.

"In the second place, the activity in which charity looks for the building up of life is not activity in general, but activity in the fulfillment of our vital relations, the relations prophesied in man's instinctive moral nature as those in which his main interests shall lie—relations to home and family, to husband and wife, to parents and children and relatives, to church and friends; the relation of the craftsman to the work of his hands. Charity investigates in order to find out the hidden springs of character, to discover what in the man is still alive and sound. It will leave no stone unturned to find the spiritual value that lies beneath. But it searches first and most persistently for capacity in the fulfillment of these main vital relations, these great strands of life and character; and seeks through inducing such fulfillment to warm them into activity and strength. As Emerson said it: 'In proportion to our relatedness we are strong.'

"Third, charity recognizes that an important, often a determining, element in capacity for action is the element of need; that not only willingness but the power to act is largely a question of motive. Charity will be slow to take from the young mother the need of caring for her child, from any parent the responsibility of the home, from the bread-winner the necessity of providing support. To deprive a man of the needs which nature gave and to which for centuries our whole organism has become attuned, is to deprive him in large measure of the power by which such need was meant to be supplied. Occasion is our other half. Man is a safety match, useless and inert, until brought into contact with the occasion that holds the key—the other half of him, the original, normal need in which is secreted the magic word to which his nature can respond."

So the writer goes on. The article is so full of common-sense views, forcefully and clearly expressed, that it is a hard matter to decide where to stop in repeating them for the benefit of our readers. It is easy to see the close relation between self-support and self-government, and therefore the relation between modern charity, as here explained, and democracy. And with the light of this explanation to guide our will to do good to the poor, the way to do so is made plain.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

WERE it not that we ourselves or our ancestors violated nature's laws, we should live to a ripe old age, and drop from this life into another as the fruit when ripe drops from the tree.—*J. S. Flory.*

A thought is very small;
We cannot see its face,
We scarce can hear its call,
Yet we accord it place.
—Nannie Blain Underhill.

No person's will power is too strong—it only needs guidance.—*John H. Nowlan.*

FEW of us dread sorrow if we are in a mood to let it work its rare and beautiful transformation.—*Lulu C. Mohler.*

WE ourselves need to be true followers of him who declared, "I am the Truth," in order to successfully lead others in that direction.—*Flora E. Teague.*

A DISPOSITION to excel, if innocently directed, and governed by pure and honest motives, is a passion, noble and exalted.—*Richard Braunstein.*

ADVERSITY borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.—*Mrs. C. H. Diehl.*

SPRING is a season which calls our thoughts out and up and away.—*Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.*



The Red Cross has now cabled to the Shanghai central Relief Committee $110,000 for the famine sufferers, and has shipped $10,000 worth of flour and 7,500 barrels of seed wheat.

It is stated that two hundred and thirty-one municipal acetylene plants are now in use in the United States. In 1905 acetylene gas was used to the amount of 7,880,666 cubic feet, valued at $104,267.

The British parliament has made an unusual decision in regard to their naval expenses. Two or three armored vessels will be built of the *Dreadnaught* type, the number to depend on the result of The Hague peace conference.

A final estimate by the leading merchants of Kingston, Jamaica, places the loss from the recent earthquake and fire at between $19,000,000 and $20,000,000. It is proposed to get a government loan of $5,000,000 to help rebuild the city.

In the big appropriation bill for the post office department the increase in the appropriation is partly due to an increase in the salaries of some post office employees. Among those whose salaries are to be raised are the rural carriers, who are to receive $900 a year.

Dr. J. C. Sheed of Colorado college in Colorado has lost the sight of both eyes as a result of experimenting with the Finsen ray, a powerful electric light little understood as yet. He failed to protect his eyes and an hour after he had performed experiments blindness followed.

General Overseer Voliva has passed a crisis in the threatened revolt in Zion City by agreeing to a council of forty-eight, twenty-four men and twenty-four women, who are to advise him, in his direction of affairs of the community. This is taken as an indication that he has given up his claim to "one man rule."

The "workers" in New Zealand are enforcing their rights with a vengeance under the new reform laws. The servant girls have organized a union under the law and will hereafter exact many new privileges, such as two holidays a week, etc. None but union girls may be employed, and housewives who object to any of the regulations laid down are subject to be brought into the arbitration court.

Among the natural bridges, the one in Virginia is the most familiar to us, though there are other interesting ones to be found. The most extensive natural bridge in the Old World is in Algeria, North Africa. The opening formed by the archway is several hundred feet in height, and over two hundred and fifty feet in width at the point where the archway is of greatest dimensions.

For the fiscal year, beginning July 1, 1907, and ending June 30, 1908, the fifty-ninth congress has made appropriations to the amount of $1,880,000,000. These figures are not exact, as several bills with items involving some millions of dollars, were still in conference when the estimate was made. Some of the largest appropriations were for the army and navy, $177,543,000; for pensions, $146,000,000; for the post-office, $210,000,000.

The immigration figures for 1906 just issued show that almost 190,000 aliens came to Canada during the twelve-month. This is a large increase over any former year, and Canada is now getting seventeen per cent as many immigrants as the United States is—or a much larger share in proportion to population. These newcomers are mostly from the British Isles and of a higher standard than the average of those now entering the United States.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has recommended a law enforcing the use of the block signal system on all passenger lines and giving the commission power to inspect and regulate. It holds that the system has failed on account of bad operation rather than from any defect in its design. Supervision would be made to prevent unduly long hours of labor, which impair the faculties of those charged with the operation of the system. At the same time the New York State Railroad Commission has recommended the adoption of a system which will prevent more than one train being in a block at the same time. In practice, railroad men have very generally allowed more than one train in a block under cautionary orders.

Harry Pratt Judson, who since the death of Wiliam R. Harper, nearly two years ago, has been acting president of the University of Chicago, has now been formally elected president of that institution. Professor Judson came to the university in 1892, and was head professor of political science and dean of the faculties of arts, literature and science. He is a graduate of William College, and taught school in Troy prior to 1885, when he accepted a chair in the University of Minnesota.

Giosue Carducci the poet and professor of Italian literature at the University of Bologna is dead. He was the most famous literary man in Italy and did more than any other one man to revive the intellectual life of the kingdom. He received the Nobel prize for literature a few weeks ago. His death is mourned throughout Italy as a national calamity and the funeral was conducted at the expense of the state. His body will rest in the church of Santa Croce at Florence which is a sort of national pantheon, and a statue to him is to be erected at Rome.

The London *Morning Post* in an editorial denounces American financial morals. "it is becoming a grave question," it says, "whether Americans are morally capable of conducting great industrial enterprises. That they are technically capable goes for the most part without saying. Their genius for organization, their perseverance, their speculative hardihood are qualities which nobody disputes. Where they fail is because they have not yet developed an adequate sense of responsibility to the public, to the state, and to some other code higher than that of Wall street and the counting house."

At Cambridge, Mass., where the poet Longfellow lived, the 100th anniversary of his birth, February 27 was celebrated with an exhibition of "editions" and memorabilia in the public library and ceremonies in Sanders' Theater, at which W. O. Howell, Charles Eliot Norton, Thomas Wentworth Higginson and President Eliot of Harvard, were speakers. In colleges and schools throughout the land the day was observed with special exercise. Houghton, Miffin & Co., Longfellow's publishers, in honor of the occasion, have brought out a sketch of the poet's life by Professor Norton together with the chief biographical poems.

This year on the great American's birthday more than three thousand persons visited Mount Vernon, the place of the tomb and Washington's home. More than one thousand visitors from out-of-town points made the trip that day, Mount Vernon being reached both by boat and electric railway. A party of Slavs representing the Slavic Society of Moscow, which was in Washington to present to President Roosevelt a cup of honor from their society, visited Washington's tomb and deposited there a beautiful wreath on which was the following inscription: "Slavonic Society of Moscow to George Washington. Slavs wait impatiently their Washington Liberator."

Milwaukee has the distinction of being the first city in the United States to have a complete automobile equipment for the collection of mails. The cars are constructed on the plan of regular railway mail cars, being strong, compact and capable of high speed. They are fifteen feet long, five feet wide and nine feet high. The driver's seat is protected by a closed front. The inside is so arranged with racks and mail bags that the men may sort letters enroute to the postoffice. The system is expected to give many additional collections in outlying districts.

February 26 publicity was given to the fact that a theft of over $170,000 had occurred at the United States-Subtreasury in Chicago. The loss of the money had been known to the officials for nearly a week before it became public. During this time diligent but fruitless efforts were made to discover the guilty person, who is supposed to be some one employed in the institution. The Secret Service officers have the matter in charge. This is said to be the largest loss by theft in the history of the Treasury Department.

The Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona, Pa., have turned out the first steel postal car ever constructed. This car is about ten feet longer than the ordinary postal car, has more room in it, and can carry 30,000 pounds of mail matter. Light is admitted through eighteen windows during the day, and at night seventeen specially constructed electric lights are used. A storage battery is in the car for furnishing lighting power, and in addition an apparatus is arranged to develop electricity by friction of the axles while the train is in motion.

There is widespread suffering in Spain, as well as throughout southern Europe, on account of the great severity of the weather. The records at Madrid show this the coldest winter for nearly 50 years. No southern country is ever very well prepared for cold weather and the result is that the people are much worse off than the people of a cold climate would be under the same conditions. Thousands of rich English and American tourists who have gone to Spain, the south of France, Italy or Egypt in search of a warm winter are complaining that they have been colder than they would have been if they had stayed at home.



Doctor Mother

A LITTLE wound, a little ache,
A little blistered thumb to take
With touch of love and make it well—
These things require a mother's spell.
Ah, sweet the progress of the skill
That science brings unto the ill!
Vast range of methods new and fine,
But when our little ones repine,
The mother is the very best
Of doctors into service pressed!

Sunshine and air and mother's spell
Of helping little lads get well,
And helping little lasses, too—
Here are three remedies that do
So much more, often, than the grave,
Skilled hands that tried so hard to save,
For Dr. Mother, don't you know,
Gives something more than skill—gives so
Much of herself; gives, oh, so much
Of love's sweet alchemy of touch!

Upon a little wardroom bed
A little curl-encircled head,
A little slender hand and pale,
A little lonesome, homesick wail.
Loved nursing, best of skill and care;
But, oh, behold the wonder there,
When Dr. Mother, bearing sun
From where the wilding roses run,
Leans down, with hungering love and kiss—
There is no medicine like this!

In little child heart's hour of woe,
Pain, ache, or life wound's throb and throe,
The Dr. Mother knows so well
The weaving of love's wonder spell—
Just what the little heart requires,
Just how to cool the fever fires;
Just how much tenderness and cheer
Will calm the little doubt and fear.
How much of tenderness will ease—
Alone she knows such arts as these!

—Baltimore Sun.

Food and Morals

J. S. Flory

PREMATURE death is the result of violated laws. God never intended to give life and then take it before maturity. Were it not that we ourselves or our ancestors violated nature's laws, we should live to a ripe old age, and drop from this life into another as the fruit when ripe drops from the tree. The many untimely deaths are but monuments of warning to the living, but instead of taking them as such, we seek comfort by attributing all to the providence and mercy of God. It is true God's hand is in it, but only in carrying out the penalty of disregarded law. He is present to bind up the "broken-hearted," and gather to his fold all that are his when death does come, but do not let us think early deaths are the result of an arbitrary edict from God, or an act of his special providence, independent of law and order.

The law of nature, as it relates to man, and the law of grace, are in harmony. There is an antagonism between the carnal *mind* and the laws of God, but not between the laws of development in the body and spiritual growth in grace.

It is a universal law that "like begets like." "Every seed after its kind," is the law governing all created things. Men and women are not an exception to this rule. Blood is the life of all living animals. Blood will most surely tell in morals as well as in the bodily structure. Yes, "blood has power throughout the whole realm of life, whether it be in a human body, in society, or in the body of a horse on the race course. Bad blood gives bad health, bad temper, and develops bad, gross-grained people."

God's bill of fare to his people in ancient times excluded all gross food from their tables. With the Jews it was the design of God to bring them up to a high state of moral reform, and if gross food was a hindrance to the desired end at that age, why should we suppose it makes no difference in these days, when all admit that true morals are essential to a true Christian or spiritual life.

Look at the bill of fare to be found on our tables to-day. Bread made from fine flour which by the process of bolting has been deprived from most of the phosphates and nitrates that exist in the wheat, these

very elements that go largely to the making-up of nerves, bones, muscle and brains. The grossest kinds of meats, reeking with scrofulous elements, and often saturated and seasoned with fiery spices and alcholic acids; and there are the many indigestible cakes, puddings, and the whole must be washed down by some kind of hot drink.

Is it any wonder we are a nation of dyspeptics, fiery blood, hot temper and devilish morals? Can we expect anything better so long as we offer a sacrifice three times a day to the god of a perverted appetite, and during the rest of the day roll a deadly narcotic in the mouth. Such a course of living, or rather of eating and breathing, vitiates the blood, and the bad qualities of human nature rise to the top as natural as scum upon filthy, boiling water. Talk of the regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit in such a seething caldron of carnality! Satanic ebullitions are as natural as breathing—no marvel then that many seemingly good men fall. Gross food produces gross blood, and bad blood fires up any evil lust, so the little good that is in man is burned out, and he is consumed in the fires of iniquity. Temper the body according to the laws of nature. *Eat to live,* and bring both body and soul under the dominion of gospel law, and we may indeed hope then for permanency in morals and religion. Defile not the temple of the Holy Ghost, and we may expect growth in grace, and true Christians may become a light to the world and a salt to the earth. Let ministers and reformers in general commence aright, if they would regenerate society and build up the waste places.

Will quote the following incident: "A father, by prayer and precept, and flogging, had done his best to reform his boy, whose staple diet was meat and sausage, pie and cake, at his meals, with lunch between. The family physician said to the father, 'If you will put a leech back of each of your boy's ears once a week for a month, you will do more to reform him than your preaching and pounding will do in a year.' The father asked for the philosophy of this prescription. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'your boy has bad blood, and too much of it; he must behave badly, or he would burst.' 'Then,' said the father, 'I'll change his diet from gross meats and pies to hominy and milk.' In three months thereafter, a better boy for his age could not be found in the neighborhood."

Says a certain divine: "I hold that very much of the wickedness of mankind is the natural expression of physical beastliness, rather than the outflow of innate viciousness. A body made up largely of all manner of nerve-goading, passion-producing, anger-generating elements, such as are found in the gross animal dishes, with their belongings, just as surely draws the soul to sin as a tempest drives a feather before it."

Hygiene as applied to the kind of food a man eats, and the manner of eating it, is as much a matter of morals as it is a question of medicine. We know there are men who will pooh! pooh! at this idea, but nothing better can be expected of guilty culprits. Having assumed the responsibility to stand upon the ground of sound logic in the face of popular prejudices, we shall maintain our position though the heavens fall.

Los Angeles, Cal.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON HOME TOPICS.

LULA GOSHORN.

Put the meat away as soon as possible. One of the safest ways of storing meat is to wrap it in paper and bury it in a box or barrel of dry ashes. Nothing in the insect line can get to it. Another good way is to rub each piece well with pepper tie securely in strong paper bags and pack in hay or straw.

Whitewash the chicken house early. Mix the wash with boiling water and apply while hot. Add salt and carbolic acid; it is a good louse remedy. Use some on the inside of nest boxes before putting in new nesting material. Give the chicken coops a dose also.

Don't neglect the cellar. Use whitewash freely and keep some lime in the cellar all the time.

Soon spring cleaning will be here and sometimes as one views the mountains of work to be removed, one's faith becomes weak indeed. But the best way is not to view it as a whole but in parts and the difficulties become less difficult. If the house manager has planned well, the most of the sewing is out of the way and she may take advantage of the first mild days to clean outbuildings, smoke house, etc. Collect all the old rubbish and sell or burn it. If the men folks object, as they sometimes will, to the destruction of wornout boots and shoes, let them take them to the barn.

Don't let the store room and closets become a harbor for a lot of mouldy old shoes that have faithfully served their time and purpose. Closets may be renovated before the weather will permit the general housecleaning, then the least used rooms, leaving the living rooms until the last. Straw matting with a rug or two is very satisfactory for bed rooms and much easier to clean than carpet.

Ladoga, Ind.

THE IDEAL HUSBAND.

Despite advice to the contrary from cynical scribblers, she (the young maiden) should form high ideals and demand their existence in the one she selects as

her husband. It is contended that ideals are dangerous. So they are—to fools. But to her who sees the spiritual side of love, they form an essential stimulus to its expression. The ideal man of this age is the sincere Christian man, that true embodiment of all that is pure, refined, tender, dignified, consistent, humane, self-forgetful, noble, chivalric. The interest of such a man in vocation or avocation is secondary to his interest in wife and children and hearth-stone. No young woman need fear to intrust her happiness to his keeping; and if she be of lively susceptibility, quick sympathy and exclusively devoted, there will be no disillusionment after the step is taken. The real self of her ideal man is apprehended before marriage. —*Good Housekeeping.*

HINTS FOR THE COOK.

In making mush an egg beater is recommended for the first stirring, to avoid lumpiness.

When mashing potatoes add hot milk and beat vigorously if you wish them light and white.

A linen bag hung near the range offers a clean, handy place for holding stale bread.

If the nose of the pitcher is brushed over with butter, milk or cream will not drip onto the tablecloth.

To remove the lime deposit from the teakettle, boil a pint of vinegar in the kettle, scrape, and rinse well.

A few grains of rice in the salt shakers will prevent the salt from caking, and cause it to sprinkle out freely.

A paste of molasses and flour will relieve the stinging pain from a burn. An instant application of pure lard is also commended.

When butter is to be rolled or covered with parchment paper, wet the paper in cold water to prevent the butter adhering to it.

In washing rice put it in a sieve and hold it under the cold water faucet until the water runs through it perfectly clear.

To prevent cream rising on scalded milk pour into a pitcher as soon as scalded, then stand the pitcher in a bowl of cold water.

If flour and sour milk for griddle-cakes are thoroughly mixed the night before needed, the cakes will be more delicate. In the morning add shortening, soda, and salt, but no more flour.

Add one drop of vanilla and beat with a rotary egg beater just before serving chocolate, and notice the improved delicacy of flavor. The longer chocolate simmers the better it is.

When using canned salmon, shrimps, or lobsters open the can several hours before needed, put the contents into a colander, pour boiling water over, then drain and cool, and all disagreeable odor and taste will disappear.

Two tablespoonfuls of pure olive-oil are said to contain more nourishment than a pound of meat or a cupful of butter, and being in a stage of natural emulsion is digested promptly, making blood, fat and weight.

When skillets, kettles, or other iron utensils get very black and greasy from continued use put them into a very hot fire for two or three minutes. Cool slowly, then wash with hot soapsuds and rinse well, and they will look like new.—*Mr. R. Rodgers in The Pilgrim.*

PLANTS BY MAIL.

When the plants you have ordered from the florist reach you, carefully remove the wrapping and, without disturbing the moss about the roots, set the bunch in a vessel of slightly tepid water for an hour or so—only the roots should be in the water. If the plants are badly wilted, let them stand in the water longer—twenty-four hours, in some cases; then having prepared your pots with drainage and suitable soil, carefully unpack the rootlets, spreading them a little, and, holding the plant over the pot, sift the soil about the rootlets through your fingers; pack it tightly about the roots when the pot is full, set in a vessel of water until the surface shows damp spots, and then set the plant away in a cool dark place until the foliage brightens, when it may be set out to catch the dew at night, returning to the darkness as soon as may be the next morning, and gradually accustoming it to the light and warm air, until it is recovered from the shock of the journey sufficiently to bear the sunshine, watering sparingly until it shows signs of growth, but never letting the soil dry out. Do not "over-pot;" many failures with newly received plants are caused by putting them in pots too large for the roots. Use small pots for small plants, and study carefully the best authorities you can reach as to their needs.—*Selected.*

For the Children

GRANDMOTHER AND ME.

Grandmother dear is a very old lady, grandmother dear can't see; but when she drops things, or loses her spectacles, grandmother's eyes are—me. Grandmother dear is a very old lady, sometimes she never hears; but I always run when the postman comes ringing; I can be grandmother's ears. Grandmother dear likes houses all tidy, everything dusted and neat; so I work with my little red broom and my duster; I can be grandmother's feet. Grandmother dear is a very old lady, can't walk, and can't hear, and can't see; you never can tell, though, the fun we have, playing—grandmother dear and me.—*Ram's Horn.*

NUT HUNTING.

HUBER SWIHART.

ONE Saturday afternoon in autumn three boys, Frank, Tom and Fred, went to the woods to gather nuts. They started early so as to have a good time nutting. They took a small market basket and a sack. Rover went with them.

They hurried along, for they wanted to improve their time, as nuts were ripe awhile already. Frank went ahead for he was the oldest, Tom and Fred followed. Rover ran along, first ahead then behind, jumping over logs, running around among the trees, through the shrubbery and under the underbrush.

They were going along very cheerily, all the while on the lookout for hickory trees. They found several nut trees but the squirrels had been there first and had gathered all the nuts, leaving for the boys only empty shells. Finally Frank shouted, "I see a tree that has nuts on it."

"Where, where?"

"Over there on the other side of the brook, at the foot of the hill," said Frank. "It is the first tree beyond where we cross."

They were soon gathering up the nuts that were on the ground. Frank climbed the tree to shake more down.

He had scarcely commenced shaking when Rover routed up something, and Tom and Fred ran to help Rover catch it. They did not get it, but they had followed so far and so carelessly that they were entirely lost. Of course it was not so very far, but for two little boys in a large woods it was a long distance. They had cried quite a while when they heard Frank calling them. How glad they were!

They were soon back to the tree and helped Frank finish gathering the nuts. As they went for home they found another tree with nuts. Soon they were picked.

At the barnyard gate stood their sister watching for them. As they came up she shouted, "Did you get any nuts?"

"O yes, we have a bushel, but they are not all hulled!"

At supper they told what Rover had done and that they thought it was a fox. Their father asked how large the fox was. Tom said, "It was as large as a cat."

Their papa said, "It must have been a rabbit."

"O no, papa! It surely was a fox."

The story of the fox was soon forgotten when Frank said, "Yes, and Tom and Fred both ran away into the thick woods and were lost. I hunted quite awhile before I found them, and both were crying like good fellows."

All laughed. Fred said, "It is a whole lot funnier now than when we were in the big woods." And Fred wondered why his manma kissed him so tenderly.

Churubusco, Ind.

THE RESTLESS LITTLE SEED.

"I HEAR something! said little Seed. It was growing restless down in its dark bed in the earth.

"You hear the soft footsteps of the wildwood creatures," said a Root that was lying near the little Seed. "They have come out from their winter hiding and slumber, and are roaming about in search of spring."

"I want to go up and see them. I am weary here," said the Seed.

"Wait, little one. It is not time for you to venture above ground yet," said the Root. "I have only commenced sending the sap up in the trunk and branches of my Tree."

"I smell something!" said the Seed. "It is fragrant and delightful."

"That is the smell of the earth warmed with the Sun and the soft South Wind," answered the Root.

"I want to go up and be warmed in the Sun. It is chilly and very gloomy here, and I can't sleep anymore," said the impatient Seed.

"Wait a while," advised the Root, "for the Sun will be hidden in snow-clouds and the Wind blow from the East again and again. You are safer here under ground.

And the seed tried to sleep once more, and dream the strange and pleasant fancies of the past.

"I feel that I am growing," cried the Seed in amazement, a few days later. "I am crowded and uncomfortable. Is there more room above?"

"Yes," answered the Root. "I saw it once when my Tree and I were moved from one place to another, and the world is very large; and I have been told that in the summer it is very beautiful. I never expect to see it, for my place and duty are here."

"But I can't stay quiet here," said the Seed, "for I seem to be both pushed and drawn upward!"

"Wait yet a little," said the Root; "for the wine of life which I sent up into the Tree has been chilled in its veins."

"Is it time to go now?" it asked meekly after a few more days had passed.

"Yes," said the Root. "Push your way up slowly through the soft mould, and when you grow strong and brave, and feel the warm Sun and sweet Wind, and see my beautiful Tree up there, remember me in my lowly station. I shall miss you."

And the eager Seed, half frightened and half glad, burst its fetters, and earthly prison, and in the warm spring days grew into a stately plant proud with bud and blossom.

But it had always a loving thought of remembrance for its humble but wise friend down in the ground. —*Selected.*



THE RURAL LIFE

BRACE THE END POST.

JOHN H. NOWLAN, (ROBERT E. ERICSEN).

It is a commonly accepted truism that no structure is stronger than its foundation. Often in traveling over the country we see buildings going to ruin because the foundation has given way. Along the highway we see fence after fence out of repair. The posts seem to have been well set, the material first class, and the workmanship good. In spite of all this, the posts are leaning at various angles and the wires are more or less slack. On going to the end of the fence we see the reason—*the end post has given way.*

The builder had selected a large firm post, planted it deeply in the ground, tamped the earth firmly, and secured the wires properly; but he failed to brace the end post to stand the strain.

While the ground was firm and the wires expanded, all went well, but fall rains softened the dirt, winter caused the wires to contract, and the alternate freezing and thawing of winter completed the damage.

The post was lifted from its position and yielded to the strain, resulting in a ruined fence, and entailing a greater outlay than would have been required to have done the work originally.

So it is in life. How often we see young people who start in life with fine prospects, but who soon come to grief because they had not the moral courage to resist.

A companion proposes something which their better nature tells them is wrong, but for fear of ridicule they yield.

Who is to blame? That is not for me to answer. Perhaps those who had charge of the embryo mind failed to point out the dangerous places.

Perhaps in attempting to conquer a stubborn disposition they sought to accomplish the end by crushing the will power.

No persons will power is too strong—it only needs guidance. A firm will would have saved many a young man from the road to ruin.

No person has too great manual dexterity. It is only the difference in *application* that makes the difference between the skilled locksmith and the burglar.

Then, young man, make good the beginning of your life. Cultivate firmness and judgment. Have a reason for what you do or refuse to do. Let justice to self and fellowman guide you in your decision, and then never falter in the face of all opposition. Eph. 6: 13.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

XI. The Traitor Sheep.

Most of our boys and girls have at some time in their lives seen a flock of sheep. If you ever saw a flock of sheep, one of which discovered a place where the fence separating them from a nice green clover field was broken down, you must have noticed that there was one sheep who took the lead and all the rest followed him into that green clover field.

Not only once, but on many occasions a certain one of a flock of sheep will prove to you, if you watch him carefully, that he is the "Leader."

In the big meat-packing house this fact is made good use of. To get to the abattoir, the place where the sheep are killed and dressed, the sheep must walk up a long, steep chute. In each packing house a sheep or a goat is trained to lead the sheep up this chute to the place of slaughter. Each time he gets to the top and after the sheep are locked in he goes down to lead up another flock. Sometimes he gets lazy and takes his own time about getting to the top of the chute and then you hear the driver behind the flock shout, "Hie there, Billy, Get up there, Billy, Hie, Hie!"

Perhaps you think he is a traitor to his brothers. I don't know whether he really knows what he is doing or not, but he is a valuable helper to the man who must drive the sheep.

Chicago, Ill.

TEXAS.

A. J. WINE.

Did you ever consider the area of Texas? Well, think of it: about seven hundred miles each way from the extremes, north and south, east and west.

The latter part of January I spent ten days visiting and preaching in the Brazos river bottoms, forty to sixty miles south of Houston, where the mistletoe and moss, especially the latter, grow on most all the trees.

Last week I was in San Antonio two days. There are many northern people in the city, for health and

the mild climate. They have had a little ice a few mornings.

Last Thursday night, Feb. 7, I went to Millet, seventy-six miles southwest of the city, with a company of homeseekers from the north, and spent two days with them looking over the thirty-thousand-acre tract of land advertised in the Nook by Eld. L. A. Bookwalter, of Dayton, Ohio. I find it a very fertile and desirable piece of land, being just rolling enough to make it beautiful.

There is a hotel in the center of the town site which is centrally located. I learned there has been about ten thousand acres sold. Seven families, representing about twenty-eight members of the Brethren are among the number, and expect to move later in the year. A young man with his wife came from Ohio a month ago. They at present occupy the hotel and seem well pleased and happy. They have gone west to grow up with the country.

I spent some months in southwestern Texas last year and I found such a delightful climate that I decided to spend a few months here again this winter, expecting to return to north Texas about April.

This country is filling up very fast, real estate has advanced one hundred per cent in one year and is still going up. At present prices one year's crop will pay for the land,—$15.00 per acre. In some localities it is much higher.

Ft. Worth, Texas.

WASH FOR FRUIT TREES.

IDA M. HELM.

The trees should be washed early in the spring before the sap goes up. One gallon soft soap, ½ pint linseed oil, one-half pint turpentine, one tablespoonful sulphur; mix well and apply with a cloth, then rub well.

SMALL FRUITS.—THE HOME SUPPLY.

As we are in no way interested in the sale of fruit trees and plants, but speak solely from the standpoint of the betterment of home surroundings, we may not be accused of selfish motives if we strongly urge upon our readers the importance of the above topic. We are not presuming upon a knowledge of individual surroundings; but only strive to persuade our readers everywhere to do what they may be able along these lines. To such the following suggestions may be helpful.

As to currants, no doubt some already have bushes that through lack of proper care have become unprofitable. As soon as the season will permit, go at them and give them a new lease of life. Tear out the grass and weeds, spade in a fertilizer of some kind and supply them with a liberal dressing of ashes either coal or wood. Cut out the older brush and give the young wood better chance. Keep the ground clean and this of itself will assist much in holding the worms in check. As soon as they make their appearance, dust freely with white helebore when the dew is on.

They are easily grown from cuttings and the plants also may be had from any nurseryman. The earlier they can be planted out after heavy freezing is over, the better. It requires but little space to furnish ample for family supply.

As to varieties, the Red Cross and Fay's Prolific stand at the head of the red sorts; and the White Dutch is unsurpassed as a white currant.

Gooseberries are a welcome addition to the family supply; and as their culture is identical with currants, nothing need be said as to that.

The Columbus, Downing and Triumph stand at the head of American varieties and no mistake will be made in planting either or all.

The strawberry is the small fruit for the millions; and you will bear with me if I say that wherever conditions make it possible, every home should have its strawberry bed.

Make the ground rich as possible. Use commercial fertilizers if need be; but by no means omit the vegetable matter. This gives the humus which is a necessity so get it in some way. It is little use to plant strawberries on starved soil, and it is far easier to get the fertility into the soil before than after planting. So feed the ground and it will feed you. Just here, let me digress somewhat to suggest that whenever possible, plant the rows north and south. This applies equally to all small fruits. Sunshine is a necessity for highest development in nearly every kind of small fruits, and the north and south rows get far more than those planted east and west. Plant early as possible and give thorough cultivation. Keep them clear of runners and blossoms until July. If growing in matted or half matted rows allow the runners to grow after time stated above and train them into the rows. If hill culture is desired, then the runners must be kept off the entire season. While hill culture is more work than cultivating in rows, there is no question but that it gives finer fruit.

As for varieties, they should be such as will give the longest succession. If space is limited of course, varieties must to some extent be cut short; but it will do no harm to plant different sorts side and side.

Following is a list that in the order named will cover quite a long season and all are of highest quality. Senator Dunlap, Cumberland, Marshall, and Glen Mary, with Warfield, Brandywine and Sample. The Warfield and Sample require a fertilizer and the Brandywine planted between them will act as such.

The bush berries should come in for their full share of attention; and the highest fertilizing and more intensive culture they can receive the greater the amount

of fruit and the better the quality. Four by five feet is close enough to plant, and while many allow them to grow in matted rows, better results at least, as to size and quality, will be realized if the hill culture is followed.

As to varieties, for the black caps, the Cumberland, Gregg and Kansas leave little to be desired either for home or market. For red raspberries, the Cuthbert and Soudon will meet every need; and in blackberries, the Snyder and Taylor's Prolific are for all localities as reliable sorts as can be found.

As to grapes there is hardly an excuse for leaving them off the list, as they so readily adapt themselves to almost any location. Trained to the sides of buildings or on trellis or as arbors they take up next to no room at all. A family supply can be grown on a space that could hardly be utilized for anything else; and the pity is that so many families go without them or else buy what they do consume when so small space and little trouble would furnish all that were needed.

Of the black grapes, Concord, Moore's Early and Worden are reliable and all that could be desired for home use or market. The red varieties are well represented in the Agawam, Delaware and Salem, and one could hardly make better choice. The Niagara, Moore's Diamond and Winchell are the standard of excellence in white grapes. A few feet of space along a fence, building or other out-of-the-way place would grow all the above varieties, and why need there be lack when the requirements are so small?—*John Elliott Morse.*

SCIENTIFIC POTATO CULTURE.

The farmer often fails to get a good yield because he does not understand the secrets connected with profitable potato growing. First choose perfect tubers, perfect in shape, healthy and free from scab. Change your seed as often as necessary or as soon as you find that you are not getting satisfactory results. Two eyes in the hill is plenty; with more the tubers will be small, unless the soil is very productive. Plow deep. Sod, especially clover, is always preferable to any other ground. As soon as the shoots can be discovered in the row start the cultivator, using the fourteen-tooth for deep cultivating. Be careful in planting to drop in perfect line each way, then work the cultivator as close to the hill as possible. Make the soil as soft or loose as possible, thus allowing the roots to reach out in all directions and down for moisture. The crop depends upon the strength of soil and the extent to which the roots extend. If the soil is hard the tender shoots cannot reach out, but become stunted. When the plants become larger keep to the center of the row, but cultivate deep. Plant deep in dry soil and near the surface of damp soil. —*C. E. Montgomery in Farm and Fireside.*

RHUBARB A MONEY CROP.

"My first purse filler in the spring comes from early strawberry or scarlet rhubarb. In the late fall or early winter, after the ground is thoroughly frozen, I cover my rows of rhubarb with a mulch of coarse stable manure and allow it to remain until spring rains thaw or wash it down. As soon as the first huge buds appear, I hunt up every available empty barrel, keg or box, knock the top and bottom out and place it over the plant buds, taking them off occasionally to harden the fast growing stalks. In a few days we are rewarded by a fine hedge of tender, scarlet succulent stalks, eagerly bought up by our restaurant, hotel and boarding house keepers. We expect to reinforce the rows this spring by planting a few roots of deep-tinted strawberry plants at intervals in the rows to keep up the high grade of color and taste." —*Woman's Farm Journal.*

WHERE SEEDS COME FROM.

Very few of the seeds, either vegetable, field or flower, are imported. On the contrary, the exports are very large, and especially so of clover and grass seeds, of which $3,000,000 worth were exported last year. There are over 600 seed farms in the United States, some of them embracing 1,000 acres in extent. Two and one-half million bushels of timothy seed were produced in Iowa last year, and Utah furnished the largest quantity of alfalfa seed. Toledo, Ohio, is the central market for red clover, and most of this seed is distributed from that point. Corn, melon and onion seeds are raised all over the country. Cabbage seeds come principally from New York and Connecticut, while the bulk of carrot and lettuce seed comes from California. Cucumber seeds are raised mostly in Missouri, Wisconsin and Nebraska. Traverse, Mich., and Manitowoc, Wis., supply seed peas free from the little worms which are likely to infest them if from other sections.

Harvesting seeds must be expertly done or much will be lost. Soft vegetables, such as tomatoes, cucumbers and melons, are crushed and, after decaying to some extent, are placed in water, where the seeds settle to the bottom. Seed-bearing stalks and vines, such as cabbage, peas and beans, are gathered in sheets and the seed threshed out. California furnishes most of the flower seeds, and in Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland and Connecticut the tobacco seeds are grown by the planters, who are constantly seeking to improve the crop. In Europe there are seed-inspecting stations, where the seed is examined and its purity certified to. Seed thus inspected is guaranteed, and growers are glad to submit to the inspection for the sake of the guarantee. Similar stations are desired in this country by the Department of Agriculture, and the requisite legislation is being sought.

"THERE is a distinct joy in owning land, unlike that which you have in money, in houses, in books, pictures, or anything else which men have devised. Personal property brings you into society with men. But land is a part of God's estate in the globe; and when a parcel of ground is deeded to you, and you walk over it, and call it your own, it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original Proprietor of the earth.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES.

Collected.

"An egotist thinks he has as many rights as the other fellow has wrongs."

Once in a while we meet a man who boasts that he never whips his children, but we reserve judgment until we know the children.

The worst feature about being sick is that when you are just getting well and want to tell your friend how sick you were, he turns in and tells how much sicker he was a few years ago.

Why is it that when these cooking school "experts" give a demonstration they usually broil a porterhouse steak that would put the average workingman's weekly wage into a crimp for thirty-six hours?

The love that a cannibal has for his fellow-man is neither platonic nor passionate, but it seems to be all-consuming.

Pastor (revisiting his flock): "I cannot help noticing many absent faces with which I used to shake hands."

In a village in New Jersey the school-mistress saw one of the little boys crying. She called him to her and inquired the reason. "Some of the big boys made me kiss a little girl out in the schoolyard," was the reply. "Why, that is outrageous! Why did you not come right to me?" "I—I didn't know that you would let me kiss you," he said.

The Retort.

One day I said to Dorothy,
"Great pleasure I would take
If you would bake a batch of bread
Like mother used to make."
"All right," the little wife replied
With fond and loving gaze,
"I will when you can raise the 'dough'
Like father used to raise."

"Why, Tommy, you didn't pass in your spelling test."

"No, pa."

"Why not, will you tell me?"

"Well, you see, pa, I hesitated between the new and the old styles because I couldn't make up my mind whether to side with the Congress or to stick to the President. Then I got confused and mixed up both styles."

His Share Had Gone By.

A gamekeeper found a boy fishing in his master's private waters.

"You mustn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A——."

"Do they? I didn't know that," replied the culprit; and, laying aside his rod, he took up a book and commenced reading.

The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterwards he found the same youth had started fishing again.

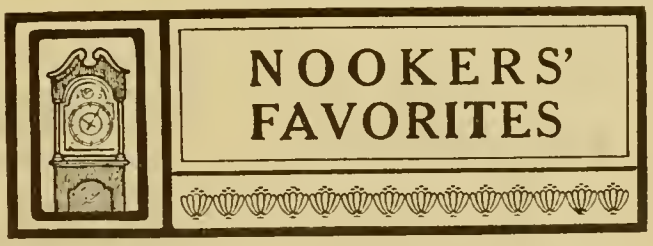
"Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A——?" he roared.

"Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler in surprise. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"

"Reporters are often snubbed," says Richard Harding Davis. "There is a stupid type of man that likes to snub them. Such a man, a bank president, once tried to snub my friend Jimmy Patterson. The bank had gone up through a defalcation and Jimmy went to interview its head But its head was crusty. He refused to be interviewed. He took Jimmy by the arm and led him toward the door. 'Young man,' he said, 'I always make it a rule to mind my own business.' 'Were you doing that,' said Jimmy, 'when the cashier made his haul?'"

"What is your idea of a Socialist?"

"A Socialist," answered the railway magnate, "is a development of the constitutional deadhead. His ambition is to make the free pass unanimous."



Inglenook readers may not only call for any favorite poem they would like to have, but they are asked to send in copies of favorite poems which they possess. The chief aim of this department is to pass along the good things. In asking for a poem, be sure to give the title correctly, or if that cannot be done, give the first line. In sending in copied poems, be sure that the copy is an exact one and whenever possible give the name of the author.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

The prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat in his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee;
Striving her letters to repeat,
And pulling her apron over her feet.

His face was wrinkled but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirtsleeves back to the elbow rolled
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass, with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.

A dog with his head betwixt his paws,
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar-black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear;
And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking pails.

Neff's Corner

I'm tired this evening. Out long before daylight this morning,. took wife and babies in the buggy and drove to town, nine miles, where wife and I put in a good day canvassing and papering the walls of a house for one of our Neff's Corner patrons. I could stand that pretty well if I were not hurried so much, but to have a renter hauling load after load of his effects and piling them up outside the house, waiting for us to finish so he can get in, is just a little trying on the nerves.

I rented three houses to-day, two of the renters unloading emigrant cars and hence in a hurry to get in. Not one of these houses was finished,—one not papered, two not painted—but they all went for $7.00 per month, paid in advance. Remember these properties only cost $250, and an income of $84 per year on an investment of $250 is a little better than 33 per cent, which is not bad, as you know. And the beauty of it is, you can acquire one of these properties on monthly or quarterly payments of $10 or more, as outlined in this Corner two weeks ago. If you would like further information, write me, for I try to answer everybody's questions, whether I get anything else done or not. Address, James M. Neff, Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

THE FARMER WHO SPRAYS

will save his fruit trees from San Jose scale. It is well worth while and not hard to do. We sell the apparatus used by State Demonstrators and give free recipes for standard mixtures. Write for price lists.—Economic Lighting Company, St. Peters, Pa. W. G. Nyce, Secretary. 8t13

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By Elder S. N. McCann,
Missionary in India.

This little volume contains eighteen chapters filled with food for thought. It all points to the end sought—"The Lord is Our Righteousness." It is a most excellent work and everyone ought to have a copy and give it a careful and prayerful reading. Enough is said to lead any Christian to a higher and nobler life and to turn sinners to repentance.

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Brethren Teachers' Monthly

Thousands of subscriptions have been placed on our list the past few weeks for the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly.** It is being hailed with delight among the teachers and Sunday school workers in general.

It more than fills the place of the Sunday School Commentary, the Advanced and Primary Teachers' quarterlies. These publications have been discontinued and the "Monthly" launched on a broader field of helpfulness for Sunday-school workers in general.

BEST STEP FORWARD.

When ordering some books, and a copy of the Brethren Teachers' Monthly for one year, Prof. W. L. Eikenberry of the Wm. McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"Allow me to say in closing that I think the establishment of the Teachers' Monthly one of the best steps forward which has come to my notice, so far as the literature of the church is concerned. I fear that you cannot continue to supply it at the price you name, however.

Very truly,

W. L. Eikenberry.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out;
While she swept her hearth with a turkey-wing,
And filled her teakettle at the spring.

The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through;
When a wind came over the prairie land
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch-dog whined, the cattle lowed
And tossed their horns about,
The 'air grew gray as if it snowed.
"There will be a storm, no doubt,"
So to himself the settler said;
"But, father, why is the sky so red?"

The little girl slid off his knee,
And all of a tremble stood;
"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,
The skies are as red as blood."
"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,
"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

She caught the baby up, "Come,
Are ye mad? to your heels, my man!"
He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,
And so they ran and ran.
Close upon them was the snort and swing
Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows
The ground with sparkles red;
And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,
And the ashes overhead,
And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake,
What a swirl of terrible sounds they make!

No gleam of the river water yet,
And the flames leap on and on,
A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,
And the settler's house is gone.
The air grows hot; "This fluttering curl
Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirr and rave,
On, on! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast-deep in the wave;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
"We are saved, thank God, we are saved!" they cried.

—Alice Carey.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

Slowly England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,
Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,
And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—
He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;
He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls, dark, damp, and cold,
"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly is nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her lips grew strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced her young heart,
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
"Long, long years I've rung the curfew from that gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I am old I still must do it. Curfew it must ring to-night."

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must die."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
In an undertone she murmured,—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within the old church door,
Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and cheek aglow,
Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray of light,
Up and up—her white lips saying—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

She has reached the topmost ladder. o'er her hangs the great, dark bell;
Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to hell.
Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of curfew now,
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath, and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with sudden light,
And she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light below,
'Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell swung to and fro,
And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—"Curfew shall not ring to-night."

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting sun
Should illume the sky with beauty; aged sires with heads of white,
Long should tell the little children, curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him, and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with misty light:
"Go, your lover lives," cried Cromwell, "curfew shall not ring to-night!"

—Author Unknown.

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The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

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Gentlemen:—I believe you would profit by stating in your advertisement in the Inglenook the distance of Hazelwood property from Brethren church, which is located in West Grove addition to Spokane, and which now has forty-five communicants.

Sherman Stookey.

From Hazelwood to this Brethren church is about four miles, over a fine road.

The electric car will bring Hazelwood people near to the church if they do not care to drive.

Mr. Stookey is one of the Brethren who has recently bought irrigated land from us near Spokane, and his unsolicited effort to help locate others of his sect near here shows what he thinks of the conditions.

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Citizens of fifty states and territories sound the praises of Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer as a health-giving remedy. Below will be found extracts from letters taken at random from the "Big Testimonial Book," representing every State and Territory in the Union.

What a forceful testimonial these letters form as to the merits of this time-tried preparation! What an inducement it ought to be to those "who have heard of the remedy" and those "who have read about it," but who have not yet tried it, to commence a course of treatment with Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer, at once!

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ARIZONA.—Peter Forbach, Casagrande, Ariz.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is the best medicine we ever used."

ARKANSAS.—J. T. Davis, Deview, Ark.: "You do not know what pleasure it gives me to write to you. The **Blood Vitalizer** has been a great blessing to me."

CALIFORNIA.—Louis Waser, Delano, Cal.: "Would not think of being without it."

COLORADO.—Magdalena Backs, Sugar Loaf, Colo.: "I am very glad and thankful to God to have at last found a remedy in the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

CONNECTICUT.—George Janke, Middletown, Conn.: "I could neither sleep nor eat, but the **Blood Vitalizer** cured me."

DELAWARE.—John L. Lessly, Cannon, Del.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has done me a great amount of good."

District of Columbia.—James Morris, 124 M. D. Ave., S. W., Washington, D. C.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has cured me of rheumatism and a serious eye trouble."

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GEORGIA.—Rev. R. I. Agricola, Marietta, Ga.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** is the best and cheapest medicine on the market. It should be in every household."

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IOWA.—Rev. H. Strauss, Lamont, Iowa: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has brought relief to many any released them from suffering."

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MARYLAND.—C. H. Otto, Annapolis, Md.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a blessing to suffering humanity."

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NEVADA.—H. H. Bergmann, Carson City, Nev.: "I thank the Lord for what the **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—G. A. Thorn, Berlin Mills, N. H.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a grand medicine. I can say that from personal experience."

NEW JERSEY.—Wm. Schuff, 412 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has brought wonderful results through God's blessing."

NEW MEXICO.—Andrew Anderson, Albuquerque, N. Mex.: "I have used many remedies, but nothing that comes up to the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

NEW YORK.—Rev. F. A. Harrison, Rapids, N. Y.: "I think, through God's blessing, the **Blood Vitalizer** has saved my life."

NORTH CAROLINA.—Emma Washburn, Richlands, N. C.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has given perfect satisfaction. It cured a bad case of scrofula."

NORTH DAKOTA.—Rudolph Luck, Willow City, N. Dak.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a boon to the afflicted in every household."

OHIO.—Rev. Theo. Schenk, 326 Alum St., Cleveland, Ohio: "Accept thanks for the **Blood Vitalizer.** I shall always be glad to speak a good word for it."

OKLAHOMA.—John J. Eickhoff, Medford, Okla.: "I am able to enjoy life and health through the blessing of the **Blood Vitalizer.** I am past eighty years old."

OREGON.—Rev. W. J. Haskill, Elgin, Oregon: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has produced grand results. It does the work."

PENNSYLVANIA.—Rev. Jas. R. Lane, Shirleysburg, Pa.: "I feel like a new man since using the **Blood Vitalizer,** although 76 years old."

RHODE ISLAND.—Mrs. H. Ziegler, 18 Hamburg Ave., Providence, R. I.: "I used everything in the world for stomach trouble without success until I found the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

SOUTH CAROLINA.—E. R. Meyer, Blackville, S. C.: "I had almost given up hope when your **Blood Vitalizer** cured me."

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Fred Hannemann, Mitchell, S. Dak.: "Three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** made crutches unnecessary in a bad case of rheumatism."

TENNESSEE.—F. Ruppe, Sr., Deermont, Tenn.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** is a truly remarkable remedy. It meets with success wherever used."

TEXAS.—Rev. A. W. Richardson, Erin, Texas: "If I can ever say anything to assist in spreading the news of the **Blood Vitalizer** I shall do so."

UTAH.—Mrs. E. Randall, 460 23rd St., Ogden, Utah: "For three years I was sick and helpless, but the **Blood Vitalizer** restored me."

VERMONT.—Anton Adamowicz, Bellows Falls, Vt.: "I am going to spread the news of the **Blood Vitalizer** wherever I am. It is the best medicine in the world."

VIRGINIA.—S. M. Kline, Mayland, Va.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has been a blessing to me as well as my friends."

WASHINGTON.—Mrs. A. J. Schrock, Almira, Wash.: "There is nothing like the **Blood Vitalizer.** I am so thankful that I ever heard of it."

WEST VIRGINIA.—A. L. Chambers, Smithfield, W. Va.: "I shall do all I can for the **Blood Vitalizer.** I know its merits."

WISCONSIN.—J. J. Auer, Prop. The Herald, Eau Claire, Wis.: "It is a solid fact based on my investigations, that in periods of epidemics those who use the **Blood Vitalizer** escape disease."

WYOMING.—James Houston, Evanston, Wyo.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is better than all the doctors combined."

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer enjoys a form of advertising different from most remedies. It has become a subject of house-to-house talk. The women discuss it over their teacups and the men in the field and workshop. In this way, news of the remedy has spread the world over. For further particulars address,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue. CHICAGO, ILL.

HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a closs stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



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ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 21. Chicago, Ill.

VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,
Fredrick, Maryland.



CATALOG 254

Our new Sample Book of **Straw Cloth, Silk, Net and Braids for BONNETS** will be sent upon request, postpaid. Write name and address upon a postal card, asking for our **No. 254 Catalog** and it will be sent at once. Samples of **CAP GOODS** will be found in each catalog. A line of samples complete in every way. **WE MAKE** Bonnets and Caps to order and guarantee satisfaction. Our sample book tells **how** to order, how to take measurements, gives prices in full.

Note.—All made-to-order bonnets and caps should be ordered early to avoid delay. April and May are very busy months in this department.

Dept. 21 ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., CHICAGO.



Friend:—Have you heard of the fast becoming famous Wenatchee Valley of Central Washington? If you have or have not, I would be pleased to have you write me for printed matter, telling about its wonderful resources. Fruit raising under irrigation is the leading industry. To an Eastern man fruit raising would seem like an unprofitable business. But listen a minute. Last season Elder A. B. Peters (known to many) harvested $500 worth of peaches to the acre from three-year-old trees. The land with the water right cost him, three years ago, $165 per acre. Now it is worth (if compared with the prices other lands are selling for, and by the per cent of income on the investment) one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Daniel Peters, a cousin of his, will make confirmation that he the last season picked 61 boxes off of one tree and got $61 for them. Mixed farming land adjoins the valley. Commence your investigation now.

DANIEL GENSINGER,
Wenatchee, Washington.



10,000 Gallons
PURE HOME-MADE
Apple Butter

Satisfaction guaranted. Write at once for prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE
HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE
We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford Indiana. We answer all letters.

CAP GOODS

Sisters, when in need of **Cap Goods** remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List FREE. I make a discount to the Aid Societies. Mention the Inglenook.

MARY A. BRUBAKER,
Box 331. Virden, Illinois.

THE REEDLEY TRACT

In Fresno County, California, is without doubt the best proposition on the Pacific Coast for the Brethren and others who want homes where pioneering is a thing of the past. No Floods; Good Water System, Good Land at reasonable prices. Raisins, Wine Grapes, Table Grapes, Peaches, Apricots, Plums, Berries, Alfalfa, and Lumber are the chief products.

The Brethren are about to build a church in Reedley. Some 50 members now here. Elders D. L. Forney and Isaac Betts are the resident ministers.

Why not look into the Reedley proposition? It will stand thorough investigation. Write for booklet.

LYON LAND COMPANY.
Reedley, California.

YOUR NAME

neatly and artistically written on 1 dozen **Visiting Cards** for only 15 cents, or 2 dozen for 25 cents. In engraver's script, 20 cents per dozen. Best quality of cards used. Diplomas filled out in attractive lettering and flourishing. Prices upon application.—**H. H. Funk, 2211 N. Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.** 11-eow-13

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

The Brethren Colonies

IN

Western Canada

Are Prosperous and Happy

The Soil there is Rich. Good Water and Lots of It Easily Obtainable. Fuel and Building Material Cheap. Your Neighbors are those of Like Faith and Practice.

Why Not Avail Yourself of This, Your Last Chance, to Get

GOOD LAND CHEAP?

Wheat Yields of 40 Bushels per Acre are Common. Oats has Yielded 140 Bushels per Acre.

Prices of Our Lands Range from $9.00 to $15.00 per Acre, on Easy Terms

For Particulars and About Cheap Rates Address

The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,

440 Temple Court **Minneapolis, Minn.**

THOSE IN OHIO AND INDIANA ADDRESS

ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.

WHY HAVE YOU CATARRH?

When I can relieve or cure you, no difference in what bad shape you may be? I deal direct with the sufferer, direct from my laboratory to you. I have the latest appliance and the most perfect treatment mailed on ten days' trial free. Do not neglect catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications.

THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN USE IT



FREE On 10 Days Approval

We will send you our new Spray Medicator and treatment for all forms of catarrh if you will simply send us your address. This is a new discovery that strikes right at the root of this dreadful disease and kills the germs. It affords immediate relief. The balmy oils used in the medicator are forced in a filmy cloud to all parts of the diseased nasal passage.

Don't think for a minute that you can cure catarrh of the head by taking medicines into the stomach. My treatment is applied direct. It stops the hawking and spitting, sniffing and snuffing, does away with nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat, soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the head clear as a bell.

Our Spray Medicator

is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

Our Special Trial Offer

FOR A SHORT TIME

If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

E. J. WORST

210 MAIN STREET **ASHLAND, OHIO**

MAILED ON TRIAL FREE



PURE HERB TABLETS

Quickly relieves and permanently cures Constipation, Stomach and Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

100 DAYS' TREATMENT $1.00

If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

More than a million people are using Pure Herb Tablets or have been cured with them. If you are ailing and want to be cured, what more evidence do you want? We will give you this timely advice free. Don't take our word nor the word of the cured hundreds, but send for a box on trial free, and try them yourself, absolutely free. You are to be the judge. If you do not feel like a new person after ten days' use, simply return the balance and you are under no obligations to us.

If our directions are followed, WE GUARANTEE PURE HERB TABLETS to satisfy every customer, or we will return their money.

In most people uric acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older, and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

SEE HOW EASY.

Just send us a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook, and we will mail 100 days' treatment of our Pure Herb Tablet treatment. Use them ten days, if perfectly satisfactory, send us $1.00, if not, simply return the balance and you still have your money. We claim this treatment has no equal for the above diseases, and take this honorable way to prove it to our patrons. Don't miss this opportunity. Speed the day by sending now to

PURE HERB TABLET CO.

537 MAIN STREET

ASHLAND, OHIO

Agents Wanted. Not sold by druggists.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Kathleen and Fate.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

Pagan Ideas as to the Moon and Zodiac.—O. H. Kimmel.

One of the Many Ills for which the Mosquito is Responsible.—N. J. Miller.

Life.—Zack Neher.

Does it Pay to be Polite?—Maggie M. Winesburg.

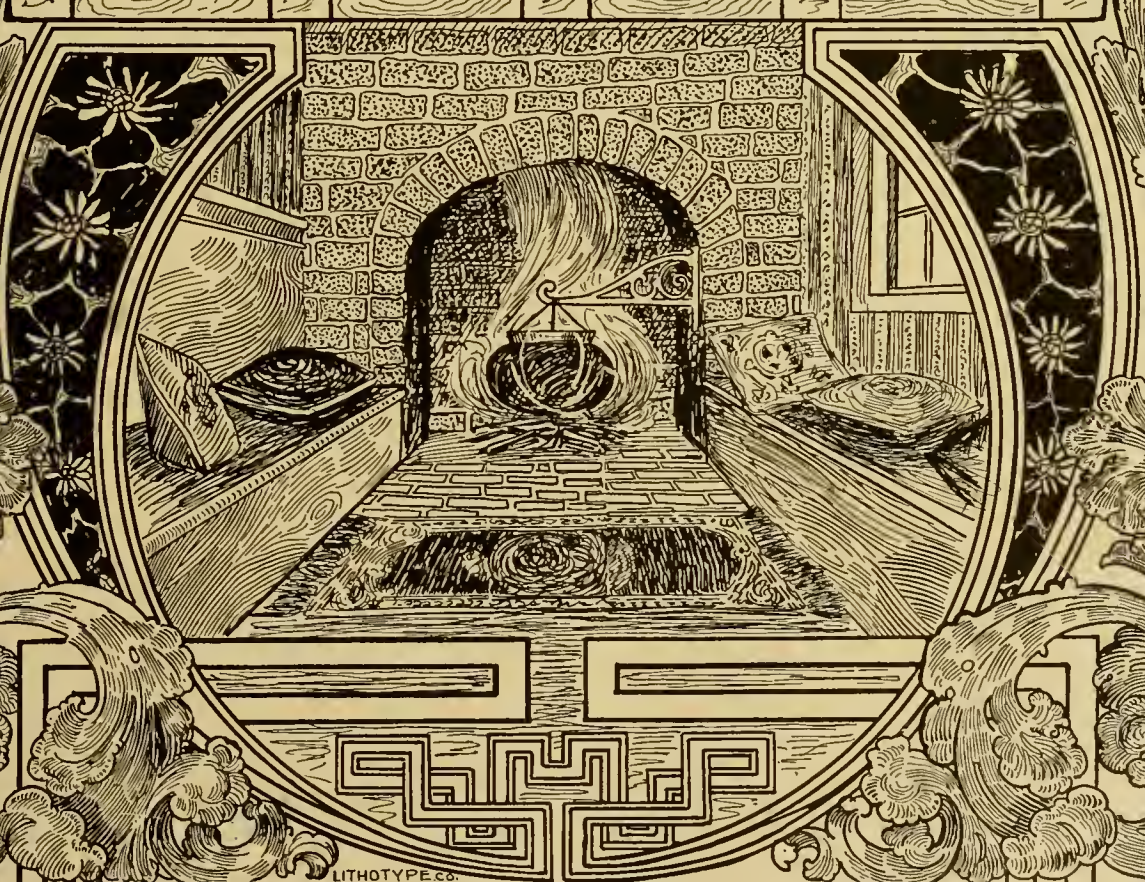
Sermonette.—Ira E. Long.

Who is My Brother? (poem)—Richard Braunstein.

People that Emma Likes.—Ida M. Helm.

Good Roads.—G. William Robinson.

The Meat-Packing Industry.—Walter C. Frick.



LITHOTYPE CO.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

March 19, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 12. Vol. IX

LOW RATES TO CALIFORNIA EVERY DAY IN MARCH AND APRIL



OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FEB. 23, 1907.

To the Brethren and their Friends:

In former letters your attention has been called to the scenery along the lines of the Union Pacific, New Salt Lake Route and the Southern Pacific en route to California.

By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

BUY YOUR TICKETS TO CALIFORNIA via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans

	From Mo. River Terminals Kas. City to Co. Bluffs inclusive	From Denver Col. & Cheyen'e Wyo.	From Sioux City Iowa	From Chicago Ills.	From St, Louis Mo.	From St. Paul & Minneapolis Minn.	From Peoria Ills.	From Des Moines Iowa	From Bloomington Ills.	From Memphis Tenn.
To SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO and many other California points. Not via Portland, Oregon	$25.00	$25.00	$27.00	$33.00	$30.00	$34.85	$31.00	$29.25	$32.00	$31.65

TO GRASS LAKE (the nearest station to Butte Valley) via Sacramento and Weed, Cal., $1.25 higher than above rates.

BUY YOUR TICKETS OF YOUR HOME AGENT as he is your neighbor and will undoubtedly give you reliable information.

For further information see the nearest agent of the Union Pacific Railroad or write to me for a souvenir booklet of Annual Meeting to be held in Los Angeles, California, next May. Take it with you for reference on the trip.

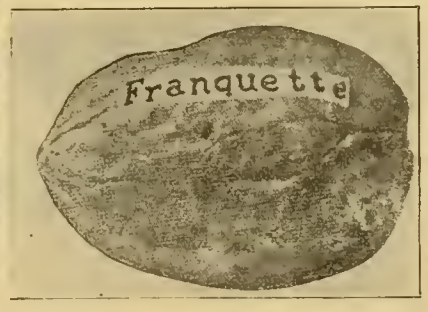
Yours fraternally,

Geo L McDonough

Colonization Agent.



WALNUTS FOR BUTTE VALLEY



A great deal has been said from time to time in our advertising matter about the value of English Walnuts as a money maker. We thought it would be opportune to give a little advice here before the farmers of BUTTE VALLEY begin to set out their orchards. It is far easier and not nearly so expensive to prevent mistakes than to correct them. A great many varieties of Walnuts, and especially English Walnuts, do well in California; but late investigations and experiments, and more particularly that of Mrs. E. M. Vrooman, of Santa Rosa, Cal., have demonstrated the fact that the Franquette, which is a French Walnut, is the Walnut of the day. Here are some facts for you to think about:

Mrs. Vrooman had begun her orchard with eight hundred trees. The first three years, of course, profited nothing. It requires all that time to get the orchard started. Then her crops were as follows:

Fourth year.—Total yield of orchard,	900 lbs.
Fifth year.—Total yield of orchard,	2,500 lbs.
Sixth year.—Total yield of orchard,	6,000 lbs.
Seventh year.—Total yield of orchard,	12,500 lbs.
Eighth year.—Total yield of orchard,	20,000 lbs.

At your leisure you may figure the per cent of increase, and decide whether or not it is a profitable crop.

Here are some reasons why the Franquette should be planted in BUTTE VALLEY:

1. It is the longest lived of all orchard trees.
2. A Walnut orchard once established requires less labor than any other orchard.
3. Walnuts, unlike many fruits, need not be harvested and marketed on the hour.
4. They have the wide world for a market.
5. The area favorable to abundant fruitage of the Walnut is very limited.
6. The Franquette is large enough to meet its competitors, whether of the French or English varieties.
7. The nut meat always fill the shells well.
8. The meats have a very fine white covering.
9. The flavor is of the very best.
10. The shell is what is termed as a "medium soft shell."
11. The shells are always well sealed, which enables them to endure the many handlings of the long distance market.

This little chapter has been written with a view to assist the settlers in BUTTE VALLEY to start a profitable crop while they are clearing up some of their farm land, so that they will have an independent fortune coming on later.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

504 Union Trust Bldg. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

EASTER CARDS, POST CARDS AND BOOKLETS

We have a large variety and a better line than we have ever carried before. Where we sold thousands of cards last year, we expect to sell tens of thousands this year.

A token of this kind will be highly appreciated not only by the children but by older ones as well. Post cards are more popular than ever this year. Nothing better for an inexpensive remembrance.

Every Sunday School ought to make the children happy at Easter time by presenting them with a beautiful, attractive **Easter Card.** Note our special prices to Sunday schools. Numbers 7444, 7445 and 7446 will especially please the children.

EASTER CARDS

Price 10c per Pack of Six

7444—A very fine card, with children, chicks, colored eggs, flowers, etc., in many rich colors. Four designs; embossed. Size, 3½x5½. Appropriate Easter greetings.

7445—This card is heavily embossed, with rabbits and beautiful flowers, printed in colors, with Easter greetings. Three designs. Size, 3½x5½.

7446—Very excellent designs of chicks colored eggs and children in playful mood. Beautiful landscape in the background. Four designs. Size, 3½x5½, with Easter greeting.

SUITABLE FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS AND ADULTS.

7438—Three designs of colored eggs and flowers in natural colors, uniquely arranged in vases and baskets. Very fine embossed Easter greeting. Size, 3½x5½.

7439—A tinted card with floral designs; roses, forget-me-nots, daisies, lilies of the valley, etc.; uniquely arranged in baskets; appropriate scripture text printed on each card. Six designs. Size, 3½x5½.

7441—A very attractive card with four designs; colored eggs hanging with ribbon and entwined with flowers of various shades in natural coloring, making it a very beautiful card. With Easter greeting. Size, 3½x5½.

The above cards are arranged in packs of six to the pack and sell at 10c per pack.

SPECIAL TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Assorted designs of the above cards:

No. 1 Special— 25 cards in pack...$ .35
No. 2 Special— 50 cards in pack... .65
No. 3 Special—100 cards in pack... 1.20

No. 124—A Card, cut in shape of a Roman Cross with bright silver border. In center of cards are beautiful, colored pictures of Oriental scenes, etc. Easter Greeting in raised silver letters; four designs.

Price, 4 in pack .....$ .15

EASTER POST CARDS

7444P—Same as No. 7444
7445P—Same as No. 7445
7446P—Same as No. 7446
7438P—Same as No. 7438
7439P—Same as No. 7439
7441P—Same as No. 7441

Only arranged to mail as Post Cards

Price on the Above Post Cards.

4 cards to pack, per pack .....$ .10
3 packs ..... .25

No. 117—"Doves and Crosses." This is a splendid design of doves, flowers and landscape scenes in colors. It is shaped in the form of a cross. Three designs. Appropriate Easter greetings.

Price, 3 in pack—3 designs.....$ .10
3 packs ..... .25

No. 118—"Resurrection Scenes." This pack is made up of three designs. In one Jesus is represented as leading a flock of sheep. In another, he speaks to a woman, and in the third, two angles appear. All are richly colored. A beautiful verse concerning the resurrection, in various colored letters, appears on each card.

Price, 3 in pack—3 designs.....$ .10
3 packs ..... .25

EASTER BOOKLETS

No. 160—This is a neat little booklet with cross on front cover, entwined with flowers. A splendid verse on inside concerning resurrection. Sizes, 2⅜x4¼ inches.
Price, each, ...$ .05

No. 170—A fine booklet with angel kneeling in front of cross. Embossed. Easter verse inside. Size, 2¾x5 inches.
Price, each, ...$ .06

No. 4613—A fine little booklet of eight pages and heavy embossed cover. The booklet is tied with silk ribbon. It contains choice selections of poetry appropriate for the occasion and a number of colored pictures. Very fine. Three designs. Size, 2½x4 inches.
Price, each, ...$ .10

3 booklets, 3 designs, ... .25

No. 302—A booklet of eight pages and cover. The cover is embossed with clover blossoms in beautiful colors and gilt. Inside are beautiful poems concerning the risen Lord and two colored pictures. It is printed on an excellent quality of paper, tied with a heavy silk cord, and makes a splendid appearance. Size, 3½x6 inches.
Price, each, ...$ .18

No. 304—This booklet is very similar to No. 302 in quality. The front cover is embossed with lilies of the valley arranged in form of cross. This with sprays of gilt makes it a very pretty design. Size, 3¼x5½ inches.
Price, each, ...$ .18

No. 319—An exquisite booklet of more than ordinary value. If you want something exceptionally fine, order this booklet. Embossed covers, and beautiful full page pictures inside, with splendid poem selections. Size, 4¼x8½ inches.
Price, each, ...$ .35

Send Your Order To-day. Be Sure and Always Order by Number

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DANIEL GENSINGER,
Wenatchee, Washington.



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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MARCH 19, 1907. NO. 12.

Kathleen and Fate--Part II

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

THAT day Fate and Kathleen had a long talk together, and Fate said: "Kathleen Brainard, are you not ashamed of yourself? Here you are, just as God created you, a little lower than the angels, fashioned after his own similitude, fretting your sweetness and life away over his workmanship. Does the rose question his wisdom in painting it? Nay, verily. It cares not whether it be red or white, only so it may fulfill its mission by blooming gracefully and send out fragrance and good cheer to gladden hearts. Does the clay dispute in the hands of the potter? Does the creature dictate to the Creator? In short words, are you wiser than God?"

By this time Kathleen was regarding Fate with a tragic countenance,—I doubt whether Marie Antoinette looked a whit more tragic as she paced the floor that eventful night,—and Fate continued: "I have a score to settle with you, Kathleen Brainard and we might just as well out with it now and be done forever. You have been laying too many of your mistakes and follies at my feet and I am too reasonable to claim more than my just share. Are you a rational human being, Kathleen Brainard? Answer me."

Kathleen gasped that she hoped she was, but was not quite sure, inwardly fearing that the miracle of Marie Antoinette's white hair was about to be repeated in her. Her knees began to tremble, but Fate was relentless and continued:

"There are too many things attributed to God and me which do not belong to us. The responsibility of your red hair we are willing to accept. Your miserable temper you may attribute either to heredity or the devil, just as you please; for it amounts to about the same thing in the end."

Kathleen now felt that the transformation of her hair was actually taking place. That it was raising up on its ends, there was no doubt.

"The responsibility of your red hair we admit," repeated Fate. "There are diversities of temperaments as well as diversities of gifts; and God and I generously endowed you with one with which you would be able to accomplish something in the world. Kathleen Brainard, do you know one lazy person in this wide world who has red hair?"

This was certainly a new thought to Kathleen. Fate was not looking quite so stern at her just now, so she ventured to reply that truly she did not.

"Do you know of one deceitful person who has red hair?"

Kathleen now began to be a little communicative with Fate and told her that she could not think of any. She said, moreover, that she despised deception beyond everything and beyond everybody—unless it was Josiah Craiker; they were so nearly alike that she could scarcely tell them apart, she added. That she was quite sure he had not red hair, "And I thank God that he has not," she concluded with vehemence.

"Did you ever know an inmate of any poorhouse, who had red hair?" demanded Fate.

Kathleen began to hope that she was to graciously be delivered from the miracle of the tragic Queen. She could not answer Fate offhand, but began to think. There was Daisy Lumm, who was taken charge of by the county in August. She had the most amiable disposition, and such a wealth of golden hair—how Longfellow might have immortalized her; but it was likely she would not be heard of in the next generation, for Longfellow was dead, and Daisy, alas, was in the poorhouse! She remembered how she had often tried to spur Daisy to action, and repeatedly exhibited to her the results of her own hard labor, such as carpets, comforts and rugs galore; but Daisy had only folded her tiny white hands and replied that she had much rather revel in the clouds and landscape. Kathleen remembered Daisy with pity and kindly hoped that there was plenty of landscape at the poorhouse. She could not account for the personality of the inmates of the various poorhouses throughout the land, but by this time believed in Fate and took it for granted that red-haired ones were not the typical class. She thought of Jerry Graves who went to the home a year before. His hair was anything but red, and Amelia Potter who fol-

lowed had hair as brown as her own mantilla just newly bought. Upon due reflection she told Fate that if there were red-heads in the poorhouse, she knew of none.

Then said Fate: "You are too prone to look on the dark side of things, Kathleen Brainard. You need not fear of ever going to the poorhouse. It has no attraction for your class. Once in a while one lands in the insane asylum—highly excited nerves, you know—but if you intend landing there we part company for good, for be it never said that it was Fate who led you there. I travel hand in hand with those alone, who leaving their first lessons behind like a child, go on to perfection. For whom he did foreknow, them also did he predestinate to become dear children of God by adoption: This and this alone, is the destination to which Fate leads you. Fate comes not from the devil; but any destiny short of highest good does issue forth from him. Ah, Kathleen! there is something greater than philosophy, something deeper than heredity, something stronger than the devil's arts. It is the grace of God."

From that moment Kathleen held a different opinon concerning the origin of bad tempers. She straightway abandoned the horrors of reformation, determining to simply trust in God, believing that he would give her grace sufficient for her day.

At this late period persons generally speak of Kathleen as having auburn hair. As for myself, it seems very much the color it was when I knew her first; and that was when I was but a little child.

But her heart grows richer, softer, fuller day by day, and though not wholly freed from temptation, the motto of her life is this: "Through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Kathleen cannot voice the gratitude she feels for the conversation with Fate that day; and should any of my red-haired sisters read these lines, in the name of a yoke-fellow let me say that God gives many different hues unto the rose, but blessed be Fate, we may all BE ROSES!

Johnstown, Pa.

THE hour that is gone I cannot recall, but to-morrow I will do better than yesterday; and all to-morrows shall be better than the yesterdays. Let us "leave behind our low-vaulted past."—*Dyer.*

March! March!! March!!!

March! March! March! They are coming,
In troops to the tune of the wind;
Red-headed woodpeckers drumming,
Gold-crested robins behind,
Sparrows in brown jackets romping
Past every gateway and door;
Finches with red caps stopping
Just where they did years before.

March! March! March! They are slipping
Into their places at last;
Little white lily-buds, dripping
Under showers that fall fast;
Buttercups, violets, roses,
Snowdrop and bluebell and pink,
Throng upon throng of sweet posies,
Bending the dewdrops to drink.

March! March! March! They will hurry
Forth at the wild bugle sounds—
Blossoms and birds in a flurry,
Fluttering all over the ground.
Hang out your flags, birch and willow!
Shake out your red tassels, larch!
Grass-blades, up from your earth-pillow,
Hear who is calling you—March!

—Frank H. Sweet.



Pagan Ideas as to the Moon and Zodiac

O. H. Kimmel

HOW many of us have heard people say:—if you trim a fruit tree any time within the new moon there will be no harm, but at a certain time in the old of the moon the trimming will kill it:

Just as many days as a fruit tree is planted before the new moon means the numbers of years that will pass before the tree will bear:

Plant your potatoes when the moon points are upward and the potatoes will come to the surface to be greened and poisoned by the sun. Plant them when the points are down and then you may dig deep for them:

Plant beans when the moon points are down and the vines will not twine upward on poles. Plant them when the points are up and you can not keep them from twining upward.

Plant radishes when the moon points up and out of the ground come your radishes: same with turnips. They will be hot in flavor, get pithy and go to seed. On the other hand plant them when the sign is opposite and get good radishes and fine turnips.

Kill your hogs in the old of the moon, and your meat will curl up and get small and juiceless when frying. Kill these omnivorous creatures when the moon is new and you have good full-sized slices of ham to mix with the eggs for breakfast.

Cut your hair in the new of the moon and notice that it grows almost twice as fast as it does when the tonsorial artist relieves you of the surplus hair when the moon is in the old. Like results are noticed in trimming the nails.

Set two posts near each other. Set one when the moon is yet new and the other when it is passing the western slope of time, and note that one will freeze out of the ground and the other will go to decay where it was planted.

A horse receives a flesh wound in the new of the moon and it heals quickly. Another receives a wound in the old of the moon, proud flesh comes and the healing is very slow.

Haul manure onto your meadow when the moon points down and the fertilizer goes downward to return only when the sun calls forth the new sprig of grass in the spring. Haul another load by the side of this one when the prongs of our pale satellite point upward and you will rake it up with the grass next season.

Lay your worm fences when the horns of the lesser light point downward and watch the fence gradually sink into the earth. Lay another when the moon points toward the zenith and the fence will never sink.

I asked you, dear reader, if you had heard these statements? Have you not heard them all and many more! No? Well now, that's strange. I have heard them and heard them, often too, from the lips of men and women who are intelligent and those who would naturally know better than to believe such superstitious ideas,— ideas that have been inherited, perhaps, from our pagan ancestors.

You may convince these people of certain errors in other things by referring to certain errors ingenious to yourself but when you undertake to convince these good people of the error of their way in this sign thinking—well it is harder to do than it is for the ego to define itself.

But let us look into this matter and see for our own benefit at least some of these errors. When we reflect we remember that the moon is about 240,000 miles from the earth around which planet it revolves. This satellite passes through all the stages from new moon back to new moon again in a little over twenty-nine days. The horns pointing upward or downward or sidewise simply indicates the lighted portion of the moon that we can see. This light is only a reflected light as the moon like the earth receives nearly all its light from the sun. The half of the moon that is toward the sun is the only portion that is lighted, and the other portion is dark. If the earth is between the sun and the moon and not in the direct path of the sun's rays toward the moon, we see the whole lighted surface of the moon and we say it is full. If the moon is between us and the sun we see none of it and we have the period known as the dark of the moon.

The earth revolves on its axis each day, and the moon is on the meridian of every place on the earth once in twenty-five hours. Once every twenty-five hours instead of every twenty-four hours because the moon travels eastward around the earth and it takes about an hour more than a complete revolution of the earth to overtake the great satellite, and for this reason her pale face is seen to rise one hour later each night.

We see the crescent when only a small portion of the lighted part of the moon is visible to us. As the moon passes on, however, gradually to the space beyond the earth leaving the earth again between the moon and the sun we see more and more of it until we finally see it in full again.

The position of this crescent of the new moon and the reverse appearance of the old moon, of course must depend entirely upon the relative position of the earth, moon and sun. All are moving and each new appearance differs and a cycle of changes go on in a

regular series until at last every arc of the path of the cycle has been traversed and the three stand again in the same relative position that they took in starting. So if there existed any favorable and unfavorable points these points would return as gradually as the conditions and our astronomers could indicate them as accurately as they can the eclipses.

But really the signists have baffled the scientists. The scientists have discovered that we have the forces of gravitation, heat and light existing between the planets and the sun. Regular physical laws have been found in which these forces act. Under gravity the moon and earth attract each other in proportion to their masses. As the mass of the earth is so much greater than the mass of the moon, the attraction of the earth for the moon must be stronger than the attraction of the moon for the earth. Now the above ideas cannot exist in the actions of the physical laws of gravity. They cannot be verified by the actions of the laws of heat and light, for the heat we receive from the moon is very nearly nothing and the "pale light of the waning moon" has been a theme for the poets, always.

No one can explain his reason for believing these old ideas. But, on the other hand we know that, in the pastoral regions of Asia where the cloudless skies permitted the sun to shine unobstructed upon the herder and his flock by day and the stars cast their twinkling light with the moon's ruddy gleam at night, these people studied them and gave us our first knowledge of their physical actions. We know that primitive man worshiped the sun and moon and the stars for he knew not God, and that he was a full believer in the supernatural power of the planets. Now we believe that it is a fact that the existing beliefs as to the position of the horns of the moon, the age of the moon, or the fabulous signs of the zodiac are survivals of the old superstitions of our pagan ancestors. The people who believe these signs are sincere in their belief but we doubt if they would give ear to a scientific test which would exclude other possible causes as factors in the case.

But let us arrive at the practical application of the case. The meat-packers of our cities who kill thousands of hogs daily pay no attention to the moon in the packing of pork. We have large packing industries in this city, many of them and I am quite sure they do not watch for the age of the moon in packing pork, yet the meats they furnish are usually good. Tens of thousands of people use it and it is safe to say that half of it was killed in the old of the moon. If this idea were true the packers would lose a great deal of money every year. Our truck farmers pay no attention to these ideas though they raise vegetables of all kinds for the market. In the large agricultural regions no attention whatever is paid to the superstition, and the scientific farmers who are beginning to be able to increase their crops right here in Illinois from fifty to one hundred per cent utterly ignore such ideas entirely.

The old style almanac which tells "the sign" in which the moon is, is undoubtedly a catering relic of other days, and the nail in the wall which holds them should be pulled while the almanac is surrendered to the flames. The devout Christian who yet believes in the moon idea should remember that he is yet retaining a part of the religion of his pagan ancestors and that he has not given his entire faith to the God of the universe. Have the courage and the faith and the good sense to discard such injurious practices as "sign driving," plant crops when the season is right, build fences when they are needed, kill hogs when they are fat and do all of the other things in keeping with the time of their needed attention and see when the year rolls around if you are not fully as thrifty and as wealthy as of yore.

East St. Louis, Ill.

VOICE THE INDEX OF THE MIND.

CULTIVATE a mild, gentle, and sympathetic voice.

And the way to secure a mild, gentle, and sympathetic voice is to be mild, gentle, and sympathetic.

The voice is the index of the soul.

Children do not pay much attention to your words—they judge of your intents by your voice.

Your voice reassures. "My sheep know my voice."

We judge one another more by voice than language, for voice colors speech, and if your voice does not corroborate your words, doubt will follow.

We are won or repelled by a voice. Your dog does not obey your words; he does, however, read your intents in your voice.

The best way to cultivate a voice is not to think about it.

Actions become regal only when they are unconscious; and the voice that convinces, that holds us captive, that leads and lures us on, is used by its owner unconsciously.

Fix your mind on a thought, and the voice will follow. If you fear you will not be understood, you are losing the thought—it is slipping away from you—and you are thinking of the voice. Then your voice rises to a screech, subsides into a purr, or bellows like the vagrant winds. Anxiety and intent are shown and your case is lost.

And so, to get back to the place of beginning, the advice is this: The best way to cultivate the voice is not to cultivate it. The voice is the sounding-board of the soul. God made it right. If your soul is filled with truth your voice will vibrate with love, echo with sympathy, and fill your hearers with the desire to do, to be, and to become.—*Elbert Hubbard in March Lippincott's.*

One of the Many Ills for Which the Mosquito is Responsible

N. J. Miller

FOR the past ten years a relentless effort to destroy mosquitoes in various parts of the world has been in progress. The methods for extermination are various:—drainage of the swamps, ponds, marshes, pools, etc., in which the pests breed: the introduction of fish, especially Sticklebacks, Sunfish and top-minnows, that relish the transparent "wrigglers" or larvæ of the mosquito; the use of kerosene or some cheap oil which, spreading over the water, forms a film preventing the respiratory organs of the "wrigglers" to get air when coming to the water's surface, the introduction of a fungus to rapidly infest the mosquitoes which plague-stricken are gotten rid of in large numbers, etc., etc.

Even the consideration of nothing more than the ordinary discomfort one experiences from the bites of mosquitoes adds sympathy with the war of their extermination. How they pester one when rambling through the woods to learn its secrets, wading a stream or strolling along the banks to listen to its charming tales, or climbing snow-capped mountains to pry from the rocks their story! Even camping on the banks of the Huron or at Bovey's Springs would be more delightful without the mosquito. At some seasons of the year camping along the Arkansas river in Colorado is almost unendurable. Everywhere the hump-backed, tiny, musical fellows creep into your tent (in spite of a camp-fire outside or the drawing of fine netting across the doorway) and continually break one's slumber. How "lumpy" one's face, neck and hands become because of the insect's virus injected into your blood! I often noticed young farmers and anglers in the Colorado plains wear gloves for their hands and handkerchiefs about their necks, ears and faces to keep off the blood-thirsty pests. In some parts of Sunny Texas one is obliged to wear gloves, a heavy coat, and fine netting over the head and face to prevent the mosquitoes sucking all one's blood. Even smudge fires are built to keep the cattle from growing mad because of the great swarms of blood-hungry mosquitoes. The cows prefer standing over and into the burning smudge, though they burn their hoofs somewhat rather than endure the attacks of the mosquitoes. "Way-up" in cool Montana an observer, we are told, "has seen all the work-horses in the field sheathed in sheets during the day and these were dotted with blood." This sounds almost like a New Jersey mosquito story. Though I have seen mosquitoes rise from the vegetation along irrigating ditches in such great numbers that they looked like mist, yet I never saw anything like that chronicled by a Texas observer concerning two migrations of mosquitoes he observed. Of the second migration he says the swarm, "clouded the sky, bent down the grass with their weight, and made all drift-wood and ground the same color."

The "biting" habit is common only with the females. Only the blood-thirsty "fairer-sex" cause discomfort by their vicious habit. Lest we make this application to all living things we should remember the text-book statement concerning mosquitoes that though "the female is blood-thirsty, the male is prone to alcoholism." Investigators tell us the males like to sip beer and wine and that these beverages are not relished by the females; however, one can distinguish the sexes by the "bite." Let some light on your hand, the ones biting are females and those not biting and altogether indifferent, the males. Of course, there are other more reliable distinguishing features. The easiest one recognized is that the antennæ of the males are *very feathery*. Then, too, the males lack some organs necessary to pierce the skin of animals. The female like the male feeds on vegetable matter, but in addition loves blood. Its piercing organ consists of several small appendages lying very close together. These form a pointed beak which the insect can thrust through the skin. If blood is reached the pest puts its sucking organ into operation to carry the red fluid between the appendages, forming the dagger or bill. It is during this process that parasites may be placed in the human body producing disease, yellow-fever and malaria.

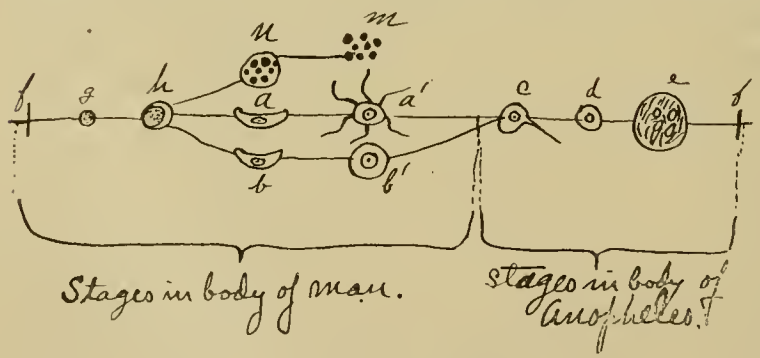
Only special genera are responsible for these deadly diseases. Stegomyia is responsible for yellow-fever, and Anopheles for malaria. Other genera, for example the more common mosquitoes called Culex, are not at all instrumental in the dissemination of malaria. Waterhouse, a keen naturalist, has pointed out easy distinctions between the common Culex and the malaria infesting Anopheles. Anopheles (1) rests on a plane surface with its posterior end raised: also its head, beak and body are in the same plane no matter what position it takes. In Culex, our common mosquito, the body is parallel with the surface on which the insect lights, and the head and back point downward. This gives him a "hump-backed" form. Keeping these distinctions in mind, one can easily tell whether the mosquitoes lighting on the hand to sip blood are Culex or the malaria-infested Anopheles.

When Anopheles, if infested with malaria parasites, bite human individuals, the parasites are injected into the blood by the saliva of the insect. This parasite,

called Plasmodium malariæ, is an animal, not a bacterium or plant. It has a very complicated life history which has been worked out since 1896, especially by Dr. Ross and Prof. Grassi. The parasite, injected by the insect's saliva into human blood, is very small, smaller than a red blood-corpuscle several thousand of which are required to be piled on top of each other to form a column an inch high. The parasites (f) introduced into human blood enter the red-corpuscles, the former increasing in size (g) until nearly filling



the discoid bodies. Some of these develop into forms like *a* and *b*, the former becoming stellate (a) termed male cells, and the latter spherical (b), the female cells. If the mosquito (Anopheles) bites the human individual and swallows some of the blood corpuscles infested with these stages the Plasmodium malariæ continue to develop. The male and female cells, maturing in the human blood corpuscles lying in the insect's stomach, escape from the corpuscles: the male and female cells unite to form flagellate bodies (c) which penetrate into the stomach wall. Here they enlarge (e) and finally form many very small bodies called blasts. The latter eventually escape from the stomach wall and pass through the body cavity into the insect's salivary glands. Should the insect organ



"bite" a human individual, the rod-like blasts (f) pass from the salivary glands through the mosquito beak into human blood. The parasites again enter the red-corpuscles and go through their ceaseless life-cycle. A part of the parasite's development goes on in man (also crows, sparrows, etc.,) but the rest of its development takes place in the body of the Anopheles mosquito only. So it is evident that the destruction of this mosquito means the doing away with the spread of malaria fever.

The parasite has a very intimate relation to malaria chills and fever. Some of the parasite cells (h) do not develop into a male and female cells but break up into small bodies called spores (n). The spore formation continues until the corpuscles are completely filled after which follows the liberation of the spores (m) into the blood serum. The spore formation, it is known, causes the malaria chill, and the poison thrown into the blood at the time of spore-liberation produces the fever following the chill. These spores again enter the red-corpuscles and there repeat the phenomena indicated above. In seventy-two hours in in one form of malaria and forty-eight hours in another, the spores develop and are liberated again from their corpuscles. Again follow the malaria chill and fever. So it is self-evident that the periodic development of spores accounts for the periodic chill and fever. Since quinine kills the organisms, it is the specific used for malaria.

Not only for economic but also for hygienic reasons the mosquito is condemned. This pretty tiny fellow responsible for some dangerous human ills is doomed to destruction. However, we need not fear that we shall never again hear his music.

LIFE.

ZACK NEHER.

THE object of life is to live and the means by which to maintain it is to die,—not spiritually or physically but to die carnally,—our nature that is in opposition to spiritual life.

Everything that has life must die that the life may live again.

We see life or the means of life in everything. We also see the necessity of dying that the object of its being be filled. The grain of corn must be buried and die that it may live again in another form. The corn that is ground into meal must die that other life may be maintained. The lamb that's slaughtered dies that other life, a higher life may live. The Christian dies that Christ may live, and that he himself may live eternally.

In the business world the man who would be successful must die to that which hinders him in his success, and must travel the narrow way. The schoolboy that travels the narrow way and dies to gay society, play halls and such like, will live; yes, *he lives now*. Some day his character will be unveiled, then we will see as we have never seen.

Disease destroys more life than anything else, in the spiritual as well as physical life. As to our bodies, to be healthy we should eat a moderate amount of healthy food, drink pure water, breathe pure air, take a reasonable amount of exercise and *not be anxious*.

Isn't it practically the same spiritually? Many of us are striving and pulling this way and that way in vain attempt to grow spiritually. If we could just drop that and use all our energies to destroy our

carnal desire, or nature, which we know all about, and leave the spiritual alone to grow in God's way, of which we know little.

We may become spiritually dyspeptic by attempting to masticate and get strength from the great problems and mysteries of the Bible that God never intended us to touch. The young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination and such like.

To live that we may eternally live we should eat the Bread that is before us, and leave alone the analyzing and the trying to peer into the world beyond. Leave alone the questions of controversy, the knotty and unprofitable and unsettled questions of the Bible which only cause the weak to scatter and the light of spiritual life to flicker.

Perhaps the most destructive general disease to spiritual life is indolence, and the cause is indulgence. Some one way, some another, but always the way our individual appetites lead. The appetite is often mistaken for aspiration.

Novel reading is perhaps the *most* poisonous and destructive to spiritual life; it is taken up and followed with an abnormal appetite created by indulgence in some other seeming lesser evil. Thus one indulgence follows another with a growing appetite till death alone can give relief.

Azilla, Mo.

DOES IT PAY TO BE POLITE?

MAGGIE M. WINESBURG.

Yes, it will pay anyone in many ways to be polite in all of their intercourse with their fellow-beings. Politeness not only shows a lady, or a gentleman, but is the offspring of a thoroughly Christian heart.

Politeness can be classed under two or three heads. First, the polished outward veneering of the man, or woman of the world; but that kind of politeness is hardly ever extended to persons out of what they call their set. That kind of polite people rarely ever take the trouble to be even civil to those they deem beneath them in social status.

Then there is interest politeness, which is used by the business man or woman, but that hardly ever extends beyond the doors of their place of business, and sometimes not that far. But if by chance they do carry their politeness with them as far as the street, they usually throw it away when they board the street car; and there act as if they were the only human being in existence.

Then last,—but not the least,—is the genuine heart-felt politeness. The politeness that prompts its possessor to treat every person with respect, no difference what their rank in life may be. The politeness that will make room in a crowded street car for an aged, or crippled man or woman, no matter how they are dressed. The politeness that has care for the feelings of others. It does not matter if the possessors of true politeness are a little awkward in their manner, all sensible people recognize the true article, and then practice will soon make perfect.

It is the politeness that comes from the heart that cheers the weary and brings smiles to the lips that have almost forgotten how to smile, and makes friends everywhere for the ones who possess it.

Yes, it pays to be polite, and those who have not the heart-felt politeness would do well to practice the outward form if only for the interests it may serve. Many a business man and woman too, have hurt their trade by their rudeness; for the most of us want to buy our goods where we will get—not only the goods—but civil treatment also.

There is a current quotation that "dollars talk:" and politeness is often the means of bringing in those talking dollars. Let me cite a case in which I was one of the actors; and I know that other people do, just as I did then:

One day, in my native city, I went into a large dry-goods store to purchase a winter wardrobe. I was very plainly dressed that day, and the clerk who came to wait on me was not even civil to me, much less polite. When I asked for the goods I wanted, he said roughly: "I don't know whether we have that stuff in the store or not. Anything else?" He did not offer to look for the goods, and turned his back to me as though he thought I was not worth waiting on.

Of course I walked out of that store pretty quick, and into the next store where I found a very civil gentlemanly young man, who waited on me as politely as if I had been robed in silk; and he of course took across the counter every dollar that I spent that day. Then one day later on, I was again up town, in all the glory of war-paint and feathers, and I again went into the same store, where the clerk had treated me so uncivily on my former visit there. As luck would have it, the same clerk came to wait on me; but this time he was all bows and smiles. Now I put that young man to a great deal of trouble, and then he took in only twenty-five cents for his trouble, and therefore even in the traffic for dollars I think that it might pay to treat all classes of people with a little politeness.

I know that sometimes it takes lots of patience to treat some classes of people civil, much less polite. With me, those "some people" are the scandal-mongers; for this class of people will try the politeness of any sensible person. I have often listened to the "gossip" with a volcano of wrath burning in my heart, and my tongue fairly itching to tell them that a "dog that would fetch a bone, would carry one away with it."

The above expression is one that was frequently

used by my grandfather when he would warn us girls about a gossiping neighbor. But that homely expression is true in regard to the scandal-mongers. And yet common sense tells us that if we are not polite to those same old scandal-peddlers we will get torn to rags, and tatters in the next house they visit; and ten to one we will get well-roasted over the coals if we do treat them civil. But then after one has let his indignation betray him into an act of rudeness, he generally feels as if he had done something to be ashamed of, or if he doesn't he ought to.

Be polite to everyone; it won't hurt you half as much as rudeness will. If you do not have the well-spring of true politeness in your heart, put on a little outward veneering, and then take it with you everywhere,—into the streetcars, and to your own fireside, and in time some of the veneering may soak through the crust of selfishness, and find your heart.

When I say be polite to every one, I do not mean that anyone should drop one peg lower than the standard he has set in life. That is, if his standard is the right kind of a one. If other people's ways don't accord with your views of life, you don't have to lower your ideas of what is right in treating them civil. But remember that all are "God's creatures," and one person is no better than another in his sight, only as he makes himself better.

THE CACTI OF THE NEW MEXICAN DESERTS.

It is a fact, probably never brought to the attention of that class of our American citizenship who are readers of magazines, that there are hundreds of persons, men of course, principally,—away down the far southwest whose only living companions, from week end to week end, and, in certain isolated cases, from month end to month end, are the cacti of the desert. West of the Pecos they do not use the word "cacti." It is cactus, singular and plural. These men come to love the cactus as others do pet animals. It is almost a revelation to ride out, desert-ward, and hear them dilate on their wonders.

Everywhere in the lone New Mexican deserts there are vast stretches of grease-wood, the low shrub with the leaf like a myrtle, that is the one saving bit of color to the scene. Hidden by these patches are mines —some of them never worked, but simply bored and tunneled; some of them with the finest of machinery installed. The money of the several companies, however may, for the time being, have given out, and so "mine watchers" are employed to pitch camp at these shafts and live, maroons on the Great American Desert, until released. Only once a week do these fellows come to town, the rest of the time they are out with the cactus.

There is the tall dagger cactus, so much like the yucca of our gardens.

Ubiquitous on the desert is the corn-cob cactus, sweet reminiscence of better days to its folk. A thousand miles from a corn-stalk, and with nothing better than canned succotash to recall it, the desert blossoms with a cactus that was named for the somewhat similarly shaped maize.

Up beyond the combs of low blue mountains that rise ever in the desert, grows the soto-weed, likewise very tall, and with the great spire-like dried blossoms standing anywhere from ten to a dozen feet above ground. Thorny bushes, possibly cactus of some future age now in course of evolution, grow beneath in its shadows. The okatare, too, is there,—just a set of pokers, as it were,—green though, and armed with spines, rising in a clump from the earth.

If one drives out farther in the beautiful, rolling desert, over the beds of prickly pear and among the white sage-brush areas, the devil's pincushions, a low, yellow seeding variety of cactus, may be found. There is no taste to that seed, but it is eatable and will sustain life, so that many a miner has been saved from utter starvation by taking to this insipid diet.

Nature seems to have provided for man in the cacti of the desert. Remove the spines, and only man can do this, and not a few contains a sap that will substitute water admirably. The fruit of other varieties is splendid, in fact it is much coveted in the desert towns. Then there is the crackling fire, yielded by the cactus,— what more would you desire? The long spines serve for needles in times of pinch, the endless tough fibers for thread. This plant sends up a stalk often ten or fifteen feet in height, from which there come the beautiful, waxy-white flowers of our own home yucca. The love of the aesthetic then bubbles up in the heart of the mine-watcher on the desert, and he will cut down a half dozen of these stalks and bear them to his "home," simply for the pleasure of having them about him. Not that they are few and far between. There are stretches along the Southern Pacific where, for mile on mile, rise these blossoming heads of cactus. Only the desert folk are ungrateful.

Hot as it may be in the daytime, the nights are cold.

The sun has parched the dagger, so the lonely prospector or the miner strikes a match and sets fire to the plant. It burns almost without a smoke,—one elegant, red glow, until the flames strike the stem, and then they lean upward as a torch in the night time.

It makes you think of old Indian times, to see these flaring torches over the desert.

Another purpose, too, is served, besides giving heat and serving as fuel to cook the meal of the miner. The fires ward off the coyote,—"ki-o-te," it is, out West,—and also the little red desert foxes that may bear off bits of food in the night-time.

In the shadows of the dagger grows the clap-weed, famed for its medical properties. Get "stuck" by a cactus, and apply the clap-weed's juice, and you will be healed, say the miners. Is it a wonder that the miner loves the cactus?

Some one has suggested that the plants be analyzed, as clue to what ore might obtain in the soil far beneath, but the suggestion has not yet been tested. Perhaps, then, some day the cactus will be the lodestone too, to indicate hidden fortune. Until then, however, the vast beds of the green wave in the sand storms of the wastes, breathing perfume on desert air.—*Felix J. Koch, in Vick's Magazine.*

THE NEW IMMIGRATION LAW.

The new immigration measure will provide for very exhaustive investigation of many points. Meanwhile, great efforts are going to be made to distribute the newcomers thoroughly throughout the country, and to test their fitness for success, particularly in Southern agriculture and industry. At present we are receiving immigrants at the rate of considerably more than a million a year, one-quarter of them coming from Italy, another quarter from the races of Austria-Hungary, another quarter from Russia, and the remaining quarter from Germany, Scandinavia, the British Islands, and scattered sources. The situation requires the most exhaustive study and analysis. If these new factors that make up the bulk of our immigration should be sifted or restricted in some radical fashion, public opinion will support Congress in legislation after the argument has been sustained by a showing of undeniable facts. At present the country is in great need of labor, and a good kind of immigration is welcome. But in the long run our industrial life itself, as well as our social and political institutions, must depend upon the character of American citizenship, and it would be a fearful mistake to bring here classes of people permanently undesirable in vast numbers merely to meet a temporary demand in the labor market.—*From "The Progress of the World," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March.*

HAVE A FAD.

We seriously advise it. Whatever your age or sex, have a fad. But have a good fad—one that is not only innocent, but one that has some sense and some advantage in it. Let it be one that interests you, not some goody good scheme to which you must drive yourself. What's the use of having a fad if it doesn't beckon to you when you are free and entertain you when you work it? This fad of yours may be pursued alone or in company with a few congenial spirits; the former is freer; the latter more enthusiastic. What shall it be? A study of same kind? A line of experiments? Making up a collection of some sort—artistic, mechanical, natural? These are fine fads enough. What's the good of it? Well, for one thing, it gives a change from the daily routine. We all have to grind more or less. However much we may enjoy our work, a sense of monotony creeps in. It is a good thing to secure a complete change of thought at least once a day. A play spell is better for the mind than sheer indolence. For another advantage, it is well to have a vent for surplus energy. The old farm horse, turned into the pasture at the end of a day's tugging, will kick up his heels just to show that he is not all spent. Shall a brute have more spirit than a man? Even one who is most devoted to his calling, has, if in fair health, a residue of unconsumed vim which should be utilized. A sensible fad gives him an opportunity to kick up his heels to some purpose. —*The Pilgrim.*

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to keep clean and healthy as a dwelling for the mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and for others but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love and kindness and charity and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief or temptation or sin.

A pair of lips to speak true, kind, brave words.

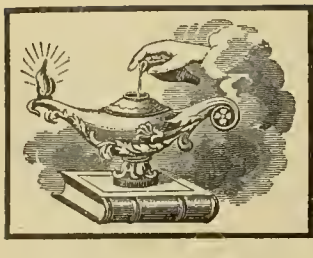
A pair of ears to hear music of birds and trees and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or not to dishonor God or his mother.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good and the true—God's fingerprint in flower and field and snow flake.—*Selected.*

INVENTIONS COPIED FROM NATURE.

Many of the ideas that have developed great benefit to man are borrowed from the animal world. Wasps made a kind of paper from wood long before man had begun to use rags in manufacturing it. The folding scissors that many persons carry in their pocket are copies of the folding lower jaw of the dragon-fly, naturalists tell us; and the sky-rocket performs its work of beauty and amusement on the same principle that the flying squid, a species of cuttle fish, projects itself into the air, for it forcibly expels water from its body and sends itself several feet into the air. The U. S. navy yard has a ropemaking machine that is said to follow almost exactly the lines that a spider does when making the filmy strands in its web.—*The Pathfinder.*

The true strength of every human soul is to be dependent on as many nobler as it can discern, and to be depended upon by as many inferior as it can reach. —*Ruskin.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

IRA E. LONG.

"Wine and new wine take away the heart."

THE Hebrews look upon the heart as the source of wit, understanding, love, courage, grief and pleasure.

When we look at the significant meaning attached to the word heart by the Hebrew people and note the awful condition of the people occasioned by the use of strong drink as shown by the prophets Hosea and Isaiah, we are led to agree that the prophet of God had abundant reason to regard the truth as sufficiently established and of such importance as to be worthy of a place in the eternal word of truth: That wine and new wine take away the heart.

And when we turn from the days of the prophets to our own time and compare our observations and experience of the present with the words of our text, we see daily demonstrations of its truth in the hearts of men being taken away by strong drink. There is no agent so subtle in its workings and so sure in its results, and whether we consider the moral, the spiritual or the physical heart of man, it is equally successful in taking it away. For what will so surely and quickly turn morality to immorality, spirituality into infidelity and blasphemy and by early consigning the user to a drunkards grave take the life from the physical heart, as the habitual use of strong drink? There is nothing which sinks men so low, robbing them of wit, understanding, courage, and so blunting the intellect as to make it insensible to the real issues of life.

What then is the Christian's attitude towards this the greatest of modern evils? Are there those who think it possible to take a glass occasionally or use strong drink in moderation and fulfill their duty to their fellowmen? This is most dangerous ground to take as some following your example and lacking your power of will to resist the growing appetite for drink may be led into the whirlpool which will land them in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. No, a Christian dare not think of anything short of total abstinence. Regard it as any other rank poison to be used only in cases of extreme emergency and then only under the direction of a competent physician.

But has a Christian fulfilled his obligation when he has pledged himself to total abstinence? By no means. Christianity demands that we not only abstain from evil, but that we fight it. All our influence should be used in support of those organizations which are making a systematic fight against this great evil, and when opportunity affords itself we can vote against it. Only as we use all our powers and opportunities in an effort to crush out this great evil will God hold us guiltless and will we be worthy of the name Christian.

310 Harrison Ave., Lima, Ohio.

WHO IS MY BROTHER?

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Who is my brother? Only he
Who dwells beneath the same rooftree,
Whose blood doth only bear one trace
Of the same mother, the same race?

Who is my brother? Only he
Who in the same sanctuary
Doth say his prayers as I say mine,
That I think only one creed is divine?

Or is my brother every man
Arched over by the sky's wide span,
Whose brow by days or evils pressed,
Or who in humblest garb is dressed?

There is but one, whom God we call,
Who is the Father of us all;
And so all men I brothers claim
In our one loving Father's name.

INCONSISTENCY.

AN officer from Japan was visiting America, and one day, while looking about a big city, he saw a man stop a milk wagon.

"Is he going to arrest the man?" asked the Japanese.

"O, no," was the answer; "he must see the milk sold by this man is pure, with no water or chalk mixed with it."

"Would chalk or water poison the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No; but people want pure milk if they pay for it."

Not long after the two passed a saloon where whiskey is sold. A man came staggering out, struck his head against a lamp-post, and fell to the sidewalk.

"What is the matter with that man?" again asked the Japanese.

"He is full of bad whiskey."

"Is it poison?"

"Yes, a deadly poison," was the answer.

"Do you watch the selling of whiskey as you do the milk?" asked the Japanese.

"No," was the reply.

At the market they found a man looking at the meat to see if it was healthy. "I can't understand your country." said the Japanese. "You watch the meat and milk, and let men sell poisoned whiskey as much as they please."—*Ram's Horn.*

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

I WAS night clerk in one of the best drug stores in the town of N., says a writer in the *Christian Observer.* One evening at 11 o'clock I began to make preparations to retire to my cot behind the rear partition of the store, locked the front door and lowered the lights. I was just falling into a pleasant sleep when the night bell rang. I arose, waited on the customer, refixed the door and light, and returned to my room.

Before half an hour had passed, the bell rang again. I answered it, waited on the messenger, and again lay down.

Perhaps it was an hour later, when, once more, I was aroused by the bell. I was enjoying sound sleep, and by no means in a good humor admitted the boy, who thrust a prescription at me, saying, "Mother is very sick, please put up this medicine quick."

With sleepy eyes and ill humor I prepared the medicine, dismissed the boy, locked the door, and—and was about to lower the gaslight, when I picked up the prescription to file it and, to my horror, discovered that I had made a mistake. A deadly poison was in that medicine.

What should I do? Overcome with shame and self-accusation, I paced the floor. Had I known the boy, or where the family lived, I should have followed to prevent the use of the medicine; but I knew not whence he came. I threw myself on my knees; with tears I confessed my sin of petulance, ill humor, and neglect of watching or praying, pleaded with the Savior not only to forgive my sin, but, somehow, to overrule my very mistake. I knew not how this could possibly be, but continued on my knees, scarcely knowing what I said; my prayer was more groaning in the spirit than anything else.

My prayer was interrupted by the violent ringing of the bell. I opened the door, and there was the boy. "Oh, he said, "I fell and broke the bottle; please put up the medicine again."

I almost fainted for joy. Before I put up the medicine again, I slipped into my little chamber, threw myself on my knees and just simply said, with tears of gratitude streaming down my face, "Lord Jesus, I thank thee." My prayer was heard and granted. —*The Religious Telescope.*

"KEEP YOUR LANTERN BY YOU."

THE words were spoken somewhat sharply by the conductor of an evening trin: "Keep your lantern by you. If anything should happen, you may be at one end of the car and your lantern at the other." The brakeman was a new hand, who had just come on duty. The conductor met him at the rear end of the last car, and the above words were spoken. We glanced forward as the brakeman passed toward the front end; there, to our surprise, we saw his lantern hung up in a corner. While he was taking it down and suspending it from his arm, instead of from the hook in the corner, we began to think. We thought of others besides inexperienced brakeman who sometimes put their lamps where they would be of little use in an emergency.

There are people who make a profession of religion who seem like shining lights in the church, but who do not take their religion with them in their daily life. They leave the lantern hung up somewhere where it can do them little good in a special hour. There are young people who go to places where they cannot take their religion with them. And then, how shall they be prepared to help others who are in danger? How shall they give them light to guide them or help them out of trouble, if their light is away in some other place when the emergency arises?

"Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus to his disciples; but they who are to give light to the world must bear their light about with them. "Let your light so shine before men," again said the Savior, "that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Do not forget that if we neglect to let our lights shine brightly they are in danger of being put out entirely, and other light-bearers put into our places. —*Northern Advocate.*

GUIDE US ARIGHT.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Life's problems often seem so hard,
We know not how to turn,
And for thy wisdom, Father dear,
How much our souls will yearn.
O teach us with thine endless love
To ever do the right.
Teach us to always see the way
To follow in thy light:

So we may make no sad mistakes,
To cause us needless woe;
For so desirous we shall be
To, in thy pathway, go.
O, let thy light upon us fall,
To guide us every day,
So we may never falter or
Be taking life's wrong way.

Box 3, Moorestown, N. J.

"WHAT I kept I have lost; what I gave away I have."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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"BACK TO THE SOIL!"

Judging by the general stir that is being made over the many benefits to be derived from the life that brings one into close touch with the soil and its co-laborers in the production of the growing plant, one might conclude that we were only just awakening to a proper appreciation of these blessings. It is true that the wholesome knowledge is spreading, that the soil with the care of its many products is taking its place among the luxuries of the moneyed æsthete, as a panacea for the ills of discontent and poverty, and as the leading prescription of the physician, but the knowledge itself is no new discovery. For ages a class of people has reveled in these blessings, enjoying to their utmost the indefinable attractions of such a life, knowing all the while that with all its charm and seeming lightness it possessed a depth not yet sounded by the most profound thinker.

And so when we hear the cry, "Back to the soil!" though we have heard it sounding for years in deaf ears, nevertheless, knowing that the cause cannot be defeated by a better one, and knowing that if but one heed the call there is much gained, we lend our voice, long and loud, to the end that it may reach some who are still in unwilling darkness.

Back to the soil, and find there the peace and contentment for which the millionaire spends his millions. Back to the soil, and see how in the depth of its attractions all the petty trials of life appear as an unpleasant dream in the face of a bright morning. Back to the soil, and lend the strength of your hands to the direction of nature, and link your thoughts to the thoughts of God.

It would indeed be a cause for rejoicing if the world as a whole were coming to realize what a few have long known and experienced, that the time spent out of doors in the study and care of soil products is the best investment that it is possible to make. But though we may not be near enough the millennial age for such a happy state of affairs, yet we may rejoice in that we are taking leaps and bounds in that direction as is proven by the present interest in this ideal life.

But, says some one, the work of the world is such that it is not possible for all to follow this ideal life. Now such a statement is entirely too sweeping. Present-day conditions do not hold up any such impossibility. In fact the shortened hours for laboring make it more convenient now for all to have some part in this ideal life than did previous conditions. And even the little part allowed by the hours for recreation will bring enjoyment and satisfaction beyond calculation.

However, the city dweller is not the only one to whom this call comes. It comes to the villager who allows his back yard to grow up in weeds while he sits on a store box and by his fault-finding and criticism incites the more active to lawless deeds. But the call has not yet reached the limit of its mission. It comes to the tiller of the soil! That one who has toiled long and hard and who knows much of the worth of the soil and its products. It comes to him because he has some things yet to learn. Heretofore he has considered the things with which he worked simply in the light of so much money-producing material. The field of waving grain meant only so many bushels at so much per bushel. The cattle in the meadow meant so much beef at so many cents per pound. Now let him go back to the soil with his mind open to study the laws that govern the growth and development of these things. Let him breathe the pure air and absorb the bright sunshine with a knowledge of their beneficient work. Let him see back of the grain and the cattle the directing power of the One who works with him. Then he will join our army and echo the call, "Back to the soil!"

THE JAMESTOWN EXPOSITION.

April 26 is the date for the formal opening of the Jamestown Exposition which commemorates the tercentennial of the first English settlement in America. The exposition grounds are not located on the site of the first settlement, but forty miles southeast on the southern shore of Hampton Roads, Jamestown Island being considered too remote. It is about four years since the exposition was decided upon, and during this time the four hundred acres comprising the grounds have been put in good condition.

In most of the great expositions of the world the industrial feature has been the leading one, all other departments being subordinate to it. The Jamestown Exposition will, on the contrary, above all be historic, even down to the least detail. It is quite in keeping with the locality that it should be so since that section contains more historic landmarks than any other portion of America. The fact that it is to be held upon a harbor known as "the home of the United States Navy," near the national capital and in close touch

with the great centers of the East, affords the opportunity which is to be made much of in emphasizing the military and naval departments.

According to a writer in the March *Review of Reviews,* outside of the historical feature "the aquatic will be possibly the most prominent. The gathering in of the navies of the world, representing an expenditure of millions of dollars, with commercial and passenger craft from all the world's great ports, will in itself furnish to many a feature of interest greater than anything within the exposition could do. Hampton Roads is one of the finest harbors of the world, and its full length and breadth, from far up the river beyond Newport News to its mouth at Cape Charles and Henry, can be viewed from any eminence in the exposition grounds."

Among the many interesting exhibits, a few might be considered of special interest. "The Panama exhibit will be a miniature canal, one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide, with accurate topographical data, locks and other accessories. A reproduction of the village of Jamestown as it is supposed to have appeared in the seventeenth century, with stockades, forts, and Indian villages, will also prove a source of interest to many. The largest organ in the world, to be installed in the Auditorium building, will attract the attention of the musicians. The many military and naval bands from all sections in the world will also furnish a feature different from that of any other exposition. The exposition authorities claim that arrangements have already been made to have the greatest display of music, particularly of band music, that has ever been known in history.

"But whatever may be done toward making the exposition itself attractive with exhibits and displays even though many millions might be spent upon it. its historical setting must be to all thoughtful Americans the one feature that will attract the most attention and create the most interest." As already said, the section within a radius of fifty miles of Hampton Roads is full of historical associations.

First, there is Jamestown the site of the first English settlement, the scene of many Indian battles and of Bacon's Rebellion. In this section lived George Washington, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson. Here was located William and Mary College. In one direction is Yorktown and in another Monticello. Then there are the many battlefields of the Civil War which came within this radius.

"All these places will of necessity be intimately connected with the Jamestown Exposition in a most vital way. A thoughtful stranger from a distance coming to eastern Virginia for the purpose of widening his knowledge and gaining inspiration from the past, will find more to uplift him, even if he never entered the exposition doors, than he could have obtained from a close study of many an exposition that has been considered great."

THE LIBERAL SOUL.

In the race for happiness, or for the things which we think will bring happiness, there is danger that we shall ignore the sure road to that condition and bring up,—perhaps with our hands and pockets full of the coveted gold, but with hearts still empty and our souls unsatisfied.

While a lean soul is not always the accompaniment of a fat pocketbook, and vice versa, we have the clear statement that the one who is liberal with his possessions, who uses what he has freely for worthy causes outside of his own interests, shall be enriched by his giving. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." Notice, the liberality must be larger than the hand and deeper than the pocket. It must be set in motion by a generous soul. And in return the fatness does not stop at the pocket. It may not include that at all, since it figures not at all in real wealth. But the soul, the immortal part of man, receives such an inflow of power and happy experiences that who shall say it is not by so much the more fitted for a blessed eternity?

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

It is the politeness that comes from the heart that cheers the weary and brings smiles to lips that have almost forgotten how to smile—*Maggie M. Winesburg.*

The object of life is to live and the means by which to maintain it is to die.—*Zack Neher.*

God gives many different hues to the rose, but blessed be Fate, we may all *be roses!—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

Christianity demands that we not only abstain from evil, but that we fight it.—*Ira E. Long.*

O, let thy light upon us fall,
To guide us every day,
So we may never falter, or
Be taking life's wrong way.
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

There is but one whom God we call,
Who is the Father of us all;
Aud so all men I brothers claim
In our one loving Father's name.
—Richard Braunstein.

If an apple is rotten at the core it will finally show on the outside, and people that live dishonest lives will be found out some day.—*Ida M. Helm.*



THE order has gone into effect allowing senders of the illustrated post-card to write on one half of the address side so as to avoid marring the picture. Both sides of the card can now be used.

IN Berkeley, California, two totally blind men have succeeded in building a house. They did all the carpenter work without any assistance and have erected a house that is strong and looks well.

THE bureau of engraving and printing is preparing to print a new series of postage stamps to commemorate the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown, which is to be issued contemporaneously with the opening of the exposition at Hampton Roads, Va.

GRINNELL, Iowa, is a town of five thousand inhabitants and has no gas plant. A special rate is made for the householders by the town's electric company and use is made of the current for cooking and similar household purposes. There are nearly three hundred electric irons in use in the city.

THE Legal Aid Society of New York is an organization that prosecutes free of charge suits of unfortunates who are too poor or too ignorant to employ counsel. Last year the society collected over $72,000 for its indigent clients, but it cost $32,000 to do it. Rockefeller, Morgan, Vanderbilt, and others have recently contributed to the society's fund for its support.

IMMEDIATELY after the adjournment of Congress March 4, the reorganization of the Cabinet was effected. George von L. Meyer, of Massachusetts, was sworn in as Postmaster General in place of Cortelyou, the latter taking charge at the Treasury, and Secretary Shaw retiring. James R. Garfield took Hitchcock's place as Secretary of the Interior.

AN expedition to Asia Minor, with the object of making a survey of the sites of the ancient cities of that country, to locate them accurately and construct maps, has been organized at Cornell University by Professor J. R. Sterrett, of the Greek department of that institution. Most of the money for the expedition has been contributed by wealthy New York financiers. An attempt will be made to translate the old inscriptions, copies of which will be brought back to America. The State Department has arranged to secure the necessary passports for the explorers.

THE census bureau comes out in a report confirming what nearly everyone already knew—that milk, cream and other dairy products are constantly rising in cost. This is bound to be the case, for as population increases the amounts of land available for dairy purposes constantly decreases. The supply of butter is limited, and the legal onslaught on butterine has helped to raise prices.

SANTA ROSA, California, has a church all the woodwork of which came from a single tree, a California giant redwood. Not all the tree was consumed in the building, a considerable quantity of lumber being left over. The church has a seventy foot spire, an audience room which seats three hundred persons, a parlor capable of seating eighty, a pastor's study, and a vestibule and toilet room. The building is thirty-five by eighty feet.

A BUILDING connected with the Mohammedan mosque at Lucknow, India, is said to contain the largest room in the world without columns, being one hundred and sixty-two feet long, fifty-four feet wide, and fifty-three feet high. It is a solid mass of concrete, and was built in 1784 to supply work for a starving people during the famine of that year. Although standing for so many years, the building is said to show no signs of decay.

THE new Lord's Day act went into force last Sunday throughout Canada, with the exception of the Province of Quebec. Some of the things prohibited on Sunday by this act are: Public entertainments given for money, baseball, football, gambling, racing, hunting, shooting, fishing, the sale of intoxicating liquors except by physician's prescription between the hours of 7 P. M. Saturday and 6 A. M. Monday, the sale of cigars, the bringing into Canada or selling of any foreign newspaper, the selling of goods, and the carrying on of any business. When the bill was passed by Parliament, some of the members from Quebec having

protested, a clause was added permitting such provincial legislatures as wished to do so to evade the law by enacting a measure of their own. The Quebec Legislature was the only one to take advantage of this by passing a bill practically maintaining existing conditions. Some complaints as to the stringency of the new law are reported on the part of travelers.

As the result of a careful sounding of Great Britain, China, and Japan, the three countries directly interested in the opium trade, Assistant Secretary of State Bacon, with the approval of President Roosevelt, has extended an invitation to all the powers having possessions in the East to participate in an international conference, looking to the suppression, or at least the restriction, of the use of opium.

More legislation has been enacted against railroads this year than ever before in the country's history. In eleven western states seven hundred and twelve bills have been presented and forty-five in the national Congress just closed. The bills are apportioned as follows: Illinois, 72; Iowa, 47; Wisconsin, 125; Missouri, 177; Nebraska, 79; Kansas, 55; Colorado, 4; Montana, 11; South Dakota, 10; Wyoming, 7. In every state an anti-pass measure has been presented.

John Alexander Dowie, the founder of Zion city, who for years posed as a special representative of the Lord, passed away March 9 at his residence, Shiloh House, Zion City, at the age of sixty years. Up until the day before his death he was not thought to be in poorer health than usual, though five weeks ago he ceased giving his Sunday afternoon addresses to his few remaining followers. Overseer Voliva says that his death will not alter the present course of the church.

In the sheep grazing country of Montana snow plows are used to clear away the snow from the grass. Two sixteen inch planks are bolted together to form a great V, the point of the V being iron shod. The affair is weighted down with boulders and is drawn by four horses. The plow is started across the range leaving a wide cleared track behind, and the sheep soon learn to follow it, cropping the grass as they go along. If there is too much crust on the snow, a harrow precedes the plow so as to break up the crust.

The Scientific American describes a recent invention in the way of an anchoring device which is especially adapted for use on metal fence posts. It comprises a series of prongs so mounted that when they are driven down they curve outward and are imbedded in the ground on all sides of the post, thus holding the post in the upright position even against severe lateral strain. Each post is supplied with an upper and lower set of anchoring prongs, the two sets being at right angles to each other. Percy T. Bailey, of Newport, R. I., is the inventor.

Schoolmasters in Paris and other large cities of France have been forming themselves into "syndicates," or unions, which are affiliated with the general labor federation. The movement was instigated by the socialists, and the teachers do not conceal that their purpose is to spread socialistic doctrines. Thus the problem is presented of schools supported by the whole people becoming the instrument of one political party. Special legislation may be necessary.

The senate passed the bill amending the denatured alcohol act. The object of the bill is to relax government inspection to permit the manufacture of spirits for denaturing purposes in small quantities so as to introduce the denatured alcohol into agricultural and industrial communities as now prevails in Germany. It was intended to satisfy the complaints of the Western farmers who claimed that the original act was so framed as to deny them the benefits which denatured alcohol was intended to confer. This amendment has already passed the house and, with the president's signature, will become a law. As it now stands the finance committee's amendment, which required a government storekeeper to be present during the whole process of distillation, is rejected as it was recognized that this would have involved so great an expense as to make the operation of the law impracticable in its relation to small distillers in agricultural communities.

The political unrest and revolutionary outbreaks in Russia have occupied so large a place in the news from that country that probably but few of the American people realize the terrible conditions of famine which prevail over an area said to be more than half as large as that of the United States. These conditions are being brought to the attention of the people of this country at the present time through the activity of the Russian philanthropist, Nicolas Shishkoff, who has recently come here for the purpose of arousing interest and securing relief for his suffering compatriots. To assist in this work, a Russian Famine Relief Committee has been organized in New York, with Bishop Henry C. Potter as president; Samuel J. Barrows, secretary, and the Morton Trust Company treasurer. The famine conditions were brought about by the failure of the crops, because of a terrible draught last year, no rain falling over a wide area for a period of three months. The destruction of the grass and grain crops, of course, caused a heavy fatality among the horses and cattle, of which it is estimated that fully seventy-five per cent will die before spring.



PEOPLE THAT EMMA LIKES.

IDA M. HELM.

"I ENJOY so much being in Dorothy's company," said Emma; "she is always the same, always cheerful, and kind and polite to every one. I believe she loves everybody, and she tells only the good things that she knows about people. She does not live one day in the torrid and the next day in the frigid zone. She is the kind of person that I like, one always knows just how to take her."

Emma was right. Everybody likes frank, open-hearted people; those that have a clear conscience and who when you talk with them look at you with an expression of honesty on their faces that says plainer than words, "You can trust me."

One always feels at ease in the presence of such people, and one never needs to fear that what she says in their hearing will be peddled around over the neighborhood, and twisted out of all recognition.

Of course we should always be careful of our conversation, but I have known of remarks that were made with the kindest feelings and the best intentions and in only a few days I have heard—the same story? Not quite. My soul was filled with indignation because I knew that all that had been said was well meant and it had been changed so that the true sentiment was lost, and hard and bitter feelings were engendered, all because one person misrepresented the speech of another.

Alas, how easy the tattler and the liar can incite discord and strife in the home, the neighborhood, or the church! A day of reckoning is coming for those that are guilty of such things. Sin cannot always be kept covered. If an apple is rotten at the core it will finally show on the outside, and people that live dishonest lives will be found out some day. "People that willingly wrong us to-day will wrong some one else some other day," and you know that when one gets started down a steep incline it is very hard for him to stop before he gets to the bottom. So it is with sin in any form; it draws the victim on like a powerful magnet, and unless a more powerful means is used to break the spell, it will end in the eternal destruction of the wrong-doer. Only by exerting the will to its utmost against sin and trusting in the power of God to lead him in the upward way, is there any hope for the sinner.

Ashland, Ohio.

SAFEGUARDING A CHILD'S PURITY.

My sons are adopted children, the younger of whom is now about seven years old. He came to us with his mind unsullied, a strong manly, upright child of five. The other was eight when we took him, and had already heard much that was impure.

My boys are still little boys. I cannot be sure what the coming years may bring, but I know that at present they are pure and wholesome in purpose, not removed from the impurity of this world, but fighting contamination as wisely as they can, and telling their mother what most children exert themselves to hide.

Not many weeks ago the elder boy called me into their room as I was leaving, after tucking them in safely for the night. "Mother," he said, "I wish you'd tell me how I can keep from thinking of the bad things the boys at school say. Somehow, when they're in my mind, I can't help thinking about them."

Now, if there is ever a time when my words fall on respectfully attentive ears it is at bedtime, when the distractions of the day are over, and the evening prayer has begotten a sweet seriousness in my two exceedingly active boys. So I ignored the waiting engagement, and sat down at the foot of the older boy's bed.

"Which do you like better," I asked, "English sparrows or wrens?"

"Wrens, of course," said the boys.

"If you had a bird-house with room in it for just one pair of birds, you would rather have wrens than English sparrows?"

"'Course!"

"Pretend your mind is a bird-house, and when there are sparrows in it, turn them out. If the bird-house is empty, they will come back and build again. Get some wrens quickly to live there, and the sparrows will stay away. They are the bad thoughts, you know, and the wrens are the good ones."

This illustration appealed to the boys because we see a yearly struggle between wrens and sparrows for a bird-house on our place. Then I told them the story of King John and the Abbess Ana, with the quick and true retort of the abbess:

"We cannot hinder the passing
Of a wild-winged bird overhead;
But well may we keep her from building
Her nest in our garden," she said.

In telling I was careful to adapt it to their understanding, and they were much interested and amused by these lines, which they repeated after me.

"But *how* can I make myself think good thoughts?" persisted the elder boy.

"Pretend you are taking a railroad trip, and think what you can see from the car windows," I suggested, "or read in one of your books, or do some work just as hard as you can."

"I don't see why you need to ask mother such questions when she is tired," remarked the younger boy, indignantly, sitting bolt upright in his bed. "There's lots of interesting things to think about. You might make believe you are a frog. I like to do that."

Both boys say, "It isn't any fun to think or say low things. Only," they add, "some of the boys say them when we are around, and then we can't forget."

The older boy once asked a question and answered it himself as follows: "Who invented all the bad words? Perhaps it was Cain. I suppose he was about the worst man, and he lived so long ago he could get them started."

This suggested heroic measures to the younger brother, and he said: "I tell you what I think would be a good thing, mother. Just kill all the bad people, and then there wouldn't be anybody to spoil our being good, don't you see?" I am not sure that I made them understand that moral fiber comes by resistance of evil, not by isolation from it, but I did my best. Poor little victims of the depravity of others! How much vigilance and skill is required of parents to rob such evils of their fascination! And how necessary it is that the first childish attempts at conversation about such things should not be discouraged by scathing rebukes or a simple injunction not to talk about "such dreadful things." My little boy was right when he added to a remark of mine that "it is God who makes people good," "Y-yes, I know it's God, but mothers help a lot!"—*The Congregationalist.*

SECRET OF WOMAN'S HEALTH.

If the woman of the twentieth century is going to give the greater part of her waking hours to the unnecessary care of her body, she sinks to the level of the Indian squaws, who were the pets of the great chiefs hundreds of years ago. The squaws were oiled and painted and overhung with sharks' teeth and wampum—they had rings on their fingers and bells on their toes. What real differences are there between those fine ladies of the Choctaws and the Iroquois and the fine ladies of to-day? And yet there echo in the ears of the modern woman the cry of the tenement-house, the cry of the child laborer, the cry of all the pressing unsolved problems of the street and of the home and of the world—the cry of her own immortal soul—the while she dwadles over her silly face, and grimaces before a mirror! The squaw was the nobler woman of the two. At least, she "lived up to her lights." The whole "beautification" enterprise is delusive. The woman who scrupulously regards neatness, who observes the laws of health, who does the duty of each day as though it might be her last, and then gives her best efforts to making her world better and happier, without much considering her own complexion—that woman is not only admirable for her character, but she is also likely to be far better looking than her belaced, overdressed, powdered, roughed, "created," massaged, and over-manipulated sister. —*Kate Upson Clark, in Leslie's Weekly.*

FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.

When you are too tired to sleep, which is the most distressing of the many forms of sleeplessness, a cold sponge bath will often stimulate you just enough to let you fall asleep naturally.

Or, if your sleeplessness is caused by thoughts crowding in upon you thick and fast—more so as you struggle against them—try putting your feet in hot water and keeping them there for full ten minutes.

By that time you will be relaxed and able "to turn off your think," which is the pleasant prelude to sleep.

"SPRING WINDS."

They will soon be blowing through our open windows, and it is time to plan for them. Are you one who leaves everything to be done "at once," rather than begin early and do "by littles" what performed "in the lump" will surely break one down? If you are, try the easy way, this time, and begin doing as soon as you find yourself with a moment of leisure. An hour of sorting out every day, one room at a time, will bring you to the end with vastly more strength and comfort than any other way. The closets, cupboards, odd corners, boxes, bags, bundles, may be undertaken at odd times and spare afternoons and evenings, and in this leisurely overhauling, the simple needs of any department of the housekeeping may be brought to light, and necessities provided for the work of the larger cleaning.

If one could only keep things clean, instead of cleaning things up, it would simplify matters; but there are so many things lying in wait for every spare moment that one should hesitate to blame the woman who gets behindhand with her work. In going through the corners often, however, the accumulation may be much less, and you can thus know better what resources are at hand. This is especially true, in the matter of preparing the clothing for the coming season, as, by knowing just what you have, and planning how it may be used to the best advantage, the necessities may be planned for and purchased much more economically.—*Exchange.*

A STUDY IN EGGS.

Newly-laid eggs require to be cooked longer than others. Eggs over a week old are not as good boiled, but may be fried, poached, scrambled, scalloped, or made into omelets. Eggs should not be beaten in tin. A feeble person or an invalid, for the best results, should not eat eggs after they are more than three days old. The longer they are beaten, the lighter the product in which they are used. The whites and the yolks should be beaten separately; they are beaten to force in air. Beating causes the white or albumen to coat and enclose myriads of air bubbles. The yolks, by reason of the oil they contain, are heavier than the whites, and if both are beaten together, the yolks burst the films in the whites and the imprisoned air escapes. Cake is more delicate if the beaten whites of eggs are added after the flour has been stirred in.

It may be a matter of surprise to some to know that in normal digestion hard-boiled eggs that require ten minutes' cooking and soft-boiled eggs that need three minutes, require the same length of time for digestion in the stomach—three hours and a half. Fried eggs are digested in three hours. This disproves the prevalent idea that all fried food is hard to digest.

Laboratory tests give a method of boiling eggs which may be depended on to give a uniform result. This is something which the average housewife fails to do. Into a granite saucepan put a sufficient amount of hot water to cover the eggs. When it boils, drop them in. Cover the pan, move to the back of the stove, and leave six minutes for soft, eight minutes for medium, and ten minutes for hard.

Use salted water to which has been added a little vinegar to hasten coagulation and to flavor poached eggs.

To fry eggs, use a spider with a flat bottom, with fat enough to dip over the eggs. Do not let the fat get very hot before they are slipped in, or they will stick; do not turn them, but cook soft or hard by dipping the hot fat over them with a tablespoon.

An omelet is among the economical ways of cooking eggs. Beat the yolks lightly; to every six use a teacup of milk, and the frothed whites. Put into a spider a tablespoonful of butter; when not very hot, add the egg mixture; when it bubbles or rises in flakes, slip under a flat-bladed knife or pancake lifter, and lift up several times as it cooks, so that it may not stick and scorch. When it will hold together, dust with salt and pepper, fold over, loosen again, and slip on to a hot platter. This will require from three to five minutes. A small spider is advisable for omelets, to be used for no other purpose. For meat omelets, before folding spread over one-half any finely-chopped, well-seasoned meat. Grated cheese may be used; also asparagus or cauliflower.

An egg mayonnaise makes a pleasing variety. Beat four eggs with a tablespoonful of vinegar, a little salt and pepper; slowly add olive oil, or butter a little melted, to make the consistency of cream. Slice the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, place on a platter, pour over the mayonnaise, and garnish with the finely-chopped whites mixed with a little cream, alternating with sliced cucumber pickles.

For a convalescent, beat an egg with a tablespoonful of cold water. Heat to scalding a half a teacupful of water and a teacup of fruit juice; do not let it boil. Pour this over the egg, stirring constantly. Sweeten to taste with cut sugar, put in a clean vessel, and heat until it thickens, but do not allow it to boil. Serve in a glasss with croutons or small, thin biscuit. —*Sarah E. Wilcox.*

SELECTED HINTS.

If white goods and household linen are soaked in weak Javelle water for two or three hours before laundering all stains and grime will disappear.

Never hang a mirror where the direct rays of the sun can strike it. In a short time exposure to light and heat dulls the reflecting power of the mirror.

Pure butter will give off a pleasant odor when a little is spread on a piece of paper and the paper burned. If impure, the odor will be tallowy and disagreeable.

To cleans swansdown put it in a warm lather of soap and water and squeeze until clean. Rinse in fresh cold water with a little blue in it. Shake out and hang in the open air to dry.

If the lamp smokes remove the burner and put it to soak in a little hot water to which strong washing soda has been added. Dry thoroughly before replacing in lamp, and it will be found to give a bright light.

A discolored steel knife may be brightened almost instantly by drawing back and forth between two sections of raw potato.

If an article becomes mildewed, rub over the marks with a raw potato, sprinkle with salt and lay in sun. Repeat if necessary several times.

To remove the "shine" from a dark wool material sponge it with a solution of common washing blue and water and press it, while still damp, under a thin cloth. This is said to be a very efficacious treatment.

A neatly written list of the ordinary stains, with a corresponding remedy given for each particular stain, hung at a convenient place on the wall of the laundry or kitchen, will prove very handy to the housewife or laundress.

Very dirty chamois skins should be cleaned by rubbing soft soap into them and allowing them to soak for two hours; then rub till clean. Rinse in a weak solution of warm water, soda and yellow soap. Wring in a rough towel and dry quickly, pulling until soft.

When the woodwork in a room is being painted it is a good plan to have about three inches of the floor painted with the same color paint, then if ever it is necessary to put a carpet upon the floor which does not exactly fit, the little space left will not be so unsightly.

When a dark ring is left on the material after using such a cleansing agent as turpentine to remove a stain, make a ring all around the outside of the first ring by dipping the finger in chloroform and applying it to the material; keep rubbing toward the center of the circle with plenty of chloroform, allowing it to evaporate freely, and the ring will have disappeared when the spot is entirely dry.

For the Children

NOTHING TO DO.

I have shot my arrows and spun my top
And bandied my last new ball;
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,
And swung till I got a fall;
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves
And hunted the pictures through;
I've flung them where they may sort themselves;
And now I have nothing to do.

The tower of babel I built of blocks
Came down with a crash to the floor;
My train of cars ran over the rocks;
I'll warrant they'll run no more;
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;
My slate is broken in two,
So I can't draw monkeys. I'm tired to death
Because I have nothing to do!

The boys have gone to the pond to fish;
They bothered me, too, to go,
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,
For I think it's mighty slow
To sit all day at the end of a rod
For the sake of a minnow or two,
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod;
I'd rather have nothing to do.

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,
For he seems so happy and gay,
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,
With his little half hour to play,
He neither has books nor top nor ball,
Yet he's singing the whole day through,
But then he never is tired at all
Because he has something to do!

—Selected.

THEY WERE PARTNERS.

A sturdy little figure was trudging bravely by with a pail of water. So many times it had passed our gate that morning that curiosity had prompted us to further acquaintance.

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes 'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled, flushed, and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm, it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"Oh, we have it in the cistern mostly, only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she is washin'."

"Well, you are a good little girl to help her."

It was not a well-considered compliment, and the little water carrier did not consider it at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n me's partners."

Little girl, are you and mother partners? Do you help her all you can?—*Kind Words.*

A JOLLY GAME FOR GIRLS AND BOYS TO PLAY.

Tear a piece of paper into as many pieces as there are players, and on each piece write some number representing an hour in the day. As there are only twelve hours, there can only be twelve numbers, but if more than twelve are playing, you can make some of the figures half-hours until there are the required number.

On one piece mark a cross, and then shake all the numbers in a hat, each player drawing one out. The one who gets the slip with the cross on it is "It," or "wolf," while the other players are called the "sheep."

A ring is then formed by the sheep, the wolf standing in the middle. The sheep then call out, "What time will you dine to-night, old wolf?" and Mr. Wolf calls out any hour he happens to think of. The sheep who holds the slip corresponding to the number called by the wolf, starts to run. If he can get around the ring three times before being caught by the wolf, he is safe; if not, he must be "wolf." The game keeps up until all have had their turn at being "wolf," and this does not take long, for the wolf is not supposed to call the same number twice.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*



THE RURAL LIFE

GOOD ROADS.

G. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

ONE of the greatest questions that is agitating the people in the rural communities is good roads. It has been a question for years and will continue to be so until the business men as well as the farmer sees that it is to their social and financial interest to take up the question and agitate it until it is no longer a dream but a reality. The public roads are something every citizen should be interested in. Their condition affects every business and occupation. Bad roads cause more loss to a farmer than any one can imagine. Bad roads cause more dull days and loss of trade among the country merchants than any one thing. Every merchant who has his business paralyzed by a few rainy days should take up this question among his farmer friends, who could not get in to trade with him for the same reason, and never drop it until they have what they are working for, good roads.

You can interest a merchant by suggesting to him a way to save five per cent on his purchases, or how to increase his trade fifty per cent, but when you mention good roads he loses interest right away. Show a farmer how to raise two bushels of corn where he raised one before and he will try it if it costs him something to do so, but on the road question he is lukewarm because it is something for the public good and not for his sole benefit. There is only one way to overcome this indifference on this question and that is to get the merchant as well as the farmer to see the importance of it by constant agitation and discussion. All merchants will concede the necessity of good roads leading into their town. A farmer will go to a town by the way of good roads even if it be farther, than to travel had roads to a closer one. And they will be certain to come to town more frequently over good roads than if they have bad ones to travel over.

The ancient Romans were the pioneers of good roads. Their main purpose was to afford easy communication between their capital and their conquered provinces. The remains of their roads exist to-day, showing that a road well-made will last indefinitely. Nearly every country in Europe has good roads; they are built and maintained under the supervision of a man trained in the business who does nothing else. There is no reason why we cannot have them in this country as we have the money, the material and could get the men to do it.

The agitation of the good road question has brought good results in some parts of the East but not so much in the South.

The state of Illinois a couple years ago made a good start in the movement for good roads, a highway commission was organized whose duty it was to do business with the counties and townships, giving them not only advice as to how the road should be constructed, but standing prepared to assist financially those communities that were willing to spend some of their own money for building good roads. Some of the taxpayers may object to the expenditures, but the majority will see the wisdom of it as it increases the value of their land to some extent.

It is a well-founded opinion among people to-day that the condition of rural roads is poor in the majority of cases. For instance, the state of Illinois has 100,000 miles of highways of which about 3,500 have hard surface and are entitled to the name of good roads.

There are some people that advocate the theory that all roads should be made of stone, but this scares the farmer. He does a little sum in mental arithmetic and finds that if a county has one thousand miles of roads (which some have) that at the average cost of stoning, five thousand dollars per mile, it will cost that county five million dollars for all stone roads.

The new method which is being advocated strongly in many states to-day is dragging with a King road drag. The value of this is so generally admitted today that many communities are awakening and practicing this method. This method makes the road smooth, it dries hard and is oval. If used after a rain it will smooth the soft mud over the top of the roadbed in a layer, with sunshine, wind and travel this layer will become hard. And it is claimed, the more travel the harder the road. The more rain the smoother the road. Hundred of miles of roads are being worked anually by this inexpensive method.

Mr. King, the inventor of this drag, says: "A good earth road must be hard, smooth and oval. The old method of working the roads with the big four-wheeled road grader makes the road oval and smooth on the sides only, soft and spongy in the center. The grader pushes the soft, loose dirt to the center of the road.

This absorbs the water from the first rain, travel cuts it up, it dries full of ruts and very rough, in worse condition than it was before the grader was used."

"Good roads without money" is the problem, and by the coöperation of all interested it may become a solid fact.

Mansfield, Illinois.

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

XII. A Packing House Loading Platform.

We have now investigated the meat-packing business proper from its beginning to its close, with the exception of this last article. We have seen cattle converted into quarters of beef, or into canned meats, such as corned or dried beef; hogs converted into hams, bacon and sausage; and sheep dressed in the pleasing styles in which they appear upon the market. Numerous processes by which those parts counted as lost by the small butcher, such as converting hoofs and horns into handles, and buttons and glue, bones, excrement and blood into fertilizer, blood into albumin, intestines into sausage casings, scraps of fat into soaps and oils, and various glands into medicine, etc., etc., we have not attempted to describe.

We at last come to the loading docks where the various products finally make their exit into the world. This is an intensely busy place. Already at twelve o'clock, midnight, the loading of local market wagons begins. Quarters of beef, sides of veal, truckfuls of hams, cases of lard, barrels of cuts, etc., etc., piled all about until you wonder how the clerks keep track of it all.

An hour or so later the loading of the export refrigerator cars begins. And who has not seen a refrigerator car? Surely no one who has ever seen a railroad. Large, heavy cars, generally painted yellow and decorated in large red or black letters announcing Swift's "Silver Leaf" Lard, Armour's "Star" Hams or some other packer's product. The temperature of these cars is from 32 to 34 degrees. They are kept clean, sweet and wholesome and all meats which are packed in cases, are put up in burlap-covered barrels, packed in ice boxes or suspended from the ceiling upon steel hooks.

From the various coolers come overhead tracks and elevators and in a few plants are found a minute trolley system with cars and motors, tracks and trolley which lead to the loading platforms and bring their loads of meat and produce to be loaded into cars or wagons. Here again is a great display of the various products of the packing industry. Quarters of beef, sides of veal, racks of mutton, hog carcasses, barrels of hams, truckfuls of hams, sides and backs, pails and barrels of lard, tubs of butter and butterine, pails of tallow, cases of canned goods, and cases of eggs, barrels of oil, boxes of soap and everything in the meat line which the modern housewife uses.

Every case or barrel of meat leaving the plants and every case of butterine bear government certificates, the first instance a meat inspection stamp, in the second an internal revenue stamp. Railroad companies are prohibited by law from knowingly receiving such goods unless they are properly stamped.

From one hundred to one hundred and forty quarters of beef or four hundred sheep or five hundred lambs dressed can be hung in a refrigerator car. The loading of cars with fresh meats begins long before daylight. The men engaged in this heavy labor are generally either colored or foreign-born, large, husky fellows. And well they may be, for a quarter of an ordinary-sized beef gets to be a pretty heavy load after four or five hours.

Leaving the chill-room the carcasses are swung out upon the dock where they are given a vigorous start which sends them a-sailing down the dock toward their destination and woe to the unfortunate fellow who gets in the path of one of these swiftly moving masses of solid-meat. The car being reached the half carcass of beef is severed into quarters by cutting the flesh between two ribs and sawing the back bone at the same level. A "Lugger" shoulders the front quarter and soon has it deposited upon its hook inside the car while before he has made three steps a second "Lugger" is following with the rear quarter.

Although the work is hard, these "Luggers" are a jolly set of men, especially if they are colored. They do their work in a lively manner and take plenty of time for rest. For some men it is easy work, this lugging of beef, when they once get the knack of it, but probably five out of six give it up after a few days.

Two to four switches of cars may be made in a single day many of the cars going to supply the scores of branch markets each company has in the country, while as many more go to the seaboard, their contents to be articles of foreign commerce.

In our next article we shall endeavor to discuss the packer's relation to the public.

Chicago, Ill.

FANNIE WOOD'S POULTRY TALK.

A barrel turned on its side makes a good nest for the early setter. She can get in this sort of a nest without jumping on the eggs, and she can be shut in the barrel nest away from the sight and noise of other chickens. If biddy could talk, she would tell you to fix up the nest in a warm corner where the wind and rain could not reach her.

The broody hen is valuable at this season: it is worth while to give her a little encouragement. Give her a warm nest. After she has been sitting for several days, if she is not very wild, nor young and giddy, she will take kindly to a nest of eggs.

It is quite an item in getting ready for work with the incubator to have the machine stand level so that the heat will pass evenly through the flues.

Never place the incubator where the sun's rays will strike it or where there is a draft or vibration.

Nothing easier about incubators than putting money into them, but getting it out is the old story. Good care, the right kind and at the right time, is what is needed.

The expert can sometimes improve on the instructions sent out with a machine; but it is safer for the beginner to follow carefully the maker's directions.

It is a well-known fact that the chicken that has to be helped out of the shell is not worth much. It is different with ducks. Many a valuable duck has to have assistance in getting out of the shell. If they do not seem to be making any progress several hours after the egg is pipped, loosen the shell carefully, enough for them to get there heads out. They will get out then in short order. This is a critical time with the duckling, and he often dies in the shell for want of assistance. The shells are tough; sprinkling them often during incubation with warm water helps some. The incubator duck is all right after he gets well on his feet. Coming into the world motherless does not worry him a bit.

Hens help to defray many expenses on the farm. Don't neglect them. The average hen, wise folks tell us, will lay her weight in eggs during the laying season, but she won't do it if she has to stay in a house that is to well ventilated, with a leaky roof and a damp floor. These conditions cause roup and few eggs.

The chirp of the little March chick is a welcome sound at our place. If their parents are healthy, and the eggs are rightly handled during incubation, these chicks are easily raised. They have so much life and vitality.

The best mother for the March chicks is a well-heated brooder that has been running long enough to become warm through and through, and, of course, it must be free from dampness. We are careful that our treasures do not get chilled when removing them from the machine to the brooder.

Ninety degrees under the hover is about right the first twenty-four hours. As the chicks grow older they need less warmth, yet the heat must be regular and sufficient.

Observe closely, study their actions and learn their language. They tell us in different ways whether they are comfortable.

They are not long finding their way out from under the hover. We find them picking at the grit—their first feed, placed just outside the hover. After eating a small portion of this they run back to the warmth, and in a little while are out again.

This grit pretty well supplies them with teeth, so that on the second day we begin with one of the many chick feeds. We like the dry chick feeds.

Overfeeding in the start is the great death knell to chick life. Keep them rather hungry the first ten days, and see that they have a clean place to eat.

Cleanliness, warmth and fresh, clean drinking water are all big helps in starting the little chicks on the right road, where it is our duty to keep them.—*Farm Journal.*

RAISING EARLY SQUASH PLANTS.

Having made a crop between the Delicious and Marblehead squashes, and being anxious to save the plants and get them started early, I took a flour sack, the paper of which is tough, and cut it into strips six inches wide and long enough to make a circular bottomless sack by sewing the ends together on the sewing machine. The sack when finished was about three inches in dameter.

I then procured a box the height of the sacks that held as many as desired and placed them on end in the box and filled them half full of fine soil.

I then placed three seeds carefully in the sacks and filled them full of dirt and then watered until the ground was sufficiently moist and placed the box under the kitchen stove. In a few days I was gratified to see the plants appear—strong, healthy ones, and how fast they grew the first few days. I kept the ground sufficiently moist for them, and gave them sunlight and air. When the weather permitted I set the box on the porch in the sunshine, and thus cared for them until I was ready to plant them in the garden.

When the weather was warm enough to set them out, I carefully removed each sack from the box and set it in the place prepared for it. The paper had rotted and the ground was matted with roots, which made it easy to remove each one of them separately without any trouble or injury to the plants. The result was squashes of medium size, some resembling the Delicious and some the Marblehead. The quality was good but not superior to either of the parents. To-day, February 7th, we are cooking the last one. —*W. E. Fuller, in Farm and Fireside.*

AGRICULTURE FOR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

In country schools, if not in all schools, the pupils in the first six grades should be made acquainted with the common things in nature; the names and habits of the field weeds, insects that harm and help, birds and their economic value, local weather signs, and the effect of weather conditions on plant and animal life, the soils, rocks, and water.

What is taught the pupils of the first six grades should be largely incidental to the regular work in other branches—principally reading and geography.

An opening period should occasionally be given to considering some subject that the weather suggests, contribution of some specimen by a pupil, or any other subject that makes this period the particular opportunity for teaching an important lesson. The field trip, if no farther than the limits of the school yard, should be made in favorable weather. Such trips impress one with the truth in the saying, "Seeing is knowing," and in its converse, "Knowing is seeing." The habit of observing is most often established by the school field-trip. Such work will form the habit of observing sufficiently for text-book work in agriculture about twice a week in the seventh and eight grades. When possible, enough experiments should be performed with crude apparatus by the pupils to verify text-book statements. Seventh and eighth grade pupils should have at home two or three square rods on which they can make observations, tests, experiments with different varieties of cereals, legumes, vegetables, etc.

The summer work should be conducted at home where it may receive closer attention than it would if on the school ground,—it may become a subject of no little interest to parents, who may be willing to offer a valuable suggestion occasionally.—*The Ohio Teacher.*

NOTHING will take the various social distempers which the city and artificial life breed, out of a man like farming, like direct and loving contact with the soil. It draws out the poison.—*John Burroughs.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES.

A World of Woe.

This world's an endless vale of woe,
Where man but wakes to sigh;
Contentment never yet was found
Below the arching sky.

The thin man mourns because the flesh
Is thin upon his bones;
The lady with the double chin
Looks in her glass and groans.

The childless man would give his all
To have a little one;
The man with seven boys would be
O'erjoyed if he had none.

A down bestreaks the maiden's lip,
Therefore she mopes about;
The strong man's heart is sore because
His hair is falling out.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Was Afraid of Her Pompadour.

Marjorie was on a visit to her grandparents on the farm, and her enjoyment of country life was somewhat marred by the apprehension of being horned by the cows, says Harper's Weekly. One day her mother asked her to run to the barn and call grandpa to dinner. She started, but espying a cow in the lot, one of the mooley kind, ran back, crying, "Oh, mamma, there's a cow out there!"

After a glance out of the window at the meek-looking bovine, her mother said:

"Why, Marjorie, that's a mooley cow. She can't harm you, for she hasn't any horns."

"But, mamma," exclaimed the child, "she might butt me with her pompadour!"

More Than He Bargained For.

One day the yardmaster asked him if he could run an engine.

"Can Oi run an engine? If there's anything Oi'd rather do all day long it's run an engine."

"Suppose you run that engine in the house."

"Oi'll do it," bluffed Pat, and climbed into the cab. He looked around, spat on his hands, grabbed the biggest lever, and pulled it wide open. Zip! she went into the roundhouse. Pat saw the bumpers ahead, and, guessing what would happen, reversed the lever clear back. Out she went—in again—out again.

Then the yardmaster yelled: "I thought you said you could run an engine?"

But Pat had an answer ready:

"Oi had her in there three times. Why didn't you shut the door?"—Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine.

There are about 5,000 species of the wild bees all with interesting ways of their own. Among them is a species whose females are veritable Amazons and carry more weapons than the males. These are the "cuckoo" bees, which deposit their eggs in the nest of others, the progeny of both living peaceably together until maturity, when they separate. Then there is the tailoring bee, which cuts leaves with his scissor-like jaws and fits a snug lining of the leaf material into his cave-shaped nest.

"I thought it was a good time to ask the old gentleman for his daughter. He is suffering from a recently broken arm."

"Well."

"I found I made a mistake in not waiting until he broke his leg."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

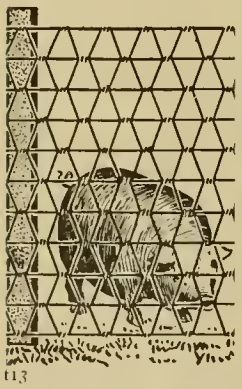
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Neff's Corner

You may have thought that this little spot here in the Inglenook is the only Neff's Corner in existence. No; there is one here in Lake Arthur too. Five pretty little houses stand all in a row on East Broadway, with fencing, plowing, planting of trees and building of other houses going on near by. It is rapidly becoming an important part of the town, and they call it Neff's Corner. Our Inglenook friends have four other houses in other parts of the town—nine in all that the writer has had built. They are all rented and occupied but three and we are trying to hurry these to completion, for the emigrant cars are still unloading and the new arrivals wanting houses. And some of you are perhaps afraid this thing will soon be overdone and there will be more houses than renters. But we don't intend to overdo it. If more of you want to build houses than I think it would be wise to build in Lake Arthur, I will recommend other towns. Lake Arthur is not the only town in the Pecos Valley. For instance, a little further down is the pretty little town of Dayton, just the place for another colony of Brethren. One Brother, a minister, has secured property there and expects to locate, others I think will buy this week, the newcomers are stacked in store buildings suffering all sorts of inconveniences for want of houses to move into. The business men of Dayton are begging me to come and build houses there. And if you want something bigger than a $250 house, there are two business lots there, close in. with a two-story frame building on one lot that is renting for $18 per month, and you can buy it for $1200. You can buy land in five or ten acre tracts adjoining the town, with water right from a fine artesian well for $100 per acre. With fruit trees planted and cared for these tracts will be worth $400 per acre in four years, so whether you want a country home or a property in town, there is room for you in this land of sunshine, apples and alfalfa. Any questions that should occur to you, you may address to

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



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will save his frult trees from San Jose scale. It is well worth while and not hard to do. We sell the apparatus used by State Demonstrators and give free recipes for standard mixtures. Write for price lists.—**Economic Lighting Company, St. Peters, Pa. W. G. Nyce,** Secretary. 8t13

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Plan your trip to return over the Great Northern Railway. See the rebuilding of San Francisco. Visit Seattle, Tacoma and the progressive cities of the Puget Sound country. Take the daylight trip over the beautiful Cascade Mountains. Call on your brethren in the famous Wenatchee Valley—see them in their comfortable homes, the result of thrift and irrigation. Stop off at Spokane, the metropolis of the Inland Empire. Study the great irrigation projects now being constructed in the Milk River and Lower Yellowstone Valleys. Visit your friends and relatives in their prosperous colonies in North Dakota. You can do all this if your ticket reads over the Great Northen Railway. Such a ticket costs about $12.50 more than if you returned by the same route, but isn't it worth it? You see nearly 1000 miles more of the country for this $12.50. Tickets will be good on the Oriental Limited or the Fast Mail—both trains carry standard and tourist sleeping cars. We are planning to arrange a personally conducted party and should like to have you join it. For further information regarding this personally conducted feature, for rates, folders and illustrated books on Washington, Montana and North Dakota address,—

MAX BASS,
General Immigration Agent
220 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

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Brethren Teachers' Monthly

Thousands of subscriptions have been placed on our list the past few weeks for the Brethren Teachers' Monthly. It is being hailed with delight among the teachers and Sunday school workers in general.

It more than fills the place of the Sunday School Commentary, the Advanced and Primary Teachers' quarterlies. These publications have been discontinued and the "Monthly" launched on a broader field of helpfulness for Sunday-school workers in general.

BEST STEP FORWARD.

When ordering some books, and a copy of the Brethren Teachers' Monthly for one year, Prof. W. L. Eikenberry of the Wm. McKinley High School, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"Allow me to say in closing that I think the establishment of the Teachers' Monthly one of the best steps forward which has come to my notice, so far as the literature of the church is concerned. I fear that you cannot continue to supply it at the price you name, however.

Very truly,
W. L. Eikenberry.

WILL CONVINCE YOU.

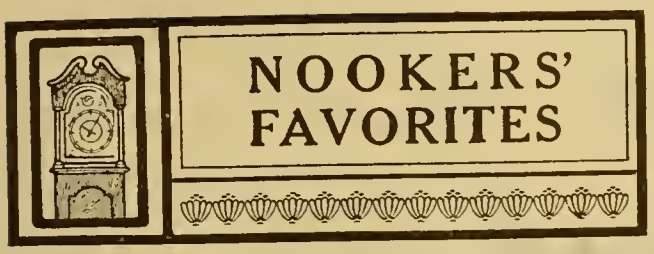
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MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks," said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked, and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain;
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again,
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas for the maiden, alas for the Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

—John G. Whittier.

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You Can do Better at Hazelwood"

Many of the Brethren in Illinois and Iowa are prosperous. They have comfortable homes, big substantial barns first-class stock, modern farm machinery, and are both comfortble and happy. Others of the Brethren who are equally industrious, equally intelligent and equally upright lack material prosperity.

The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

It is not the difference in the men.

The cause of the distinctive difference in the prosperity of the Brethren is the quality of the soil that they cultivate. Those who move from poor land to fertile acres soon become well-to-do. Those who change their location from rich land to poor land soon become poor.

The labor and expenditure necessary to raise a crop are if anything greater on poor than on rich lands, yet poor lands mean poverty and rich lands mean opulence to those who work them.

The richest lands of Iowa and Illinois will produce not more than one-third the tonnage per acre in a year of the annual yield from the irrigated acres of "Hazelwood," located between 4 and 7 miles west of Spokane, Washington.

The products of Hazelwood lands (alfalfa, vegetables and fruits) will bring many times as much in dollars and cents than will an equal weight of products possible to the lands of Iowa and Illinois. The highest cash market in the United States for farm produce (Spokane, Wash.) is within easy driving distance. Hazelwood farmers have no freight to pay.

With the same energy and application any of the Brethren who will locate at Hazelwood can accomplish in one year what it would take him many years to accomplish on the richest lands of Iowa and Illinois.

This is a broad statement, but we can prove it: You will make more money in a few years off a small acreage at Hazelwood than you can make in a lifetime off a large farm in the richest and most fertile part of Iowa or Illinois.

Tekean, Idaho, Feb. 19, 1907.
Neely & Young, 340 Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

Gentlemen:—I believe you would profit by stating in your advertisement in the Inglenook the distance of Hazelwood property from Brethren church, which is located in West Grove addition to Spokane, and which now has forty-five communicants.

Sherman Stookey.

From Hazelwood to this Brethren church is about four miles, over a fine road.

The electric car will bring Hazelwood people near to the church if they do not care to drive.

Mr. Stookey is one of the Brethren who has recently bought irrigated land from us near Spokane, and his unsolicited effort to help locate others of his sect near here shows what he thinks of the conditions.

If you want to know more about "Hazelwood," send your name and address to

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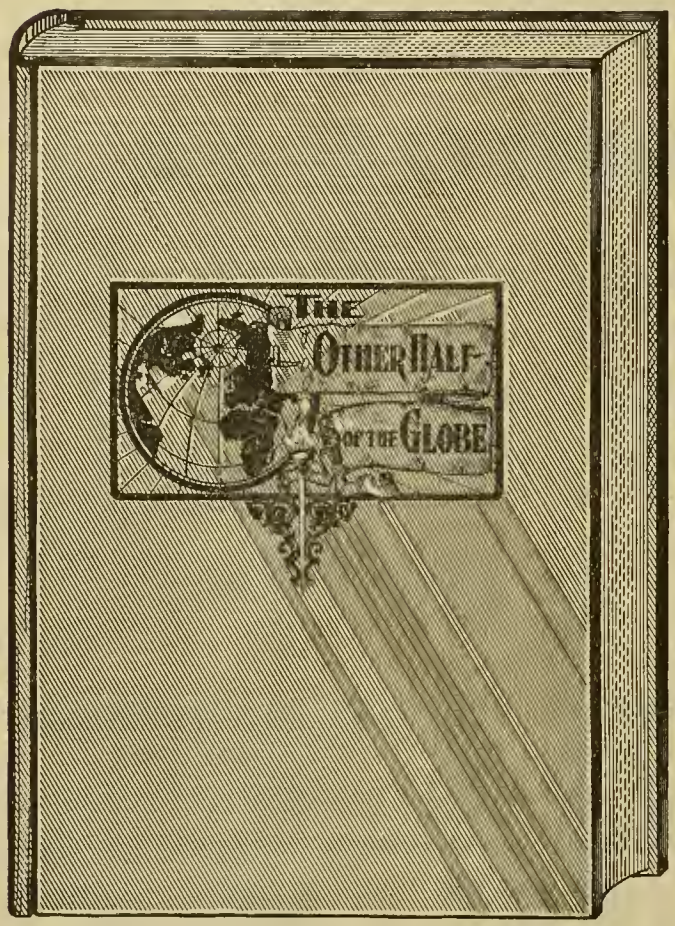
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Is undoubtedly one among the best of D. L. Miller's many works and discusses countries and people that we know very little about. Much time has been used in preparing this work, and it is well-written throughout. More than 100 illustrations are woven in which makes the book exceedingly interesting.

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CAN'T BE BOUGHT.—This book can't be bought in any other way than with a year's subscription to the Messenger. Don't ask for it.

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Although we printed a very large edition of "The Other Half of the Globe," they will all be mailed out inside of a few days. A second edition of several thousand copies is now being arranged for.

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THE LARIMER DITCHING PLOW

The accompanying cut represents a Plow made for the purpose of excavating drain for tile, stone, sewer pipe, etc., and it has been well said that this Plow is more value to the farmer who has ditching to do than any other implement he has on his farm, for by its use he is able to do his ditching at a very small cost, and it need not be contingent upon being able to secure hired help.

This Plow is extensively used throughout the United States and Canada and other foreign countries,—and acknowledged by all to be the most practical implement of its kind made.

This Plow is designed to do the digging, or loosening up of the earth in the ditch, after which it is shoveled out, and we guarantee it to work successfully in the hardest ground, to the depth of at least 3 feet. The width the ditch is dug can be regulated at will from 8 inches up. The quantity of drain that can be excavated in a day depends very much upon the kind of ground in which you are ditching, but we have frequently known two men, with two horses, to throw out 40 rods per day—in ground where it could not have been thrown out with a spade.

To operate it we use two horses, one on each side of the ditch, with a doubletree and jockey stick 8 feet in length. The doubletree should be made of good wood, say 2½x6 inches in the middle, and tapering to 3 inches at the ends. Have a man or boy to guide the team, and another to hold the Plow.

First draw a furrow with a land plow in the line of the proposed drain. Then put in the Ditching Plow and go once around, which will cut both sides of the ditch down straight; shovel out the loosened earth; raise the beam in the manner which will hereafter be described; go another round, and so on, until the ditch is the required depth.

It will be noticed that the beam is pivoted on the front arm of the standard, and held at any desired angle by the segment bolted to the rear end of beam, and to let the Plow down deeper into the ditch, loosen the bolt which holds the segment in place, raise the beam and insert the bolt in the next hole.

The Plow has no mould board, and the share cuts but six inches wide on the bottom, thus the ditch can be made as narrow as it can be shoveled out or as wide as desired.

The slider for regulating the depth of cut is also adjustable, and can be set to make the Plow run deep or shallow.

Our Improved Tile Bed Shovel

For finishing up the bottom of the ditch ready for laying the tile is a very important adjunct to our Plow. All who have ever drained with tile know that the most important thing about making drain is finishing it up, grading and leveling it, having all uneven places removed, so that the fall is exacly uniform.



TESTIMONIALS

All You Claim.—Your Ditching Plow is all you claim for it. I have only used it two days. I regard it indispensable to a farmer who has ditching to do. I think it will make an excellent Plow for subsoiling. Success to your Plow.—E. R. Dyer, Mansfield, Va.

Saved Many Times Its Cost.—Since purchasing one of your Ditching Plows last spring, we have used it on several jobs of pipe-laying, and consider that it has already saved many times its cost. It has worked satisfactory in every respect.—B. S. Randolph, Mining Superintendent Consolidated Coal Co., Frostburg, Md.

Beats them All.—I an very much pleased with the Ditching Plow I bought of you September, '94, although I have used it but a few days. It does all you represent it to do—in fact more. I have tried several kinds and makes of toots for ditching, but your Plow beats them all. It is the grandest labor saving tool a man can buy. I have saved the price twice on one small job. At the extreme low price no farmer who has ditching to do can afford to be without it.—E. H. Koener, Engineering, Ditching and Tiling Contractor and Builder of Levees, Turnpikes and Reservoirs, Owensboro, Kentucky.

Worked Well.—I have just completed a ditch and have used the Ditching Plow which I purchased last fall. The soil through which the ditch passed is composed of different soils. First, through gravel and pebbles; second, cobble stones which are firmly imbedded in clay; third, clay; fourth, sand and gravel—this being the kind of soil found in different sections of the ditch. To loosen the soil in the different sections it would require a bar and pick. The Plow worked well from beginning to finish, even in the clay and stone soil—by removing large, fast stones with a bar—the Plow worked its way through, thoroughly loosening the soil. The ditch is over two feet in width and about 2½ in depth, and still the Plow could be let down another hole.—S. M. Barker, New Haven, N. Y.

Forty Rods per Day.—I have been using your Ditching Plow and feel safe in recommending it to the public. Two men and a team can make forty rods of ditch per day. I have a good deal of draining to do, and would not be without it for double the cost.—Robert S. Hindman, Butler, Pa.

Labor-Saving.—In reply to yours of the 21st inst., I have to say that the Larimer Ditching Plow is one of the greatest labor-saving implements on the farm. By its use three-fourths of the hard work about digging a rod of ditch is removed. Any farmer with fifty rods of ditching in view can save money by making the Investment of your Plow.—E. S. Cook, South Byron, N. Y.

Did Its Work Satisfactorily.—I got the Ditching Plow Saturday and tried it yesterday. We made 170 rods and had 15 men in the ditch. We used four horses and made them do what is intended for two. The ground was the hardest I ever worked in, almost impossible to shovel out after it was dug loose. The Plow did its work satisfactory, running steadier than any we ever used.—W. P. Robbins, Greenwood, Pa.

LARIMER MFG. CO., EOLA, ILL. (NEAR CHICAGO)

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE



ELGIN, ILLINOIS

rch 26, 1907 Price, $1.00 per Annum No. 13. Vol. IX

LOW RATES TO CALIFORNIA EVERY DAY IN MARCH AND APRIL



OMAHA, NEBRASKA, FEB. 23, 1907.

To the Brethren and their Friends:

In former letters your attention has been called to the scenery along the lines of the Union Pacific, New Salt Lake Route and the Southern Pacific en route to California.

By reference to the above map it will be seen that these lines pass through a number of States, where the Brethren have congregations, as shown by the figures in each State, which gave the number of congregations in those States in the spring of 1906, since when there have been a number of congregations established.

BUY YOUR TICKETS TO CALIFORNIA via Omaha, Kansas City or New Orleans

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To SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO and many other California points. Not via Portland, Oregon	$25.00	$25.00	$27.00	$33.00	$30.00	$34.85	$31.00	$29.25	$32.00	$31.65

TO GRASS LAKE (the nearest station to Butte Valley) via Sacramento and Weed, Cal., $1.25 higher than above rates.

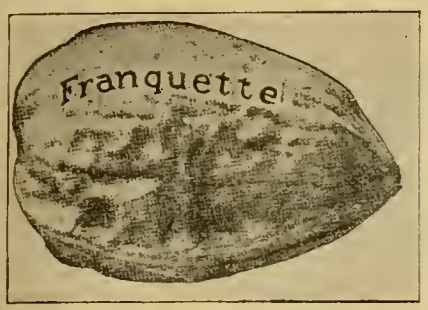
BUY YOUR TICKETS OF YOUR HOME AGENT as he is your neighbor and will undoubtedly give you reliable information.

For further information see the nearest agent of the Union Pacific Railroad or write to me for a souvenir booklet of Annual Meeting to be held in Los Angeles, California, next May. Take it with you for reference on the trip.

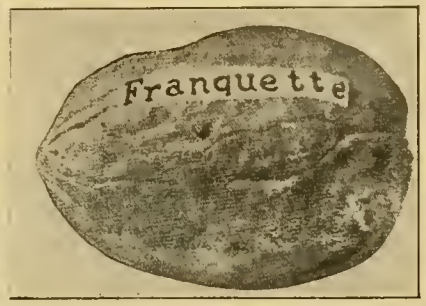
Yours fraternally,

Geo L McDonough

Colonization Agent.



WALNUTS FOR BUTTE VALLEY



A great deal has been said from time to time in our advertising matter about the value of English Walnuts as a money maker. We thought it would be opportune to give a little advice here before the farmers of BUTTE VALLEY begin to set out their orchards. It is far easier and not nearly so expensive to prevent mistakes than to correct them. A great many varieties of Walnuts, and especially English Walnuts, do well in California; but late investigations and experiments, and more particularly that of Mrs. E. M. Vrooman, of Santa Rosa, Cal., have demonstrated the fact that the Franquette, which is a French Walnut, is the Walnut of the day. Here are some facts for you to think about:

Mrs. Vrooman had begun her orchard with eight hundred trees. The first three years, of course, profited nothing. It requires all that time to get the orchard started. Then her crops were as follows:

Fourth year.—Total yield of orchard,	900 lbs.
Fifth year.—Total yield of orchard,	2,500 lbs.
Sixth year.—Total yield of orchard,	6,000 lbs.
Seventh year.—Total yield of orchard,	12,500 lbs.
Eighth year.—Total yield of orchard,	20,000 lbs.

At your leisure you may figure the per cent of increase, and decide whether or not it is a profitable crop.

Here are some reasons why the Franquette should be planted in BUTTE VALLEY:

1. It is the longest lived of all orchard trees.
2. A Walnut orchard once established requires less labor than any other orchard.
3. Walnuts, unlike many fruits, need not be harvested and marketed on the hour.
4. They have the wide world for a market.
5. The area favorable to abundant fruitage of the Walnut is very limited.
6. The Franquette is large enough to meet its competitors, whether of the French or English varieties.
7. The nut meat always fill the shells well.
8. The meats have a very fine white covering.
9. The flavor is of the very best.
10. The shell is what is termed as a "medium soft shell."
11. The shells are always well sealed, which enables them to endure the many handlings of the long distance market.

This little chapter has been written with a view to assist the settlers in BUTTE VALLEY to start a profitable crop while they are clearing up some of their farm land, so that they will have an independent fortune coming on later.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

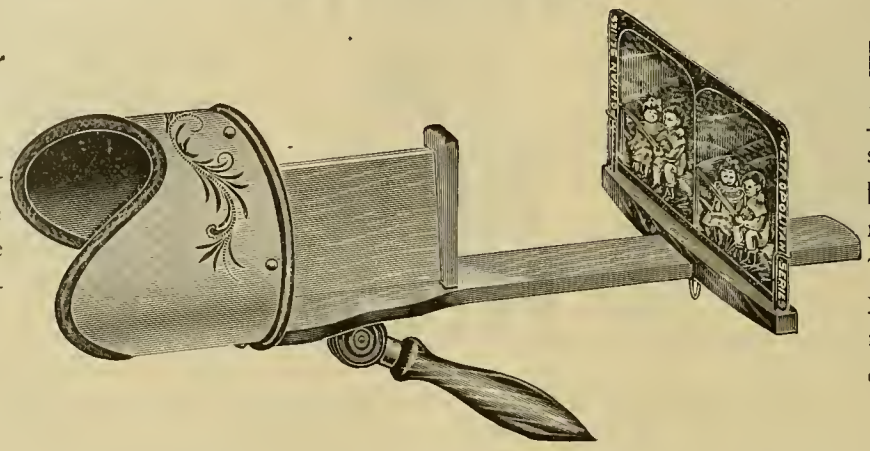
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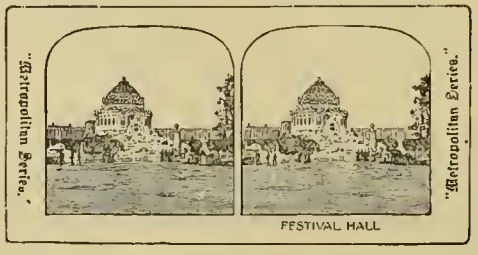


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ALUMINUM SCOPE.

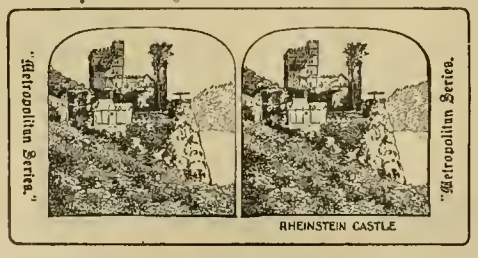
This very handsome Stereoscope is made with a specially constructed aluminum hood, fitted closely to cover the eyes with a soft binding of velvet. The aluminum is satin finished with beautiful hand-engraved designs. The frame is of fine-grained cherry, polished, oiled and varnished. The partition is mathematically adjusted, the handle folds in a firm socket, and the slide may be firmly fixed at any point. The lenses are of the best magnifying quality, 1¼ inches square, set for a focus of any range of eyesight. This elegant instrument is a popular favorite. Its sterling qualities are unsurpassed as a pretty, entertaining and useful article for any parlor or library. Price of scope, $1.00.



No. 1. ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR VIEWS.

These duo-photo-types represent the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of the greatest and costliest exposition ever made. Those who visited the fair and those who did not go should be equally interested in preserving in mind the great achievements of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. They are the finest steroscopic views on the market and cannot be duplicated for less than ten times the cost. This set contains fifty views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Palace of Liberal Arts.
The Irish Village.
Palace of Education.
View on the Pike.
Palace of Machinery and Japanese Tea Garden.
Chinese Pavilion.
Palace of Electricity.
Administration Avenue.
Fair Japan.
The Step to Civilization, etc., etc.



No. 2. VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

This set contains fifty views. They are selections from the most important places all over the old world. They are very fine and are sure to please. A few of the subjects are:

Office and Desk of Napoleon.
The Market Place, Paris.
Ruins of the Forum, Pompeii, Italy.
Mont Blanc Glacier, Switzerland.
Royal Palace, Berlin.
Incline Cable Car, Germany.
A Church and Cemetery, Brussels.
City Gate, Southampton, England, etc., etc.

No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

A set of twenty-five views showing the terrible catastrophe that befell the Western Metropolis. A splendid set to keep in memory the terrible earthquake. A few of the scenes are:

Ruins in the heart of the Business District after Great Disaster.
The Great City Hall Destroyed.
Serving Water to Refugees.
Ruins of the Great Palace Hotel.
Bank Interior, Showing Vaults after the Disaster, etc.. etc.



No. 4. AMERICAN AND MEXICAN CITIES.

12 Views of American cities and 12 of Mexican cities. A few of the titles are:

Grand View City and Canal, Syracuse, N. Y.
State Street, Chicago.
Unloading Cotton on the Levee, Memphis.
The Great Cattle Yards, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.
Mexico's Liberty Bell.
Street Cars on the Plaza, City of Mexico.
Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

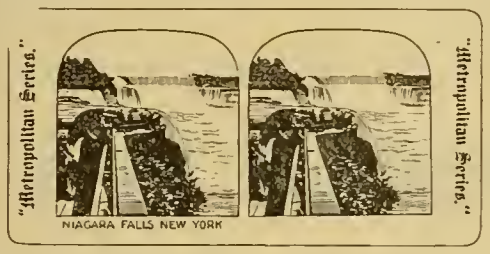
The grand scenery is here to be seen showing canyons, geysers, hot springs, and mountain precipices, peculiar to the mountainous regions of the West. This set contains 24 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Evergreen Lake, Colorado.
Interior of Ancient Church, Santa Cruz, N. Mex.
Bee-hive Geyser in Eruption, Yellowstone Park.
River View of Yosemite Falls, Calif.
Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park.
Driving a Four Horse Team Through a Tree.
Bears in Their Home, etc., etc.

Stereoscope and Views FREE

No. 6. NIAGARA FALLS VIEWS.

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that wonderful cataract in all its wonders. This set contains 12 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Famous Gorge, Watkins Glen, N. Y.
Winter Scene, Goat Island, N. Y.
Niagara River and Electric Railway.
Ice Mountain, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Whirlpool Rapids,, etc., etc.

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The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

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Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
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Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

For further information write to

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MARCH 26, 1907. NO. 13.

Marjory's Easter Lilies

Jennie Taylor

"MAMMA!"

"Yes, Marjory."

"I wish we could go to a nice big church on Easter. It must be very beautiful. I would like to hear the music and see the pretty flowers; and I wish that we could have some flowers like those white ones you were telling us about, don't you, mamma?"

"Yes, it is very beautiful, Marjory, but why are you wishing such things when you know we cannot go to a city church, neither can we have the lilies, for they must have proper care and we have no place to keep them."

"Because, mamma, I cannot think of anything else but the story you were telling us yesterday."

Little Marjory was a bright sunny-tempered child who had in her curly head curious thoughts of her own, and in her kind, pure heart, a love for the good and the beautiful that merged into something like reverence.

This evening, Marjory was thinking of the story her mamma had been telling her and her two brothers, Joey and Freddy, of an Easter time when she was a young girl and lived in the city.

Mrs. Manning often told her children of her city life, of her home and of her friends there; and sometimes she would tell them of the gatherings at the great stone church where her people were among the regular attendants.

To Majory it all seemed so different from the ways of the prairie folk who by much faithfulness succeeded in keeping up, against very trying circumstances, an interest in the one little mission-school where the Mannings had been going regularly since they came to that sparsely-settled part of the west.

"Of course, Marjory, you cannot know much about any of these things, and you do not remember your grandpa's house, nor our own cozy cottage on a more quiet street." "Do you think that Joey and Freddy can remember much about them now, mamma?"

Mrs. Manning was looking out of the old-fashioned, small-paned window past the distant line of timbered hills. Then turning toward her little daughter, replied, "No, Marjory, I suppose not. When we left the busy, crowded city and came out here on this wide rolling prairie, you were such a tiny girl and Joey and Freddy were neither one old enough yet to remember so very much about them."

"I wish we could go back for a visit and see Aunt Grace. We haven't been back even once since we moved away, have we, mamma? O, if we could go just once, I would be so glad," said Marjory.

Her mother smiled and the little restless girl jumped about on one foot and clapped her hands gleefully at her own idea.

"I do, mamma, I do wish that we could go, I do really."

"Well, you see, Marjory, the city is so far away and it has taken all of our money to pay for the farm and considering all of our other expenses—we never would have come to the country to live, little girl, but you have heard me tell how your father's health was failing and how his physician suggested our removal from the crowds, and the dust and the smoke?"

"Yes, mamma, I know. But now where would you rather be, there or here?"

"O, I have learned to like the quiet country best. It is our home, now, and home is always the best place or should be, Marjory. But see, it is getting late and we must finish our work. It will soon be dark. Papa and the boys will be out later than usual to-night. They wanted to finish hauling the corn to market to-day. I thought I would do some of the chores for them, so while I am at work out of doors, Marjory, you may gather the eggs and carry in the night-wood. By that time they will be home and we can all eat a warm supper together."

That same night after their late meal was cleared away, the family sat by the kitchen fire and talked until the clock on the mantle chimed eleven. They were all very happy. The farm was all their own now, and with the money received in payment for the corn their last debt had been paid. They were

free now to plan more comfortable ways of living.

"Now the boys can have their ponies that they have wanted so long, and I suppose we can count on building a new house before long, too," Mr. Manning was saying. "Yes," replied Mrs. Manning.

Joey and Freddy looked at each other and smiled.

"Then I can have a window-garden some day, can't I?" said Marjory, not forgetting the flowers she had been wishing for. "And I wish that I could go to the city and see Aunt Grace."

At this speech, Mr. Manning looked around quickly at Marjory and said, "By the way, my girlie, since you mentioned Aunt Grace, that reminds me—I believe Aunt Grace sent you a letter."

Crossing the room to the buffalo overcoat hanging in its accustomed place on the rack and reaching down into one of its capacious pockets Mr. Manning drew out a square white envelope, bearing the familiar postmark and handed it to his little daughter.

Marjory tore the envelope off and they all crowded around to see what Aunt Grace had to tell them this time.

With a little cry of surprise Mrs. Manning exclaimed, "She is coming here on a visit. She will be at the village to-morrow. Isn't it good of her to come? That means for one of us to go after her right away after breakfast in the morning, as she has written for us to meet her at noon."

"Well, well, so Grace has finally decided to come!" and Mr. Manning proceeded to prepare the kindling wood for morning and Mrs. Manning to mould a plate of sausage cakes to save that much time in getting the breakfast ready.

Joey and Freddy crept away to bed but Marjory lingered awhile to read her letter again.

"Come, Marjory, we must hurry around so we can get an early start in the morning," said her father, and then she crept away too, to dream of Aunt Grace.

It was a very excited family that met at breakfast the next morning. Everybody wanted to talk at once, till Mrs. Manning from the very fulness of her heart at the thought of seeing some one from home again, began to cry.

"What is the trouble, mother?" asked Mr. Manning. Are you sorry? Are you crying because she is coming?"

"O, no, no, I'm crying for joy, father, I'm crying for joy!" replied Mrs. Manning.

After Mr. Manning and Joey had gone to the station ten miles away, Mrs. Manning and Marjory busied themselves in the preparation for their honored guest.

At last she arrived for a three-weeks' visit. And how much they all enjoyed her company. Those three short weeks slipped away all too soon. But in the meantime this wise Aunt Grace found out Marjory's wish which was not wished in vain for, after talking it all over, it was decided that Marjory might visit the city and that she could go home with Aunt Grace.

Up to this time Marjory's life had been very quiet and uneventful, and now to her it seemed almost too good to be true that another day would find her speeding away on an east-bound train toward the city.

* * * * * *

The grand old church in one of the best parts of the city was most tastefully decorated for the special morning service. The weather was perfect. The day was Easter.

As the elegant Miss Fielding walked down the aisle that morning to the old family pew, she was accompanied by a little girl with bright blue eyes and curling hair, the same little girl whom we know as Marjory Manning.

At first Marjory felt overawed at the strangeness about her. But as she leaned back in the cushioned seat and watched the people coming in, the little troublesome fear that invaded her heart gradually gave way to a feeling of delight. She began to realize that she was in the "nice big church" that her mamma had told her about, and she was wishing that Joey and Freddy could be there, too, and see how pretty it all was.

The chancel filled with luxuriant palms and feathery ferns was more splendid than anything she had ever seen. Here and there a hyacinth bloomed revealing the charm of its own rare beauty. Delicate vines trailed across empty spaces. Dainty greenery high upon the wall spelled out those wondrous words, "The Lord Is Risen Indeed." In front of the chancel stood a group of snowy blossoms, their pure chaste petals gleaming radiantly against the dark green foliage. Soft subdued lights streamed through pictured windows and rested over the worshipers like an encircling halo.

After the throngs of people had found their places and everywhere was breathless quiet, sounds of music, low and sweet came down from the great organ-loft. Such lovely, lovely music.

As Marjory listened to the singing of that glorious Easter anthem, it seemed that heaven was very near, and that voices of angels were echoing through that spacious room.

When the singing was ended and the organist ceased playing, a man with a kind face read a program in which a number of white-clad children about Marjory's own age took part.

While our little friend of the west was studying the waxen blossoms and rich green foliage that stood by the chancel railing, another man, who had been sitting quietly by in a large high-backed chair, came over to them and began to talk to the people.

He told the story of the first Easter. How the Christ had been slain by enemies and had lain in the tomb three days. How friends had come to visit the

tomb and were met by shining guards who said to them, "He is not here. He is risen as he said."

Then he told how Christ had prepared the way for the people. How those who would believe on him and follow him would some day arise from death's deep sleep and be all transformed and glorified.

And all the while the man talked he drew his lesson from the peerless blossoms.

Again, strains of exquisite music came floating down from the great organ, in joyous rippling measures and Marjory was just leaning back to listen when the crowds of people about her began to move and she heard Aunt Grace saying, "Come Marjory, it is time to go home now, grandpa and grandma are waiting for us."

When Marjory returned from her visit to the city, she had much to tell of what she saw there. But the best of all was she had seen the Easter service and had carried away its real meaning.

Among the many gifts received from her friends was a queer little bulb which her grandmother had given her and told her how to plant and care for.

Now, among the mass of fragrant blossoms in the window-garden of their new prairie home is a cluster of white flowers, tall and stately, pure and perfect—Marjory's Easter lilies.

Tipton, Iowa.

LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE.

DELILAH QUELLHORST.

As I sit at my window and gaze on the beauty of the scenery before me, every bush and tree, even the poorest weed wearing a silvery coat, my very soul is enraptured. The orchard is a veritable mass of silver and gold, as the bright rays of the sun shine upon it. And as the gentle breeze softly sways the branches, I see all the colors of the rainbow exhibited in the most dazzling beauty imaginable. And for some cause unbidden tears come to my eyes. Now why? Not because of sadness or sorrow, but because of pure joy mixed with the knowledge of mortal's unworthiness to gaze on such a display of the handiwork of God, and visions of long ago come crowding into my memory. I think of another time when I stood at my window when loved ones that have passed from the shores of time stood and watched with me,—and I wonder if after we have crossed the icy stream of death we can see with spiritual eyes, the glittering brightness of God's glory.

But I will not dwell on things of the past, things that might sadden this blessed hour. I would I had language to express the gratitude I owe to God for the pleasure it gives me to be able to peer out from inner darkness through the windows of the soul on such a wealth of beauty. We often call this a sad old world, but after all it is beautiful if we only look on the sunnyside. And the child of God can ill afford to give over to despair. No matter how sore the affliction may seem, the world for which we are striving, the beauty, the peace, the happiness, so far excel anything that we as mortals can conceive of that we should forget all else, leave everything in the background that would in any way hinder us from rendering unto God our very best service, for his mercy and goodness toward us.

Alvo, Nebr.

Advent of Spring

J. A. Seese

King Winter hides his frowning face,
And turns to flee away,
As into view comes blithesome Spring
A-tripping on her way.

Her eyes are bright with love's pure light;
Her breath is scented deep;
Her nimble step wakes up the flowers
From out their dreary sleep.

The grasses, too, her presence feel,
Revive beneath her smile
And robe old earth in living-green,—
Her much-admired style.

The music of the brook returns;
The birds in rapture sing;
And life and joy come everywhere
At the magic touch of Spring.

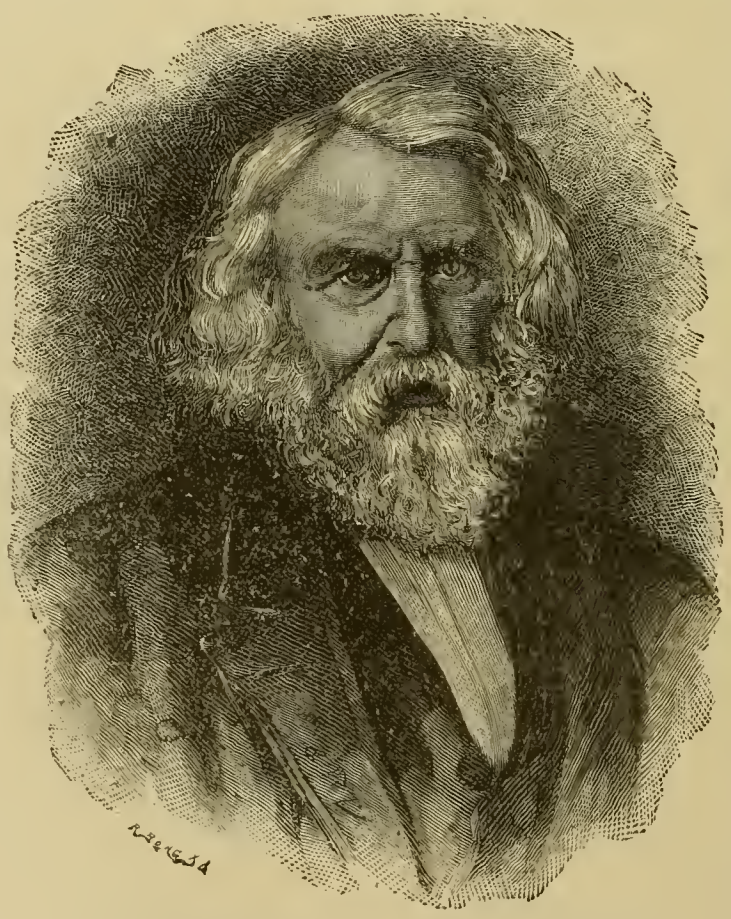
Johnstown, Pa.

Longfellow's Poetry

Dallas B. Kirk

DO doubt after reading about "Longfellow, the Poet," in the INGLENOOK for Feb. 12, you said, "Why did that writer not tell more about the poetry which Longfellow produced?" But within the limits of one article there was not room for a life sketch and a review of his poetry.

"Adjusting the glasses of Literature," to suit our eyes we are ready to look upon the written page, ever bearing in mind the excellent moral purity of the author's life which pervades his works.



Longfellow's first published poem was, "Lovell's Fight," which was issued just before he entered college in his early teens. A number of poems were written by him at college, for them he received $1.00 each, from the *Literary Gazette*.

In 1835 "Outre-Mer," or "A Pilgrimage to the Old World by an American," was published, a prose work yet worth mentioning here. Also "Hyperion," a romance which came out in 1839.

The same year that "Hyperion" appeared, "Voices of the Night" was issued.

This is a beautiful collection of poems. Among them are "The Reaper and the Flowers," "Footsteps of Angels," "Hymn to the Night," and that grand epic, "Psalm of Life," with its solem yet stern command,

> "Let us then be up and doing,
> With a heart for any fate."

In 1841 "Ballads and other Poems," was published. In it we find that favorite with children and those of mature years but with young hearts, "The Village Blacksmith." Happy are those who at the close of each day of honest toil can sit down and refresh themselves pondering over,

> "Each morning sees some task begun,
> Each evening sees its close;
> Something attempted, something done,
> Has earned a night's repose."

"Excelsior," "Wreck of the Hesperus," and "Skeleton in Armor," are also in this volume of good things for the mind.

In 1842 appeared his poems on slavery. Among his war poems are, "The Cumberland," and "Paul Revere's Ride." His slavery poems were good but not equal to those of Whittier and of Whitman on the same subject.

In 1843 there was published an essay in drama entitled, "The Spanish Student," a play of three acts. This has been severely criticised, but in fourteen years thirty-eight thousand copies were sold.

"The Waif, a Collection of Poems" came out in 1844.

In 1845 "The Poets and Poetry of Europe," was published. This was edited by Longfellow. It contains, poems from three hundred and sixty authors, translated from ten languages. The editor gave translations from eight different languages. Longfellow's translations are excellent with a good classical coloring.

The year 1846 found the people reading, "The Belfry of Bruges, and other Poems," by Longfellow. "The Day is Done," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," etc., are found here.

"The Estray, a Small collection of Poems," came out in 1847.

That same year the reading world first saw, "Evangeline," a tale of Acadia. The author said, "Evangeline is so easy for you to read because it was so hard for me to write."This lengthy poem is worth a careful and continued study. The reader is both joyful and sad as he follows Evangeline in her long journey in search of Gabriel. It is indeed a work of art. In it we find the line,

"Chanting the Hundredth Psalm—that grand old Puritan anthem."

About thirty-seven thousand copies were sold in ten years.

A prose work worthy of mention here is, "Kavanagh." Lowell said, "Kavanagh," is, as far as it goes, an exact daguerrotype of New England life."

In 1850 "The Seaside and the Fireside," a poetical collection was published. Here is found the "Building of the Ship." And what school boy has not raised his voice when he came to,

"Thou, too, sail on, O, Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!"

and kept it pitched until the end was reached?

"The Golden Legend" appeared in 1854. Ruskin said about this essay in drama, "Longfellow has entered more closely into the temper of the work, for good and for evil, than ever yet theological writer or historian, though they may have given their life's labor to the analysis," proving to us what the brain of this poet could produce.

Longfellow has been called, "Our American Minnesinger." This legend is a short song of mediæval life, and could be called an historic melodrama.

Another long poem appeared in 1855, "The Song of Hiawatha." It met with instantaneous success. One month after publication ten thousand copies were sold. The author called it, "An Indian Edda." It was soon translated in European languages. One writer said, "Longfellow sang the song as an Indian singer would sing it. How true. "And to think the author had never yet seen the Falls of Minnehaha nor the coast of the Mississippi where Evangeline lost her lover." Dr. Holmes said, "Coming from the realm of the Androscoggin and of Moosetukmonguntuk, how could he have found such delicious names as Hiawatha and Minnehaha?

In 1858, "The Courtship of Miles Standish" appeared. It soon became a favorite, for it is American to the very core.

The first part of "Tales of a Wayside Inn," was published in 1863. It finally became his longest work.

1866 saw "Flower-de-Luce" published.

In 1867 Longfellow finished translating, "The Divina Commedia." This translation was welcomed in America. Prof. Norton said, "His translation is the most faithful version of Dante that has ever been made."

The publication of two tragedies, one in 1868 and the other in 1872, did not succeed as poems.

1874 saw "Aftermath" published.

The following year appeared, "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems," containing that semi-centennial hymn "Morituri Saluamus." The author was very careful in the making of this poem, correcting it over and over.

In 1876 a centennial poem was published in, *The Atlantic Monthly.*

"Keramos" was issued in 1877. In this collection can be found, "The Herons of Elmwood." It is a tribute to James Russell Lowell.

"Poems of Places" was published in 1879.

The last published volume of the poet appeared in 1880. It was entitled, "Ultima Thule." This seemed prophetical, for the poet was nearing the end of his journey on life's pathway.

Of all the world's poems that have been set to music Longfellow leads with thirty-nine, While Tennyson comes second with twenty-six.

Let us remember Longfellow as one who could summon all his energies together and achieve such long and lofty flights as "Evangeline" and "Hiwatha," which are lasting products of an educated man.

Before closing this review, allow me to drop a hint. The study of poetry, whether that of Longfellow or some other great poet, will help to mature that poetical branch on your tree of knowledge, while the reading of trashy ten cent novels stunts the growth of the whole tree.

Pentz, Pa.

ADOLESCENCE THE RELIGIOUS PERIOD.

The startling statement that the greatest number of commitments for crime occur at about seventeen years of age, is counterbalanced by the statement that the greatest number of conversions occur at about the same age. This indicates the impressionableness of the adolescent, his responsiveness to his environment.

We are not apt to think that the adolescent is naturally religious, but this seems to be the case.

The years when the human being is coming into possession of the highest powers of body seem to be the years when he develops the highest powers of soul. The adolescent is sensitive to all moulding influences. He is an idealist. He is a hero-worshipper. If the ideals placed before him are of the Raffles type he endeavors to make of himself a Raffles, and so becomes a criminal. If the man Christ Jesus appeals to him as the one altogether lovely he longs to show forth the Christ-like qualities and so becomes a Christian.

Conversion seems to be but a natural part of turning from the selfish life of the child to the altruistic life of the adult. Through all the adolescent being surges the desire to be, to know, to feel all that is highest, truest, best.

He may keep his aspirations hidden from even his nearest friends, but his soul is filled with dreams of perfection, of renunciation, even of suffering that he may rise to higher levels.

It is the adolescent who longs to go forth into the world to preach the Gospel to every creature. The adolescent who filled with a divine enthusiasm feels

that the burden of the world is laid upon his shoulders and that if he fails in his duty the world will halt in its progress; the adolescent who even becomes the ascetic, or is overwhelmed by a sense of deepest sin; the adolescent whose longing for truth may lead him into bypaths of doubt and infidelity, doubting because longing to trust; infidel because most earnestly desiring faith.

If we could penetrate into the secret recesses of these nascent creatures we would see how deeply God is moving their souls with his divine power, and then, perhaps, with vision clarified and sympathy intensified we might be able to lead these longing natures to the true source of all peace, for which they yearn.

The Christian Church needs to study the phenomena of adolescence and to learn how to present to the young the love of God so that it will win the response of their hearts which are burning to love the truly lovely, to adore the adorable, to worship the divine. —*Mary Wood-Allen, M. D.*

About the Raccoon

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

THE animal that has given more satisfaction to boys in general than any other is the raccoon. It is as intelligent as a monkey and quite as easily tamed. The real live boy and the raccoon have much in common. Both are full of fun and frolic.

The raccoon is related to the bear family, but is much more lively, spirited and active, to say nothing of its gentler disposition. The fur is blackish gray and consists of two kinds of hair: the one lying next the skin is soft and woolly: the outer coat is long and coarse. The woolly fur is uniformly gray; the longer hairs are alternately marked with black and grayish white, while the tail is ringed with white and black.

The "coon," as it is often called, seems to be both able and willing to digest anything; bats, birds, crabs, mice, oysters, nuts, seeds, berries and fruits. No animal is more cunning in discovering the trees where bird's nests are built, and he does not stop until the nests are cleared of eggs or birds. He has a keen appetite also for fresh-water mussels, and is an adept in hunting for them in the mud. Tortoise eggs he deems a treat.

A naturalist gives the following instance of the extraordinary cunning shown by a raccoon when hunting for crabs. "The raccoon stood by the side of a marsh, with its tail hanging over into the water; the crabs, mistaking it for food, would lay hold of it; and and as soon as it felt them pinch, it pulled them out with a sudden jerk. It then took them to a little distance from the water's edge, where it devoured them."

In its movements and carriage the raccoon exhibits qualities both of animals that walk on the soles of their feet, like the bear, and those which walk on their toes, like cats. When standing or walking, it places the entire sole of the foot upon the ground; but when running rapidly, it touches the earth merely with the tips of its toes. It travels about at night and passes the day sound asleep, with its head between its hind feet, and its body coiled up so as to gain all the warmth possible from its own fur.

The raccoon is very fond of water, drinking freely, and washing its food before eating it, if water is within reach.

The naturalist, Ernest Harold Baynes, tells how he secured two quite young "coons" from a litter of four, and brought them up "by hand." They soon learned how to use a baby's bottle, but the trouble was both wanted it at once, and would wrestle for it.



From Little Folks, S. E. Cassino Co., Salem, Mass.

And when one would be using it, the other would run up, seize the bottle in his fists, and tug away until he got it. Then he would run off with it, with his brother at his heels, and the bottle changed hands frequently.

While they were still quite young, Mr. Baynes wished to see if they inherited the family instinct to wash their food, so he gave them some crackers and a pail of water. One of them at once picked up a cracker in his paws, dipped it into the water, and be-

gan to wash it after the manner of old raccoons. The other little fellow soon followed his example.

Beckman gives a delightful account of a raccoon which used to wash various odds and ends in a bucket of water. An old pot handle, a piece of shell or anything of the sort would do. But the thing he loved best of all was an empty bottle. Clasping it in his fore paws he would waddle slowly to the bucket with the bottle clasped closely to his breast, then roll and rinse it in the water. If any one ventured to disturb him he was furious and would throw himself on his back, clinging so tightly to his beloved bottle that he could be lifted by it.

Goss says the bears will do much the same sort of things. He tells of a polar bear which used to roll an old iron pot to and fro in his tank and then lift it out, rub it up and down in a trough of running water. He stood on his hind legs and used his fore paws exactly like a washerwoman washing clothes.

THE TEACHING OF GEOGRAPHY.

The subject of geography should receive much more careful consideration on the part of teachers than it does. The writer has met many students who have gone through our public schools who could hardly use a map intelligently, much less did they possess an intelligent idea of the general geography of the world. The earth is our home, and it is to our best interest to know as much about it as possible. It is the place where our ancestors have lived and worked out the problem of their destiny. Without an adequate knowledge of geography much that is rich in history and literature and travel becomes confusing and meaningless. Therefore if the subject of geography is not taught correctly the pupil may be much handicapped in his pursuit of knowledge, if it does not result in an utter lack of curiosity to learn further because his ideas of the earth and human affairs, generally, are about as small as the knowledge of geography he secured while in school. There is perhaps no study that is so conducive to further reading and study as geography when it is taught correctly. It is a powerful agent in awakening the curiosity and observation of the student. It broadens him because he is enabled to see things far outside his narrow realm and experience.

There is also no subject that is so comprehensive as geography, for it touches every other branch of learning at a vital point. Every bit of human activity has its geographical element, for whatever we do, we do it somewhere on the earth. Then, when we consider the vast influence that geographical conditions have exerted on the various problems of human and animal life, and on the adjustment of the different social and political conditions of humanity, the subject of geography assumes very large proportions,—much larger than we seem to bear in mind sometimes when we are teaching the subject.

The facilities for teaching geography in our land are especially good. A number of excellent geographical magazines are published, at a nominal subscription price, which are of exceeding value to the teacher. Maps of great variety may also be had of various publishers. The United States Geological Survey publishes many maps of exceeding value that may be either had for the asking, or at a very small price. Many of these atlases are profusely illustrated. A number of the States have Surveys that publish splendid maps of their respective States that may be had at an exceedingly small sum. The number of helps along this line are almost innumerable, but very few of our teachers know of the existence of such things and are consequently entirely ignorant of their value. It is to be hoped that we will awaken along these lines and henceforth make better use of our opportunities.—*College Life.*

SAFETY IN TRAVEL.

Mark Twain it was, we believe, who once remarked that a man was safer on an express train than in bed, the percentage of those dying at home being so much greater than those killed on the railroads. Yet the Interstate Commerce Commission says that during the year closing June 30, 1906, on an average twenty-six persons were killed, and two hundred and thirty-eight were injured every day on the railroads in America, and that the total number killed during the year was 9703, and the injured numbered 86,008. These figures seem enormous and to bespeak undue recklessness somewhere. Yet railroad travel, after all, is relatively safe; indeed, more persons are annually killed and injured in factories, and quite as large, or even a larger percentage, suffer death or injury in football or motoring. Only one passenger was killed on the railroads for every 1,375,856 carried safely, and one was injured for every 70,665 carried. The witticism of our humorist, accordingly, is not all together fanciful.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

NATURE'S LITTLE THINGS.

From the day when the Florentine Galileo with his first rude telescope bestowed the gift of a new vision upon his fellows, to the present men have not ceased to wonder at the infinite reaches of space beyond this world of ours—distances quite beyond our ability to conceive. The telescope sweeps the heavens, and brings within our sight new worlds and new systems of worlds in the universe of unknown vastness about us.

The compound microscope in its humbler sphere reveals a no less wonderful world of beauty and perfec-

tion beneath us. This instrument has done a noble work for truth. Not only has it revealed many of the secrets of disease, and thus enabled us to fight more successfully to alleviate pain and prolong human life, but it has also helped some of us to grasp more firmly the great truth of God's power, wisdom, and care. It is strange that men who have looked down the wonder-revealing tube, and have studied the absolute perfection of detail, and the marvelous delicacy of adjustment in the world of organic life, could ever have doubted that there exists a Supreme Thinker and Worker who guides and rules in the realm of nature.

But my present purpose is to tell something of the profit and delight to be gotten from amateur microscopy. There is no scientific recreation that quite equals it. To begin with, it carries its devotees out of doors. In order to secure materials for the stage of the microscope we must explore the ponds and ditches, and find our way to the gardens, woods, and fields. And the revelations of the microscope from the world of nature are more stimulating to the intellect than any others accessible to the nonprofessional student of nature.

Yes, you say, this may be quite true, but a compound microscope is a very expensive affair, and so the delight of microscopical study and diversion are shut off from many young people who might be glad to enter the fairy gardens of the microscopic world. But, fortunately for you, you are wrong. A plain but serviceable compound microscope is not very expensive in these days. If one wishes to study the starry heavens as an amateur astronomer, he can not do very much without a small telescope, the cost of which is far beyond the capacity of moderate purses. But to explore the almost infinite realms of that world whose wonders are too small for our unaided eyes, requires only an instrument which may be bought for twenty dollars, or even less. While a student in college my father gave me a substantial microscope costing $25. To this I have added a couple of higher power lenses, and a few simple accessories, acquired from time to time as I was able. Thus the expense of my instrument has been hardly felt during the ten years in which I have enjoyed its possession. And my equipment, simple as it is, is more elaborate than is really necessary for the fullest enjoyment of microscopical study and diversion. But the moderate sum invested has brought a great many times its value in healthful recreation and profitable diversion.

We often hear it said that people whose work confines them should cultivate a "hobby" which will take them out of doors and engage the thoughts in ways entirely different from those of the regular occupation. Of the several hobbies I have tried the miscroscope is the more lasting.

Every year, when the warm days of early summer come, the blood of the amateur microscopist begins to tingle, and he watches his chance to get away with his collecting bottles and pocket magnifier, to wander along the edge of pond or stream. And then, after the outdoor ramble, comes the joy of sitting down quietly at home with the microscope, and exploring the new worlds contained in a few drops of pond water or a speck of green slime. And here is diversion for hours, if one has the time to spend, and profit, too, for the microscope not only enlarges our powers of physical vision, but broadens our mental outlook, affording a culture which the appreciative study of nature always gives.

And what lessons are to be learned by the way! Showing a friend a specimen through the microscope recently he said enthusiastically, "It's great!" and it was great, though it measured only one two hundred and fiftieth of an inch. Greatness is not a matter of size or linear dimensions. We gain some idea of the extent of the world of life beneath us when we learn the half-way point with respect to size between the elephant, the largest animal now existing, and the smallest organism, is the red ant! In other words, the microscope shows us living organisms as much smaller than the ant as the ant is smaller than the elephant. This may seem incredible, but it is true.

But I must tell you in a few words of some of the better known people of the invisible world to whom the microscope serves as an introduction. Let us begin with the smallest.

We take a half tumbler full of pure water, into which a few scraps of raw meat have been thrown, and set it in the sun for a few hours. Examining with a moderately high power of the microscope a drop of the water which has become a little cloudy we find it teeming with myriads of strange looking beings that look like animated corkscrews, sticks, and strings of beads. These are "bacteria," whose name means sticks. Where did they come from? From the air. When we put the meat into the water we formed what the scientific men call a "culture," that is, a medium in which the bacteria will quickly multiply. That these little creatures came from the air is easily proved. If we boil the water in a glass test-tube, and then plug the end tightly with cotton batting, no bacteria will appear. These little beings, which are classed as vegetable rather than animal, are very minute. It would take nearly six thousand of the larger kinds placed end to end to make an inch in length. Many people fancy that all bacteria are harmful, but this is not so; most of the brood are harmless. Only a comparatively small number are the causes of disease; and most of these are harmful only when they get a chance to multiply in our tissues because of a weakened condition of the system.

But there are organisms more interesting to us than

the bacteria, and more easy to look at. We go to a stagnant pond, and take a little water, a few leaves of duckweed, and a little green slime. Now we have the material for many hours of instructive diversion.

Here is a water flea. He is a giant in the microscopical world for we can see him with the naked eye, as a tiny, jumping speck in the water. But with a low power of the microscope we see right through him, for he is transparent, and we need no X-rays. His lungs are at work, and his stomach is digesting some unfortunate little creature that he ate for breakfast.

He is interesting, but not more so than the green hydra. This individual can change his size and shape at every turn. Now he is spread out with eight long tentacles or arms, ready to grab his prey. But a tap on the glass slide frightens him, and quicker than thought he has become a mere mass of greenish-brown jelly.

Here is a rotifer, who, instead of having a mouth and jaws, has a circular series of long thin fins, with which he creates a current down his throat, thus sucking in many helpless little fellows who begin to digest before they know where they are! This crown of fins looks like a wheel when in operation, and hence the name of these creatures—the "rotifers," or wheel-bearers.

The water contains a host of things which we cannot examine in detail. Here in a green globe beautifully netted, and containing bright spots or red, rolling about in the jolliest fashion. He is the famous volvox. Here is a red spot with a wiggling tail, rushing about in the wildest way, never getting anywhere, but always in a great hurry. His name is monad. Here is a snake-like creature twisting in and out among the debris, and making his dinner out of the garbage of the microscopical world. Here are strange creatures that look like felt hats with a string tied to them. They are the vorticellids. Here also is a great dragon—a terrible beast with fearful jaws. He will be a mosquito some day. He is only an eighth of an inch long, but through the microscope he looks as big as an alligator.

I would like to have you see through the microscope the spider and his web, the strands of which are not simple threads, but tiny ropes, made up of a great many threads stuck together—more than you would believe, I am afraid. But enough has been said to suggest the vastness and wonder of that world we cannot see with the unaided eye. And if some one after reading these words resolves to save up for a microscope, and study Nature's kingdom of minute greatness, some good will have been accomplished by what is here set forth.

The microscope gives us new revelations of God. We find out how beautiful God's work always is. His power and wisdom are seen in the perfect little organisms whose world is a drop of water, just as surely as in the distant worlds that swing through boundless space—

> "for no more
> It costs Omnipotence to build a world
> And set a sun amidst the firmament,
> Than mould a dewdrop, and light up its gems."
> —Epworth Herald.

REMARKABLE LITTLE EMMA KUBICEK.

Blind, deaf and speechless, is little 10-year-old Emma Kubicek, a pupil at the Illinois State school for the blind in Jacksonville. Like the wonderful Helen Keller, this triply afflicted child has learned that there are ways to hear and speak other than with the ears and mouth. The light of reason has given her vision and words.

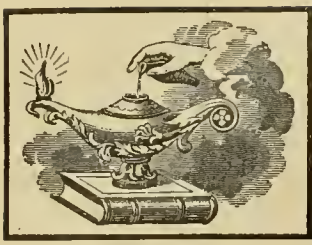
When Emma was three years old, she was stricken with cerebro spinal meningitis, which left her blind and deaf and without the knowledge of speech. Her parents were not able to employ a private teacher for her, and a place was secured for the little girl in the State Institution. Mrs. Helen Jordan is her teacher and through her instruction the pupil has already learned to use 900 words of the manual alphabet—a means of communication by the employment of the sense of touch.

It is interesting to know how Emma was made to understand her first word. She was given a rubber ball to play with and the word ball was spelled out in the odd alphabet. This was taken from her and other things given instead, the different names being spelled out. When the ball was returned its name was again spelled by tender touches of the finger and finally the bright little girl was made to understand that a certain series of pressures meant "ball" and a different series meant "doll." In this patient way her education is being carried on and the pupil shows great progress in her studies.

Emma can operate a typewriter that prints raised letters and in this way her training is being rapidly improved. Her teacher is so adept in the silent language that she can carry on a conversation with the child almost as easily as with an ordinary person.

The little girl's sense of smell is most acute. When she is introduced to a visitor she presses her face to the other's hand and catches a scent which serves as a means of identification should they meet again. Mrs. Jordan says that this is a sense which man possesses the same as do animals, but that control has been lost by the failure to make use of it.

Emma Kubicek is truly a remarkable child, for with all her infirmities she is as smart and useful as many children who have big eyes, big ears and big mouths, but use them to poor advantage.—*The Watch Tower.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

"The Lord knoweth them that are his."

A GLANCE over the Sunday-school lessons for the quarter just closing gives us some excellent illustrations for this text and makes it plain why it should be selected as an expression of the central thought of the quarter.

Environment and heredity *may* count for something in the making of a man, but the Lord doesn't credit the power of either when he is able to get hold of one who has already given some proof of his righteousness. And the darkest heathenism cannot hide from him the one who thus keeps faith with himself.

But we cannot restrict this truth to the patriarchs of old. The Lord still knows his own. To-day he is dispatching this one on this mission and that one on that, as a proof of his ownership. A place is made, a work is ready, for every one who has the seed of righteousness in him.

If the contemplation of this knowing power of the Lord brings us deep peace and joy, it argues much for our own knowledge of him. For an acquaintance with the Lord brings peace. And this peace reveals our relation to him, for he not only knows his own, but, as he says, "I am known of mine." What a blessed understanding! What a glorious preparation for service!

If the thought of the Lord's omniscience is a cause for disquietude to us, that disquietude ought to lead to downright alarm over our condition. Not to have that peace which comes from a knowledge of the Lord and which proves his claim upon us, leaves us with the crowd that was left behind when the Lord called out the fathers of old. It leaves us in the hands of the one whose ways are the ways of death.

EASTERTIME.

CLARENCE SCHROCK.

How much Easter means to us!

It commemorates the greatest and grandest event in the life of our Savior. Without the resurrection his self-sacrificing life, suffering, and death would all have been in vain.

What a sad condition the world would be in to-day if Christ had not risen from the dead! What a dark and sin-cursed place this earth would be, if no one had hopes of a life beyond the tomb!

How empty life would be if death ended all. How little there would be to live for, how selfish and degraded men would become if there was nothing to prompt them to strive for higher and nobler things than a mere existence here.

What low ideals we would have in life, what little happiness the world would know, if all mankind doubted that man possessed a never-dying soul.

How foolish it is for anyone to doubt the reality of the resurrection, when it is so plain and means so much to us. What a strong proof the existence of the Christian church to-day is that Christ rose from the dead. Had he not risen from the dead there had been no Christian church.

Had the tomb been able to hold the crucified Redeemer, then would the world be without hope of eternal life.

Had the death of Jesus been the end of the story of his life, then at the cross would have ended, not only the hopes of his scattered, discouraged disciples, but of the whole world. Had there been no resurrection, there had been no Christianity. The Christian church to-day, with its intervening history carries us back to the very days of the life and death of its Founder, giving the most positive proof of the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

It was the resurrection that brought the disheartened disciples together once more, after their hopes in Jesus were all dashed to the earth. It was the resurrection that first prompted them to organize the Christian church. It was the reality of the resurrection that caused the disciples, apostles and early followers of Jesus, to suffer stripes, imprisonment and death for the cause.

The Christian church was founded by men, some of whom knew Jesus personally, from the beginning of his ministry. It was founded in a time when it could easily be ascertained whether Jesus had risen or not. Would they organize it on the belief of a dead man, when the only purpose of it was their hope in a resurrection? Would they give up all, and spend their life preaching the Gospel, suffering persecution and death, all for a myth?

No! Men and women do not voluntarily suffer as these suffered for mere opinion's sake. No stronger evidence of their positive belief, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and that he rose from the dead, could be given than was given by thousands of primitive

Christians who sealed their faith with their life-blood.

Dear readers, under existing evidences, the resurrection is as real as though it was but yesterday. To doubt it is to deny all human reason and knowledge.

How beautiful it is that Easter comes in the springtime when all nature is putting on new life. When the trees awaken from their winter's sleep, apparently dead, putting forth leaves and flowers in the greatest abundance. The seemingly lifeless grass, sends forth new blades, covering the earth with a beautiful green carpet. The beautiful flowers come forth once more, to brighten the earth with their beauty and fragrance.

How can we, living in the midst of all this, doubt the resurrection, and eternal existence of man, the greatest and grandest of all God's creation, and for whose benefit all else was created?

When living with a firm faith in a resurrection, how beautiful and grand life appears to us.

How beautiful to think of life as an eternal existence, with the grave as only a narrow passage from this world of trials and cares, to the beautiful land beyond, where all is perfect happiness.

And as Eastertime is here once more let us think of the resurrection as something real, let us cast aside the dark clouds of doubt and fear, and with renewed faith make a firm resolution to live more on a spiritual plane, looking more at the eternal side of life, thereby developing our souls to a higher and grander state of existence, and shed an influence that will make others better and happier.

How many there will be when they reach the other shore, who will find that they have spent too much of their time, thinking and striving for the carnal things of this world and have starved their souls!

Let us look more at life as something that lasts eternally, and take the time to really live, while here on earth, for our enjoyment in the great beyond will be measured by the extent that we develop the spiritual side of our lives here.

Beattie, Kansas.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

A GOLD mine is often a dark, dismal, damp, and dangerous place. But the miner does not complain of that, if only he brings out the heaps of gold ore with him. He would be counted more than foolish if he shrank from entering, and lost his share of gold. Yet how many souls shrink from those experiences which have power to make them rich! We know that Ruskin speaks only the truth in saying:

"Out of suffering comes the serious mind;
Out of salvation, the grateful heart;
Out of endurance, fortitude;
Out of deliverance, faith."

But how many of us are endeavoring to get away as far as possible from our gold mines!—*Great Thoughts.*

SONG OF THE EASTER MORN.

The Lord is risen!
Not walled tomb nor Death's cold hand
Could longer hold the Lord of glory;
The morn is waked by angels' band
Which tells to earth the gladsome story.

The Lord is risen!
He comes in majesty sublime,
The powers of sin and darkness quelling;
He comes with love and peace divine
Our cares, our doubts, our fears dispelling.

The Lord is risen!
He comes, the conqueror of all foes,
By death his last great victory winning;
He comes, a balm for all our woes,
To cheer the sad, to save the sinning.

The Lord is risen!
Let earth be glad, the long night's o'er,
The morning breaks in glorious splendor;
Let heaven's vast throng their Lord adore,
To him all praise and service render.

—J. E. James.

A RICH MAN.

ONE of Thoreau's quaint sayings was: "A man is rich in proportion to the number of things he can afford to let alone." On this basis there surely never were such opportunities for wealth as at the present time, when we are surrounded by beautiful, attractive and tempting objects which are freely bought and used by our neighbors and acquaintances. To be able to resist temptation to buy things which we are just as well off without, and to indulge in amusements and recreations which are not for our physical or moral well-being, is to be able to limit ourselves in regard to creditable indulgences—these are evidences of a strong character. One of the first and most important lessons which the mother of to-day must teach her child is to let things alone. When the baby has learned to admire the pretty flowers without picking them, to see candy, fruit, or other good things which he knows "taste good" without putting them in his mouth; when the child has learned not to do things simply because "the other boys and girls" do them—then he can be trusted to go out into the world alone, for he can resist temptation. When such a boy grows to manhood his wants will be so few, his desires will be so well under control, that he will be indeed what Thoreau would call "a very rich man."—*The Congregationalist.*

Let us be patient. Let us keep
Our watch fires faithful as God's stars.
Whatever storm or shadow mars!
The breadth of life's uncertain deep.

Let us be patient. Let man trace
No frown, no insincerity,
In skies of ours, that all may see
God's presence in his child's calm face.

—Selected.

THE INGLENOOK.

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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"HE IS RISEN."

All the hopes of the ages that reach beyond the boundaries of time are based upon this message of the angel to the women who found an empty tomb where had been laid the mortal remains of their best friend. For "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." "But thanks be to God" that the soul longing that rises far above the highest attainments of this life has been justified by the resurrection of Christ!

Some are disposed to argue the circumstance of the resurrection, to bring forth undeniable truths so closely connected with the event that to accept the one must include the other, but it is to be doubted whether such a course really brings the desired results. The people who have studied "all that the prophets have spoken," who have closely followed the history of the chosen people up to the time of Christ, who have accompanied him in his journeys and listened to his words, who in the light of all this have talked to their own soul on the subject of immortality, and must still be in need of proof of Christ's resurrection, surely belong to that class of which it was said, that though one came to them from the dead, yet they would not believe.

The declaration has gone forth, God-given, "He is risen." The important question with us is, What does his resurrection mean to us? Does the thought of it revivify the seed of immortality that lies buried in our souls, producing that strange new joy of blessed anticipations as yet but faintly realized? What it does mean depends largely on how closely we have followed his exemplary life up to the door of the tomb. "If we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection." "For if we be dead with him, we shall also live with him." The question resolves itself into a demand for a self-examination.

Between the questions, what has the resurrection meant to us, what does it mean, and what shall it mean, may lie a difference as great as that between day and night. While the contemplation of the first may bring us some satisfaction and a degree of inspiration that shall move us to press on, a contemplation of the last promises much in rich experiences for the present, though they are only foretastes of what that future holds.

But the proof of our claims to the blessings coming from a belief in Christ's resurrection rests upon our willingness to "go and tell that he is risen from the dead," to "be witnesses unto me unto the uttermost part of the earth," to "go, stand and speak all the words of this life." The religion of Jesus Christ is so opposed to selfishness, to all castes and restrictions, that the one who would thus keep it in bounds, cheats and starves his own soul. The knowledge of Christ's life and death and resurrection calls for an active life in the dissemination of this knowledge if the possessor himself would benefit by it.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your mind on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God."

EASTER.

Like many other things that have come down to us through the years, Easter, in name and significance, presents a strange combination,—a combination that would have been utterly impossible at the beginning of each separate part. For instance, the word itself is a derivation of the Anglo Saxon word, Eostre, which was the name of the Teuton's goddess of the spring to whom was dedicated the month corresponding to our April. On the other hand, the significance of the word, as we now understand it, originated with the early Christians and marks the commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord. How the heathen name came to stand for an event in Christian history would no doubt be an interesting story, but it is too long and too complicated for present purposes.

The history of Easter, or of the celebration which is now known by that name, is also an interesting one. This celebration had its origin after the New Testament times, as there is no trace of it in the New Testament or in the writings of the apostolic fathers. "The sanctity of special times and places was an idea quite alien from the early Christian mind, too profoundly absorbed in the events themselves to think of their external accidents."

At first the Romance nations used a derivation of the Latin word *pascha*, meaning passover. In the Jewish branch of the early Christian church, the nature of the celebration was a mixture of the observance of the old Jewish passover with the commemoration of the Lord's resurrection. Accordingly their cele-

bration of the latter event was timed by the regular return of the former which each year brought it on different days of the week. The Gentile branch of the church, however, not being wedded to the observance of the passover, and keeping in mind the fact that the resurrection took place on the first day of the week, fixed the time of their celebration to conform with that time, with no regard for the day of the month.

Each branch of the church looked upon this subject as a serious matter, and their difference of opinion was a source of much trouble. "In the absence of any authoritative decision as to the day to be observed and the proper mode of calculating it, other discrepancies arose, which led to controversies and dissensions which distracted the church, and became a source of mockery and ridicule to the unbelievers." Rather than come to this end it had been better not to have had any special observance at all, and instead conform to the advice of Origen when he argued "that the Christian who dwells on the truths of Christ as our Passover and the gift of the Holy Ghost, is every day keeping an Easter and Pentecostal feast."

These differences as to the date of the celebration were gradually brought to an end by a verdict of the Roman church, the Gentile usage being adopted. At the council of Nice in 325 all agreed that Easter should be kept on the same day throughout the whole world, but nothing was said as to the determination of that day. "This was practically left to be calculated at Alexandria, the home of astronomical science, and the bishop of that see was to announce it annually" to the rest of the Christian world.

It was some centuries before the discrepancies disappeared, owing to the adoption of different rules for determining the date. Many of our readers are familiar with the fact that even to-day the churches of Russia and Greece and the oriental churches in general observe Easter on a date differing from the Easter of the rest of the world. This is due to the fact that they use the old or Julian calendar as it was originally made while we use it with the changes made by Pope Gregory XIII.

WORKING TOGETHER.

Most of us already fully understand, or are able to see with a little study, the value of concerted action in any undertaking. It is the perfect understanding and the will to be guided by it that has brought success to enterprises that faced difficulties almost insurmountable. It is by the perfect union of all the forces concerned that the load was moved, whereas, if there has been the least friction, the least halting, the least disconcerted action, even the greatest exertion of a part of the forces would have been made in vain.

What is true of a company of individuals is true of the individual alone. The fact that failure has marked the efforts of so many people is not due so much to their lack of the elements which the work itself demanded, as it is to their neglect to use these essential elements unitedly.

A man starts out in a certain work, and then either underestimates the amount of effort necessary to carry it to a successful finish, or divides his forces, on the principle that if the one thing doesn't work out well, the other may. Thus he courts defeat in the very beginning.

The history of the successful enterprises of to-day tells us that they were manipulated by men who gave all their attention to one thing. Their life was made up, seemingly, of a series of sacrifices that that one thing might have the benefit of every influence that would tend to its promotion.

But the principle of uniting all forces for the successful carrying out of a work is not confined to business men and business enterprises. Among other lines of endeavor, the Christian life in particular demands union of forces. Paul says, "This one thing I do," and without a doubt this is the key to his successful life.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

We often call this a sad old world, but after all, it is beautiful if we only look on the sunny side.—*Delilah Quellhorst.*

The best of all was she had seen the Easter service and had carried away its real meaning.—*Jennie Taylor.*

No stronger evidence of their positive belief, that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and that he rose from the dead, could be given than was given by thousands of primitive Christians who sealed their faith with their lifeblood.—*Clarence Schrock.*

Then come with your smiles or sing a sweet song,
And make some heart glad as you pass along.
Why should you withhold that which you can give
To make the world better while in it you live?

—R. G. Layman.

King Winter hides his frowning face,
And turns to flee away,
As into view comes blithsome Spring
A-tripping on her way.

—J. A. Seese.

We want women who are strong enough to withstand the temptation to "keep up with the others" to the detriment of the higher and better needs of their home and friends.—*Lula Goshorn.*



Alain Leroy Locke, of Philadelphia, a colored student in the senior class at Harvard, has won this year's Rhodes scholarship for the State of Pennsylvania, being chosen on his merits. The Rhodes will makes no distinction on account of race or religion. Locke will be the first negro to get one of these scholarships.

About 35,000,000 acres out of the 60,000,000 of reputed public coal lands which have been withdrawn from sale and pre-emption by the order of the President are to be restored to the public domain, as it has been found later that they do not contain coal in commercial quantities. The land restored does not include any of the forest reservations.

March 18 the Carnegie hero fund commission made the first distribution of hero medals. The medals are of gold, silver and bronze, and were given to sixty-three persons in different parts of the United States and Canada. At the last meeting of the commission, held January 16, eighteen more medals were awarded, but these will not be distributed till a later date.

The new rules governing the admissibility of postcards to the mails require conformity in weight and size to those printed by the government. The cards must not be folded, and the use of mica, glass, tinsel, metal and similar substances is forbidden, unless the cards be inclosed in envelopes. The cards may be of any color, or combination of colors, which does not interfere with the legibility of the address.

In discussing editorially the outlook for the world's peace and the reduction of military armaments in Europe, the New York *Sun* takes an optimistic view of the situation, believing that the understanding which now exists between the various governments of the Old World is such as to allay apprehension and to promise well for the discussion of the disarmament question in the coming Hague conference.

After the San Francisco disaster it was widely stated that the people would never allow the "Chinatown" quarter of the city to be rebuilt for the use of the Chinese. Habit is often stronger than resolution however, and a new Chinatown is rapidly rising on the ashes of the old. The Chinese are profitable tenants and as they themselves wanted to stay it was not found feasible to get rid of them.

Hundreds of lepers are born, reared, and die within a limited space of but a few miles in Hawaii. There are thirteen hundred of these people. They have a settlement of their own, operate stores, conduct schools, hold religious services, farm, and live much the same as other Hawaiians,, except that they are not allowed to leave the place. The Hawaiians being natural-born musicians, much time is spent in this fashion. Bands have been organized recently.

The first national arbitration and peace congress ever held in this country is to be convened in Carnegie Hall and Cooper Union, New York city, April 14 to 17. Andrew Carnegie is to preside, and more than two hundred delegates, including many men of prominence, will discuss new projects for submission to The Hague conference in June. Among the speakers announced are William T. Stead, Archbishop Farley, Bishop Potter, Rabbi Hirsch, Elihu Root, James Bryce, Woodrow Wilson and W. J. Bryan.

At a recent meeting of the National Wagon Makers' association in Chicago it was unanimously decided to make an advance of almost fifty per cent in the retail price of buggies, wagons, and wagon makers' general products this spring unless conditions in raw material and transportation are more favorable. A resolution was adopted that a conference be held with other manufacturing interests with a view of making a concerted demand upon the interstate commerce commission for relief.

The first regular literary magazine to be published in the English language for the use of blind people, provision for which was made by Mrs. Ziegler, widow of the baking-powder millionaire, has made its appearance. It is about eight times as bulky as a copy of the Century Magazine, although containing fewer words. One section deals with important current events of the month. Copies will be sent free to the blind, who, according to statistics, now number 50,568 in the United States.

CAMILLE FLAMMARION, the noted astronomer, in a contribution to the European edition of the New York *Herald* states that, notwithstanding a few coincidences of eclipses with earthquake action, careful investigation and comparison leads him to believe that the sun and moon are not influential factors in the production of earthquakes, as these occur oftentimes when the planets in question are not in position to affect the earth, from which it is apparent that no general law of planetary action in this direction can be deduced.

AN article by a French savant, translated for the *Literary Digest,* and published in a recent issue of that magazine, takes issue with the commonly held notion that boiling is an effective method of sterilization. This writer asserts that simply heating water to the boiling point does not insure the destruction of all living organisms. To make sure of this result, the fluid acted upon should be subjected to a high degree of heat under pressure in vessels specially designed for the purpose.

MAYOR DAGGETT, of Spokane, Wash., has appointed April 6 as the city's second annual Arbor and Cleaning-up Day, under the direction of the "City Beautiful" Committee, which now has under strict organization 50,000 men, women and children ready to join in the movement to clean the city and plant trees and shrubs. Not a dollar will be raised to hire labor, all being done voluntarily by the people regardless of their station in life. Last year not less than 20,000 persons took part, it being the first movement of its kind in the history of any American city.

GOV. SHELDON, of Nebraska, has signed the two-cent railroad passenger bill, making it illegal in that state for railroads to charge more than two cents a mile for transportation. Many of the railroads are objecting to a two-cent fare and threaten that they will take off the fast trains and other conveniences of travel if forced to reduce fares. Curiously enough, however, in Ohio where the two-cent rate has been on for some time the receipts of the railroads have increased over what they were when a higher rate was charged.

THE Postoffice Department has approved the design for a one-cent and a two-cent postage stamp as one of the series commemorative of the Jamestown Exposition. The one-cent stamp will bear the likeness of Captain John Smith and the date of his birth and death, with the profile of Pocahontas in the upper left corner, and of Powhatan in the upper right corner. The two-cent stamp will be an engraving of the landing of the first settlers at Jamestown. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing is now at work on this series, and the stamps will be on sale throughout the country on April 26, the day of the opening of the exposition.

AFTER one hundred and fifteen days of labor the constitutional convention of Oklahoma completed its work March 15. August 6 is the day agreed upon when the people of the proposed new state will be given the opportunity to ratify or reject the constitution. Probably the most important measure killed by the convention was the provision relative to separate coaches for whites and negroes. Woman suffrage was also defeated by a few votes. Oklahoma will be a prohibition state, the most stringent liquor law in existence, prohibiting not only the sale, but the introduction of liquor into the state, being provided for. The state is divided into seventy-five counties.

THE worst flood in the history of the upper Ohio Valley has devastated portions of the States of Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, Maryland and Kentucky. The streets of many of the cities of the Ohio Valley, including Pittsburg, are under water, the property damage in the neighborhood of the latter city being estimated at $1,000,000, while that in the Connellsville coke region will, it is thought, reach $2,000,000. Many lives were reported lost, and all means of transportation and communication were cut off for several days. Factories were closed and thousands of workmen were idle and homeless. Skiffs and steam launches were used in the business section of the city. The crest of the flood was thought to have passed Pittsburg March 15.

THE many disasters at sea, where ships are pounded to pieces on the rocks while those on shore are unable to reach them on account of the tumult of the waters, have led to the invention of various devices by which life lines can be passed to those on board. One of the most recent inventions to be tried with success is what is called a "deviator," consisting of a combination of kite and a floating device which causes the machine to move in a given direction. In a recent experiment at Royan, France, a ship was anchored about two thousand feet west of the point from which the deviator bearing a line was to start. A northwest wind was blowing and had a kite alone been used, it would have been impossible to sail it so it would pass over the ship. But the kite, one of the two-cell type, with the float attached was manipulated so that it deviated between sixty and seventy degrees from the direction of the wind and the line was caught in the rigging of the ship. The experiments of the inventor tend to show that his device can be set to deviate pretty accurately a certain number of degrees. It operates with rapidity, the recent test being performed in only four minutes.



SMILES AND SONGS.

R. G. LAYMAN.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine. Prov. 17: 22.

A smile and a song will brighten the way,
Though clouded the sky and dark is the day,
Then gladden the way with a smile and song
'Twill brighten the day though dreary and long.

There's many a tear that is shed through life,
There's many a care, there's sorrow and strife,
That might have been saved as we pass along
By giving a smile or singing a song.

So many sad faces that might be made bright,
And many a burden that might be made light,
Yes, many are mourning o'er things that are wrong
That might be made happy with a smile or song.

Then come with your smiles or sing a sweet song,
And make some heart glad as you pass along.
Why should you withhold that which you can give
To make the world better while in it you live?

'Tis better than ointment when poured on the heart
That's burdened and broken by many a dart.
In sickness or health, for maiden or man,
Such blessings 'twill yield as nothing else can.

A delight to the babe, for youth or for age,
For rich or for poor, for peasant or sage,
The joy of the world in ages now flown,
The hope of the world in ages unknown.

Yea, sweeter than viands, or richer than wealth,
They comfort the dying, to the living give health,
And much of the world is yet dying for love,
For smiles and for songs to point them above.

R. F. D. No. 1, Roanoke, Va.

BE STRONG.

TO the women of the household I wish to bring a special message. The New Year is a very appropriate time for making good resolutions, but any time is better than not at all. A hard-working farmer's wife was talking with me about the many duties demanding attention and of the hurry and worry of our rushing times and at last she said, "And why do we do so? Just to keep up with others." That's the secret of it all, "just to keep up with others," who are perhaps a great deal more able to stand the strain of such a life than we are; yet we keep on, knowing well that we are overdoing things that might be left undone. In after years we reap the harvest of what—?

Too often our last years are most miserable. No wonder we are a nation of nervous people, no wonder that in woman's mature years when life should be rich and full of beauty, she cannot enjoy the fruits of early labor because of ills all too common among women.

We are not a fearful nation; our ancestry forbids that. Early training has taught us much along the line of endurance, but sometimes we are cowards in the *little things* that go to make up life, whereas we would be brave in great things. God has given us the spirit of power and of love, and so armed we must fight our battles. The hardest foe to conquer will be ourselves.

But without victory here, we cannot succeed abroad. Just one illustration: If you are hurrying as much as possible to complete some task and the good man of the house comes in hurrying also and suggests that you hurry a little more, just keep on calmly, silently. It may be hard to refrain from saying something, but herein lies your temptation and it is safer to be silent and you will accomplish vastly more, in more ways than one, than if you fly to pieces. Besides saving wear and tear of the nervous system, the good man has relieved himself and feels that he has accomplished something too. Don't apprise him of the fact that really he has done nothing. Ignorance is bliss in some cases. Learning to conquer evil tendencies, to quell the various storms that arise within us, to banish little vexations, to be serene in all weather, requires time and care and patience and prayer and then we often fail. But we remember that the spirit of power, God given, we remember it is for the sake of loved ones, we remember it is to fit us for a house not made with hands for which we labor, and we learn to endure the hardness self-imposed and by and by the task becomes easier and that gives us a courage and our love for good increases and our power increases and we go on to victory.

We do not want an idle womanhood nor one all pleasure and devoid of hardship, for the doom of the pleasuring class was sealed long ago when inspiration dictated that "she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." But we do want women who are strong enough to withstand the temptation to "keep up with the others" to the detriment of the higher and better needs of her home and friends.

The material part of life has many allurments, but they are vanishing, while the real needs, the soul needs and the heart cravings, develop things eternal. We

must give heed to these things. The welfare of our nation demands it. The future will see greater need than to-day for men and women of firm, resolute character who can quickly discern good and evil and who have strength of will to oppose the little creeping evils that make way for greater wrongs, and God knows we need them badly now.

So dear sisters, all the battlefield lies close at home, in our own hearts, no wider sphere need be sought; if victor here the whole world will reap the benefit and our own reward is assured, in this life and in the life to come.

Ladoga, Indiana.

THE TWO SEXES.

The following true and elegant paragraph is from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney:

"Man might be initiated into the varieties and mysteries of needle-work; taught to have patience with the feebleness and waywardness of infancy, and to steal with noiseless steps around the chamber of the sick; and woman might be instructed to contend for the palm of science, to pour forth eloquence in senates, or to wade through fields of slaughter to a throne. Yet revoltings of the soul would attend this violence to nature, this abuse of physical and intellectual energy, while the beauty of social order would be defaced, and the fountain of earth's felicity be broken up. We arrive, then, at this conclusion: The sexes are intended for different spheres, and instructed in conformity to their respective destinations, by him who bids the oak brave the fury of the tempest and the Alpine flower lean its cheek on the bosom of eternal snows. But disparity does not necessarily imply inferiority. The high places of the earth, with all their pomp and glory, are indeed accesible only to the march of ambition or the grasp of power; yet those who pass with faithful and unapplauded zeal through their humble round of duty are not unnoticed by the Great Taskmaster's eye, and their endowments, though accounted poverty among men, may prove durable riches in the kingdom of heaven."

"FATHER DOES IT."

Behold the one clear gage of the boy's endeavor—what father does. Mothers' clubs may make motions divine in wisdom and in goodness; mothers' congresses may form all elements of virtue into laws; mothers individually in the home may talk, work struggle, to make their sons models by which to shape a new heaven and a new earth. But the boy's world is in the man who is his father, and the boy believes that, whatever may be right on Sunday or at prayer time, the things that are really good, that really count in life, are what father does. Moreover, it is what father does which defines the means with which the boy shall work, the sphere wherein his efforts shall be shaped. In a word, what father does is the beginning as it is the end of the boy's achievements. This is not a menace, either, to the mother's higher aims or to the boy's best endeavor. It is simply one of the rather neglected facts of human experience.—*Harper's Bazar.*

SECRETS OF GOOD DIGESTION.

Cheerfulness at meals, savory food, and thorough mastication before swallowing constitute the tripod upon which good digestion and nutrition rest, writes Dr. Thomas L. Stedman in *Good Housekeeping*. The kind of food and its preparation may be left to individual taste and instinct. These are guides which we may follow with implicit trust. Our part is to see that the food is well cooked, tastily served, thoroughly chewed, and taken in moderation. So long as the viands are relished and eaten with cheerfulness, we may be sure that they will serve their purpose. Even fried food, if savory and thoroughly masticated, is not beyond the power of the stomach to digest.

I'LL STIR THE BATTER WHILE YOU GO.

SELECTED BY J. S. FLORY.

A dear, beautiful little boy, in Pennsylvania, signed the temperance pledge at meetings held for children.

A short time afterwards, his mother was busy in the kitchen preparing cakes and pies.

"Davy," said she, "go up to the closet and bring down the whisky-jug. I want some for these mince pies."

Davy, as was his habit, instantly obeyed. But as he went dancing up stairs, the thought came to him, "Can you, a temperance boy, carry a whisky-jug?"

He stopped right there and decided the question. Then hurrying back to the kitchen, he said:

"Oh, mamma! I can't carry a whisky-jug—I've signed the pledge—but I'll stir the batter while you go."

Without a word the mother gave into his little hands the spoon with which she was stirring the batter, and went herself for the jug. She felt a strange, choking sensation in her throat; but she walked up those stairs with a firm tread, and seized the jug. When she came down, the dear little fellow was beating the dough with all his might. His eyes followed her as she went to the sink and commenced to empty out the contents of the jug.

"What are you doing, mamma?"

"I'm emptying out the whiskey. We'll not have any more in our mince pies."

"Oh, mamma, do you mean it?"

"Yes, I mean to use lemons instead."

"Goody, goody! I'm glad—then I can eat them too, can't I, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear; and mamma will never make anything again that her dear little boy can not eat."

"Goody, goody! we're going to have temperance pies."

And Davy fairly danced up and down the kitchen, as the whiskey gurgled out of the jug into the sink.

Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing!

Los Angeles, Cal.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Poached Eggs.—Six eggs and one pint of sweet milk. Break the eggs in a dish; put the milk over the fire by setting the pan of milk in a pan of boiling water, and just as the milk comes to a boil, slip the eggs in carefully so as not to break them; when the yolks are set, add a lump of butter the size of a walnut, minced fine. Salt and pepper to season, and serve.

For Toast.—Grease the bottom of a thick tin, or agate ware sauce pan with plenty of butter; break as many eggs as wanted, separately, into cups; set the cups in a pan, and turn the buttered pan over the tops of the cups. Then, quickly turn the pan over so as to bring the cups inverted in the saucepan, and set over the fire. As the butter melts, pour in a very little water, raising each cup a little to let in the water, but do not let any of the egg escape from the cup. In four minutes, the eggs will be done, ready to serve on toast. To do this nicely will require a little practice, but it is very nice.

Potato Cups.—Boil and mash half a dozen medium-sized potatoes, seasoning with pepper, salt and butter and a little cream. Take gem pans or muffin rings, and fill each one full of the smoothly beaten potatoes, then press into the top of each the bottom of a small teacup which is either well greased, or freshly dipped in water in order that the potatoes may not stick to it. Set aside to cool. In the morning (they may be used for any meal), take them out of the rings as neatly as possible, and set, not touching each other, on a well greased tin biscuit pan; put into a hot oven and let them get well heated, beginning to brown a little; then take from the oven and break into each one of the "cups" a raw, fresh egg, season with salt and pepper and a little shaving of butter, and return the pan to the oven until the egg is well set—soft or hard, as may be liked. Lift carefully onto a platter and serve.

HINTS FOR COOKING VEGETABLES.

All vegetables are better cooked in soft water, provided it is clean and pure. If hard water is used, put in a small pinch of soda. The water should be freshly drawn, and should only be put over fire in time to reach the boiling point before putting in vegetables, as long standing and long boiling free the gases and renders the water insipid. After being washed thoroughly, they should be dropped in cold water half an hour before using.

Onions should be soaked in hot salt water for an hour before cooking or using, to remove the rank flavor. Never split onions, turnips or carrots, but slice them across the grain, as they will cook tender more quickly. Drain vegetables in a colander as soon as cooked done. If allowed to remain in the water to soak they will be spoiled.

The proportion of salt in cooking vegetables is a heaping tablespoonful to every gallon of water. When the water boils put in the vegetables, being sure they are well covered. Add both salt and soda to the water in which greens are cooked, as soda preserves the color. Leaving off the cover also helps to preserve the color.

A piece of red pepper the size of a fingernail, dropped into meat or vegetables when first beginning to cook, will aid greatly in killing the unpleasant odor. Remember this for boiled cabbage, green beans, onions, mutton, and chicken. Cabbage, potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, onions and beets are injured by being boiled with fresh meat, and they also injure the flavor of the meat. When vegetables are to be served with salt meat the meat should be cooked first and then removed and the vegetables cooked in the liquor.

Small sized white turnips contain more nutrition than large ones, but in rutabagas the largest are best. Potatoes raised on gravelly or sandy soil, not over rich, are best. Watch carefully the potatoes while cooking, and the instant they present a mealy and broken appearance remove them from the stove, raise the cover just enough to admit the draining off of the water. This is far better than turning them into a colander, thus suddenly chilling them and arresting the further development of the starch, which is the main point to be accomplished. Drain the water off thoroughly and quickly, sprinkle in sufficient salt for seasoning, cover the vessel closely, give it a shake and set it back on the stove, being careful not to keep hot enough to burn. In a minute or so give it another shake, throw in a little hot cream or milk and butter and a sprinkle of pepper, cover immediately and leave on the stove another minute. This last process adds greatly to the good cooking of potatoes. They are now ready to be dished whole or mashed.—*The National Stockman.*

"Politeness is like a pneumatic tire. There isn't much of it, but it eases many a jolt in the journey of life."

HINTS ABOUT CLEANING CARPETS.

Carpets that are properly swept and cleaned will not only look better, but will last far longer than those that are not, and brooms that are used for sweeping nice carpets should be kept scrupulously clean by frequent washings. A stiff, half-worn broom should never be used for sweeping a carpet, as it injures and wears it out. Soot from carelessly-handled stovepipes or open chimneys can be removed by sprinkling thickly with salt. Brush the salt off as it absorbs the soot, and renew it, dampening slightly. Every carpet that has been in use through the winter should be gone over with a special cleaning preparation that will remove the dusty look and brighten the colors. There is nothing better for cleaning a carpet than a strong lather of soap tree bark. If you want to use this cleaning fluid, buy half a pound of soap tree bark and dissolve it in a bucket of hot water, and in another bucket have clean, warm water. With a soft cloth wash a small section of the carpet with the lather, then quickly wash this off with the clear water. An old brussels carpet that was soiled and faded, but still good, was first thoroughly beaten to remove as much of the dust as possible, then it was tacked to a clean floor and given a good scrubbing with hot suds, and before it was quite dry it was gone over with a strong solution of green diamond dye for wool, which was put on with a soft brush, and then rubbed well into the nap with soft, dry cloths. The carpet was almost solid, and rugs show well on the pretty green background, and as there is nothing uglier than a faded brussels carpet, it pays to take the time and trouble to renew one that must be used again.—*Selected.*

A HEALTHFUL CELLAR.

If you are afraid of malaria and chills, you are certainly right to be investigating every point in regard to your cellars. One great trouble with most of them is they are not aired enough; and no doubt that much dreaded disease, malaria, is due to the foul-air, which arises from a foul-cellar. Every corner of the cellar should be swept clean in the spring and the walls white-washed and the lime scattered around. All vegetable refuse should be thrown away, boxes and barrels emptied, and the place made as pure and wholesome as possible. I always keep an old iron vessel with unslacked lime in it, and put in a dish of charcoal now and then. I consider borax a good disinfectant, and safe. Charcoal has a marvelous power to absorb all sorts of bad odors. Leave your cellar open and as empty as possible for twenty-four hours. The sooner the housewives learn the importance of a well-kept cellar, the better it will be for their households.—*S. H. H.*

Learn to give, and not to take; to drown your own hungry wants in the happiness of lending yourself to fulfill the interests of those nearest or dearest to you.—*Henry Scott Holland.*

For the Children

A STALK OF EASTER LILIES.

"I think," said Miss Gordon, speaking to the five little girls who formed the ten o'clock spelling class, "that it would be a pleasant surprise to poor little Alberta if you would remember her at Easter time."

Alberta was poor in more ways than one, for she dressed in print dresses all the year round, and wore her grandmother's shawl. Lately she had fallen from a wagon and twisted her ankle and broken her arm. While the little girls spelled in the ten o'clock spelling class, poor little Alberta was suffering in bed.

"I'll give her my last year's schoolbag," said Flora Bell, "mother bought me a new one," and she paused in her noonday lunch and looked at the four other little girls. "And I have new gloves," said Effie Ore, "so if mother doesn't mind, she can have my muff; she'll think it's grand." "I'll give her my old drawing book," said Gussie White, "only half of it's used." "I guess I'll give her Virginia May," said Nannie Carr.

Everybody knew that Virginia May was a rather disreputable looking doll, and everybody thought instantly of Miss Flora McDonald, Nannie's latest treasure. Then Gussie asked: "What are you going to give her, Mary Marks?"

"I don't know," said Mary, thoughtfully, but she's sick and it's Easter, and I'm going to give her the prettiest thing I can find."

Mary's words haunted four other little girls until they saw how selfish they had been thinking of giving only what they no longer cared for themselves.

On Easter morning when the five little girls went into Alberta's poor room, they took with them the very best and prettiest thing their combined savings could buy—a stalk of beautiful Easter lilies—and Mary Marks went first, and carried it, because it was she who thought of giving this real Easter gift to the poor little invalid girl.

Alberta was so surprised and so pleased, that she almost cried for joy, and then five equally happy little girls tripped out of the sick room and ran off to their happy homes, but Gussie whispered on the steps before they started: "Oh don't you feel happy, girls, when you give somebody the prettiest thing you can find?" And when Alberta began to grow strong the little girls remembered to help her with many needed gifts.—*Louise R. Baker.*



THE RURAL LIFE

WHEN I HAD LESS.

When I had less I prized it more—
Less love, less friends, less worldly store;
And not that now I would have less
Of these the treasures I possess,
Or that to add to my small store
I would not eagerly have more!

But just to feel the olden thrill
Of having one thing all my own—
A sled to skim the snowy hill,
A friend to play with me alone,
A mother to remove my tears,
And just again have fourteen years!

Oh, it was joy to be alive!
To watch in spring the birds arrive,
To hope for what before me lay.
But in these fuller days I say
God pity him who has to live
Possessed of all this world can give!

—Mary A. Mason, in Leslie's Weekly.

HOTBEDS FOR HOME USE.

JESSE D. MOHLER.

ANY one who desires a good supply of early garden plants, will find best and most economical results in growing them out of doors in a hot bed. The window box answers its purpose in a way, but the inconvenience is quite an item, and a plant properly grown out of doors is much better.

When one has supplied the arrangement for hot bed permanently, it is but a small item to prepare it each spring. In fact much of the work comes in careful bedding of horses for some time so as to use as near all the litter as possible and allow manure to accumulate for a time. Then the stable cleaning and making of a hot bed are largely the same task.

The purpose of a hot bed is to furnish bottom heat to plants before air and sunshine has warmed the ground enough for rapid growth. There are various ways of furnishing such heat, but the simplest and most accessible to the farmer is to supply it by fermenting manures. This is done by packing manure, fresh from the horse stable, in a box or pit, and covering with soil for a seed bed. Every farmer can do this and save the wife much anxiety for her early plants.

The first is either a pit with shallow frame in ground, or deep frame above ground. This latter is a modern practice that answers the purpose quite well. After the frame is provided there must be a cover that will admit light and heat, and exclude cold air. Some use muslin cover to good advantage, but the most satisfactory results come from using a glass cover.

For home use, the writer has a pit three by six feet in size and eighteen inches deep, with a frame extending above a few inches. The size was regulated by size of regular hot bed sash. Depth is greater than common, as I like to grow plants larger for home use than I would for market or for extensive planting. The frame does not reach to the bottom of the pit, but there is a block in each corner that extends down as a leg to support frame at the proper depth.

The modern practice of building above ground allows the glass to be close to surface of soil, which is an advantage at first; and, as the plants grow, the frame and sash can be blocked up from the ground so as to give more room for plants. Manure or soil must be banked around the frame when so used.

As a combination of two methods, I would excavate about ten inches, throwing the soil around the frame already placed in ground where desired. This frame could be made of 1 x 12 boards, nailed together, and legs could be set in after pit is dug. Legs in corners also stiffen the frame. If your ground slopes an inch to each foot in length to the south, set the frame with slope of ground. If not, make legs at north corners longer and bank more dirt against that side.

The bed should be located on south side of some form of windbreak. Do not fail to provide some convenient cover so that it will be easy to open for airing on warm days. Fresh air is very essential.

In filling the hot bed, use manure from the horse stable. Throw out all coarse litter, corn fodder or bunches of dry straw. It is necessary for the manure to be thoroughly fined and put in the bed as evenly as possible. Also, tramp it solid as it goes in, and fill to twelve inches in depth.

After manure is packed in, thoroughly soak with water so as to furnish moisture for fermentation. The writer applies about one gallon of water to the square foot: and if manure is a little dry more is needed. Then cover with three or four inches rich pulverized soil. Considerable sand mixed in is a good thing if you also add fertility.

For extra quick results two to three inches of soil, and only one inch from glass is best, but that requires

more care and attention than more soil and deeper space below the glass. Where only one inch is allowed below glass, the frame must be raised later to give room for growth of plants, and hardening.

Much might be said about care of the hot bed, but experience in growing plants, and judgment as to their needs must be the main teacher even after it is told. There are, however, several main points to watch. First of all, do not plant seed for several days, as the soil is likely to become too hot. When it has cooled sufficiently sow your seed. See that moisture is sufficient for sprouting, and watch the moisture every day thereafter. Water freely when it is necessary to give moisture but not in the heat of the day if the weather is warm.

Open the sash a little every day that weather will permit, and as plants grow, open more so as to harden them for planting. Care must be taken that in forcing plants you do not get them too warm on warm days. Heat accumulates under closed glass and may destroy your plants if air is excluded.

The writer regrets that this article has been delayed necessarily, but if you have not already provided yourself with a hot bed, or your window plants are doing poorly, do not depend on buying plants from neighbors or a gardener. The above course is simple, and nature responds wonderfully to the little cares and attentions paid her.

Warrensburg, Mo.

THE MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

WALTER C. FRICK.

XIII. The Packers' Relation to the Public.

WHAT is the packers' relation to the public? What contribution to the public welfare are they expected to make? They are extensive manufacturers. They purchase raw material in immense quantities and dispose of it again in a different form. They supply a living to thousands of people in return for their services. They make business for the railroads and waterways. Their contribution to commerce is therefore great. But are the packers and the public related chiefly in these facts? By no means.

This chief relation lies in the fact that they supply a great part of the world with human food. This is almost exclusively their business. You will better appreciate the magnitude of the business by the following facts. In Chicago alone, over one-half square mile is devoted exclusively to the packing business, while another similar area is devoted to commission yards and pens, auxiliary to the business. At the height of the various seasons as many as thirty thousand cattle, seventy thousand hogs and nearly as many sheep are received on some days in Chicago alone. And Chicago, while it is the largest, is only one of a dozen cities in our country where the business is of great importance. Thus you readily see there is hardly a kitchen in which is not found some product or other of the packing-house.

Now many peoples' lives are centered in their stomach, at least in many cases it would seem so, and any suspicion of an article of diet being impure is often sufficient cause for a large doctor bill.

Leaving that class of people out of the affair, it is unquestionably unjust to serve any one with anything other than pure food and in justice to all it is demanded that the products of the packers be pure, wholesome, unadulterated, cleanly prepared, of proper weight, and just in price. It is said that meat handled properly is at its best when from twenty to thirty days old.

This suggests to us the fact that the packers in many places claim to make a speciality of showing their plants to visitors. On Grand Army day of 1905 Swifts claim to have shown twenty-three thousand people through one of their plants. Now it is true that on such a tour one sees a great deal of the packing business but he isn't granted the right of choosing where he is to be taken. Their attitude reminds one of the housewife who, when she entertained company, has her home just a bit more tidy, better linen on the beds and better meals on the table than at other times. Operations seen from the visitor's routes were practically faultless but at some points not seen they were somewhat behind the times in respect to being done cleanly and strictly honestly. Such was often the condition prior to the operation of the late meat-inspection law when the government inspector had no authority to compel reforms along these lines. Let it be said, however, that there should *now* be no objection on this score to any one visiting *any* department of a packing plant where human food is prepared, either in or outside of the "visitors route." Any laxity in this respect may be laid to the charge of government officials who are now given authority over all such matters. (See our next article.)

The method of killing the animals makes many people (especially women) shudder. We don't know whether it is because of the sight of blood or because of pity for the animal. I believe it is said that bleeding to death is an easy method of giving up life. I know of a surety that in unconsciousness there is no pain. A stroke from the hammer of an expert "knocker" creates unconsciousness at once and before there is time to regain consciousness, (which in this case is the ability to perceive pain) the animal thus dispatched has bled to death. In the case of sheep and kosher cattle I venture no opinion. It is said, however, that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, perhaps he also manifests his mercy here in that he makes death comparitively painless.

The packing industry is of international interest.

People of all classes and nations make a special visit to the packing houses a feature of their stay in a packing center.

Let it be said in conclusion that the consumer justly should have the right to know that what he buys with his oftentimes hard-earned money is all right; not only does this apply to meats but to every article of food which is by manufacture any way changed from what nature originally intended it.

In respect to most meat which you now buy, you are guaranteed by our government that it is just what it is branded.

We will discuss this at some length in our next article.

SUGAR FROM SWEET POTATOES.

One of the most remarkable chapters in the history of agriculture is that which tells of the cultivation of the sugar beet, and the development and improvement of the common garden plant by scientific methods of selection, until it forms to-day the basis of one of the great industries of the world, and the source of nearly six-tenths of the world's sugar.

When the German chemist, Marggraf, one hundred and fifty-five years ago, first made his analysis of the beet, and submitted his prophetic report to the Berlin Academy, the vegetable had no other value than as a local food product. He pointed the way, however, to the methods perfected by scientists half a century later, Archard, of Berlin, and the elder Vilmorin, of Paris, among the number, and by governmental aid the saccharine contents of the beet were increased from about seven per cent to an average of more than 14, and a maximum which has exceeded twenty per cent.

This means that whereas less than one hundred years ago, eighteen pounds of root were required to produce one pound of sugar, only seven of the root are required to-day; and that an industry has been built up from nothing until in 1902-03, of the 9,815,000 tons of sugar produced in the world, more than 5,825,800 tons came from the sugar beet. Of this only 200,000 tons were produced in the United States.

These well-known facts are rehearsed to show the importance of the suggestion which Mr. Burnet Landreth has patiently and persistently advocated for several years past, a suggestion which has not received the attention from Congress or the Department of Agriculture which it seems to deserve. The proposal is that the United States agricultural experts shall undertake a series of experiments with the sweet potato similar to those which have yielded such extraordinary results with the sugar beet.

Analysis made by government chemists at Washington show that the sweet potato contains to-day as large a percentage of sugar as the beet did one hundred years ago. If the sugar contents of the beet have been increased more than one hundred per cent, it is not unreasonable to assume that similar results might be obtained from the sweet potato, and in less time. Cultivators to-day know far more about vegetable physiology and plant nutrition than did the investigators to whose labors the present development of the sugar beet is due.

Stated briefly, the increase of sugar in the beet was effected by taking a core out of each of one hundred or one thousand beet roots, tagging both roots and cores, and, after analyzing each core, discarding the roots of low saccharine quality and preserving those of high analysis for the purpose of raising seed from them the following summer. The seed thus obtained was sown, and the process of analysis repeated, and so on, year after year, the sugar percentage climbing up until finally it was raised to the present high standard. Indeed tests by the polariscope indicate a sugar content as high as thirty per cent, all of which may yet be extracted by improved methods of manufacture. As fourteen or fifteen per cent represents a yield of about 3,900 pounds to the acre, the significance of these results will be appreciated.

If a transformation like this could be effected by judicious expenditure in the direction of extensive cultivation in the case of the sweet potato, it would open a vast field for the operation of a new agricultural diversion from New Jersey to Texas, and would greatly broaden the agricultural interests of the South Atlantic States, and the Cotton Belt, where the sweet potato and the yam flourish.

No country in the world uses so much sugar as the United States, the per capita consumption having grown from 23.1 pounds in 1850, to 70.1 in 1903, and the aggregate consumption from 239,000 tons in 1850, to 2,549,603 tons in 1904. Of this great total less than thirty per cent is refined from domestic raw sugar, and the imports from Hawaii and Porto Rico still leave the foreign purchases at nearly half.

An outlay through the Department of Agriculture for scientific investigation of the sweet potato as a possible source of domestic sugar supply, is not without precedent. More than $85,000 was expended a few years ago in an inquiry into the capacity of the sorghum plant to produce sugar, and the Department might very properly supplement its present work for the sugar beet by experimentation with the sweet potato. There is at least as good a chance of success with the sweet potato as there was with the beet one hundred years ago; only an actual test will determine whether similar results can be obtained now.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

It is a great deal easier to do that which God gives us to do, no matter how hard it is, than to face the responsibility of not doing it.—*J. R. Miller.*

Facts, Figures and Fancies

Items of Interest.

In Russia there are no fewer than eighty-six general holidays in the year.

Taking the statistics for the entire world four and a half persons to the thousand are either deaf, dumb, or mentally deficient.

The jaw of the snake is supplied with what might be termed a double hinge, which permits the reptile when occasion demands to greatly increase its capacity, and permits of its swallowing astonishingly large bodies.

A pocket telephone for police purposes is the most novel thing in telephony. It is said to be seen in daily use in Vienna, where every policeman on duty is provided with the necessary appliance. In every street of importance are special call boxes, and a man to communicate with his station has only to pull out his pocket apparatus and adjust it to the wire in the box.

Although he is constantly disposing of large tracts of land, Uncle Sam still has much territory on his hands. Last year he disposed of nearly twenty million acres at the rate of thirty-nine cents an acre. Experts say that in the course of time he will begin to reclaim the swamps as well as desert sands, and when all these schemes for reclamation get under way no one can say how many more millions of people can be accommodated.

The Professor: "Humph! Dear me! I gave that young man two courses on the cultivation of the memory, and he's gone away and forgotten to pay me, and I can't for the life of me remember the fellow's name. How very provoking!"—New York Sun.

"How is your school of journalism doing?"

"Well, it is a little slow. We have no trouble in getting people who are willing to be teachers; the trouble is to find anybody who doesn't think he knows all about how a newspaper ought to be run."—Washington Star.

The Lady: "I gave you a piece of pie last week, and you've been sending your friends here ever since."

The Tramp: "You're mistaken, lady, them was my enemies."

Pay Day.

I have had a lot of pleasure in this good old world of ours;
And the path I'm daily treading blooms with never-fading flowers.
Happy laughter of my children greets my ears with music sweet
When they see me homeward coming down the city's busy street.
But a day of days I cherish as the long week saunters by,
Looking forward, gay and happy, with the lovelight in my eye,
And when this great day is finished how my heart with rapture hums
When I face the cashier's window and the
Pay
Check
Comes.

Here's a pair of shoes for baby, and a dress for Dorothy;
Here's a coat for laughing Rena that will make her dance to see.
Here's the fuel that will warm them when the blasts of winter shriek;
Here's a bunch of joy and comfort that will last another week.
And my heart is light and happy as I toil day after day,
While the smiles of happy children shed a bright light on my way.
And my weary steps grow lighter, and my heart with rapture drums
When I face the cashier's window and the
Pay
Check
Comes.

Just a tinted bit of paper, but it holds a wealth of joy—
Home and comfort without measure, happiness without alloy.
Hour by hour I toil with pleasure for I know the moments count,
Beat by beat, each stroke is aiding to my honest week's account.
Every moment adds a pleasure to the loved ones in the nest,
While the thought nerves me to labor with a never-failing zest.
'Tis for wife and babes—God bless 'em—and my heart with rapture hums
When I face the cashier's window and the
Pay
Check
Comes.

—Exchange.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE 10-room two-story dwelling. Newly papered, high ceiling, five closets, cement steps and walks. Cellar, well and cistern. Seven kinds of fruit. Paved street. Desirable for retired farmer. 1834 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. Mary M. Gibson.

FOR SALE. A modern steam-heated, six-apartment building, Dayton, Ohio. Within two blocks Brethren Church; price reasonable; terms liberal. Address H. Preston, 278 Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

MORTGAGE BONDS guaranteeing 6 per cent, paying 12 per cent, for sale at par. Ask us to write you about the safest investment producing large returns.—Canada Land & Development Company, 204 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE for everyone. Best wheat land in the Canadian Northwest, CHEAP and on easy payments; land that will probably double in value in three years. Write to Dee A. Stoker, 607 Marquette Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Neff's Corner

It's quite a change for me indeed, getting out, milking the cow and doing other chores by moonlight, working early and late, hauling lumber, driving nails, painting and papering houses. It takes much of the time I would like to devote to study, but the sedentary habits of the student seem not to have been the thing for my health, and I can do this and keep my family above want and still preach every Sunday. I frequently feel as if I would like to be devoting more time to the ministry and having less to say to you about money and investments, but since the exposure incident to evangelistic work seems inadvisable for me, this seems the most feasible course left open to me. Of course if I were getting a big "rake off" from the moneys you are sending me for investment, and so getting rich fast, presume I would be tempted to rent an office, take it easy and watch the other fellow do the work. But by working as my strength will permit and thus saving what I would pay out to others for work, I can make a little to add to the comforts of our humble home, and by keeping the golden rule in view as I handle your money my conscience feels easy and I think my sleep is more refreshing than it would be otherwise. It's no wonder, though, that you are interested enough in the opportunities for investment I am offering you to keep me busy, for I made a loan here the other day on unincumbered real estate for one of our Inglenook friends that yields 22 per cent profit per annum, and of course a good many of you have money out where it brings you considerable less than that. There's a corn on my finger where my pen bears against it in writing, but never mind about that—ask all the questions that occur to you, if there is more than I can write out answers to, I'll have wife help me. It seems to me she hasn't much to do anyhow. Address,

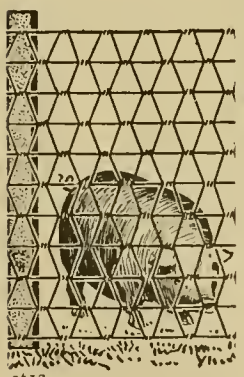
JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

Go to California in May--But

Plan your trip to return over the Great Northern Railway. See the rebuilding of San Francisco. Visit Seattle, Tacoma and the progressive cities of the Puget Sound country. Take the daylight trip over the beautiful Cascade Mountains. Call on your brethren in the famous Wenatchee Valley—see them in their comfortable homes, the result of thrift and irrigation. Stop off at Spokane, the metropolis of the Inland Empire. Study the great irrigation projects now being constructed in the Milk River and Lower Yellowstone Valleys. Visit your friends and relatives in their prosperous colonies in North Dakota. You can do all this if your ticket reads over the Great Northen Railway. Such a ticket costs about $12.50 more than if you returned by the same route, but isn't it worth it? You see nearly 1000 miles more of the country for this $12.50. Tickets will be good on the Oriental Limited or the Fast Mail—both trains carry standard and tourist sleeping cars. We are planning to arrange a personally conducted party and should like to have you join it. For further information regarding this personally conducted feature, for rates, folders and illustrated books on Washington, Montana and North Dakota address,—

MAX BASS,
General Immigration Agent
220 South Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY
"The Comfortable Way"



DIAMOND MESH FENCING

From 22½ in. up to 6 ft. high and 1-in. mesh up. Direct to farmers. Write for Catalogue and prices.

THE HOLLINGER FENCE CO.
GREENVILLE, OHIO

2t13

Friend:—Have you heard of the fast becoming famous Wenatchee Valley of Central Washington? If you have or have not, I would be pleased to have you write me for printed matter, telling about its wonderful resources. Fruit raising under irrigation is the leading industry. To an Eastern man fruit raising would seem like an unprofitable business. But listen a minute. Last season Elder A. B. Peters (known to many) harvested $500 worth of peaches to the acre from three-year-old trees. The land with the water right cost him, three years ago, $165 per acre. Now it is worth (if compared with the prices other lands are selling for, and by the per cent of income on the investment) one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars. Daniel Peters, a cousin of his, will make confirmation that he the last season picked 61 boxes off of one tree and got $61 for them. Mixed farming land adjoins the valley. Commence your investigation now.

DANIEL GENSINGER,
Wenatchee, Washington.



MARCH and APRIL

Best months for spraying, and we will sell you guaranteed apparatus. **DON'T PUT THIS OFF** and see the scale cut down in a single season your trees which have taken ten to thirty years to grow. Catalog on request. Prompt shipment. Lowest prices. **ECONOMIC LIGHTING CO., St. Peters, Pa.** W. G. Nyce, Secretary.

YOUR NAME

neatly and artistically written on 1 dozen **Visiting Cards** for only 15 cents, or 2 dozen for 25 cents. In engraver's script, 20 cents per dozen. Best quality of cards used. Diplomas filled out in attractive lettering and flourishing. Prices upon application.—**H. H. Funk, 2211 N. Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**
11-eow-13

CAP GOODS

Sisters, when in need of **Cap Goods** remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List FREE. I make a discount to the Aid Societies. Mention the Inglenook.

MARY A. BRUBAKER,
Box 331. Virden, Illinois.



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free **SAMPLE HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE** We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.



Inglenook readers may not only call for any favorite poem they would like to have, but they are asked to send in copies of favorite poems which they possess. The chief aim of this department is to pass along the good things. In asking for a poem, be sure to give the title correctly, or if that cannot be done, give the first line. In sending in copied poems, be sure that the copy is an exact one and whenever possible give the name of the author.

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

Oh, what's the matter? what's the mater?
What is it that ails young Harry Gill?
That evermore his teeth they chatter,
Chatter, chatter, chatter still!
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,
Good duffel gray, and flannel fine;
He has a blanket on his back,
And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The neighbors tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still!

Young Harry Gill was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover!
His voice was like the voice of three.
Old Goody Blake was old and poor;
Ill fed she was and thinly clad;
And any man who passed her door
Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling;
And then her three hours' work at night,
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candlelight.
Remote from sheltered village green,
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,
Where from sea blasts the hawthorns lean,
And hoary dews are slow to melt.

By the same fire to boil their pottage,
Two poor old dames, as I have known,
Will often live in one small cottage;
But she, poor woman! housed alone.
'Twas well enough when summer came,
The long, warm lightsome summer-day;
Then at her door the canty dame
Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh, then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead:
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed,
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her whene'er in winter
The winds at night had made a rout,
And scattered many a lusty splinter
And many a rotten bough about.
Yet never had she, well or sick,
As every man who knew her says,
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,
Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache.
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake?
And, now and then, it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake;
And vowed that she should be detected,—
That he on her would vengeance take;
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to his fields his road would take;
And there at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
He hears a noise,—he's all awake,—
Again?—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps,—'tis goody Blake;
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her:
Stick after stick did Goody pull:
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-way back again to take,
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast.
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then, at last!"
Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God who is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God! who art never out of hearing,
Oh, may he nevermore be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray:
Young Harry heard what she had said;
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday bought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Tway all in vain, a useless matter,
And blankets were about him pinned;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they chatter,
Like a lose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters,
Abed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."
Abed or up, by night or day,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

—William Wordsworth.

You Can do Better at "Hazelwood"

Many of the Brethren in Illinois and Iowa are prosperous. They have comfortable homes, big substantial barns first-class stock, modern farm machinery, and are both comfortble and happy. Others of the Brethren who are equally industrious, equally intelligent and equally upright lack material prosperity.

The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

It is not the difference in the men.

The cause of the distinctive difference in the prosperity of the Brethren is **the quality of the soil** that they cultivate. Those who move from poor land to fertile acres soon become well-to-do. Those who change their location from rich land to poor land soon become poor.

The labor and expenditure necessary to raise a crop are if anything greater on poor than on rich lands, yet poor lands mean poverty and rich lands mean opulence to those who work them.

The richest lands of Iowa and Illinois will produce not more than one-third the tonnage per acre in a year of the annual yield from the irrigated acres of "Hazelwood," located between 4 and 7 miles west of Spokane, Washington.

The products of Hazelwood lands (alfalfa, vegetables and fruits) will bring many times as much in dollars and cents than will an equal weight of products possible to the lands of Iowa and Illinois. The highest cash market in the United States for farm produce (Spokane, Wash.) is within easy driving distance. Hazelwood farmers have no freight to pay.

With the same energy and application any of the Brethren who will locate at Hazelwood can accomplish in one year what it would take him many years to accomplish on the richest lands of Iowa and Illinois.

This is a broad statement, but we can prove it: You will make more money in a few years off a small acreage at Hazelwood than you can make in a lifetime off a large farm in the richest and most fertile part of Iowa or Illinois.

Tekean, Idaho, Feb. 19, 1907.
Neely & Young, 340 Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

Gentlemen:—I believe you would profit by stating in your advertisement in the Inglenook the distance of Hazelwood property from Brethren church, which is located in West Grove addition to Spokane, and which now has forty-five communicants.

Sherman Stookey.

From Hazelwood to this Brethren church is about four miles, over a fine road.

The electric car will bring Hazelwood people near to the church if they do not care to drive.

Mr. Stookey is one of the Brethren who has recently bought irrigated land from us near Spokane, and his unsolicited effort to help locate others of his sect near here shows what he thinks of the conditions.

If you want to know more about "Hazelwood," send your name and address to

Neely & Young
(Incorporated)
340 Riverside Avenue,
SPOKANE, WASH.

YOU ARE LOSING MONEY

By not making a trip and investigating our **Cheap Lands** in the

PANHANDLE OF TEXAS

We own 100,000 acres, close to the thriving town of **Texline,** Dallam Co., ranging in price from $5.00 to $15.00 per acre.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE INTERESTED

Parties wanting better climate for members of family who have poor health. Renters wanting homes of their own. Parents desiring lands for children, or people of means who wish an investment that will pay 20 per cent interest if the land is rented—without considering the fact that the land will double in value in less than two years. See our land either on your way out or coming back from California in May. **Write us** to-day for for free illustrated Booklet descriptive of the **Texas Panhandle.**

THE NORTH TEXAS LAND CO.,

250 Market Street 11-13-15 **TEXLINE, TEXAS**

The Entire Country Over

Citizens of fifty states and territories sound the praises of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** as a health-giving remedy. Below will be found extracts from letters taken at random from the "Big Testimonial Book," representing every State and Territory in the Union.

What a forceful testimonial these letters form as to the merits of this time-tried preparation! What an inducement it ought to be to those "who have heard of the remedy" and those "who have read about it," but who have not yet tried it, to commence a course of treatment with **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer**, at once!

ALABAMA.—Mary J. McWhirter, Winfield, Ala.: "I thank God for revealing the **Blood Vitalizer** to me."

ARIZONA.—Peter Forbach, Casagrande, Ariz.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is the best medicine we ever used."

ARKANSAS.—J. T. Davis, Deview, Ark.: "You do not know what pleasure it gives me to write to you. The **Blood Vitalizer** has been a great blessing to me."

CALIFORNIA.—Louis Waser, Delano, Cal.: "Would not think of being without it."

COLORADO.—Magdalena Backs, Sugar Loaf, Colo.: "I am very glad and thankful to God to have at last found a remedy in the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

CONNECTICUT.—George Janke, Middletown, Conn.: "I could neither sleep nor eat, but the **Blood Vitalizer** cured me."

DELAWARE.—John L. Lessly, Cannon, Del.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has done me a great amount of good."

District of Columbia.—James Morris, 124 M. D. Ave, S. W., Washington, D. C.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has cured me of rheumatism and a serious eye trouble."

FLORIDA.—M. S. Moser, Fellowship, Fla.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** cured me of rheumatism of fifteen years' standing."

GEORGIA.—Rev. R. I. Agricola, Marietta, Ga.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** is the best and cheapest medicine on the market. It should be in every household."

IDAHO.—Peter J. Lindahl, Idaho Falls, Idaho: "I suffered with stomach trouble for many years, but the **Blood Vitalizer** cured me."

ILLINOIS.—Philip Koehler, 5643 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.: "I never had any faith in ready-prepared medicines until I used the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

INDIANA.—Chas. E. Vestal, 13 E. North St., Indianapolis, Ind.: "I believe I owe my life to your **Blood Vitalizer.**"

INDIAN TERRITORY.—Mr. M. Messner, Coalgate, Ind., Ty.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has done wonders in our family."

IOWA.—Rev. H. Strauss, Lamont, Iowa: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has brought relief to many any released them from suffering."

KANSAS.—George Adolph, Burlingame, Kans.: "Every one in town knew my condition. Words cannot tell the good your **Blood Vitalizer** did me."

KENTUCKY.—Mrs. Haley M. Higginson, Herman, Ky.: "I do not believe I could live without the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

LOUISIANA.—Alfred Keller, 1905 Jackson St., New Orleans, La.: "Accept my sincere thanks for what your medicine, with the help of God, has done for my child."

MAINE.—H. M. Bradstreit, Vinalhaven, Me.: "I can truly recommend your **Blood Vitalizer.** It has been of wonderful benefit to me."

MARYLAND.—C. H. Otto, Annapolis, Md.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a blessing to suffering humanity."

MASSACHUSETTS.—H. A. Brown, West Boylston, Mass.: "I can truly say your **Blood Vitalizer** is worth its weight in gold."

MICHIGAN.—Rev. F. A. Roese, 199 Military Ave., Detroit, Mich.: "I think the **Blood Vitalizer** is now almost universally recognized as the best remedy of the day."

MINNESOTA.—Jacob Jacobson, Belview, Minn.: "I owe you a debt of gratitude for what your **Blood Vitalizer** did for my wife."

MISSISSIPPI.—C. Kroon, Duncansby, Miss.: "We are highly satisfied with the **Blood Vitalizer.** It has made our children healthy and rosy-cheeked."

MISSOURI.—Rev. E. R. Reinart, Warsaw St., St. Joseph, Mo.: "I am almost ashamed to think I have not made an acknowledgement of the merits of your **Blood Vitalizer** sooner."

MONTANA.—F. Leistiko, Greatfalls, Mont.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is entitled to all the praise it gets. I shall make it known everywhere I go."

NEBRASKA.—Rev. Emil Osbrand, Wayne, Neb.: "I can from personal experience testify to the merits of the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

NEVADA.—H. H. Bergmann, Carson City, Nev.: "I thank the Lord for what the **Blood Vitalizer** has done for me."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—G. A. Thorn, Berlin Mills, N. H.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a grand medicine. I can say that from personal experience."

NEW JERSEY.—Wm. Schuff, 412 Clinton Ave., Newark, N. J.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has brought wonderful results through God's blessing."

NEW MEXICO.—Andrew Anderson, Albuquerque, N. Mex.: "I have used many remedies, but nothing that comes up to the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

NEW YORK.—Rev. F. A. Harrison, Rapids, N. Y.: "I think, through God's blessing, the **Blood Vitalizer** has saved my life."

NORTH CAROLINA.—Emma Washburn, Richlands, N. C.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** has given perfect satisfaction. It cured a bad case of scrofula."

NORTH DAKOTA.—Rudolph Luck, Willow City, N. Dak.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is a boon to the afflicted in every household."

OHIO.—Rev. Theo. Schenk, 326 Alum St., Cleveland, Ohio: "Accept thanks for the **Blood Vitalizer.** I shall always be glad to speak a good word for it."

OKLAHOMA.—John J. Eickhoff, Medford, Okla.: "I am able to enjoy life and health through the blessing of the **Blood Vitalizer.** I am past eighty years old."

OREGON.—Rev. W. J. Haskill, Elgin, Oregon: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has produced grand results. It does the work."

PENNSYLVANIA.—Rev. Jas. R. Lane, Shirleysburg, Pa.: "I feel like a new man since using the **Blood Vitalizer,** although 76 years old."

RHODE ISLAND.—Mrs. H. Ziegler, 18 Hamburg Ave., Providence, R. I.: "I used everything in the world for stomach trouble without success until I found the **Blood Vitalizer.**"

SOUTH CAROLINA.—E. R. Meyer, Blackville, S. C.: "I had almost given up hope when your **Blood Vitalizer** cured me."

SOUTH DAKOTA.—Fred Hannemann, Mitchell, S. Dak.: "Three bottles of the **Blood Vitalizer** made crutches unnecessary in a bad case of rheumatism."

TENNESSEE.—F. Ruppe, Sr., Deermont, Tenn.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** is a truly remarkable remedy. It meets with success wherever used."

TEXAS.—Rev. A. W. Richardson, Erin, Texas: "If I can ever say anything to assist in spreading the news of the **Blood Vitalizer** I shall do so."

UTAH.—Mrs. E. Randall, 460 23rd St., Ogden, Utah: "For three years I was sick and helpless, but the **Blood Vitalizer** restored me."

VERMONT.—Anton Adamowicz, Bellows Falls, Vt.: "I am going to spread the news of the **Blood Vitalizer** wherever I am. It is the best medicine in the world."

VIRGINIA.—S. M. Kline, Mayland, Va.: "The **Blood Vitalizer** has been a blessing to me as well as my friends."

WASHINGTON.—Mrs. A. J. Schrock, Almira, Wash.: "There is nothing like the **Blood Vitalizer.** I am so thankful that I ever heard of it."

WEST VIRGINIA.—A. L. Chambers, Smithfield, W. Va.: "I shall do all I can for the **Blood Vitalizer.** I know its merits."

WISCONSIN.—J. J. Auer, Prop. The Herald, Eau Claire, Wis.: "It is a solid fact based on my investigations, that in periods of epidemics those who use the **Blood Vitalizer** escape disease."

WYOMING.—James Houston, Evanston, Wyo.: "Your **Blood Vitalizer** is better than all the doctors combined."

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer enjoys a form of advertising different from most remedies. It has become a subject of house-to-house talk. The women discuss it over their teacups and the men in the field and workshop. In this way, news of the remedy has spread the world over. For further particulars address,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.

112-118 South Hoyne Avenue. **CHICAGO, ILL.**

HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

Nots Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 21. **Chicago, Ill.**

VICTOR TEA

Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

The Great Blood and Liver Medicine that thoroughly cleanses the entire system by carrying off the impurities.

This Tea has been used by the Drs. Fahrney for over a century, and used in its improved state by Dr. P. D. Fahrney for more than forty years in curing many of the so-called incurable diseases by removing the cause and renovating the system.

All sufferers of any Blood or Liver Disease such as Erysipelas, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Malaria, Jaundice, Sick Headaches, Constipation, Dyspepsia and kindred ailments should try a package. Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

VICTOR REMEDIES COMPANY,
Fredrick, Maryland.



CATALOG 254

Our new Sample Book of **Straw Cloth, Silk, Net and Braids for BONNETS** will be sent upon request, postpaid. Write name and address upon a postal card, asking for our **No. 254 Catalog** and it will be sent at once. Samples of **CAP GOODS** will be found in each catalog. A line of samples complete in every way. **WE MAKE** Bonnets and Caps to order and guarantee satisfaction. Our sample book tells **how** to order, how to take measurements, gives prices in full.

Note.—All made-to-order bonnets and caps should be ordered early to avoid delay. April and May are very busy months in this department.

Dept. 21 ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., CHICAGO.

WHEN YOU GO TO THE CONFERENCE STOP OFF AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL WENATCHEE VALLEY



ELD. AMOS B. PETERS will be at the Conference and will tell you all about Wenatchee.

Write to MAX BASS, General Immigration Agent, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., for Special Rates and to us for free pamphlets and any other information.

EAST WENATCHEE LAND CO., Wenatchee, Wash.

Manchester College

Spring Term opens April 1 (10 weeks).

Summer Normal opens June 11 (7 weeks).

Reviews and Advanced Courses.

Just the **Work Needed** by Teachers and prospective Teachers.

Members of the Regular Faculty will be assisted during Summer Normal by Dr. Robert J. Aley, of Indiana University, John W. Lewis, Superintendent of Wabash County, Ind., Prof. E. B. Gibbs, Superintendent of the North Manchester Schools.



Good Board and Nicely Furnished Room, only $22.75 for the Summer Normal of seven weeks.

For Special Catalogue Announcement address President,

E. M. CROUCH, North Manchester, Indiana.

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Western Canada

Are Prosperous and Happy

The Soil there is Rich. Good Water and Lots of It Easily Obtainable. Fuel and Building Material Cheap. Your Neighbors are those of Like Faith and Practice.

Why Not Avail Yourself of This, Your Last Chance, to Get

GOOD LAND CHEAP?

Wheat Yields of 40 Bushels per Acre are Common. Oats has Yielded 140 Bushels per Acre.

Prices of Our Lands Range from $9.00 to $15.00 per Acre, on Easy Terms

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THOSE IN OHIO AND INDIANA ADDRESS

ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.

WHY HAVE YOU CATARRH?

When I can relieve or cure you, no difference in what bad shape you may be? I deal direct with the sufferer, direct from my laboratory to you. I have the latest appliance and the most perfect treatment mailed on ten days' trial free. Do not neglect catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications.

THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN USE IT



FREE On 10 Days Approval

We will send you our new Spray Medicator and treatment for all forms of catarrh if you will simply send us your address. This is a new discovery that strikes right at the root of this dreadful disease and kills the germs. It affords immediate relief. The balmy oils used in the medicator are forced in a filmy cloud to all parts of the diseased nasal passage.

Don't think for a minute that you can cure catarrh of the head by taking medicines into the stomach. My treatment is applied direct. It stops the hawking and spitting, sniffing and snuffing, does away with nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat, soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the head clear as a bell.

Our Spray Medicator

is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

Our Special Trial Offer

FOR A SHORT TIME

If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

E. J. WORST

210 MAIN STREET **ASHLAND, OHIO**

MAILED ON TRIAL FREE



PURE HERB TABLETS

Quickly relieves and permanently cures Constipation, Stomach and Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

100 DAYS' TREATMENT $1.00

If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

More than a million people are using Pure Herb Tablets or have been cured with them. If you are ailing and want to be cured, what more evidence do you want? We will give you this timely advice free. Don't take our word nor the word of the cured hundreds, but send for a box on trial free, and try them yourself, absolutely free. You are to be the judge. If you do not feel like a new person after ten days' use, simply return the balance and you are under no obligations to us.

If our directions are followed, WE GUARANTEE PURE HERB TABLETS to satisfy every customer, or we will return their money.

In most people uric acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older, and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

SEE HOW EASY.

Just send us a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook, and we will mail 100 days' treatment of our Pure Herb Tablet treatment. Use them ten days, if perfectly satisfactory, send us $1.00, if not, simply return the balance and you still have your money. We claim this treatment has no equal for the above diseases, and take this honorable way to prove it to our patrons. Don't miss this opportunity. Speed the day by sending now to

PURE HERB TABLET CO.

537 MAIN STREET

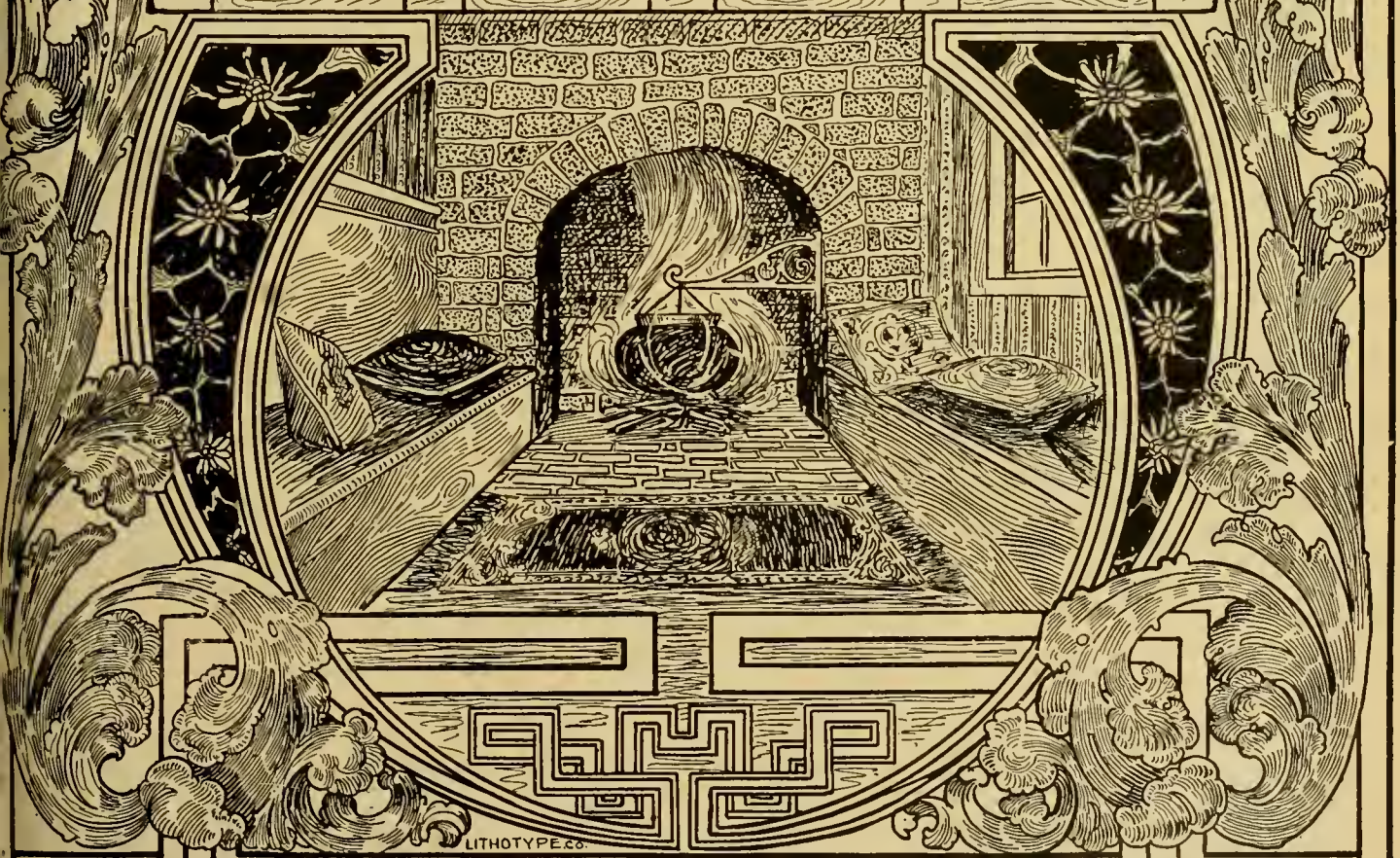
ASHLAND, OHIO

Agents Wanted. Not sold by druggists.

The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TO watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plow-share or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray---these are the things that make men happy---*John Ruskin.*



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

April 2, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 14. Vol. IX

THE LOS ANGELES LIMITED TRAIN



San Pedro Harbor.



Mission San Gabriel.



Arrowhead Mountain and Hot Springs.



Magnolia Avenue Riverside.

To the Members of Standing Committee and Others:

The Los Angeles Limited Carries Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars of the latest and most comfortable kind. This train **passes through** Rainbow Canyon, which takes its name from the colors of the rocks on each side of the Canyon.

Other Roads advertise that they **Do Not** carry Tourist Sleeping cars on their Limited Trains to Los Angeles.

Members of Standing Committee who do not wish to take one of the Excursion Trains going to the Annual Meeting on account of not wishing to start early can

Take the Los Angeles Limited from Chicago at 10:05 P. M. and the third day at 7:15 P. M. be in Los Angeles.

Buy Your Round Trip Ticket going over the Los Angeles Limited to Los Angeles, returning over

The Coast Line where you can throw your apple cores and peach seeds into the Pacific Ocean, from your car window, for over a hundred miles, see them rebuilding San Francisco.

If Your Time Is Limited return direct from San Francisco over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where you will see the Blue Canyon, Cape Horn, the original Gold Diggings and **other fine scenery.**

Direct from Your Car Window Without any additional expense for side trips or delay in time, or from San Francisco take

The Far-famed Shasta Route, passing around Mt. Shasta, which is 14,000 feet high, **Visit Butte Valley,** where many of the Brethren are locating, Portand, Weiser, Payette, Nampa and other points on your way home.

Low Rates one way to California in March and April.

It will afford me great pleasure to give you further information as to routes, rates, etc., if you will only ask for it.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. L. McDONAUGH

COLONIZATION AGENT

OMAHA, NEB.



Entering Rainbow Canyon.



The Great Salt Lake.



Oranges and Snow-Capped Mountains.



Among Pomona's Orange Groves.

A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY

THE following is a letter from the Secretary of the **Butte Valley Land Company,** dated at Butte Valley, March 16, 1907. On account of so many people moving into the Valley this spring, the Company thought it wisdom to establish a branch office in the Valley, and accordingly Mr. Early and his wife moved from San Francisco on the 12th inst. The following is his letter:

Mr. E. M. Cobb,
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Brother:— As was said in the INGLENOOK not long since "things do move in BUTTE VALLEY." I have sold twelve hundred acres more land since I arrived here last Tuesday evening. Three families besides our own have moved into the Valley this week,—Bro. Haines and his wife, of Illinois, J. G. Miller, wife and five children, a Mr. Thomas, wife and six children, from Missouri, moved in last night. A gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, from Ohio, arrived last night, and Bro. Funderberg received word that two more families from Dakota were on the way, and he goes to Montague to-day to meet them. The church membership is growing rapidly, and the new churchhouse will be done none too soon.

We are living in the Praether log cabin and every one is happy. My wife says I'll never get her out of Butte Valley to live, if she can help it. You ought to see the children, and what a good time they are having. I must of necessity go to San Francisco to-morrow, to arrange some matters, and will be back as soon as possibly, for almost every day now, brings some families of Brethren in here, and they must be looked after. I have just looked up the weather report for February, and herewith give you a copy of same for your information.

Mean Maximum,	48.3
Mean Minimum,	28.5
Mean,	38.4
Maximum,	62.
Minimum,	38.
Greatest daily rains,	32.
Number of days clear,	22.
Number of days cloudy,	4.
Partly cloudy,	2.

Yours truly,
M. D. EARLY.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

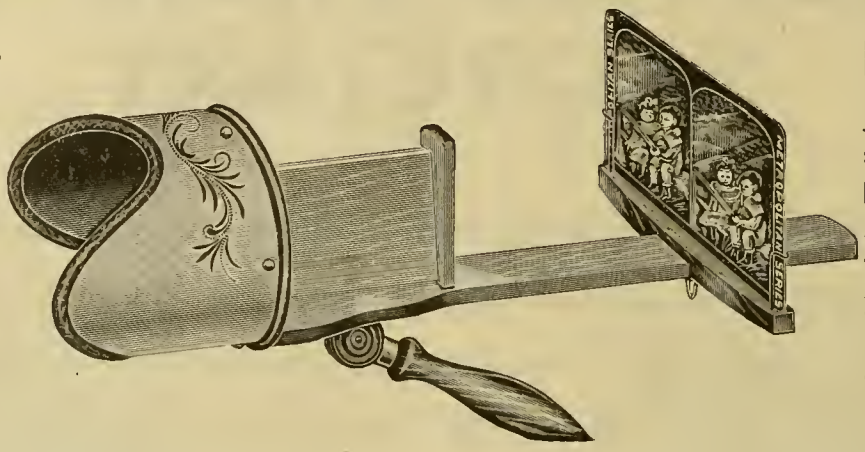
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STEREOSCOPE AND VIEWS FREE

Here is Your Chance

to get a fine, first-class Stereoscope and a choice bunch of Stereoscopic views

FREE

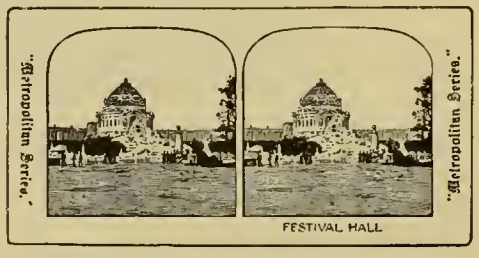


How to Do It

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ALUMINUM SCOPE.

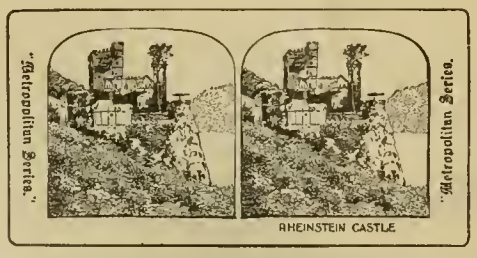
This very handsome Stereoscope is made with a specially constructed aluminum hood, fitted closely to cover the eyes with a soft binding of velvet. The aluminum is satin finished with beautiful hand-engraved designs. The frame is of fine-grained cherry, polished, oiled and varnished. The partition is mathematically adjusted, the handle folds in a firm socket, and the slide may be firmly fixed at any point. The lenses are of the best magnifying quality, 1¼ inches square, set for a focus of any range of eyesight. This elegant instrument is a popular favorite. Its sterling qualities are unsurpassed as a pretty, entertaining and useful article for any parlor or library. Price of scope, $1.00.



No. 1. ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR VIEWS.

These duo-photo-types represent the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of the greatest and costliest exposition ever made. Those who visited the fair and those who did not go should be equally interested in preserving in mind the great achievements of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. They are the finest steroscopic views on the market and cannot be duplicated for less than ten times the cost. This set contains fifty views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Palace of Liberal Arts.
The Irish Village.
Palace of Education.
View on the Pike.
Palace of Machinery and Japanese Tea Garden.
Chinese Pavilion.
Palace of Electricity.
Administration Avenue.
Fair Japan.
The Step to Civilization, etc., etc.



No. 2. VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

This set contains fifty views. They are selections from the most important places all over the old world. They are very fine and are sure to please. A few of the subjects are:

Office and Desk of Napoleon.
The Market Place, Paris.
Ruins of the Forum, Pompeii, Italy.
Mont Blanc Glacier, Switzerland.
Royal Palace, Berlin.
Incline Cable Car, Germany.
A Church and Cemetery, Brussels.
City Gate, Southampton, England, etc., etc.

No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

A set of twenty-five views showing the terrible catastrophe that befell the Western Metropolis. A splendid set to keep in memory the terrible earthquake. A few of the scenes are:

Ruins in the heart of the Business District after Great Disaster.
The Great City Hall Destroyed.
Serving Water to Refugees.
Ruins of the Great Palace Hotel.
Bank Interior, Showing Vaults after the Disaster, etc., etc.



No. 4. AMERICAN AND MEXICAN CITIES.

12 Views of American cities and 12 of Mexican cities. A few of the titles are:

Grand View City and Canal, Syracuse, N. Y.
State Street, Chicago.
Unloading Cotton on the Levee, Memphis.
The Great Cattle Yards, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.
Mexico's Liberty Bell.
Street Cars on the Plaza, City of Mexico.
Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

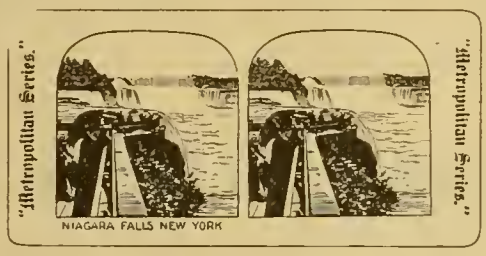
The grand scenery is here to be seen showing canyons, geysers, hot springs, and mountain precipices, peculiar to the mountainous regions of the West. This set contains 24 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Evergreen Lake, Colorado.
Interior of Ancient Church, Santa Cruz, N. Mex.
Bee-hive Geyser in Eruption, Yellowstone Park.
River View of Yosemite Falls, Calif.
Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park.
Driving a Four Horse Team Through a Tree.
Bears in Their Home, etc., etc.

Stereoscope and Views FREE

No. 6. NIAGARA FALLS VIEWS.

Pictures in duo-photo-type of Summer and Winter scenes about the great falls of the Niagara River, showing



that wonderful cataract in all its wonders. This set contains 12 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Famous Gorge, Watkins Glen, N. Y.
Winter Scene, Goat Island, N. Y.
Niagara River and Electric Railway.
Ice Mountain, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Whirlpool Rapids,, etc., etc.

The views we propose to give you for just a few hours of your time are sold by canvassers at 8 1-3 cents per copy. At that rate our set of fifty including scope at $1, would cost you more than $5.

EARN A SET THAT YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH.

For only 1 subscription, set No. 6—12 views.
For only 2 subscriptions, either set No. 3, 4 or 5—24 views.
For only 3 subscriptions, our fine aluminum scope.
For only 4 subscriptions, either set No. 1 or 2—50 views.

You can make any combination of the above that you may choose. Example: For 5 subscriptions you can secure one scope and a set of No. 3 views, "San Francisco Earthquake," twenty-four view in set; or for 9 subscriptions, one scope and a set each of Nos. 3, 4 and 5.

PLEASE NOTE,

that this includes either new or renewals and we send premiums prepaid. Cash of $1 for each subscription must accompany the order.

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Send all orders to

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

You Can do Better at "Hazelwood"

Many of the Brethren in Illinois and Iowa are prosperous. They have comfortable homes, big substantial barns first-class stock, modern farm machinery, and are both comfortble and happy. Others of the Brethren who are equally industrious, equally intelligent and equally upright lack material prosperity.

The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

It is not the difference in the men.

The cause of the distinctive difference in the prosperity of the Brethren **is the quality of the soil** that they cultivate. Those who move from poor land to fertile acres soon become well-to-do. Those who change their location from rich land to poor land soon become poor.

The labor and expenditure necessary to raise a crop are if anything greater on poor than on rich lands, yet poor lands mean poverty and rich lands mean opulence to those who work them.

The richest lands of Iowa and Illinois will produce not more than one-third the tonnage per acre in a year of the annual yield from the irrigated acres of "Hazelwood," located between 4 and 7 miles west of Spokane, Washington.

The products of Hazelwood lands (alfalfa, vegetables and fruits) will bring many times as much in dollars and cents than will an equal weight of products possible to the lands of Iowa and Illinois. The highest cash market in the United States for farm produce (Spokane, Wash.) is within easy driving distance. Hazelwood farmers have no freight to pay.

With the same energy and application any of the Brethren who will locate at Hazelwood can accomplish in one year what it would take him many years to accomplish on the richest lands of Iowa and Illinois.

This is a broad statement, but we can prove it: You will make more money in a few years off a small acreage at Hazelwood than you can make in a lifetime off a large farm in the richest and most fertile part of Iowa or Illinois.

Tekean, Idaho, Feb. 19, 1907.
Neely & Young, 340 Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

Gentlemen:—I believe you would profit by stating in your advertisement in the Inglenook the distance of Hazelwood property from Brethren church, which is located in West Grove addition to Spokane, and which now has forty-five communicants.

Sherman Stookey.

From Hazelwood to this Brethren church is about four miles, over a fine road.

The electric car will bring Hazelwood people near to the church if they do not care to drive.

Mr. Stookey is one of the Brethren who has recently bought irrigated land from us near Spokane, and his unsolicited effort to help locate others of his sect near here shows what he thinks of the conditions.

If you want to know more about "Hazelwood," send your name and address to

Neely & Young
(Incorporated)
340 Riverside Avenue,
SPOKANE, WASH.

The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

THROUGH

IDAHO

MAKING STOPS AT

NAMPA, PAYETTE and WEISER

where the BRETHREN CHURCHES are located. Then through Oregon, via Portland, and San Francisco to Los Angeles. Arrangements will be made for the benefit of those who go to Los Angeles by some other route, to return over the above route, giving the Brethren a longer time to visit friends in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, also for those who intend to visit the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
DAYTON, OHIO

Thousands of People

have found homes and settled in SOUTHERN IDAHO and still there is room for thousands more in the fertile valleys along the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

The people are happy because they are prosperous and in a mild climate that is unsurpassed for healthfulness.

Fruit in abundance every year, and crops never fail. Go and see Idaho and be convinced.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,
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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
DAYTON, OHIO

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. APRIL 2, 1907. NO. 14.

APRIL.

Dear wilful April, petulant and sweet,
A rainbow arching o'er thy rain-wet hair,
Glad songs of little lovers in the air,
Quick-springing grasses 'neath thy glancing feet!
When the fierce winds of noisy March retreat,
And wild-flowers in the barren pastures dare
To meet in little companies, and share
With thee earth's happiness a moment fleet,
We, too, earth's children, happy in the sun,
With grateful hearts thy fair procession greet;
Along thy violet-bordered pathways run
The old-time pleasures of thy reign to greet,
While the same loving power that brings thee here
Renews in us the gladness of the year.

—Mary F. Butts.

SPRING AGAIN.

ADA KIRCHER.

IN the little sewing rocker by the north window of the sitting room sat a short, stout, middle-aged woman with very black hair through which ran a very decided streak of gray. Her eyes were very peculiar, so peculiar indeed that once you looked into them you never forgot them. Her glasses were pushed up over her head, her book had slipped to the floor. Her dress had once been a light blue but now it seemed of a duller shade. Her apron, in plain Missourism was dirty and indeed the whole house was so well in keeping with its mistress that Washington Irving would have described it as he did the little inn on the Hudson.

Aunt Maria's introspection was in a different direction. It was into the innermost chambers of her heart. She looked away to the horizon where a heavy dark blue cloud, foretelling a storm, stretched from west to east, casting a gloom over the otherwise beautiful day like the gloom that had lately been cast upon her beautiful Christian character.

The balmy south breeze was murmuring through the tall maples in the yard and, around the corner of the house, was whistling a spring melody, calling forth the grass and birds so that the blue grass pastures Aunt Maria was looking across were tinted with green.

A robin hopped about upon the lawn, stopping now and then to catch the proverbial worm that is the unfailing reward for every early bird.

A bluebird was fluttering around the old martin box, busy driving out the sparrow that had wintered there, only to be ejected himself by the martins upon their return so even among the feathered family, "one rises by another's fall."

The maples were budding. The shrubs were beginning to show signs of life. The crocuses were blooming and the frogs were croaking in the lake.

Aunt Maria, who usually would have been the first to notice all these signs of life, and who usually was considered the best housekeeper in the immediate vicinity, was unconscious of it all this Saturday morning.

She had recently left her church for some fancied wrong and had gone out into the world to join, as she expressed it, "the big church."

She had been reading a dime novel and had become so enwrapt that all else was as nothing to her. During her church member days she would have considered it an awful thing to do but now she had cut the last tie that bound her to the church that kept her doing everything she did not want to do and would not let her do anything she wanted to do.

So she read from morning till night and from day to day and the house that in former days was kept clean and ready to entertain angels unawares was neglected or else bedecked in fine array for entertaining even more doubtful guests.

Aunt Maria had come to a passage in her book that caused her to pause and think. The heroine was brought face to face with death. She had always been a worldly girl and was very sorry for not having spent her life better, and how she did envy their washerwoman who was a good Christian.

The great society lady's envy a washerwoman! It was just the place she was trying for, a place in the upper society of the little town near which she lived.

Aunt Maria sat there for a long time and having read late the night before, she nodded and nodded and finally laid her head upon the window sill for a nap.

In a few minutes she was going down a broad road in dreamland. There was a great crowd going the same way. Some one stopped and was about to turn back and Aunt Maria heard a mighty, rasping, roaring, commanding, ridiculing voice say, "Come on. This is the most popular way. See how many are going this way! If you go the other way they won't let you do anything you want to do and will make you do every-

thing you don't want to do, and besides there are so few going that way. No young people for you to associate with. No pleasure to be had, and you never can be popular in society. Come."

The speaker pushed through the crowd and came face to face with Aunt Maria and O! Horrors! It was the King of Hades!

Aunt Maria awoke both in mind and soul. The cloud has cleared away. It is a perfect day. It is spring again. A soul has budded anew.

Harrisonville, Mo.

OUR HOME TRAINING OR CHARACTER FORMING.

LEVI K. ZIEGLER.

Every boy and girl is necessarily forming a character. The small child's general surroundings and especially his early training in the home, are cornerstones, in the foundation for the building of character. There is no one that has a greater influence for good or evil, over the child early in its life than the mother or nurse. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Prov. 22:6.

This scripture indicates that training should begin when the child is young and when the tender mind is more observing and dependent. The child is an imitator, and it is no wonder that when children see an older person do a thing, they think it is all right, and they innocently imitate. For that reason children very easily take after their parents, in word and deed. And it is very important that parents conduct themselves aright, in order that noble and lasting impressions may be made on the minds of the children.

I hope and trust that I am speaking some one else's thoughts with my own, when I say that I am thankful to our heavenly Father that some of us, at least, have been raised in Christian homes; that we have been taught to love Jesus; for the impressions that have been made upon our lives at the family altar, in the Sunday school, etc., will help us all through life. Provided we have received the proper training from father and mother, when we grow up and become more established, by cultivating our thoughts and acts in the right way, we are able to make some of the wrong things right, that seem to be hindrances to us. Our home training helps us to choose our associates, our creed or religion, our pleasures, and determines the nature of our character in general.

One of the greatest needs of the world to-day is young men and young women who are striving to make the world better, morally and spiritually, by their own noble example. Honest and self-respecting people are needed, in all departments of life. We can only attain to these things by cultivating them early in our lives, but the seed must first be sown. Young people, let us go on to perfection.

Denton, Md.

THE LESSON.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

The driver of the red "Express,"
Died just the other day,
And 'neath the budding grass they laid
His wasted form away.

He was a man of gentle mold,
Whose kindly heart and tongue
Made beautiful the simple round
Of things he moved among.

It touched me with a passing pain,
One day since then, to meet
His old horse, driven by stranger hands
Along the busy street.

How swift the rushing tide of life
Flows o'er the vacant spot,
Where one has lived, and toiled, and loved,
A space, and then is not!

He goes to work with higher things,
Where hands, like hearts, are clean;
Yet leaves a gleam of truth behind,
To light death's dark between.

The tasks we must some day resign,
However dear they be,
Some willing hands will take them up,
And just as skillfully.

So do I thank the o'erruling love,
That this for me it hath:
The lesson that a faithful life
Hath naught to fear of death.

"ROCK OF AGES, CLEFT FOR ME."

There is no greater hymn, perhaps, in the language; there is none more universally familiar. It has been the comfort of thousands in their last hour; when many years ago a ship sank in the Bay of Biscay, a man who was saved was asked what the passengers were doing. He said that the last he heard was "Rock of Ages," sung by all who could sing. In multitudes of cases, in joy and in sorrow, in times of danger, and amid scenes of peace, it has been the language of the heart.

And yet, familiar as it is, and precious as it is, possibly there may be those to whom it is not quite clear what Toplady meant by the figure in the first two lines of the hymn. In Isaiah 26:4 is the expression "everlasting strength," but the marginal reading is "rock of ages." It is probable that the poet got his imagery here. But to the writer the real meaning has been brought out with beautiful clearness since reading of the circumstances under which the lines were written. There is, not far from the place where Toplady used to serve as a curate in charge, a great rock rising up by the side of the road. In the midst, as it were between two massive towers, is a deep cleft. One day in passing he was driven into the shelter of this cleft to escape the fury of a thunderstorm, and it was while waiting there, it is said, that he composed his great hymn.—*Indian Witness.*

A Chain of Buttes

N. J. Miller

IN various parts of America, especially in the West, are flat-topped areas of land scattered over a plain or plateau. These sides of the table-lands are very steep, sometimes perpendicular at their upper rims, and with sloping talus at their bases. In any small section of the country they are about uniform in height. In wide areas, e. g., a state they may vary from a few feet to several hundred feet in height. Sometimes they are lofty enough to be raised to the dignity of "table-mountains." But men of the west call all of them mesas, a Spanish term meaning tables. Those of very small areas are called buttes.

Perhaps Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado offer the most typical examples. These are the mesas and buttes the average reader knows something about. Some are inhabited by weak tribes of Indians not attracted there for water and prolific crops, for these are altogether absent. The attraction is refuge. The steep walls of the mesas make the ascent difficult. A tribe, though weak, occupying the flat heights can easily ward off the attacks of a stronger tribe provided the besieged has plenty of stored water and food. In times of peace the inhabiting tribe may feed its herds and raise scanty crops in the surrounding plains, and food, water, etc., are laboriously taken to the top of the mesa to the settlements.

Perhaps the Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico is the one most usually referred to in our text-books and magazines. In early times it was inhabited. It stands lonely and solitary over four hundred feet above the plain like a sentinel at his post.

The chain of buttes shown in the half-tone is a few miles west of Boulder, Colorado, and extends nearly parallel with the mountain range to the west. To the left the country is fairly level; to the right and extending to the foot-hills, is a valley a few miles wide, dotted here and there with low mesas, all the crests of which reach to about the same level. The half-tone shows remnants of them to the right.

What are these buttes? Are they a chain of miniature mountains? Was this chain lifted above the general level of the country by some force within the earth? The evidences all cry to the contrary. The rock-strata (well shown in the foreground of the half-tone) are horizontal. Had there been an uplift above the general level of the country forming a chain of miniature mountains the rock strata would be either folded or tilted. Also the small mesas between the buttes and the great mountain range to the west tell of the conditions once existing. Their crests reach about the same level so that if the spaces between were filled with soil and rock, the surface of the country, though having a higher altitude, would be nearly level. Indeed, the geologist tells us that a condition similar to that once existed here. As the factors of abrasion and weathering played and chiseled upon it, the soil and rock wore away more rapidly at some places than others. The places where these factors acted less effectively to the prejudice of the rest now stand on the plain as mesas and buttes. These forms are simply remnants of the soil and strata which formerly lay above the plain now at their bases.



A Chain of Buttes, Boulder, Colorado.

When Grace Went Visiting

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ."

GRACE, I do want you to go. You have sacrificed so much for me this winter, it troubles me," said mother.

"Now, mother bird, don't you begin worrying about me. I am glad to take care of the family. When you get stronger, I'll go a pleasuring," said her daughter Grace.

But there were tears in mother's eyes and her voice trembled as she said, "It is not fair to you. You worked harder than usual during the Christmas holidays, no time for rest, and now if you give up this visit to Aunt Sarah's, you shall miss attending the lecture and musicals which you always enjoy."

"Now, mother, far be it from me to discount the joys of a week with Aunt Sarah. But you surely know that I could not be happy for a moment, if I thought that I had run away from my work here,—and that is just what it means. You need me," said Grace very tenderly.

Susan was listening to the conversation. She was also curled up in a large easy-chair, with a book before her. She was almost two years younger than Grace, fond of music, but books were her delight. Neither Grace nor her mother thought of her listening to their conversation, as usually she was oblivious to everything else when reading a book. Perhaps it was their unwonted earnestness that roused her from the romance she was reading; and she heard that Grace was going to stay. Susan closed her book. Not go to Aunt Sarah's! She was speechless before such a sacrifice. A visit to Aunt Sarah's was the climax of human happiness for either of these girls, and here was Grace calmly giving it up, and why? As Susan asked herself this question, she flushed guiltily; in her inmost heart she knew it was because she had always proved an incapable housekeeper, and by common consent she had been left to her books and music. She went to her mother and impulsively exclaimed, "Oh, she must go, I can take her place for one week. Of course I can, you have no idea how I shall work."

"But there is too much for you to do," said Grace, much surprised.

"And you think I am spoiled," continued Susan hotly, "at least that is the family tradition; it's high time that I assert myself and show you what I can do." And after a few feeble remonstrances from Grace and her mother, Susan carried the day. Her mother finally said, "I am afraid you don't know how hard this work is going to be, and yet I am glad that you are willing."

"No, Ma'am, but then I ought to be able to keep house, I am sixteen, and even Grace must admit that I cannot learn any younger," concluded Susan. And so it was settled and on the following Saturday Grace went away and Susan took charge of the housekeeping.

Saturday and Sunday were not marked by any unusual complications. Grace had done everything she possibly could, so there was plenty of pie and cake, and some other dishes were ready for the Sunday dinner. But on Monday morning she had a rude awakening. The children must go to school, she must prepare some breakfast, and the clothes should be gathered together for the wash. Even inanimate things seemed to conspire against her, the coffee would not boil, the oatmeal was raw and pasty, and in all her experience Susan had never seen a beefsteak either rare or well done that resembled the special variety which graced the platter on this morning. It belonged to no particular clime or species; it had an individuality of its own. Her father was a patient, well-meaning man, but he was obliged to ignore that steak, he ate bread and butter and drank his coffee in silence. After breakfast the children cried because they were going to be late for school.

Susan ran hither and thither in her endeavor to get them ready. When they had gone she looked at the dining table with the remains of breakfast still there, at the sitting-room all in disorder, and the kitchen—it was an appalling sight. "Monarch of all I survey," she quoted grimly to herself. "How am I ever going to get through this week?"

"The work is too hard for you," said her mother, anxiously noticing how pale she was.

"How in the world did Grace ever do it all?" asked Susan.

"Poor Grace," sighed mother, "it has been too hard for her, too."

"It won't be in the future," said Susan, "because we'll do it together."

On Wednesday, Susan was ironing shirt waists and snowy tablecloths, for Susan was quite fastidious. Some meat and potatoes were boiling for dinner, her mother had suggested a boiled dinner. Susan was very humble, she felt that when Grace returned, they would honor her to whom much honor was due. She folded away the last linen towel, then she went to the stove, and proceeded to dish up the potatoes and meat. But she almost dropped the dish she was carrying when father came in with Mr. Jones and wife and two children, old friends of the family who would take dinner with them. As Susan looked at the dining-table which resembled a desert bare, she felt a wild im-

pulse to run away, which carried her to her mother's couch. "What shall I give them to eat?" she cried. And her mother told her to get some pickles, preserves and canned fruit, and send Robert out for a cake or some pie.

"I never saw Susan so quiet," said Mr. Jones, "is she sick?" No, she was only bowed down by the weight of her failures, and responsibilities, but she tried to be more entertaining after that. But when they were gone, and she had the dishes to put away, the pots and pans to wash, she asked herself for the hundredth time. "How *did* Grace manage?" Susan did all her work on the installment plan, on small installments at that. She never found time to finish anything. Grace never seemed to get into whirlpools of events such as engulfed Susan.

"I used to be as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean, and poor Grace slaved all the time," said Susan to herself. "Talk about proper distribution of labor! Grace had the labor and I had the pleasure."

When Grace returned home, she received the most enthusiastic welcome from Susan. And the two girls sat down by mother's couch and talked over the events of the past week. Grace was happy. She had so enjoyed her visit and Susan was glad because Grace had come home.

"But you must never allow me to grow so selfish again. After this I shall do a certain part of the housework each day, I never dreamed of the heavy burden Grace was bearing, my own sister, too," said Susan.

And the very next morning they planned to do the work of the house together. It was difficult at first for Susan, for she had no natural aptitude for the work, but she persevered and succeeded too. Both of the girls were happier, home seemed more pleasant, and mother ceased to worry about the household management, and in time regained her health and strength.

An Encounter With Authors

SADIE BRALLIER NOFFSINGER.

One day a "Child" full "Strong" and "Hale,'
Whilst roaming through a "Wood,"
All of a sudden, spellbound, near
A "Bush" of "Hawthorne" stood;

As, to the "Chase," a charger "Gay"
A "Rider Haggard" bore;
His arm was "Steele," his "Foote" was "Black,"
His visage still "Blackmore."

Though seared with "Burns," his hands held "Saxe"
For one "Goodyear" of "Snow;"
Of "Bacon" flitches he had "Twain,"
Besides a "Buck" and "Doe."

He "Blue;" and from a "Ravenscroft"
Within that silent "Glen"
Straightway there leaped a "Crane," a "Hogg,"
A "Lyon" and a "Wren."

Thereat, "Longfellow" that he was,
Because no one was "Nye,"
Through "Thistlewood" began to "Wade"
And cried: You all must "Dye"!

Mournful they wailed: We are "Alcott,"
Then crouched in deadly "Payne;"
And "Blessing" prayed upon their foe;
But blessing was in "Vane."

For, ere into the twilight "Gray"
One moment "Moore" had run,
He hurled them to a "Leatherman,"
"Long" "Browning" in the sun.

Our "Young" friend by the "Hawthorne" "Bush"
Declared the sight was "Grand";
But whilst he spake the vision fell
And shattered into "Sand."

His mother smiling said: My "Lamb,"
Lift up your nodding "Head,"
Then "Swift" she tucked her sleepy boy
"Lowe" in his trundle bed.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

MRS. ETHA E. BEISEL.

THERE is a kind of self-sacrifice which amounts almost to sin, in that it involves, not the renunciation of self, which is Christ-like, but the dwarfing of individuality, which is devil-devised.

I do not for one moment uphold nor think it proper to encourage an over amount of self-confidence, in that it begets in an individual the qualities of arrogance and pride, which are distasteful to the people one comes in contact with and it is not in keeping with God's commands. Paul says, "A man should not think more of himself than he ought to think," but that very injunction carries with it the equally God-given command, that instead of burying one's talents in the napkin of uselessness, one's proceedings would be more acceptable in the sight of God, were one to put those talents,— with which one is endowed at birth by the Creator of all,—to usury and thereby guard against ignoring the duty of individual progress.

It is one's holy duty to "let one's light shine forth," be that light ever so feeble and unsteady in the beginning. The first glimmer may be unsteady, but after a time there will be more strength and that very beginning, so insignificant to the beginner, will be but the nucleus of greater accomplishments than one

dreamed of and the glory of it all is sure to attract some wayfarer from out the dark and stormy paths he is traversing, to the ways of peace.

Mistaken views of self-sacrifice tend to develop in other people selfish and demanding natures, resulting in the sins of injustice and tyranny. Many of the best people fall into this error, thereby increasing the number of tyrants and self-worshipers in their circles of relatives and friends. I think that one should study the ways in which one can be of the most use in this world and make those about us happy and of good temper.

Buford, N. Dakota.

COCHINEAL.

THE gathering of cochineal is an ancient and venerable industry that is rapidly passing out of existence. Twenty years ago, or less, a nopalry, or nopal plantation, might be found on almost every elevated plateau or tableland between Central Mexico and Southern Bolivia. To-day there are probably not more than twenty-five or thirty such plantations in existence, and even these show signs of neglect and decay that foretell their early abandonment.

The cochineal insect is a little creature somewhat similar to the plant-lice that are so troublesome to the northern gardener, only it is even smaller. Unlike its northern relative, however, it has been in the past a source of wealth and prosperity in the districts where it is most abundant.

There is no more curious and interesting branch of agriculture than cochineal farming. The cochineal insect feeds upon many different species of the cactus plant, but thrives best and multiplies most rapidly upon the nopal, or cochineal fig, a many-branching cactus scarcely distinguishable from the common prickly pear. These plants are raised on large farms or plantations, for the sake of the little insects which form the basis of very valuable scarlet, carmine, crimson and orange dyes.

How long this peculiar industry has been followed in America, no one knows—certainly for more than a thousand years. When Cortez conquered Mexico, he found many great nopalries in operation, and some of the provinces of the country were in the habit of paying their tribute to the Montezuma, or king, in cochineal, which was the only dye used in coloring the garments of the royalty and nobility. Specimens were sent to Spain in 1518, and so greatly was the king pleased with the brilliant and unfading colors produced by its use, that he instructed his viceroys to obtain as much of it as possible. From that day to this it has been highly esteemed in all civilized countries, and its production has been an important industry.

Where the cochineal insect comes from is something of a mystery. Whenever a nopal plant comes up, the little creatures are almost certain to be found on it. For this reason it was supposed for nearly two hundred years after its introduction into Europe, to be a seed or bloom of the plant. It was not until the year 1703 that a German scientist, with the difficult name of Leeuwenhoek, discovered its true nature. Had he not been aided in his investigations by the newly discovered microscope, he would hardly have solved the mystery even then, as the living female insect, which is twice as large as the male, weighs less than one-tenth of a grain. Much of this weight is lost in drying, from 75,000 to 100,000 of the little creatures being required to weigh one pound. The female alone possesses any value from the point of view of the dyer, so it is fortunate that the females are not only double the size of the males, but that they outnumber the males by about two hundred to one.

How long the cochineal insect lives has never been accurately determined. Some say, that the period of its existence is measured by hours; others that it will live for several days. In any event, its life, when measured by our standards, is very short. The last act of the female is to lay a large number of eggs, upon which her dead body rests, to protect them from the fierce rays of the sun, until the tiny little ones emerge from the shells, able to shift for themselves during the brief period of their existence.

During the five months or more that make up the tropic winter the cochineal insect—or *coccus cacti*, to give it its scientific name—has a hard struggle for existence. Though they multiply rapidly under favorable conditions, the heavy and continual rains drown them or wash them off to perish on the ground by millions, and the advent of dry weather finds but few survivors.

When the dry summer season arrives, those that have survived the deluge set about the work of repeopling their little world on the nopal plant, and in about six weeks they are sufficiently numerous to justify the farmer in making his first harvest of the season.

The implements of husbandry are a wide-mouthed bag held open by a hoop fastened to the top, and a brush. With the brush the plantation hands go over every portion of the plants, sweeping the tiny creatures into the bag by millions. They are then killed by immersion in hot water, by exposure to steam, or by being placed in hot ovens. If water or steam is used, they are next spread on sheet iron plates in the sun to dry, after which they are packed in boxes containing from one ounce to half a pound, for export to foreign markets. Those killed by hot water or steam turn a very dark reddish-brown color, and are sold under the name black cochineal. Those killed in hot ovens are of a grayish-red color, and are marketed as silver

cochineal. Still another variety, called granilla, is composed of insects gathered from wild plants, which for some unknown reason is very inferior to that secured from nopalris.

Enough of the insects escape the brush and bag of the gatherers to repopulate the plants. In about two months they are again as numerous as at the time of the first gathering, and another harvest takes place.

During the seven months of rainless weather three harvests take place, the last about a month before the beginning of the rainy season, in order that there may be time for the insects to increase in numbers sufficiently to insure that enough will survive the constant rains to stock the plantation for the next season.

The city of Cuzco, high up on the mountains of Peru, has long been the world's leading mart for the sale of cochineal. Although the business has declined to a mere fraction of its former proportions, Cuzco still exports to the United States more than $3,000,000 worth each year.—*John L. Cowan, in the Children's Visitor.*

"IT WAS THE DRINK."

Mrs. Michael Kornet, dying in a Cleveland hospital as the result of her husband's drunken fury, said in broken English:

"I hold nothing against Michael. It was the drink. He used to be a good husband. Liquor made him a demon. I forgive him."

The same old story.

It has been told again and again in every language. It is the heart-rending tale of many a death-bed scene the world over, and alas, it is the tale told in the tear-dulled eyes and care-worn face of many a wife not lucky enough to be murdered at one blow, but who must die the slow death of fear and despair.

"If it were not for my children," this dying woman said, "I would be glad to go."

Aye, no doubt.

To her, tied to a man whom liquor made a brute, death must have been sweet release. Drink, not Michael, was the devil who ever walked at her side, revolver in hand. Hers was a life of constant fear and hopelessness. It was hell on earth. At last it ended in the natural way—in the way she had long expected it to end. Is it any wonder that, but for the children, she would have been glad to go?

Oh, a mother's love!

She would stay in hell for that.

For her children she would gladly have gone on living in terror of that murderous demon which Michael again and again unloosed.

This poor woman's last words were to her son—to one of the children for whom she would have gone on in martyrdom if she could:

"Good-by," she said to him. "And, William, don't drink! Promise me!"

The boy William ought to have been impressed. Perhaps he will keep the promise that he made. Certainly the dreadful object lesson came close home to him, with his mother dead and his father in jail for her murder, and all of it due to drink.

What a fool William would be to go off and get drunk!

But, really, it isn't any more of a lesson to William than it is to every other man who hears this story, and daily hears others like it.

William has learned no more than any sane man may learn who keeps his eyes open to the effects of drink.

The fate of this woman is the fate of thousands. The liquor that made her husband a brute has made brutes of millions. It is not a lesson for William alone.

"Dead!" exclaimed the husband, when he heard. "I did not mean to kill her!"

Of course not: Nothing was further from his sober intentions. But what could his intentions amount to after he had permitted his spirit to be bound in slavery to a demon?—*Cleveland Press.*

A MAIL-CARRIER'S WAGER.

Eli Smith, the Alaskan mail-carrier, who has made the trip across the continent from Nome, Alaska, in his sled on wheels, drawn by his team of seven Eskimo dogs, and who passed through Hagerstown, reached Washington about noon Feb. 23. He drove his team from Georgetown down Pennsylvania avenue direct to the White House. The dogs seemed in splendid trim, the little mongrel—half dog and half wolf—which led the other six canines, held his bushy tail erect and gave a yelp of pleasure when he turned into the White House grounds. Behind the sled ran the mud-spattered fox terrier—the faithful little dog which had followed Smith and his team all across the great continent. Following the sled and its team of dogs was a motely crowd of men, women, urchins and nearly every stray dog in town.

Smith drove his team direct to the Executive Mansion. The President was not at the White House, but when told that the President was at the executive offices Smith shouted to his dogs and they trotted off, making the circuit of the lawn in front of the White House and finally wound up, followed by the crowd, in front of the executive offices. Then Smith got out of his sled, and, followed by the fox terrier, made his way into the executive building. The President was engaged and Smith was told that he would have to wait before he could see Mr. Roosevelt. It was part of the bet made by Smith before leaving Nome that he should end his journey by seeing the President,

and if he crossed the continent in his sled, drawn by the dogs, and secured an audience with Mr. Roosevelt he would receive $10,000.

The President received the Alaskan in the Cabinet room. Smith was coatless and over his woolen shirt, which was bespattered with mud, were swung two heavy arctic gloves. Around his neck he had a dog whistle and his short knee breeches and long stockings showed much wear. On his feet were odd-looking rubber boots. He wore a cap of heavy material with ear flaps. After greeting him the President took him into his private office and chatted with him for some time. The President wrote a brief note certifying to Smith's arrival in Washington and his call at the White House. Smith stated that he had left Nome on November 14, 1905, and had made the trip across the continent two months and eight days ahead of the time allowed him in the wager.—*Hagerstown Weekly Globe.*

HOW THERMOMETER-TUBES ARE MADE.

Few people looking at the fragile little thermometer-tubes think or know anything of the process by which they are made, and yet there are few places more interesting than a glass factory. When the raw material is brought to the factory, it goes into clay pots within the crucible and remains there thirty hours at least. When it has become a molten mass, it is ready for use. A long blowpipe is thrust into the vivid pool of glass, twirled a moment, and then withdrawn, bearing at its end a small glowing ball. This ball is rolled to a cone on a small slab of iron. Then it is handed to a man seated in a low wooden chair having long arms. He gives a little puff through the pipe, rolls the pipe on the arms of the chair and then it is ready for the master workmen. The blowing requires great skill and the long, tender tubes stretch out between the two workers in an incredibly short time. A touch of cold iron severs the glass from the blowpipe and the finished tubes are taken to the annealing oven, where they pass by gradation from the intense heat to comparative coolness.—*Popular Mechanics.*

ALMOST A CHOIR INVISIBLE.

It is remarkable music that the common field insects play. For one thing, its loudness—where else can one find sounds so piercing made by organs so minute? On a warm day in August the shrill note of the grasshopper is sometimes almost deafening. A writer in the Philadelphia *North American* gives some information about the insect's musical mechanism:

The art of fiddling is not possessed by man alone. Insects of the field and forest—many of them harmless, and others classed in the category as pests—have a little fiddle and bow of their own, and use them to strum their songs of love. By such means, indeed, certain insects call upon their mates, give signals, communicate intelligence, and perhaps, give expression to their emotions.

Upon the tunes produced by the little musicians depends the happiness of the insects. The male alone fiddles, and if his love-tune be true his chances of winning his noiseless bride are much better. Should his fiddle be out of tune or his song poor, he is likely to remain a bachelor.

The long-horned grasshopper, or true locust, and the common cricket are the best known of all stridulating or fiddling insects.

Of the long-horned grasshopper the katydid is a characteristic representation. This little musician is supplied with two sets of wings. The outer and heavier ones are used for flying, while the inner pair make up the bow and fiddle. Near the base of these inner wings is located a set of strong veins. By bringing the veins on each wing into contact and rubbing them together the song is produced.

A talented little musician is the common grasshopper. His fiddle is attached to one wing, and he uses his hind leg for a bow. On his leg are little, bead-like prominences, from each of which grows a number of fine hairs. When the grasshopper draws his leg back and forth over the violin arrangement on his wings his love-songs swell out on the air.

A natural musician, too, is the little cricket and his tune is louder and more lively than that of the locust. It is said that the fiddling efforts of some of these little chaps have been heard at least a mile from the place where they were rehearsing.

One tune by day and another by night is the program of the cricket. He has even been known to change the tune when the sun has been temporarily obscured by clouds. When approached, he will cease his musical strains. Sometimes, however, he has permitted scientists unobserved to get close to him and watch him conducting his one-instrument orchestra.

Fiddling, however, is not the only means by which these musical insects serenade their loved ones. The seventeen-year locust, for instance, puts the melody of his soul into the reverberations of two abdominal drums. These drumheads are tight. To each is attached a strong muscle, which the insect can tighten or relax at will. The method of operation is similar to that of pressing upon the bottom of a tin pan.

The most simple noise of all insects is that of the deathwatch beetle, who gets its name from the superstition that the person who hears its noise is soon to die. It is fond of burrowing into old wood, and for that reason is often found in old buildings, about which more or less superstition is apt to cling. The tapping noise it makes is supposed to resemble the tolling of bells.

AUTOMATIC STOPS FOR RAILROAD TRAINS.

CONSIDERING various safety devices for preventing railroad accidents in his article, "The Growing Railway Death Roll," in the April *Everybody's*, Carl Snyder says:

"On the Subway in New York City, and on the Boston Elevated, operating practically all the interurban service of that city, there is now, and for some time has been, in use a simple mechanism, a mechanical trip, by means of which when an engineer runs past a danger signal, the motive power is shut off and the brakes are set mechanically. This is what is known as the Kinsman stop. It has been highly successful and has permitted much freer and closer running of trains than had heretofore been deemed possible. It is a practical and demonstrated success.

"Its inventor has likewise developed an electrical device of the same nature and this is now being tried by one or more steam roads. It is extremely simple. It consists merely of an inner guard-rail about 120 feet in length, forming part of an open circuit in connection with the ordinary block signal. Projecting from under the engine is a heavy steel arm strong enough to resist all breakages and fixed on a stiff but sufficiently flexible spring, so that it may be knocked about without danger. The arm scrapes along the guard-rail as the engine passes over it, thereby closing the circuit, and if the signal be at danger it automatically shuts the engine throttle and throws on the brakes. It is set a little beyond the danger signal, so that if the engineer has obeyed the signal, it has no effect. If he has run past, the train is automatically stopped. With this device goes a very ingenious recording apparatus, which shows every time such an automatic stop is made; in other words, how often the engineer has gone by his signals. It is a mechanical 'surprise test.' This recording apparatus is under lock and key and is opened only by the inspectors at the end of the run."

FACTS FOR THE WEATHERWISE.

DEW is the moisture of the air condensed by coming in contact with bodies colder than itself. The dew does not "fall" from the atmosphere or rise from the ground. There is never dew on a dull, cloudy night or on a windy night.

It may be found on a grass-plot and leave a gravel walk dry because grass is a good radiator of heat and thus rapidly becomes cold, a vapor of warm air coming in contact with the cold grass is instantly chilled into dew; the gravel is a bad radiator and parts with its heat very slowly and therefore does not condense the warm air. Dew never falls on the human body.

Clouds are bodies of moisture evaporated from the earth and again partially condensed in the upper regions of the air. Fogs differ from clouds only in one respect—they come in contact with the surface of the earth while clouds are elevated above our heads.

When the surface of the earth is warmer than the lower air, the vapor of the earth, being condensed by the chill air, becomes mist or fog. But when the lower air is warmer than the earth the vapor rises through the air and becomes cloud.

Fog and mist differ in this respect that mist is a fine rain while fog is vapor not sufficiently condensed to allow of its precipitation in drops.

Snow is the condensed vapor of the air frozen and precipitated to the earth. When the air is nearly saturated with vapor, and is acted on by a current of air below the freezing point, some of the vapor is condensed and frozen into snow. The largest flakes are formed when the air abounds with vapor.

The lowest temperature on record in the United States is sixty-four degrees below zero, at Tobacco Garden, North Dakota.

Greely, the Arctic explorer, has probably experienced a wider range of temperature than any other living man. He recorded sixty-six degrees below zero at Fort Congor, in Lady Franklin Bay. On another occasion, in the Maricopa Desert of Arizona, his thermometer in the shade ran up to one hundred and fourteen degrees above.

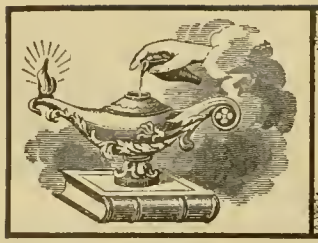
Hail is a mystery. Nobody knows how it is formed, though there are several theories. A hailstone is made like an onion, of a series of concentric coats. These coats of ice are apparently put on in succession, by repeated freezings, but in what manner is unknown.

One notion suggested is that the frozen rain-drop, which is the nucleus, is alternately attracted and repelled between opposing storm-clouds, of positive and negative electrification respectively, and that it gradually increases in size as it is carried to and fro, and continually takes on freezing coats of moisture.

Another theory is that the particles of hail are carried in a sort of giant whirl, first aloft and then downward, as portions of cumulus clouds are sometimes seen to move, and that they gather successive coats of moisture at the lower levels and convert them into ice in the frigid strata of the higher atmosphere.

The lowest temperature ever recorded on the earth was taken at Werchojansk, in the interior of Siberia, January 15, 1885. It was ninety degrees and a fraction below zero.

The world's record for high winds is held by Point Reyes, an important United States storm signal station about thirty-five miles north of San Francisco, on the coast. On May 18, 1902, the wind was rushing along at the furious rate of 120 miles an hour for several minutes. A fearful gale raged for three days, recording on the anemometer 4,701 miles in seventy-two consecutive hours, or nearly one-fifth the distance round the globe, in three days.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

E. M. COBB.

"Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest."

This promise was made to Jacob, and the Lord fulfilled his promise later. He always does when he makes promises to his people, provided his people do not break the contract. Jacob was true to his trust. He kept his promise. The Lord prospered his journey in every way; brought him back to his own native country, and the results are known to all Bible students.

1. The Lord prospered him in domestic relations. He accompanied him into a strange land, guided him into the better classes of society and assisted him in selecting partners for life. He aided him in raising and developing a large and popular family, and best of all gave him grace and courage so loyally to stand by his God and his religion, that he was the instrument in the hands of the Lord in converting his heathen wives to the religion of Israel's God.

2. The Lord prospered him in financial aggrandizement. Had he prospered him in all other ways except this, the promise would hardly have been fulfilled; so the Lord bountifully blessed him in basket and in store. The flocks and herds of his broad acres grew and multiplied. Additional pastures were accumulated. Jacob evidently spared no means in accumulating wealth by investment that was safe, simple and profitable. Critics may accuse him of questionable methods of finance. It may be possible, however, that these critics do not understand the custom of the times in which he lived. The point in question must not be overlooked. The Lord prospered him in every way and in all places.

3. The Lord prospered him in missionary efforts. He evidently followed him and assisted him in promoting the doctrines of the church while in Mesopotamia; he stood loyal to his faith. It resulted in good. With accumulated numbers he began to spread the Gospel when he came to Palestine, where he became a tribe. And more especially so when he went to Egypt as a nation. The Canaanites and Egyptians came in close touch with the real religion of God, and had an opportunity to compare and contrast it with their own religion.

4. The Lord prospered him in political accomplishments. Jacob became no mean figure in the construction of the laws pertaining to his own country and adjacent ones. His name was changed to Israel. He became the governmental head, for the time being, of the church. His influence broadened. His jurisdiction enlarged. He was called "Patriarch," and was one in word and in deed. The Lord was back of him because he executed the will of Jehovah.

5. The Lord prospered him in church work by colonization. The very fact that churches sprang up later on as if by magic touch, wherever Jacob's family had resided, is sufficient evidence that the colonies planted by them were church-living people. Different pictures are printed in Holy Writ, showing that in later years great men, who were products of the early church, came from different sections of the country where Jacob had been. And especially is this true of Palestine wherein Jerusalem became the great religious center of the world, and wherein the greatest tragedy and drama of the world's history was enacted. Here is where the Christian church was established by the Son of God.

6. The Lord prospered him in international peace commissions. It was through the political, religious and domestic influence of Jacob that the international bond was made over the chasm that before had been impassable. The Pharaoh of the Egyptians received him with a glad hand, and the dove of peace floated above the nations, which before had been enemies. Of course it took Jacob's beloved son to accomplish it, but the sacrifice was made, although it made his heart bleed. Abundant testimony may be secured to convince any student that the Lord carried out his promise with Jacob to the letter. He is not less potent to-day. His promises are faithful unto his children, and those who put their trust in him, as did Jacob, will appreciate a literal fulfillment of Matt. 28: 20.

Elgin, Ill.

THE KEY.

Back of the deed is the doer;
Back of the doer the dream.
Back of the world as we see it,
Science of things as they seem,
Waits the invisible spirit,
Weaving an infinite scheme.

We are but outward expressions
Of an interior thought;

Gleams of the light everlasting
Through the material caught;
Parts of the purpose eternal
Into humanity wrought.

Mind is the monarch of matter.
Will is the master of fate.
Whate'er the soul may determine,
That can it reach, soon or late.
Thoughts have the gift and the power
That which they think to create.

All that is yours you shall garner;
All that you earn you shall gain;
After the toil of the sowing,
There shall be bounties of grain;
When in your spirit you ripen
And to your kingdom attain.

Unto the storehouse of treasure
Faith is the mystical key.
This is the word of the Master
Given to you and to me.
This is the truth everlasting
And it shall render us free.

—J. A. Edgerton.

MUSINGS IN A GRAVEYARD.

IDA M. HELM.

One hazy afternoon during Indian summer, we stopped on our way home from a nutting excursion to visit a neglected graveyard. As we walked around over the silent city with its hundreds of pale, mute inhabitants that are

"Lying so quiet by night and by day
Silently sleeping the years away."

And that

"Ne'er till eternity's bugle shall sound
Will they come out from their couch in the ground,"

The monuments that marked their narrow homes attracted our attention and we sauntered along the grassy paths, now and then stopping to read the epitaph carved to the memory of the departed.

Here a young lady is "lying all pulseless and still" and these lines are carved on her gravestone:

"Stranger passing, drop a tear
For blasted hopes are buried here."

A feeling of sadness filled each heart and welled our eyes with tears, but the tale of woe that broke her young heart we can never know. I thought, Ah, if we would only be more considerate for each other's feelings at all times and keep back the angry words, the scornful look, and acts of unkindness, how many heartaches might be avoided and how much more good we might do in this world.

We passed on and here the grave of a little girl was marked with a stone on which only this sweet Bible verse was written: "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."—*Jesus.*

I thought her pure soul was yet unstained by sin when it went back to its Maker, she is now safe in the arms of her Redeemer and that beautiful verse is truthfully and fittingly placed on her monument.

Then while I sat on a fallen stone these thoughts came to me: Sometimes the material that is wrought in the life memorial and the epitaph that is carved on the gravestone do not agree, but all epitaphs that are carved in granite or marble monuments, whether they be true or false, will eventually be crumbled to dust by the unrelenting fingers of time. But the life memorial will remain with its true colors undimmed when heaven and earth have passed away. *Each one of us* is carving a memorial that will never decay. As we carve day after day, if we could but see what rough lines we carve sometimes and how our life's memorial is being either disfigured by our wrongdoings or beautified by our words of truth and our acts of kindness and love, how we would strive to cultivate in our lives the refining graces that come to us only through lovingly following in the footsteps of the Perfect One!

Our thought-life is the impulse that directs our carving. If thoughts and acts of hatred are allowed to alternate with thoughts of love and acts of kindness,

"What a checkered thing this life will be
When we see it unveiled in eternity."

As we left the solemn place I thought, what will "that day" reveal in the life story of the inhabitants of this mouldering city when that same voice that once pierced the tomb and summoned Lazarus forth from the silence and mould, will again ring out and awaken each sleeper to arise and meet the Great Judge. whose eyes are as a flaming fire, when all the *secret things* of each life will be made known?

We may wonder to-day, but the dead keep well their secret. However, when that awful day dawns, "just what we are will each neighbor know."

Ashland, Ohio.

JUDGMENT-DAY HONESTY.

Many transact business just as though there was to be no final reckoning; but the final reckoning is sure to come, whether we think so or not. "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

"I want to sell goods which I shan't fear to meet at the judgment," said a Christian merchant. The man who sells judgment-day goods, and fills his contracts with judgment-day material and labor, and keeps such accounts and writes such letters as he would not blush to have thrown on the sky with a stereopticon on judgment day, is gathering material for a "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Judgment-day honesty might not help you on quite so rapidly in this world's affairs, but it will insure you against the fire that burns up "hay and stubble."—*The Soul-Winner.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

SPRING NOTES.

THE first hint of a change of seasons has come to us through the sun. For some time it has grown more liberal every day with its warming rays,—the one essential condition to spring's existence. This increased warmth suggests the thought that Old Sol has been stirring the fires of his mighty furnace. At any rate he has turned more heat into the rays that come down to us. For months we had to be satisfied with the light that gave off very little heat. But though we were not stinted in the least in the amount allowed, floods of it would not avail against the north wind. The heat alone can temper that and strip it of its power to blast and blight. Some of us move among our fellows like the winter sun. We may shed plenty of light, but it is so devoid of warmth that they freeze while standing in its glare. Some of us are like the sun of a spring day. There is light to see, there is warmth to move,—to grow.

A NEW costumer has recently taken charge of that line of business, and now we may look for new "creations" every day. Green, in all its numberless shades, will be the prevailing color of the season. Usually we are somewhat shy of green because of its tendency to fade, but even the most delicate shades of that color used by the new costumer are warranted. They will not fade in the brightest sunshine and are so well set that they are improved, rather than injured, by a thorough wetting now and then. Yes, flowers will be worn. The costumer says the more the better. And when you see them, from the modest, delicately-tinted hepatica to the gorgeous June rose, you will agree that one may follow as closely as possible this rather extravagant advice, and still be within the bounds of good taste. While watching the wonderful effects produced by this connoisseur, you will do well to note the simplicity of the work and the harmony that is maintained, not only in the arrangement of colors, but in the style followed. Altogether, this is a leading attraction of the season, and promises an inexhaustible field of study for the one whose soul has been touched and awakened by the Great Artist's hand.

SCORES of immigrants are arriving every night from the south. In some unaccountable way they learned that we are to have repeated again those delightful experiences that come with the warming breeze, springing grass, and bursting bud. In all their travels and in their sojourn in other lands, they have not forgotten those experiences and so they come back to enjoy them with us. Six months ago when Old Sol shut off the heat and compelled us to put in action our puny little furnaces, or freeze, they left us to meet alone the chilling blasts of the north wind. Shall we put this down to their faithlessness and now forbid them the range of field and wood? Nay, let us have their companionship. If the long cold winter had been less cheerless with their presence, the joys of spring will be increased in proportion to the number who share its pleasures. We may have to face adverse winds alone, but we shall forget their buffetings in the joyousness of the crowd that surrounds us in the pleasant places.

JUST now there seems to be more than mere brightness in the sun, more than mere warmth in the breeze. It is the spirit of new life. In harmony with its moving power we endeavor to get away from the old things. We had not noticed their shabbiness till we found ourselves surrounded by the freshness of the new life. We overhaul our store of belongings and a bonfire gives evidence of the amount we have been carrying along that has no present value. It is an easy way to put ourselves in line with the spirit of the season,—at least outwardly. If we could go farther and drag out all those habits that have proven such a weight, together with the unpleasant and unsightly remembrances, and the weaknesses that choke out the growth of better things, and dispose of them along with the cast-off rubbish, the new life of the season would mean a new life indeed. Suppose we add this feature to our general spring cleaning.

WHY NOT?

A WAY out of the present condition, where capital and labor are pitted against each other, which would give justice to the one class without being unjust to the other, would doubtless be heartily welcomed by both. But I am of the opinion that men's hearts will have to be regenerated before they can look impartially upon such a plan from their different standpoints. In the meantime here are a few thoughts for our readers to consider that are in a way connected with this problem. They are suggested to us in a study of the conditions attending the settlement of parts of our country by whole bands moving from one section to another.

Settling up a country in this manner presents advantages in the making of the community not otherwise offered. This is largely due to the fact that there is a large body of hopeful, industrious men, brimming over with good will and energy, who are ready to lend themselves to any project that means happiness and prosperity for the new community. In view of this fact, and the conditions existing in the business world, of which we made mention above, we submit these thoughts.

Suppose the new country is covered with timber. Of course there will be sawmills brought in and set to work at once. But why stop at sawmills? Why ship the rough lumber miles away, and then ship it back again in the shape of the finished product which must be used on the spot where the trees once grew? Why not have the planing mill, too, and the stave factory, the tub factory, and the furniture factory? Why not make all these things, and make them of such a quality that they will even find their way outside the community? Articles that pass from the crude state to the finished product in the same place possess a feature that commends them above others of the same quality. Add to this superiority of goods, and a market is pretty nearly assured.

Suppose again that the new country is a grazing country. Why not the settlers build their own dairies and make their own brand of butter or cheese? Why not have their own packing house, tannery, etc.? If it is a fruit country, why should not the men who raise the fruit put it up and sell it in its finished state?

These are only a few of the things that might be done when the new community first starts out as such, but these few may suggest others. The big manufacturer has an advantage in the fact that he handles large amounts, and though his profits may be small on a single article, his fortune comes in the aggregate. While the manufacturing plant of the new community could not be large in the beginning, the fact that the raw material is right at hand and is therefore cheaper than the distant manufacturer could possibly obtain it, ought to bring the net incomes of the two pretty nearly on a balance.

Following this plan there would be, among the advantages at which we have already hinted, a noticeable relief to the railroad situation in the present car shortage. One train of cars could carry the finished product to the consumer where under present conditions several are needed to haul the raw material to the manufacturer and then distribute his output. There would be no strikes, because laborer and capitalist would be so closely connected,—if they were not combined in the one individual,— that what affected the one would affect the other in the same way. There would be no monopoly of manufactured goods, for wherever there was a community with sufficient material to feed a manufacturing plant there would be the means of meeting the needs of the consumer. Prices would therefore be controlled by the supply and demand;—the only legitimate regulator of trade.

Is such a plan impractical,—a mere Utopian dream? We believe not. Think about it.

A WORD TO THE HELPERS.

Our readers continue to express themselves as being much pleased with the page devoted to the Nookers' favorite poems. Many of them give evidence of their appreciation by sending choice selections for it. Considering the number now waiting a place on the page, we are safe in saying that it will be continued for some time. Heretofore when our readers sent us selected poems for publication, we had no trouble in deciding where to put them. Now it is different. Unless it is stated on the selection that it is meant for the page of favorite poems, we are in doubt about putting it there. You will do us a favor, therefore, if you *mark each selection* so that we may know whether to keep it for the new department, or whether we may use it on some other page.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

How swift the rushing tide of life
Flows o'er the vacant spot,
Where one has lived, and toiled and loved,
A space, and then is not!

—Hattie Preston Rider.

Our home training helps us to choose our associates, our creed or religion, our pleasures, and determines the nature of our character in general.—*Levi K. Ziegler.*

All epitaphs that are carved in granite or marble will eventually be crumbled to dust, but the life-memorial will remain with its true colors undimmed when heaven and earth have passed away.—*Ida M. Helm.*

Abundant testimony may be secured to convince any student that the Lord carried out his promise with Jacob to the letter. He is not less potent to-day. —*E. M. Cobb.*

Mistaken views of self-sacrifice tend to develop in other people selfish and demanding natures.—*Mrs. Etha E. Beisel.*

If the public sees to it that government officials in this department are faithful public servants, they guarantee unto themselves good, pure, and wholesome meat.—*W. C. Frick.*

ECHOES·FROM·EVERYWHERE

THE largest balloon in America is now being built for the Philadelphia Aero club. The balloon, which will hold 92,000 cubic feet of gas, will be christened the "Ben" Franklin. The basket will be capable of holding nine persons.

AN aged, hard-working cobbler, of Altoona, Pa., has succeeded in bringing the waste product of ashes into service, and, with the means of a prepared compound, he makes them burn more readily than coal, it is said. He has applied for a patent on the secret of his discovery.

GENERAL JOHN A. LEWIS, a deacon of the Christian Catholic Church, who was for years a close friend of its founder, Dowie, is named as the new leader in the Apostle's will. He is now in Mexico, but will return to Zion City at once to test the leadership of Voliva.

THE United States now ranks third among the world's exporters of manufactures. In the decade ending with 1905, exports of manufactures increased one hundred and ninety-eight per cent, while those of Germany increased seventy-five per cent. The growth of exports of manufactures in the sixteen years following 1890 was practically three times as great as that of the entire seventy years preceding that year.

IT is reported on good authority that the Pennsylvania railroad is about to countermand orders for improvements in which the expenditure of $25,000,000 was involved. This action is the direct result of the two-cent passenger fare legislation nearing adoption in Pennsylvania. It was for the same reason that the Erie held up orders for improvements involving $10,000,000 and the New York, New Haven and Hartford for improvements involving $20,000,000.

A BUSINESS man who conducts a large bottling establishment in the lower East Side district of New York city has discovered that deaf mutes make the most reliable help that he can obtain. He commenced about seven years ago by employing a deaf mute boy, who filled his place so satisfactorily that others were employed from time to time, until now there are a dozen or more of these afflicted persons drawing good wages at this establishment. The employer says he finds them faithful, and when they have fully grasped the idea of the task to be accomplished, rather more intelligent than the normal workman. Moreover, they are very little given to dissipation.

THIS is harvest time in Argentina, and estimates of the wheat crop being gathered place it in excess of any previous yield in that country—155,000,000 bushels compared with 135,000,000 bushels last year, 150,700,000 in the previous year and 129,600,000 in 1904. Such a crop as the present one will mean exports of some 100,000,000 bushels, and further assures the country of a leading position in supplying the deficient nations of Europe with foodstuffs.

PROFESSOR BEHRING, the famous Berlin specialist on pulmonary diseases, is quoted as opposing the Pasteur system of purifying milk. He condemns also the sterilizing of milk and the boiling of water to render them innocuous. He says that boiled milk is unsuitable food for infants, and that the boiling of water kills the elements intended by nature for the making of bone and sinew. True protection for those who use the milk of cows, in his opinion, is the production of healthy cows.

ALABAMA has passed a two and one-half cent passenger rate law and a commodity rate law, fixing the freight rates on one hundred and ten commodities of common product. March 25, on the petition of the trunk line railroads, Judge Thomas G. Jones, of the United States court issued a temporary injunction against the members of the state railroad commission. This is not the only instance where the railroads have openly resented the action taken in many states in regulating railroad rates.

THE result of a series of endurance tests conducted by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, was announced by him Wednesday. Forty-nine persons were examined, including students, physicians, nurses and instructors, and the tests were such as holding out the arms as long as possible, deep-knee bending and leg raising, with subject lying on his back. Professor Fisher says that the non-flesh eaters have greater endurance than those accustomed to the ordinary American diet.

THE *Scientific American* tells of an American company that is building a number of oil-burning freight engines of an unusual type for the Mexican Central Railroad. They are eight-coupled engines with a leading pony truck. The boiler has 2,168 square feet of heating surface. A boiler pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch is used. The fuel is crude petroleum, which is vaporized by a steam jet, and deflected against a soapstone arch in the firebox.

How Professor John Craig, of Cornell University, in a long series of experiments, discovered that of artificial illuminants none is so closely akin to sunlight as the rays of acetylene gas is reported by W. T. Walsh in the April *Technical World Magazine*. By using this illuminant at all times when the sun was not on deck, either at night or on cloudy days, Professor Craig forced the finest strawberries to maturity sixteen days ahead of the record and radishes in three-fourths of the usual time, without deterioration in quality. Geraniums and lilies were matured three weeks ahead of time. It was shown, moreover, that even on sunny days the use of acetylene reinforced the rays of sunlight and hastened the ripening process.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that Honduras has had the aid of Salvador in her war with Nicaragua, the latter has succeeded in taking Choluteca, the most strongly fortified city in Honduras. It is thought that this may bring an end to the war, especially if Nicaragua can prevail on the United States and Mexico to take some steps to force Salvador and Guatemala to keep their neutrality pledge.—Tegucigalpa, the capital of Honduras, fell into the hands of the Nicaraguans March 25. Added to this disaster, the Hondurans are experiencing a revolt in their own country. This war has brought some losses to Americans, the principal one being in the banana industry which has fallen off about one-fourth its usual volume.

ROBERT W. DE FOREST, counsel for Mrs. Russell Sage, in discussing the plans for administering the foundation of $10,000,000 recently contributed by Mrs. Sage for the improvement of social conditions, said that she was especially interested in the living conditions of the poor and unfortunate, and that it was her intention to take an active part personally in distributing the income of the fund, which would amount to about $450,000 a year. He thought this income would be applied very largely to existing charities, but if investigation showed that anything could be accomplished by a plan of education along certain lines, such work would be taken up. Mrs. Sage desires that the lowly and unfortunate, and any others who do not get the best results out of social conditions, should find a way to improve them, and should be helped to improve them if necessary.

A REPORT on the plan of universal arbitration drafted by the Interparliamentary Union in England last summer has been made to the president. This plan is to be submitted to the peace conference at The Hague this summer. It calls for a permanent deliberative body, in which all nations will be represented, to crystallize the best sentiment of the world into rules of international law. The treaty of arbitration is to empower The Hague court to say when these rules have been violated in a clearly defined area. Controversies not falling within this area are to be reserved for trial by armed forces, but hostilities are not to commence until the good offices of friendly powers have been asked by disputants, in vain, or until disputed questions of fact have been examined in the light of evidence by an impartial international commission.

THE Aldrich financial bill which congress passed is becoming immediately effective, and U. S. Treasurer Treat is hurrying up the production of the $10 gold certificates. The plates for these certificates and for notes of $1, $2 and $5 are about ready and the printing will go forward as soon as they are finished. At present there are no $10 gold certificates, while an outstanding $240,000,000 is made up of $20 gold certificates, besides which are the larger ones of $100, $500, $1000 and $5000. All of the $20 certificates and some of the larger ones will be called in and replaced by those of $10 value. Then some $280,000,000 in U. S. $10 notes are to be replaced by ones, twos and fives. More banks than ever before are having $5 notes printed. Out of a total of $400,000,000 in national bank notes now in circulation $104,000,000 are in $5 bank notes, and these are being constantly increased.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, Chief of the Forest Service, in an interview at Washington, said that the great flood which had visited the upper Ohio Valley was due, primarily, to cutting away of the forests on the watersheds in the heart of the Allegheny Mountains. Originally these mountain slopes contained fine hardwood, hemlock and pine forests, which, together with the undergrowth, held back the water of rains and melting snow, so that dangerous floods seldom occurred. The wholesale cutting of this timber had so denuded the hills that when heavy rains coincident with snow thaws occurred quantities of water were precipitated into the streams, and these, emptying into the rivers, caused the disastrous floods which in recent years have done so much damage to property and caused so much loss of life. The remedy, in his opinion, would be in the replanting of forests and their conservation on a scientific plan of forest culture.



NO PLACE AT HOME.

I MET him on the street corner—a bright black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptation he had encountered.

I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time upon the street.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, "the street is no place for a boy, but you see, there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlors every evening. They give me to understand that I am a 'third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes in the sitting-room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see, so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room, and had a good time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quiver in the voice now that told of a sorrow that time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh, mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting prisons and workhouses, trying to reform the men, or writing articles on how to save boys."

"And her own is in danger?"

"Yes; I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough, I am afraid. There does not seem to be any one to take an interest in me, so it does not matter much."

It was a hard, bitter truth; yet I knew he was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to lead him through the dangerous period.

O mothers! are you blind that you cannot see the danger of your own, but look for that of others?

Make home the brightest spot on earth for your children.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home." God forgive that mother, and open her eyes before it is too late, and help others to heed the warning!

How is it, mothers? Are your boys in danger? Think of this, ponder over it, pray over it.—*Author Unknown.*

THE "SIMPLE LIFE."

WE are hearing a great deal nowadays about the simple life, and we need to hear a good deal more. But we women all know, don't we? that it is one thing to establish an ideal, and another to live up to it in detail. Here, as ever, lie our strength and our weakness. It is we, after all, not the good Pastor Wagner nor any other man, who have to work out our own salvation from the fettering trifles that hold us back from our highest usefulness and happiness. We have to call upon the strength of our minds to order these little things so that neither they shall suffer, nor the great things, but so that they, being in order and fit subordination, shall add their beauty to life. To do it we need to take the broad view. However busy our hands may be with the little things, our minds must see them in the large, in the full sum of their little relationships. We need to let the light of eternal spaces in upon the confusing clutter that distracts us. In that illumination we shall, by slow degrees, find a place for every genuine duty, put it in its place, and with a firm hand keep it there. We shall see at once that we need a large supply of patience—that we cannot expect to learn how to live until just before we die, if then; but that, being steady and still, we can move others on up a little at a time. The comfort shall be that we shall move others up with us—those we love best, those we love next best, and those of whom we are a part. We shall see the righteousness of play and rest, and take our share—nay, plan and look out for our share—with a thankful heart. And our happy husbands and children will rise up and call us blessed.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

SPRINGTIME SUGGESTIONS.

LULA GOSHORN.

SAND and ashes equal parts make an excellent scouring material. Ashes alone are fine for granite ware.

A CLOTH dampened in coal oil (kerosene) will clean grease spots from oilcloth. And a little coal oil added to the suds when washing wood work will help remove grease and spots.

Sun and clean well all winter clothing and wraps before putting them away for the summer. Fold them smoothly and put them in a trunk or tight box and one need not fear moths.

Rip rag carpets apart and wash each strip separately; then sew them together again and they will be as good as new.

On housecleaning days it is a great help to have material prepared in advance so one will not need to stop long in getting a meal ready. Bread baked, meat boiled, pie, pickles or a salad and fruit may be prepared the day before and will lighten labor when one is in the busiest of the cleaning.

Choose a clear, bright day in which to wash bed clothes. Use rain water if possible, make a good suds as warm as the hand can bear; in this wash the blankets, then the heavier covers. Put through another suds if necessary; then heat the rinse water almost as warm as the suds; do not blue but rinse thoroughly and dry in the sun. Warming the rinse water removes the suds better and does not shrink woolens as much as plunging them in cold water.

Beat the wool carpet well to remove as much dust as possible. Then spread smoothly on the grass, fastening each corner to a stake, making it as firm as possible. Then sprinkle liberally with dampened coarse salt and scrub it in with a broom. Treat both sides thus, then sweep all off and repeat the sweeping until all the salt is removed and the carpet will look bright and clean. A few drops of carbolic acid added to the salt is a good moth preventive.

Garden making will soon be upon us and a small plot of ground may do double duty if care is taken in the planting. Radish seeds may be put between the onions for they will be removed before the onions are far advanced.

Late cabbage can be set after the peas and bunch beans are done bearing and turnips may be sown after the potatoes have matured. Celery will do well between potato rows and sunflowers will thrive among potatoes also. The seeds are very fine for chickens to eat, hastening the moulting period. Make several plantings of sweet corn. After the potatoes have been cultivated the last time sweet corn may be planted between the rows and by frequent plantings one may have roasting ears until frost. Around the edge of the garden next the fence rhubarb, horseradish and herbs may be set. Don't forget a few flowers. If the yard is small, sacrifice a row of vegetables and plant some flowers in the garden. Plant all things in rows as much as possible. Cultivation is easier and more space can be utilized. A little care and observation will suggest other ways in which crops may be doubled and a small garden prove a great blessing.

FOR DISINFECTING BODY AND BED LINEN.

In cases of contagious fevers, the clothing and bed linen should be thrown at once into a tub of water on being removed from the patient. The perspiration should not be allowed to dry on them. Some carbolic acid should be put into the water, and they should be soaked for several hours, and should be boiled one hour. To one pint of pure carbolic acid put forty pints of water; put the soiled goods in this, and, after they have soaked six hours, have a tub of clean water at hand, lift the clothes from the tub of solution and drop them into the clean water after having wrung out the carbolic solution. Leave them in the clear water for an hour, or, if needed soon again, wring them out immediately, then boil for one hour. This does not discolor the goods, or rot them. If a solution of bichloride of mercury be used, the clothes will be discolored beyond hope of remedy; lime solutions eat into them and cause them to wear out immediately. For other things, such as pans or vessels used about the sick, both lime and mercury are good disinfectants.

Lime should be used freely for all deposits from sick persons, and bichloride of mercury should be used for washing vessels of earthenware and china, but it will corrode any metals. Fumigating with sulphur requires that all metals should be removed from the room, as the fumes will corrode. For these, carbolic acid solution or alcohol may be used as disinfectants.

Lime should be scattered plentifully over the ground where excreta from the sick is thrown. Care should be taken to kill all germs by use of disinfectants, as, whether thrown on the ground or emptied into sewers, they are washed down to escape into rivers or springs, or scattered by rains, and are thus sent on a further mission of disease or death.

All drains in country places should be disinfected by the use of lime, or other means of purification, whether or not disease of a contagious nature are present on the premises. One cannot always be sure that such is not the case, and safety lies in precaution. —*Exchange.*

LEMON JUICE FOR NOSEBLEED.

To use, dilute with one-half water, and inject or snuff up into the nose. If this does not check the flow of blood in a few minutes, use a second and stronger portion. If a third treatment is necessary, use the clear juice.

A physician of our village, unable to check the bleed-

ing from his own nose, after ten hours sent for a brother doctor, who was equally unsuccessful. In making a chance call at the house, I learned the condition of things, the doctor saying: "I tell you this begins to look serious." His white face and lips, with cold hands, added emphasis to his words. I asked: "Have you tried lemon-juice?" He had never heard of its use. After treatment his verdict was, "It works like magic." But he had lost so much blood during the fourteen hours, it was several weeks before he regained his strength.

In speaking of lemon-juice afterward, he said that in case he could not get a lemon he should not hesitate to try cider vinegar; and if impossible to get either quickly, he would be willing to try the effect of tartaric acid, if the patient's life was at stake. I would try lemon-juice in case of a severe cut on person or beasts, where the flow of blood was hard to check, as it could be applied quicker than pulverized alum and flour, and would leave a cleaner wound.—*Mell Minturn, in the Presbyterian.*

SELECTED HOUSECLEANING HELPS.

PLENTY of old clean cloths are indispensable at house cleaning time, and there's nothing like having a good stock of clean dishcloths always on hand.

When they begin to wear out wipe off the stove with them and burn them up. If they are a little greasy it helps preserve the stove.

Rinse dishcloths in clean water after using each time and each morning hang in sun to dry. In using old cloths it saves cleansing so many times as you can burn them up often.

The best duster with which to clean carved furniture is a new paint brush; it will remove all of the dust.

An excellent polishing cloth for silverware can he made of any all-wool or soft goods, such as old underwear, or part of a cotton blanket. Take a piece the size desired and dip well into a solution made as follows: Take about one cup of water and in it dissolve common soap enough to make a soap jelly, when cold. Add (while still warm) two tablespoonfuls of fine whiting, stir well, dip in it the cloth, wring out and dry and you will have a polishing cloth always ready for use.

Unless feathers are thoroughly prepared before they are put into pillow ticks, insects will injure them, and cause that deposit of fine down on the inside of the ticking that may be seen in nine out of ten cases, after several years of using the pillows. To prevent this, scald the feathers in carbolic acid and water. Then hang them (in thin cheese cloth bags) in the wind, suspended from the clothesline. After turning the bags, first one end then the other, and drying them on the line, scald them a second time in hot suds of gold dust washing powder. Squeeze, and dip up and down, in the suds, and hang out on the line, where the wind will dry them. The oftener they are turned and beaten, the better. Keep the feathers suspended in the air until thoroughly dry and fluffy, and then fill into the ticking.

To transfer feathers, try ripping the old pillow tick open and sewing the ripped end to end of new tick; then you can shake the feathers into the new tick with no fuzz flying and quite rapidly, allowing them to settle before ripping the old one off. What a muss I used to have when emptying feathers before I tried this plan.

To wash windows an easy way, get a cake of Bon Ami soap, wet a cloth with warm water, rub it on the soap and rub over your windows. Do not put too much soap on; very little is required. When dry rub off soap with a clean dry cloth, and your window will be perfectly clean and shining. No sloppy water is needed, no wiping to dry them and no newspaper polishing. One window can be washed and polished in about one minute. The soap is also good for many other things in the housekeeping and laundrying line besides washing windows.

To remove finger marks from varnished furniture, rub them with a cloth dampened with sweet oil. To remove them from oiled furniture, use kerosene oil. Don't wash marble with soap suds.

Don't wash paint with soap. Save the tea leaves for a few days. Steep, not boil, in a tin pan; strain and use this wash for all varnished paint. It removes spots and gives a fresh and new appearance. For white paint, use whiting on a damp piece of flannel. Don't let your furniture become marred and old looking. Take equal proportions of turpentine, linseed oil and vinegar; apply and rub with flannel.

To wash carpet easily, rip the carpet into single widths and have some clean boards laid on the grass the length of your carpet. Take one width at a time, and scrub it as you would a floor on both sides; then rinse, hang on the line and rinse again.

A strip of thick paper laid over the edge of each stair under the carpet, will preserve a stair carpet from wearing through, one-third longer than otherwise.

Dust gilt picture-frames carefully, and touch up with gilt paint any places on the frames that may be scratched or tarnished. Then paint the frames with a mixture of the well-beaten whites of three eggs to one ounce of soda, which will brighten and freshen them, making them look like new.

To clean nickel, scour with pulverized borax, use hot water and very little soap; rinse in hot water and rub dry with a clean cloth.

If the kettle in which cereals are cooked is buttered before the water or milk is poured in, the contents will not stick to the dish.

PIN FEATHERS.

Poultry should never be allowed to go to roost hungry.

Charcoal dust should be scattered on the poultry house floor.

Fresh eggs and fat fowls can always be converted into cash.

Too little exercise and too much corn makes hens fat and lazy.

The working hen is the one that lays the eggs in cold weather.

A light, sandy soil makes the best location for a poultry house.

Sick hens will not produce eggs and filthy quarters make sick hens.

Chickens should never be kept in the same house with geese and ducks.

Fowls will find their own feather-making food if they are given a free range.

Hens need work. Don't thresh oats for fowls. They prefer to do it themselves.

Bowel trouble in young chicks can often be prevented by substituting scalded milk for water.

Yellow corn meal will produce that rich yellow skin on chickens that is so popular in the markets.

Eggs are largely made of water, so don't fail to keep a fresh supply on hand at all times for the hens.

Whey is a better poultry food than most people consider it. Experiments show that it aids digestion. —*Selected.*

For the Children

WHO IS WATCHING THE BIRDS?

Are you? What birds have you seen near your home? Have you seen or heard a robin, a wren, a bluebird, a woodpecker (flicker), a blackbird, or a catbird? Have you heard or seen a bobolink or a crow or bobwhite or a cedar bird or a goldfinch or a humming-bird or an oriole or a song sparrow or a thrush or a scarlet tanager?

Those who know much about birds tell us that the bird's notes are quite distinct and sound like the following words. What do they say to *you?*

Robin: "Quick! Quick! Do you think—what you do, do you think—what you do, do you think?"

Bluebird: "Purity! Purity! I—oh—purity." "Dear! Dear! Think of it, think of it!"

Bobolink: "Bob-o-lee, Bob-o-link, Bob-o-link-e."

Crow: "Caw-w!"

Cedar bird: "Tze! tze! tze!"

Bobwhite (quail): "Bob-bob-white!" "More—more—wet!"

Goldfinch (yellowbird): "Ker-chee-chee-chee, whew-e whew-e."

Humming-bird: Mouselike squeak.

Oriole: "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" Female answers, "I will."

Song sparrow: "Olit, olit, olit—chip, chip, chip, che-char-che-wiss, wiss, wiss!"

Thrush: "Drop it, drop it, cover it up, cover it up, pull it up, pull it up."

Blue jay: "Jay, jay, jay. Whee-dle, whee-dle!"

Scarlet tanager: "Chirp-chirr!" "Pshaw! Wait-wait-wait for me, wait!"

Blackbird: "Kong-quer-ree" or "Bob-a-lee, a-bob-a-lee."—*Children's Magazine.*

A BUNCH OF PRIMROSES.

Gracie was ill, so ill that the doctor shook his head and looked serious; and Winnie, her little twin sister, was broken-hearted. Gracie's mother was too poor to buy the nourishing food which Gracie needed.

"Is there anything that I can do for you, Gracie, dear?" asked Winnie, half in tears, one morning when her little sister was at her worst.

"Yes," came the faint answer; "get me some primroses; that's all I want."

It was early in the spring; primroses were growing only in sunny corners; but Winnie made up her mind to try.

"Dear God," said Winnie in her heart, as she made her way down the village street, "give some primroses for Gracie, and make her well again, please—very soon."

Ten minutes later Winnie was peeping into a beautiful garden where primroses were growing sweetly.

"Run away, little girl," said a voice close by, and Winnie, looking up, beheld a white-haired gentleman with rather a stern face.

But longing made Winnie bold. "Oh, please," she said, a sudden rush of tears dimming her eyes, "could you spare me a little bunch of primroses?"

Then he asked her some questions. Winnie told her story.

"What made you think of asking God for the primroses, child?" said he.

"Because he made them, sir, and because he can do everything."

For a few moments he was silent, then he turned away, and picked her a bunch of the sweet blossoms.

Then the gentleman accompanied her to her home, and gave the widowed mother such aid that she was enabled to procure all that Gracie needed. Then health returned to the little sick lassie, and Winnie's prayer was answered.—*Lesson Paper.*



THE RURAL LIFE

THE FARMER'S FRIENDS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE insect known as the ladybug is a very useful as well as common one.

Here in Southern Illinois three kinds are found, the best known being the common nine spot. It is turtle-shaped, red, with nine black spots on its wings, hence its name. It is about three-sixteenths of an inch across.

The twice-stabbed ladybug is smaller, jet black, except for a red spot on each wing.

There is also a drab-colored one, larger than the nine spot. It is sometimes found on the willows here in such numbers as to almost defoliate them.

The other kinds in both the larvae and the imago stage are strictly insectivorous.

One species has been imported into California where it is doing good service in fighting the San Jose scale.

Another, the cochineal, is reared in tropical America for the dye made from the bodies of the females.

The mature bugs may be found here in great numbers sheltering around the base of orchard trees, especially apple trees.

The eggs hatch queer little fellows more like minute six-legged alligators than anything else I can imagine. They are dark, with bands of yellow or red, the color varying with age.

The larvae when ready to make the first transformation attach themselves to any convenient object by the hinder part of the body. They soon moult, the skin remaining around the body in the form of a glue-like ring at the point of attachment. In ten days or two weeks the perfect insect emerges to continue the work of its early life.

They seem to have a special fondness for aphides (plant lice). Watch next summer where the lice are on trees, vines, etc., and you may see both larvæ and adult feeding. I have taken leaves with the aphides adhering to them and placed them on fences or other places where the larvæ were to be found crawling and watched the ladybugs proceed to feast.

In the days of my childhood it was a superstition that the ladybug, like the creature called the "doodle bug," would obey the human voice. If you would say,

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home,
Your house is afire, and your children all alone,"

she would spread her wings and fly. And she will. that is, if you have patience to repeat the command often enough and await the pleasure of her ladyship

The ichneumon fly is one of the oddest of the insect tribe. Well do I remember the first one I ever saw. It was more like a wasp with a tail twice as long as its body than anything else I know.

By means of that lengthy member, which by the way is called an ovipositor, the parent places an egg in the body of a caterpillar, taking care not to strike a vital organ. The egg soon hatches and the young fellow is just as careful as his parent was not to destroy his host.

When the caterpillar goes into the chrysalis stage the fly, as the easiest method of ridding himself of his host, proceeds to eat him. When the cocoon finally opens there comes forth, not a butterfly, but this practical joke on the butterfly tribe, his bright reddish brown body and lustrous steel blue wings being a counterpart of those of his parent.

Boys, I have written this series of articles for *you*, and if I can by this means induce you to use your eyes to observe these and many other of the farmer's friends, my object will be accomplished.

Mulberry Grove, Illinois.

ARBOR DAY.

No farmer should let the spring pass by without planting a few trees. If Arbor Day is past, that makes no difference. We plant some trees every year of our life. A farm is enhanced in value as soon as tree-planting begins upon its bounds. Such a farm planted in trees both for shade and fruit will sell more readily than barren home surroundings. Many beautiful specimens for ornamental purposes can be dug from the woodland or hedgerow. Make your own Arbor Day when the soil is in condition to work well. —*Geo. W. Brown.*

"THE slums and tenements of the great cities are social dynamite, certain to explode sooner or later. The only safeguard against such dangers is to plant the multiplying millions of our fast increasing population in individual homes on the land—homecrofts, however small, owned by the occupant, where every worker and his family can enjoy individual independence."—*George H. Maxwell.*

The Meat Packing Industry

W. C. Frick

XIV. The Packers' Relation to the Government.

NO one possessed of strictly Christian principles would for a moment think of imposing upon the innocent consumer any article which is adulterated or in any way unfit for human food. But it has been demonstrated time and again and is being demonstrated every day of the present that all men are not possessed of Christian principles and in order by law to restrict one from doing evil every one else in his class must be subject to the same rules to which



he is subject. Thus it comes that we now have such a severe meat-inspection law. It is a vast expense which the government has laid upon the people, but it serves to protect them from diseased, tainted and adulterated meats which would otherwise be imposed upon them in none too small abundance.

Heretofore (previous to April, 1906), as was intimated in other articles of this series, the only authority of any account given to a government meat-inspector was that of condemning and disposing of such meats as were found to be diseased and of preventing the use of uninspected meats in plants which were enjoying inspection. This, in itself a great protection to the people, and, by the way, an advertisement of no small value to the packer, is not sufficient.

The present law is of still greater benefit to the public, because it provides for government supervision of most every condition and process as carried on by the food-producing end of the business.

Thus authority is given to the Department of Agriculture to say when and how often rooms are to be cleaned, whitewashed or painted, where and how many dressing rooms must be maintained for the accommodation of the employees, what preservatives, if any, may be used in the manufacture of meat products and to make a chemical inspection of canned goods at any time and from any part of the stock, to maintain a night patrol in each and every plant if inspection demands it, in fact to supervise most everything except the hiring of company employees and the financial end of the company's business.

And this inspection is designed to be very thorough. An inspector must be denied admittance to no part of a plant where meat food products are handled. (Each inspector wears a metal badge as an identification.) And if each government employee lives up to his duty as given in the regulations under which he works, the inspection *will* be very thorough. Indeed it may be said that in this matter the packers must now bow to the people.

Any refusal upon the part of any company to abide by the requirements of the law concerning meat regulations, results in the inspection being withdrawn which means practically to go out of business, because no railroad company can legally accept their goods for transport without government certificates of inspection.

It is to be regretted that the packers are not compelled to pay the cost of inspection as was intended by the author of the bill.

Let it not be thought that this law applies only to the great packers. Every company doing either an interstate or export business, no matter how large or small, is subject to it. Only farmers and retail butchers are exempt and even they are subject to penalty if they are found to be knowingly selling diseased meat for human food.

It is your privilege to know who packs the goods which you purchase, for the official number of the establishment must appear on the government certificate attached to, or incorporated in the printing of, the label attached to every carcass, can or package of meat.

Animals are inspected upon the hoof, at slaughter, and at every later stage of their conversion into meat food products and thousands upon thousands of pounds are condemned and destroyed each year.

Thus we find the packer the subject in a sense and the government the master and if the public sees to it that government officials in this department are faithful public servants, they guarantee unto themselves good, pure, and wholesome meat.

Chicago, Ill.

TO HAVE EARLY MELONS.

COVER your ground with manure in winter. Plow as soon as dry enough in spring. Six weeks before time to plant seeds dig some sods four inches square, place them upside down close together, stake some boards around them, rake them to loosen the dirt a

little, drop four or five seeds on each one and cover with good dirt. Smooth and firm with a board and put glass sash over them. Any old window you may happen to have will do. Water when needed; watch and don't let it get too hot on bright days. When plants have three or four leaves plow ground again, harrow it and haul your plants out on wheelbarrow and set them in hills eight feet apart. Don't leave more than three plants in a hill. Plant a few hills with seeds and watch and see the difference. Harrow again as soon as all are set out. Then you will have a nice melon patch well started and nicely cultivated, and ahead of the weeds and the striped bugs when other people are thinking about planting seed.—*Mrs. J. Murnel, in Farmer's Voice.*

UTILIZING THE WINDMILL.

SINCE the windmill first came into use among the Europeans, in the twelfth century, numerous experiments have been made to test the capacity of its field of general usefulness; but the windmill of the American country-seat of to-day is relegated to its one purpose of supplying water, with little thought of using it to further beautify the place. The windmill of to-day is probably more complete in the perfection of its mechanism than any of the past, and yet but little is expected of its motive power, compared with what might be accomplished. Of the thousands of windmills manufactured annually in a single city in the United States, the vast majority will find a place on the grounds of the progressive farmer, whose complete list of farm utensils and modern machinery makes the motive power from the windmill superfluous except for the purpose of supplying water for the house and the stock, or near the homes of retired business men, or suburban dwellers who are beyond the limit of the city water-supply. There is little occasion for the windmill-owners of this country to use them, as they are still used in many countries in Europe where fuel is scarce, for work that can be done intermittently. We have little occasion to employ them as the Hollanders do, in draining the polders and grinding trass; or like the Indian government, where windmills have been repeatedly tested in irrigation; or for draining purposes, as they are used in Norfolk; or for mining purposes, as they are used in some new country; or for the various uses found for small windmills in brick-fields, etc., and in ships for cleaning out bilge-water.

The mere pumping of water may be the main use of the windmill of the American country-seat and the farm house so far as motive power is concerned, but the skeleton structure offers special possibilities of usefulness in decorating the home grounds. The iron structure is frequently noticed, in the profusion of summer foliage and bloom, displaying a mass of vines that makes the useful windmill one of the most pleasing decorative features of the farm grounds. But only recently have the possibilities of the inclosed windmill become fully appreciated. The inclosure may be rustic in effect, the lower portion supplying the place of an elaborate rustic summer-house, with stairs of the same effect—bark-lined and rustic-railed—leading to a lookout-tower up near the wheel. But the neatly and snugly inclosed and weather-boarded windmill is the arrangement that is giving the most satisfaction for winter as well as summer usefulness.

A characteristic type of the windmill has the entire skeleton structure boarded up on the four sides with a broad porch effect at the base, with the railing to match that of the inclosed stand up under the wheel. A rockery, formed from a collection of rare and attractive stones found on the place is arranged on the lower side and beneath the floor of the base-porch with a neat, cement-lined ditch arranged to provide drainage. Vines trained about the stones and over the porch-railing add to the appearance of the neat and tasty exterior, but the special talent for home beautifying is usually displayed in the interior.

The average windmill is sufficiently tall to allow a four-story inclosure. The room on the first floor is of good dimensions, and it is frequently utilized as a playhouse for the children. If the little people are old enough to be trusted, the room on the second floor is also devoted to this use, and their pleasure is greatly enhanced by the fact that there is an "up-stairs" to their treasurehouse—something that is seldom found in the average playhouse for the youngsters. Then the third and fourth floors must be carefully locked, as there is too much risk in trusting them to these heights even when windows are carefully fastened. —*Phebe Westcott Humphreys, in Farm and Fireside.*

CRUDE PETROLEUM.

NEW uses (or old ones) for crude petroleum are all the time coming to light. A writer in *Rural New-Yorker* recommends it as "the finest wood-preservative" known to him. He reports that he knows a shed-roof that was laid with cheap, second-growth pine shingles more than thirty years ago. A part of the roof was treated with plain kerosene oil, this brushed on with a whisk-broom. The untreated part was practically gone years ago, while the treated part was in good order when he last saw it, four years ago. But he considers crude petroleum superior to kerosene. While he has no roofs that have been covered more than two years with shingles treated with crude petroleum, he says he knows of quite a number that have been so covered for from two to fourteen years, the latter being practically as good as new. The shingles may be stood up on end in a tub partly filled with petroleum, left for about fifteen minutes, then

turned end for end and left for another fifteen minutes, and finally taken out to drain so that the drippings will run back into the tub. The cost of treating one thousand shingles is estimated to be about fifteen cents. After the lapse of ten or a dozen years another treatment may be given by spraying the surface with petroleum. It seems that we must always fall back on the spraying method. But really, I find so many uses for petroleum that I wonder how we ever got along without it. I have a little hand-sprayer loaded with it all the time, and a can for oiling machinery besides.—*Farm and Fireside.*

SAVE THE CORNCOBS.

FARMERS who throw away or sell corncobs, probably do not know that they are more valuable than almost any other sort of farm refuse. Corncob ashes contain from fifteen to twenty per cent of potash, and everybody knows that potash is one of the best plant foods obtainable. Every one thousand pounds of hardwood ashes will give about sixty pounds of potash, or six per cent of the whole, and when compared with corncobs, the latter are much more valuable in the shape of ashes. Corncobs should be saved and burned with wood in the kitchen stove and the ashes scattered over the orchard and lawn.—*Selected.*

Facts, Figures and Fancies

The Breakfast-Food Family.

John Sprat will eat no fat,
Nor will he touch the lean,
He scorns to eat of any meat;
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Sprat will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat,
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Sprat that food is flat
On which his master dotes,
His favorite feed (his special need)
Is Eata Hepa Oats.

Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts;
While Sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The Junior John subsists upon
Uneda Bala Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub,"
The infant Sprat, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.

For drinks they all have Roastum pure,
Mun's Brew or other slop;
Except for Will, who says that he
From Malto will not stop.

And so they go, unceasingly,
Dyspeptics each and all,
Each sticking to the senseless fad
Which has him in its thrall.

—Chicago Tribune.

Items of Interest.

Native Mexicans have eaten the honey ant from time immemorial, and it is said the peons of Spanish descent are not too dainty to feed upon the same insects. This particular ant has a small head and short legs and a body as big as a bean. It is the drone of the ordinary ant heap, hanging on to the roof of the cells while the other ants feed it. It is said to be a delectable morsel, and is eaten without cooking, spread upon slices of bread and butter.

At Christiana, a little town in the Transvaal about seventy miles above Kimberley, an alluvial deposit has been discovered bearing diamonds, and the entire area has been staked out in claims, which are granted by the government, each fifty yards square. The "digging" for diamonds, which are found in the surface deposits, is somewhat similar to placer gold mining. There are some three thousand diamond miners, representing every nationality, living in huts and tents with their families.

Mamma: "Bobby, I noticed that your little sister took the small apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you?"

Bobby: "Yes, ma'am; I told her she could have the little one or none—and she chose the little one."

Little Willie, who is a Philadelphia boy, had been watching a dog chasing his tail for three minutes.

"Papa," he asked, "what kind of a dog is that?"

"That," said the father, "is a watch dog."

Willie was silent a moment. "Well," he finally said, "from the time he takes to wind himself up, I guess he must be a Waterbury watch dog."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED, a young married couple without family, the husband to be acquainted with farm work and the wife to work in the home. Will pay both good wages. Members of Brethren church preferred. Write A. G. Messer, Grundy Center, Iowa.

FOR SALE 10-room two-story dwelling. Newly papered, high ceiling, five closets, cement steps and walks. Cellar, well and cistern. Seven kinds of fruit. Paved street. Desirable for retired farmer. 1834 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. Mary M. Gibson.

FOR SALE. A modern steam-heated, six-apartment building, Dayton, Ohio. Within two blocks Brethren Church; price reasonable; terms liberal. Address H. Preston, 278 Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neff's Corner

It doesn't take a man very long to become convinced that it pays to invest money here after he comes and looks over the proposition for himself. A well-to-do brother from Colorado came here after reading Neff's Corner for some time and after looking at the town and surrounding country, bought lots and went to building. A young brother came from North Dakota, looked and bought land in the country. A brother's son from Indiana, representing lots of money, came, looked us over and selected four lots upon which to build. The cashier of the new bank has just brought his family from Texas and will build a fine residence.

I do not get much done towards building these days except hauling lumber. I'm there every time to help do the loading and don't hesitate to shove back every piece that doesn't grade up to number one. Thus I serve my patrons as I would like to be served. But I can't keep so busy but the howling of the wolves and the barking of the foxes attract my attention. I have devised a box trap in which I take the fellows alive. And I have built an animal house in town and have them there on display. So if you are stocking a park or want a pet, I could express you a fox today, and perhaps by the time this appears in print, a wild cat, coyote or badger. No matter what you want from New Mexico, write me about it.

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JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



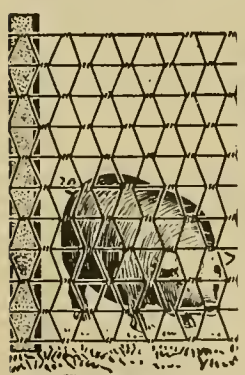
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Give me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn;
It will keep the little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.
I am dying of hunger and cold, mother.
Dying of hunger and cold,
And half the agony of such a death
My lips have never told.

It has gnawed like a wolf at my heart, mother,
A wolf that is fierce for blood,
All the livelong day, and the night beside,
Gnawing for lack of food.
I dreamed of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was heaven to see—
I awoke with an eager, famishing lip,
But you had no bread for me.

How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you,
For bread to give to your starving boy,
When you were starving too?
For I read the famine in your cheek,
And in your eye so wild,
And I felt it in your bony hand,
As you laid it on your child.

The queen has lands and gold, mother,
The queen has lands and gold,
While you are forced to empty your breast
A skeleton babe to hold,—
A babe that is dying of want, mother,
As I am dying now,
With a ghastly look in its sunken eye,
And famine upon its brow.

What has poor Ireland done, mother,
What has poor Ireland done,
That the world looks on, and sees us starve,
Perishing, one by one?
Do the men of England care not, mother,
The great men and the high,
For the suffering sons of Erin's isle,
Whether they live or die?

There is many a brave heart here, mother,
Dying of want and cold,
While only across the channel, mother,
Are many that roll in gold.
There are rich and proud men there, mother,
With wondrous wealth to view,
And the bread they fling to their dogs to-night,
Would give life to me and you.

Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side,
And hold me fondly, as you held
My father when he died.
Quick, for I cannot see you, mother,
My breath is almost gone;
Mother! dear mother! ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

—Miss Edwards.

THE TWO GATES.

A pilgrim once (so runs an ancient tale),
Old, worn, and spent, crept down a shadowed vale:
On either hand rose mountains bleak and high;
Chill was the gusty air, and dark the sky;

The path was rugged, and his feet were bare;
His faded cheek was seamed by pain and care;
His heavy eyes upon the ground were cast,
And every step seemed feebler than the last.

The valley ended where a naked rock
Rose sheer from earth to heaven, as if to mock
The pilgrim who had crept that toilsome way:
But while his dim and weary eyes essay

To find an outlet, in the mountain side
A ponderous sculptured brazen door he spied,
And tottering towards it with fast-failing breath,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF DEATH."

He could not stay his feet, that led thereto:
It yielded to his touch, and passing through,
He came into a world all bright and fair:
Blue were the heavens, and balmy was the air;

And, lo! the blood of youth was in his veins,
And he was clad in robes that held no stains
Of his long pilgrimage. Amazed, he turned:
Behold! a golden door behind him burned

In that fair sunlight, and his wondering eyes,
Now lustreful and clear as those new skies,
Free from the mists of age, of care, and strife,
Above the portal read, "THE GATE OF LIFE."

—S. S. Conant.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

He sees when their footsteps falter,
When their hearts grow weak and faint;
He marks when their strength is failing,
And listens to each complaint.
He bids them rest for a season,
For the pathway has grown too steep;
And, folded in fair, green pastures,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children,
Who sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows they oft are longing
For home and sweet repose:
So he calls them in from their labors
Ere the shadows round them creep,
And, silently watching o'er them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future,
All fears that oppress to-day,
Like mists that clear in sunlight,
Have noiselessly passed away.
No call or clamor can rouse them
From slumber so pure and deep,
For only his voice can reach them,
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over;
Weep not that their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly
When our work, like theirs, is done.
Till then we would yield with gladness
Our treasures to him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth his loved ones sleep.

—Author Unknown.

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OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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Most respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Miller,
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast anl I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,
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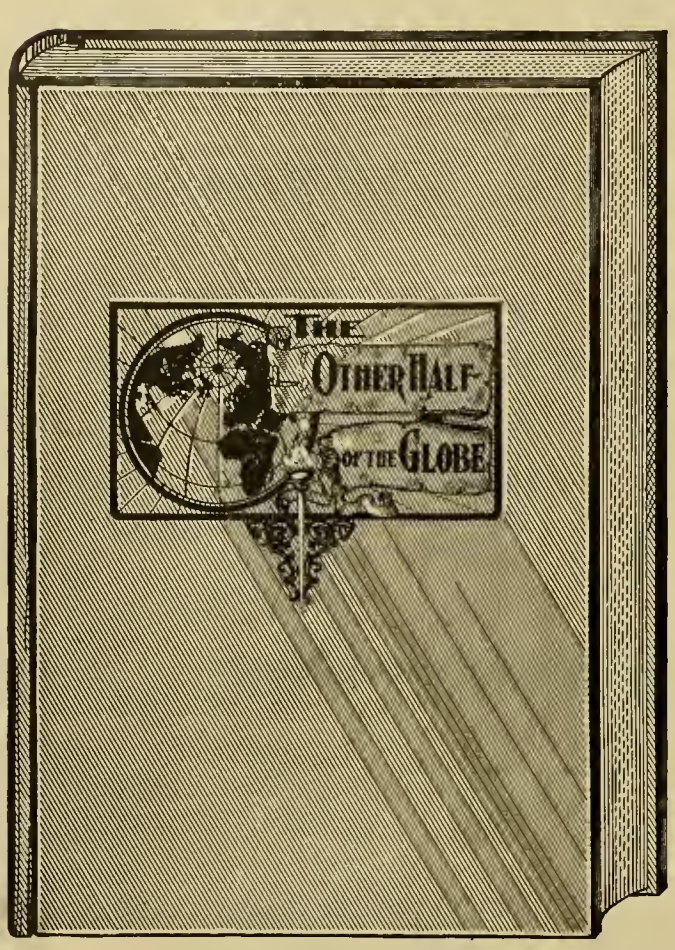
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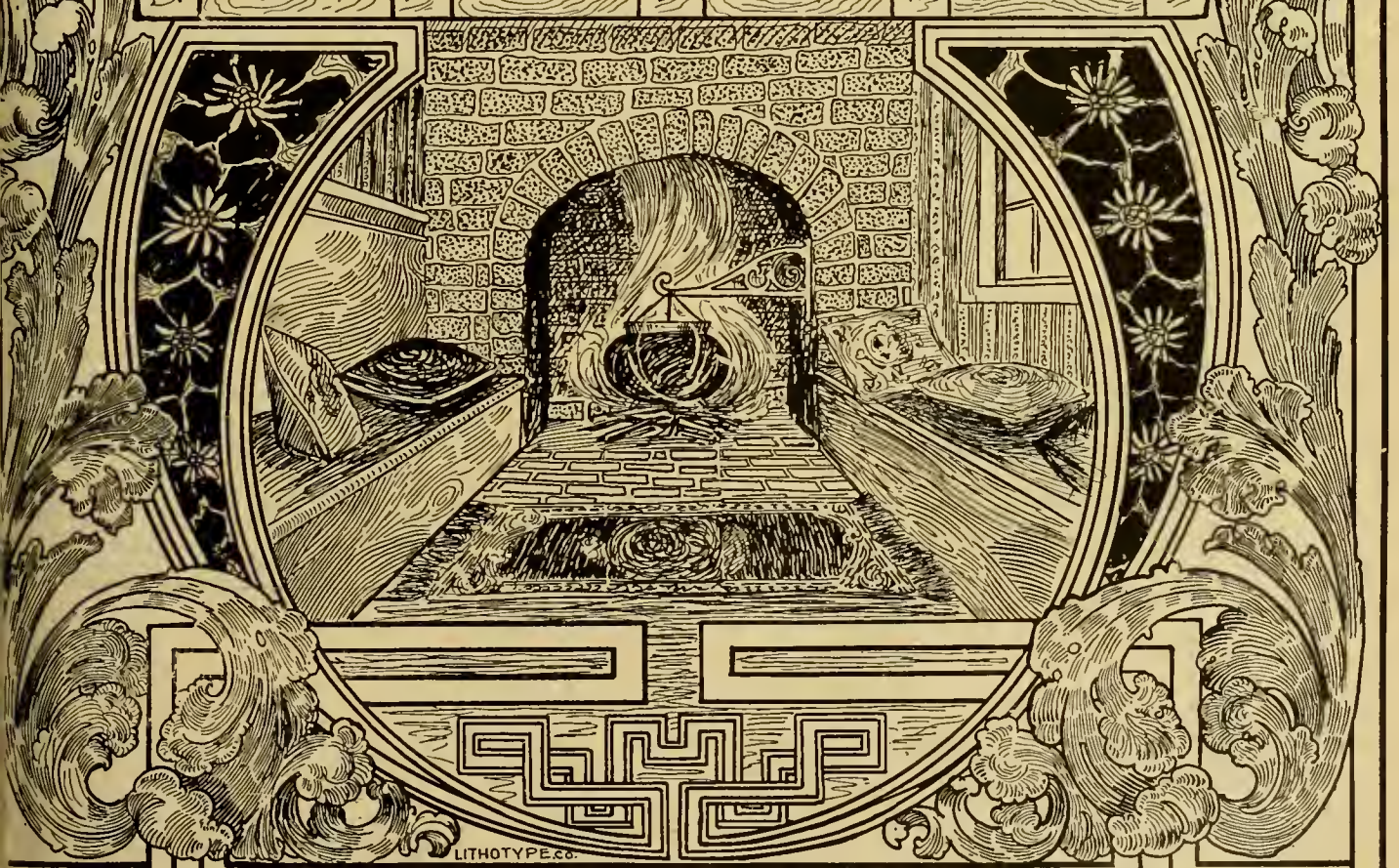
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TO watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over plow-share or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray---these are the things that make men happy---*John Ruskin.*



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Low Rates one way to California in March and April.

It will afford me great pleasure to give you further information as to routes, rates, etc., if you will only ask for it.

Fraternally yours,

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The Great Salt Lake.



Oranges and Snow-Capped Mountains.



Among Pomona's Orange Groves.

A LETTER FROM THE SECRETARY

THE following is a letter from the Secretary of the **Butte Valley Land Company,** dated at Butte Valley, March 16, 1907. On account of so many people moving into the Valley this spring, the Company thought it wisdom to establish a branch office in the Valley, and accordingly Mr. Early and his wife moved from San Francisco on the 12th inst. The following is his letter:

Mr. E. M. Cobb,
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Brother:— As was said in the INGLENOOK not long since "things do move in BUTTE VALLEY." I have sold twelve hundred acres more land since I arrived here last Tuesday evening. Three families besides our own have moved into the Valley this week,—Bro. Haines and his wife, of Illinois, J. G. Miller, wife and five children, a Mr. Thomas, wife and six children, from Missouri, moved in last night. A gentleman, whose name I have forgotten, from Ohio, arrived last night, and Bro. Funderberg received word that two more families from Dakota were on the way, and he goes to Montague to-day to meet them. The church membership is growing rapidly, and the new churchhouse will be done none too soon.

We are living in the Praether log cabin and every one is happy. My wife says I'll never get her out of Butte Valley to live, if she can help it. You ought to see the children, and what a good time they are having. I must of necessity go to San Francisco to-morrow, to arrange some matters, and will be back as soon as possible, for almost every day now brings some families of Brethren in here, and they must be looked after. I have just looked up the weather report for February, and herewith give you a copy of same for your information.

Mean Maximum,	48.3
Mean Minimum,	28.5
Mean,	38.4
Maximum,	62.
Minimum,	38.
Greatest daily rains,	32.
Number of days clear,	22.
Number of days cloudy,	4.
Partly cloudy,	2.

Yours truly,
M. D. EARLY.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

504 Union Trust Bldg. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

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THE VICTOR TONIC

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Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

Brawntawns are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

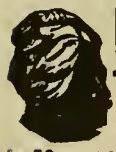
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Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.



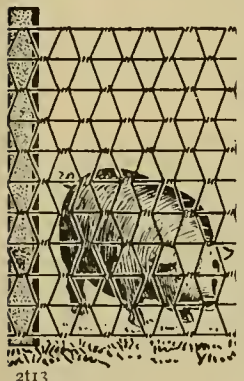
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It will be **doubly interesting** if you buy your ticket to permit return via Seattle and eastward over the

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These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only. Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

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ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
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Formula of Dr. P. D. Fahrney.

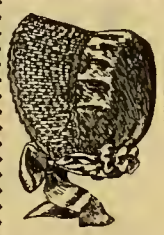
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Price 50 cents. Your Dealer has it. If not, we will send a package on receipt of price.

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CATALOG 254

Our new Sample Book of **Straw Cloth, Silk, Net and Braids for BONNETS** will be sent upon request, postpaid. Write name and address upon a postal card, asking for our **No. 254 Catalog** and it will be sent at once. Samples of **CAP GOODS** will be found in each catalog. A line of samples complete in every way. **WE MAKE** Bonnets and Caps to order and guarantee satisfaction. Our sample book tells **how** to order, how to take measurements, gives prices in full.

Note.—All made-to-order bonnets and caps should be ordered early to avoid delay. April and May are very busy months in this department.

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It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and all are simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

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Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents
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Brethren Publishing House,
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All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

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neatly and artistically written on 1 dozen **Visiting Cards** for only 15 cents, or 2 dozen for 25 cents. In engraver's script, 20 cents per dozen. Best quality of cards used. Diplomas filled out in attractive lettering and flourishing. Prices upon application.—**H. H. Funk, 2211 N. Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**
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The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

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MAKING STOPS AT

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where the BRETHREN CHURCHES are located. Then through Oregon, via Portland, and San Francisco to Los Angeles. Arrangements will be made for the benefit of those who go to Los Angeles by some other route, to return over the above route, giving the Brethren a longer time to visit friends in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, also for those who intend to visit the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
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Thousands of People

have found homes and settled in SOUTHERN IDAHO and still there is room for thousands more in the fertile valleys along the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

The people are happy because they are prosperous and in a mild climate that is unsurpassed for healthfulness.

Fruit in abundance every year, and crops never fail. Go and see Idaho and be convinced.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX APRIL 9, 1907 NO. 15.

The Majesty of the Law

John R. Culp

HANS and Gretschen could not remember the time when they did not know each other. They were born of sturdy Deutsch parents in one of the Germanic provinces where agriculture was the chief occupation and the people lived in small villages and went out each day to tend their tiny farm or strip of land. Their parents before them had known each other their whole lives and their tiny strips of land lay adjoining and their homes in the village were near each other, and they went forth together each day and wrought the best they could and each evening returned to their homes contented, conscious of having done their duty as best they could, bearing each other's burdens and sharing each other's joys. Each harvest they accepted what God had given them with grateful and thankful hearts and laid by in store according as they had prospered. Thus their lives flowed peacefully and serenely on, unconscious of the world of strife that surged about them.

Thus in an atmosphere of peace and contentment Hans and Gretschen grew up together and neither could tell when they had first loved each other. If Kriss Kringle brought Hans a new sled, Gretschen was the first to ride upon it. If Gretschen got a pair of skates, Hans was the first to buckle them on for her. In returning from the fields, Hans always carried a part of Gretschen's burden.

The fields were already small to divide them again for another family, would they produce enough? Then they heard of America. Yes, some of Hans' friends had gone and how they had prospered. America, the "Land of the Free." The home of the brave. Yes, he would go. America that offers a home for the poor, and protection for all. Yes, he would go, and make a home for him and Gretschen.

America, the land of peace and plenty and prosperity for all. He would go and then send for Gretschen. America, with equal rights for young and old and justice between rich and poor. How happy he and Gretschen would be. America, with its majestic laws, that protect the poor and oppress none. How safe he and Gretschen would be. How little he knew of the subtility of American law.

The planning for Hans' going to America was an exceedingly busy theme and how they talked and planned and planned again and again and talked and laughed and cried and rejoiced.

At last the time of separation came. Hans went to America and Gretschen, dear, true, brave little body, returned to her accustomed duties, but her heart went across the water.

Hans prospered and sooner than anticipated he sent the money to her whom he loved to come over.

She was ready and had all her wedding dresses prepared, and bidding a long last good-bye to her dear old parents and all that was near and dear to her there, she went to meet her Hans.

And, O! how awful slow that boat did go; would it never, never get to New York?

Hans met her at the wharf and they went to the German Consul and were married.

Going immediately to Chicago where Hans had found work, they rented a cozy three-room flat at —— street, a nice quiet street not far from his work, not more than ten minutes' walk. They secured furniture of a nearby tradesman, a fellow-countryman, who let them have what they needed to furnish their home nice and comfortable by paying so much each month when he drew his pay.

Then for three days how they worked and talked and chattered. Laying carpets, hanging window shades, setting up stoves, as happy as the blue birds that come in the springtime with never a shadow of doubt or trouble crossing their minds; and the days were not half long enough. For Gretschen had so many things to tell of the dear friends left behind and Hans of the new and strange things of this new land, their future home.

The week's leave of absence was up and Hans returned to his accustomed place at the mill and in that

great mill with its thousands of workmen there was none, not one, a freer, happier, light-hearted worker than he.

The time very soon rolled around when he drew his first month's pay after Gretschen had come, and in the evening when he had taken it home and laid the full amount in her lap it was the proudest, happiest moment of his life, for this is the one thing he had kept from her, as a glad surprise, for was it not full five times what he could have earned in their old home in the little village on the banks of the Elbe?

What long, happy letters she wrote home, how Hans and she were prospering; they would soon have a home all their own. How good a place America was! What good laws for the protection of the poor. Yes, they protect the man that prospers and jail him whom the fickle goddess of fortune deserts.

Each new day was like the one just passed, full of sunshine and gladness.

Hans each pay day brought the full envelope home and Gretschen expended it wisely. Their furniture was fully paid and a little laid by in store.

Several times there seemed a little excitement among the men but it passed quickly from Hans' mind, till one evening as he passed out of the gate going home with his empty dinner pail in one hand and his coat across his arm, he was stopped by a strange man and told not to come back to work any more. The words stunned him like a thunderbolt. He exclaimed. "What? What is this? don't I do my work good?"

"Yes, O yes."

"Is there not plenty work for all the men?"

"Yes."

"Don't I earn my wages?"

"Yes, but there is a strike."

"A strike, what is that?"

"Well, go home and you will find out all right."

He trudged home and told Gretschen all about it and they talked long into the night and finally concluded it was some mistake or a joke of some of the men, and he would go back in the morning as usual.

When morning came, Gretschen, with womanly hope fixed his dinner as usual, putting in the pail a few extras that she knew he liked.

But they both missed the accustomed whistle of the mill where he worked and there were silent forebodings in both their minds and each did not wish to speak of it to the other. Hans picked up his dinner pail, teasingly pinched Gretschen's chin, mussed up her hair and went out.

He soon returned, it was all too true. The mill was closed, the strike was on, pickets were stationed at every entrance to see that no workmen entered.

Could a few men for selfish purposes trample underfoot the "majesty of the law," create riots, wreck fortunes, destroy property, injure commerce, beat and cripple honest men, turn out of homes and starve innocent women and children, breed discontent and teach anarchy to American citizens?

For days Hans stayed in his home, hoping against hope that on the next morning the whistle would blow, that he had learned to know so well and almost love and he could again go to work.

They were long and tedious days and as their little hoard began to slip away, the first cloud of their lives began to hover over them, but it only served to knit closer the bond of union and love between them.

When they had almost despaired of the mill starting again, he went out to look for other work. Here he met many men from the same mill and from other mills all willing and hunting day by day for any labor that they could earn an honest dollar to take home for their families in need. Each morning Gretschen would fix a lunch for him to take with him in his weary quest for work, not with the happy, joyous spirit of a few months before, but with fear and trembling and dread of what was in store for them. And often and often when her back was turned to Hans, the unwonted tears would fall to soften the hard crust being prepared for his midday lunch. Each night he would return more weary and discouraged. Once in a while as if to prolong the misery of it all, he would get a car of coal to unload or carry into a dwelling a few loads of coal that had been dumped on the street.

One night after he had returned more fatigued than usual and supper was over, Gretschen told him that on that very day the butcher and grocer both had told her that they could not let them have anything more on account, so many of their customers were out of work and had no money they could not possibly carry any of them any longer.

There was no sleep for either that night so they talked and wondered, would they send home to fatherland for some money? No, no, not after writing such glowing letters. They would starve first. The strike was not their fault, or the fault of the mill owners, but how could they make the dear old fathers and mothers understand it all? So they talked till the grey dawn of morn appeared. Not with gayety and gladsomeness as at a former time but with sadness and despair in their hearts and voices.

He was too discouraged even to face the people of the street that day, but the next he started again and took no lunch, there was none to take. It was indeed a gloomy outlook for the future.

Passing along one of the principal streets he for the first time saw hanging out from under the window of the third story of an office building in large letters of black and gold, the sign,

JOHN BANGS.
LAWYER.
MONEY LOANED.

A gleam of hope spread over his countenance. Perhaps he had not been searching rightly for aid. Could this lawyer right his wrongs and lend him assistance in time of dire need? Going into the outer office he took off his cap and placed it under his arm as a sign of respect for the dignity of the law.

He only needed to wait a few minutes till Mr. Bangs appeared all smiles and affability. "My name," said Hans, "is Hans Volmer. I live at ———street. I am a mill hand but the mill has been closed for some time."

"Just so! Just so!" the lawyer interrupted, "step inside and we will see what we can do for you. You say your name is Hans Volmer, out of work and need some money?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to make a loan on your furniture?"

"If there is no other way."

"All right, we can make you a loan."

"How long have you been married?"

"About a year and a half."

"Bought new furniture then?"

"Yes."

"How many rooms?"

"Three."

"Ever moved?"

"No sir."

"Please state just what furniture you have."

Here Hans gave a minute description of just what he had bought.

"Then you say," inquired Mr. Bangs, "it cost you about $200.00?"

"Yes."

"Well, I will just make a memorandum of it and you can sign it. And the very best we can do is to let you have $20.00 on it for thirty days."

"Well, I can't help it, must have money. If that is the best you can do, I will sign the paper."

The lawyer got a chattel mortgage blank and filled it out and handed it to Hans to sign, saying, "This is just a mere matter of form. And it does not amount to much, only a form to maintain the majesty of the law."

Hans signed on the line indicated.

"Now let me see," said Mr. Bangs, "twenty dollars, at ten per cent is $2.00; that leaves $18.00."

He counted out the money and handed it to him.

"Now, Mr. Volmer, here is your money. It is really more than we can risk or ought to but we want to do all we can to help you. Good day, sir."

Hans left the office with a mixed feeling of hope and fear. Would this small sum last till the mill would start again and if not what next could he do?

What would Gretschen say? What would his friends think if they knew or his folks at home? No, they must never know.

He went home and told Gretschen all. Of giving a mortgage on their furniture for a short time. Of how little money he had got when it had cost them so much.

But when he handed the money to her, she exclaimed, "O, Hans, how good of you; you always know what is best to do."

Work was no more plentiful than it had been and the time of the mortgage coming due was all too soon.

Hans, with much trepidation, went to the loan agent to see if he could get a little more time. When he told the lawyer he had no money yet, he exclaimed, "What, you come here to tell me you have no money? Don't you know the time is up? You know how the mortgage reads. You fellows can't come here with your pack of lies and carry off my money like a lot of hungry wolves at a carcass. I tell you unless I have that money within three days I will sell you out of house and home."

That was the hardest blow of all. How much longer would he have a home, a haven of rest for his troubled mind, a wellspring of encouragement for his failing hopes, a bulwark of courage for his haunting fears, a place of refuge from the cruel world without?

How he got home he never knew. He told Gretschen. Then all his pent-up feelings burst forth like a volcano.

"Gretschen, my poor Gretschen! The light of my life, the joy of my soul, the pride of my heart! Would to God, a thousand times I had died rather than bring you to this! Fool that I am. How you must despise me, loathe me, hate me, look upon my face with contempt. It was I that first came to this accursed land. It was I that brought you here to starve you, to turn you out on the street in a strange land without friends, without money, with no place to go. How much better, happier you would be in the fatherland."

She threw her arms about his neck and hushed him. "O, Hans, Hans, you must not say such words, they grieve most of all. For I love you. You are so good and true and kind and brave and it is not your fault. You did the best you could, none could do better. It is the fault of the law that will permit a few men who style themselves walking delegates of labor, who for unjust and selfish ends and for the glory of transitory power wreck thousands of such happy homes as ours. And I am now happier with your love and you than I would be in the loneliness of my German home." The millennium would be almost here if all husbands and wives would be as true and kind and loving to each other in times of adversity as Hans and Gretschen.

The third day a constable and a couple of deputies came with a writ of seizure from the lawyer's office, Mr. Bangs being the embodiment of punctuality when it came to turning hapless people out of homes, that Shylock might take his pound of flesh and Mr. Bangs

enforce the majesty of the law. After reading the writ to Hans the constable and his deputies began to take out the furniture and load it on a moving van. Hans sat on the step too overcome to make any resistance. Gretschen went to the bedroom and hastily put on her wedding dress. She had worn it in the happiest moment of her life. She would now wear it in this darkest hour of despair.

The moving van disappeared from their sight with all their worldly effects in it. The last vestige of hope vanished and they sat on the steps too downcast for utterance as if in a reverie. A messenger came up and glanced at the number on the house, tapped Hans on the shoulder and asked, "Are you Hans Volmer?" Hans was too absorbed to notice him. The messenger shook him roughly, "Say, are you Hans Volmer? Here is a card for you from the mill to come to work in the morning." Hans took the card but could not comprehend it. It was too good to be true, till Gretschen called, "Hans, Hans, it is from the mill; you can have your old place again and they want you in the morning, to-morrow morning, and O, we will be so happy again." And she clapped her hands and danced about for joy.

And the majesty of the law would permit them to again build a home nest.

* * *

TWO KINDS OF READING.

A YOUNG boy found that he could read with interest nothing but sensational stories. The best books were placed in his hands, but they were not interesting. One afternoon, as he was reading a foolish story, he heard some one say, "That boy is a great reader; does he read anything that is worth reading?"

"No," was the reply; "his mind will run out if he keeps on reading after his present fashion. He used to be a sensible boy until he took to reading nonsense and nothing else."

The boy sat still for a time, then rose, threw the book into the ditch, went up to the man who said his mind would run out, and asked him whether he would let him have a good book to read.

"Will you read a good book if I will let you have one?"

"Yes, sir."

"It will be hard work for you."

"I will do it."

"Well, come home with me, and I will lend you a good book."

He went with him, and received the volume the man selected.

"There," said the man, "read that, and come and tell me what you have read."

The lad kept his promise. He found it hard work to read simple and wise sentences, but he persevered. The more he read, the more he talked with his friend about what he read, the more interested he became. Ere long, he felt no desire to read the feeble and foolish books. Besides, his mind began to grow. He came to be spoken of as an intelligent, promising young man, and his prospects are bright for a successful career. He owes everything to the reading of good books, and to the gentleman who influenced him to read them.—*Christian Guardian.*

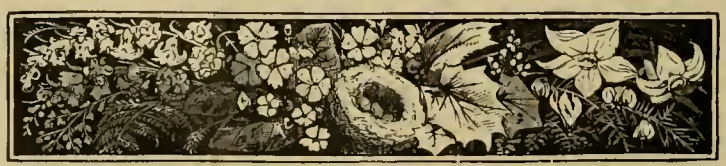
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"IT is a grander thing to be nobly remembered than nobly born."

Solace

Richard Braunstein

Soft as the tender strain some mother sings,
Soothing a fretful babe when eventide
Over the huddled hills and meadows wide
Empurpled shadows like a mantle flings,
Comes the low lisping rain that twilight brings,
Crooning sweet lullabies, which, like a tide,
Soundless and yet resistless, sweep aside
All grief and woe and vexing care that clings.
And sudden mist upwells to hard, hot eyes,
Long heavy with the ache of tears unshed,
And old new peace brings solace to the breast,
As if one other mother from the skies,
Down-bending as in twilights dear and dead,
All tenderly had lulled her child to rest.



Birds of the Night

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

WE are perhaps less acquainted with the owl family than with any other of our common birds. This is because of their nocturnal habits. One must be accustomed to all kinds of tramping, patient watching, both night and day, in order to become as well acquainted with the owls as with our day birds.

When we hear the hooting of this strange night bird, we say, "Did you hear the owl?" We do not realize how large the owl family is; that there are many different species, each with its own characteristics. There are about two hundred species distributed over the world, but not more than a dozen kinds have been identified in this part of the country. They vary in size from the giant gray owl of the north, to the tiny elf-owl of southern California.



It is well to lay aside our prejudice against birds of prey, and remember that all of this class are useful, and none more so than the owls. For with their fondness for rats, mice, moles, rabbits, gophers, cutworms, beetles, and all the many other little creatures which destroy vegetable life, the farmer has no greater or more valuable ally among birds than the owl family.

The barred or hoot owl has a deep-toned cry of whoo-whoo-whoo-ah. Its round face, and expressive, brown eyes give it an almost human expression. In the hoot owl we have a regular deep-wood dweller, and it is a great destroyer of wood-folk. On velvet-like, silent wings, which carry no warning of impending danger to those little animals, it floats through the gloomy forests on its errands of death. Its sensitive ear catches sounds which would be quite inaudible to us. This owl selects snug quarters in a hollow tree for nesting purposes. Sometimes an old crow or hawk's nest is made to answer the purpose.

The big snowy owl is only a winter visitant with us. It breeds in the Arctic regions. It flies by day, contrary to the owl habit, hunting usually in the early morning, at dusk and on cloudy days. As its name indicates it has beautiful white plumage, barred with dark gray.

The strangest looking of these strange birds is the barn owl, which is found at least occasionally in all parts of the United States. It has the faculty of so skillfully hiding in uncanny places, such as old wells, abandoned mine shafts, bell towers and hollow trees in which it makes its home, that it is very seldom seen. It is mottled with gray, white and buff. Its face is white, with black, human-like eyes and a down-turned, nose-like bill. The barn owl is one of the most valuable members of the owl family. Its food consists of rats, mice, frogs, bats, grasshoppers and beetles.

Both the long-eared and short-eared owls are birds of medium size, the former being about fifteen inches in length, and the latter a trifle larger. The long-eared owl is strictly nocturnal in its habits, and usually lives in deep woods. It nests in inaccessible swamps, and often in the highest forks of the trees. The nest is made of twigs, leaves and grass. The short-eared owl, instead of inhabiting the woods, seldom alights on a tree, but frequents the open marshes, which has gained for it the name of marsh owl. It flies low over the marshes as soon as dusk comes, searching for meadow mice, which constitute its chief diet. The nest is composed of feathers, sticks, reeds or dried

grass. The number of eggs vary from four to six.

The little screech owl is the most common and the best known of all owls. We have all heard its plaintive cry which sounds to some ears like the call of the raccoon. This artful little bird will nest about our houses if the opportunity offers, also in barn lofts, old chimneys, hollow trees and stumps. The screech owl is a solemn-looking fellow, and when handled will sometimes shut its eyes and "play possum" at first, but it soon wakes up and claws and fights for its liberty. The nest of this owl is usually found in hollow trees. It is a quiet bird until its family of four or six owlets are launched into the world, when we hear its melancholy cry.

The Acadian or saw-whet owl is quite common here in the winter, and is a very interesting little bird, somewhat smaller than the screech owl. It is about the size of our robin, of a reddish brown color streaked with white and buff, having a white face, with yellow eyes and no ear-tufts. It is a sound sleeper, and may be handled by day. Saw-whet is an appropriate name, for its spring call somewhat resembles the sound made in whetting a saw.

Spiceland, Ind.

"THE INTEMPERATE LIFE."

JOSEPH D. REISH.

THERE are many ways in which we may lead an intemperate life, as intemperate means indulging any appetite or passion to excess, or immoderate enjoyment or exertion.

Specifically it means addicted to an excessive or habitual use of alcoholic liquors, or excessive and ungovernable use of anything.

We may be intemperate in eating, in talking, and in various other things. But this should all be carefully avoided, as an old adage says: "Use not thy mouth to intemperate swearing." Then we may be intemperate in the use of those poisons of hell which drag such a large per cent of the human race down the broad road to eternal misery and damnation, alcoholic liquors.

It is of this that we wish to speak.

To lead such a life is a sin and incurs God's wrath. We are taught in his Word that drunkards shall not inherit his kingdom.

It is a sin against the user as it robs him of his self-control, leads him into other and deeper sins, and at last he fills a drunkard's grave.

It is the worst of all evils committed by the human race.

The worst foes to society are the manufacturers and sellers of intoxicating drinks.

Do we suppose the one who says to his friend in the bar-room or elsewhere, "Come, take a drink," ever stops to think of the sorrow and woe that must follow if his friend does so?

Nay, he does not think of the wound he may inflict upon a mother's heart. He does not think of a wife that may be neglected, weeping silent tears of agony and shame for her husband's sake; of little children who hide away from sight a grief whose wounds will leave a scar which time and age will never erase.

He does not think of a home that may be broken forever; of a God-given soul that may be thus beginning its journey towards eternal destruction.

He does not think of the many delirious nights his friend may spend, rolling and tossing on his bed of agony, fearful lest he be overpowered by the ghostly demons which appear to surround his bed, but which are only the imaginations of his mind, which is filled with the fiery liquid of hell.

He does not think that he is paving the way for his friend to fill a drunkard's grave and in the end a drunkard's hell.

Oh! Liquor, Liquor! many are the crimes committed by thy servants!

Then can we wonder that our God says that no drunkard shall enter his kingdom?

But where will his portion be? Will it not be in the home of his master, the devil, where eternity will be spent in untold misery and woe?

Then let us ever hold to the Bible Temperance Rule —the only safe rule—which is: "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

And then, God helping us, if we are free ourselves from its tight grip, let us say to our friends and neighbors who are not, like the prophet of old: "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness." Isa. 55: 2.

ON TAKING OFFENSE.

WE make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts that were never meant so by the heart of him that spoke them. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong does. So by falsely making ourselves patient of wrong we become the true and first actors. It is not good in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir up a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do sometimes fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbor. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think that the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness. —*Great Thoughts.*

A Word About the Bumblebee

N. J. Miller

SOMEONE, I do not know who, is responsible for the story from which it is sometimes inferred that the number of bumblebee nests in any given community varies inversely with the number of old maids. The story has its various modifications as found in different communities, popular works of nature study or even text-books. Briefly told it is this:—Spinsters, like all other people bestow their love upon something living. Since they do not possess husbands, something not human often becomes the object of their affections. Cats seem to be the favorites. At least they seem to find congenial places in old maids' homes. Nevertheless, the instinctive habit to catch all sorts of mice (those frequenting the house, wood-shed and fields) is not abandoned, though plenty of other meat comes to the cats from benignant hands. The swelling of the cat population, therefore, means a reduction in the number of mice nests in the fields. It is a well-known fact that mice nests are very often used by bumblebees for a home. They occupy the nests, remodeling them to suit their tastes as the colony grows. Of course, the reduction of mice or their nests means harder conditions for the bumblebees to gain a start in building colonies; and hard conditions in life usually go hand in hand with a reduction in numbers. So it is evident, following the method of reasoning employed, that the number of bumblebee colonies in a given community varies inversely with the number of old maids.

The method of reasoning employed in the above is fallacious, yet the story has helped many a boy and girl to remember that bumblebees often use abandoned mice nests in which to start a colony. The facts are that in the springtime a queen (female) bumblebee collects some moss or grass or selects an abandoned nest of the field-mouse. Under the moss or in the nest the single bee begins to build a waxen cell in which she places some honey and pollen. After placing an egg into the cell another waxen structure is begun. All alone she continues in her work, building cell after cell, or baby crib after crib, for several weeks. In July, if fate has been kind, the nest will have a queen (only one), many workers, larvæ and eggs. The workers are neither male nor female. Each is provided with an eversible, sharp appendage, a stinger, in the rear of the abdomen. This instrument is sharper by many times than "the sharpest Cambridge needle." Each individual has the temper to use this stiletto with telling effect at the slightest provocation from outside sources.

Nearly every boy raised in the country has had something to do with the workers and their stingers. Perhaps that experience came when plowing stubble-ground, mowing or raking hay, driving cows from the meadow, picking apples and berries in the old orchard, mistaking a "bumblebee for a blackberry," stamping or burning a nest, stirring a colony with a stick to see what happens and to enjoy the bees' anger, or robbing a nest for the honey by the jug method. If he escaped contact with a bumblebee, well and good. Oh, what sport! But if the angry, winged bee reached the enemy what then? How it smarted when the bee's stiletto was thrust in! Then followed swelling, sometimes enormous, due to the bit of formic acid the bee took care to inject. How the offender wished for some ammonia or alkaline substance to apply to the wound that swelling might not develop! But with nothing of this kind to neturalize the acid, the swelling was bound to



come, a certain tell-tale that the bee did more than caress.

Just when the jug-method was first used or how the plan was suggested I do not know. Dr. Howard notes that Mr. Marlatt, who lived in the southwest, first wrote of the method employed by himself and other boys there. Others speak of the method originating with western boys. At any rate I with other boys in our home community in Iowa often resorted to the jug method; and we learned of it from our elders. A gallon jug was partly filled with water, left uncorked, and placed next to the bumblebees' nest. Then operations began in earnest. By means of a long stick we thoroughly "stirred up" the bees. As soon as they began to fly above the nest we ran away with all might to a safe distance. Up the bumblebees would fly looking for the disturbers! How they flew around and buzzed in anger! Dozens flew to the open-mouthed jug, the only strange object near. The jug did its part well as it echoed the buzz of their wings. The noise angered them and into the mouth some flew, bent on vengeance. Those flying about in the jug only increased the noise which in turn increased the anger of those outside, many of which also flew in. When all seemed quiet the long stick was again used to disturb the nest; again and again it was used until all the angered workers found their way into the jug and

there drowned. Mr. Marlatt seemed to succeed in getting all into the jug by two disturbances, but we usually had to apply the stick three, four and five times to gain the desired results.

Any boy who "robbed" a colony of bumblebees by the jug-method, knows what followed. The nest was carefully torn to pieces. Of course the few bumblebees, small or weak, remaining in the nest, had to be dispatched. Some of the waxen cells had honey in them; others in addition had larvæ (young bees) of all stages; others of the cells were closed and much like silken cocoons in which were the pupæ almost ready to emerge as full-fledged bumblebees; other cells, open at the top, were full of honey. The latter were simply the cocoons in which the bees developed. Their tops were cut off partly by the developing bee and partly by the young workers. After being thoroughly cleansed, it is said, the part of the cocoon remaining became a receptacle for honey, etc., as it is brought to the colony. The honey was sweet to every boy's taste but strong smelling—well, they enjoyed it anyway.

Only the single queen and the workers are present in the colony during the summer months. Of the latter, the larger ones attend to the repairing of the outer part of the nest and to the gathering of honey. Also, it is said, the smaller workers attend to the inside work of the home, house-cleaning, repairing, the feeding and welfare of the youngsters. If each does its part of drudgery and delight and all goes well the number of workers increases during the whole summer. In August some time, generations of drones (males) and queens (females) begin to break free from their cocoons.

The development of honey-bee queens depends upon special food. It is well known that should a swarm of honey-bees be without a queen (which does the egg-laying for the whole colony), the workers break down the walls between three adjacent cells. Two of the larvæ are stung to death and the fortunate one is fed on special food, "royal jelly," until maturity. Had the larva been fed with "bee-bread," the only food of worker and drone larvæ, no queen, but a worker, would have developed. So it is clear that the kind of food determines whether a queen or worker develops. Wonderful is environment's touch!

Whether the development of bumblebee queens depends upon the same conditions, stated above, has not been worked out. It has been worked out, however, that in a few days after the bumblebee queens and drones appear both sexes take their nuptial flight. There is no "swarming" as is the habit of the honey-bee. They leave the nest of the old colony never to return! Alas! this is the beginning of death. After the nuptial flight the drones and many of the queens die. Even the workers left in the old colony succumb at the earliest frost. Only a few fertilized queens hibernate in some sheltered place during the winter. These awake the next spring and each begins to build a nest for herself and to prepare for and lay the foundation for a new colony.

VALUABLE RESEARCH.

"When we began this work we stated that it would take us ten years to show great results," said Dr. Robert S. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution, sitting in his office in Washington, from which place he directs the varied work of the investigators.

"Discoveries must be proven, must stand the test of time. But we have done much, and the future is full of promise.

"If you examine closely, look deeply into our work, you will see that it has vital human interest, enduring commercial value that cannot be estimated.

"Every new scientific fact has a monetary worth; every new law of nature can be beneficially applied by man.

"Whether it be some unknown fact in connection with the stars or planets; the dwellers in the sea; the minerals of the earth; plant or animal life—what matters it? All have a bearing on the lives, the work of men."

Commercial interests, naturally, are interested deeply in the researches of Dr. A. L. Day, one of the Carnegie investigators. Dr. Day, for one thing, has worked out the formula for a pure quartz glass, something which has been wanted and aimed at for years.

Common glass is quartz and lead. The lead is needed to keep it free of bubbles. It has a rate of expansion about that of iron under temperature changes.

Pure quartz glass has a high melting point and a low rate of expansion. If you wished, you could put it in the front of your safe, resting secure in the knowledge that the glass would stand fire as well as the safe itself.

Its chief commercial value, however, is in optical work—for the eyeglass, telescope, microscope and fine electrical apparatus. At present it is necessary to resort to expedients in order to keep the great lenses of telescopes free from temperature influences—such as fanning them, making instant exposures, etc.

Already commercial concerns have taken up Dr. Day's new process, and are applying it to the ever-enlarging demands of trade. Here, then, is one achievement to the credit of the Carnegie Institution.

But vastly more important to the business world is another secret which Dr. Day is wrestling from nature. This is how to make Portland cement.

Every one knows that this substance is fast taking the place of steel and iron in the building field and elsewhere, but no one knows exactly what it is. Recent

discoveries have shown that all previously accepted views were erroneous.

Beyond doubt the formula for this cement will have great commercial value. It will revolutionize building to a greater extent than did the coming of the steel-frame structure.

Absolutely fireproof buildings will be a reality instead of, to a greater or less extent, a dream; the increasing scarcity of lumber will no longer be a menace of such threatening aspect; the forests of the land may once more be allowed to flourish in their primeval glory and the devastating ring of the woodsman's axe may be hushed.

So much importance is placed upon these investigations of Dr. Day that the authorities of the institution are spending $150,000 in building him a laboratory where he may prosecute work along this and other lines promising great results to the commercial world.

While scientists like Dr. Day are laboring in their laboratories for the benefit of this and coming generations, other earnest workers are plodding over the arid plains of Arizona, studying desert vegetable life.

"In sections of Arizona there are pine forests," said Dr. Woodward. "We are now working on the reforestation with pine or some other variety of tree of the vast arid plains. We would develop new plant life adapted to this region.

"Think of the reclamation of this immense territory, the great wealth it would bring to our country. Our observation stations run from the plains of lofty heights on surrounding mountains; we study soil, moisture, precipitation, soil formation, temperatures of air and soil—all things in fact that enter into vegetable life."

With immigration pouring an enormous tide of humanity into this country every year, and the problem of feeding the great cities becoming more important with the rapid increase of urban population, the time will come when the reclamation and use of the desert areas of the country will be imperative.

Arizona, for example, has 113,020 square miles of territory, only 100 square miles of it being under water. At the time of the last census but 2.7 per cent. of the total area was utilized as farm land, although the irrigated sections had increased during the decade from 65,000 acres to 185,000 acres.

A greater number of clear days prevail here each year than in any other part of the country, but the absence of rainfall bars agricultural operations except along the few waterways and in irrigated areas.

On the northern plateau the annual rainfall amounts to only twenty inches, while in the southern half of the Territory it is not much over five inches.

Should the investigations made possible by the millions of the steel king result in transforming this vast desert into a land of plenty, capable of sustaining or providing sustenance for a teeming population, this one achievement would far more than repay the cost of all the Carnegie Institution work.

While one section of the army of scientists is planning to make the desert bloom for the benefit of man, another is busy exploring heavenly space and endeavoring to learn more of the wonders of astronomy.

Great results are expected from the work of the solar observatory on Mount Wilson, Cal. Last year John D. Hooker, of Los Angeles, gave $45,000 to meet the cost of a mirror of 100 inches aperture and fifty feet focal length, for a great non-reflecting telescope.

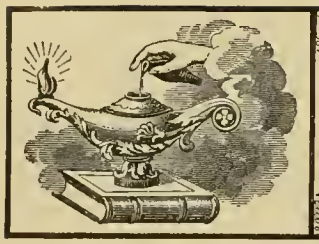
Such an instrument, which is now nearing completion, will permit the work of the observatory to be greatly extended, as it will collect about 2.7 times as much light as the sixty-inch reflector now in use.

Scientists at Mount Wilson are working along three converging lines in their study of other worlds than ours. They are studying the sun as a typical star; they are studying the stars and nebulæ, their relation to the sun and to each other, and, finally, are endeavoring to interpret both solar and stellar phenomena by means of carefully chosen laboratory experiments.

So I might continue through the many matters now being investigated, and in each and all point out the vital human connection. Subjects are being presented to us constantly for investigation, and great care must be exercised to select those lines of research that are practical, vital.—*Philadelphia North American.*

AMERICAN COTTON SUPREMACY.

An appropriation of $12,000,000 by the German Government,—on condition that German manufacturers raise a larger sum,—to encourage cotton-growing in the colonies of the Fatherland, has called attention anew to the supremacy of America in the production of this great staple. In average years the fields of the United States produce more than three-quarters of the cotton crop of the world. We hold our own, although, since our Civil War, many and costly attempts have been made in various parts of Asia and Africa to compete with our cotton-growing States. To-day Texas alone produces nearly as much as all non-American countries combined. During the year ending September 1, 1906, our cotton crop aggregated 11,319,860 bales, of which 6,716,351 bales were exported to Europe. During the same period, the East Indies, Egypt, and the rest of the world produced 2,562,000 bales. The production of Russia is increasing rapidly. According to Baron Kaneto, three-quarters of all the raw cotton used in the Mikado's empire comes from this country. The fact underlying the whole situation is that the world's demand for cotton is expanding far more rapidly than the world's supply.—*The American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

VIRGIL C. FINNELL.

"Rejoice that your names are written in heaven."

NEAR the close of Jesus' earthly ministry we find him attending the Feast of Dedication in Jerusalem, and the Jews taking up stones with which to stone him, as a blasphemer. But he escapes their hand and goes out toward Bethabara, and begins his ministry in Perea, whither he has previously sent the seventy, to prepare for his coming.

They go from city to city, healing the sick, casting out evil spirits, and performing many miracles, and, like the twelve, they return with great joy at their success, reporting that even the devils have been subject to them, through his name, though they had received no special power over them, as had been given to the twelve.

As they make reports of their triumphs, Jesus seems to have caught the contagion of their joy, and gloom and despondency are all forgotten in the vision of the glorious future of the New Kingdom. But these are only the beginning of Satan's fall, for he tells them that henceforth they are to "have authority over all the power of the enemy." He no doubt foresaw that as a result of the preaching of the Gospel in all the world, Satan's kingdom should be destroyed.

But lest they should rest secure and pride themselves overmuch in their success over the enemy, he calls their attention to the fact that to have their names enrolled as citizens of heaven, is an infinitely greater honor than all the respect these wonderful powers could ever bring to them. Rejoice not in this as the *only*, or as the *chief* thing, but rejoice that your names are enrolled in the Lamb's Book of Life, that ye are the children of God, heirs, with me, to all the glory and majesty and power of the Father.

I fear that many of us to-day, think far more about the outward signs of our discipleship, than of making sure that we have been enrolled as members of the family of God, and entitled to an inheritance.

Power to perform miracles was not always a sign of true discipleship, for "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name cast out devils? And in thy name done many *wonderful* works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

If *our* "names are written in heaven" it will not be because of anything *we* are able to do, but will be the result of implicit faith in Christ, and full obedience to his Word, obeying in the least as well as the greatest.

As with Jacob, it may require prolonged struggles, a determined clinging to the man of God, a bringing down of self and pride, a change of heart and a new name, but it "will be glory enough" when we have received the crown that is "to him that overcometh."

Washington, Pa.

HAS SOMEONE SEEN CHRIST IN YOU TO-DAY?

Has someone seen Christ in you to-day?
Christian, look to your heart, I pray;
The little things you have done or said—
Did they accord with the way you prayed?
Have your thoughts been pure and your words been kind?
Have you sought to have the Savior's mind?
The world with a criticising view
Has watched—but did it see Christ in you?

Has someone seen Christ in you to-day?
Christian, look to your life, I pray;
There are aching hearts and blighted souls
Being lost on sin's destructive shoals,
And perhaps of Christ their only view
May be what of him they see in you.
Will they see enough to bring hope and cheer?
Look to your light! Does it shine out clear?

—The Christian Guardian.

NOT FAITH, BUT SIGHT.

"WHAT shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?"

"Take it up and bear it, and get strength and a blessing out of it."

"Ah, if I only knew what blessings there were in it; if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume!"

"What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty Christ has laid right at my way?"

"Do it, and grow by doing it."

"Ah, yes; if I could see that it would make me grow."

In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight? Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it;" but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me."—*Phillips Brooks.*

THE POWER OF THE NEW LIFE.

I HAVE seen in the autumn, when the trees have shed all their leaves, that two or three leaves have stuck fast on the branches, and have clung to them all winter through. Storms have beaten them; frosts have bitten them; snow and rain have blackened them; yet they have held fast to the tree. But when the springtime has come, and the sap has begun to ascend and push its way through every branch and every twig, the leaves have disappeared—pushed off by the rising tide of new life; for death can never stand before life. So it is with us. Those old inveterate habits that belong to fallen nature are very hard to get rid of. We battle with them and try to beat them off, but again and again we are defeated, so that we cry out: "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But when the Spirit of the Lord fills us and possesses us, then these habits disappear almost unconsciously, because death cannot stand before life. Then we are able to rise up and say, "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—*From a Sermon by the Late A. J. Gordon.*

A NICKEL FOR THE LORD.

YESTERDAY he wore a rose on the lapel of his coat, but when the plate was passed to-day, he gave a nickel to the Lord. He had several bills in his pocket, and sundry change, perhaps a dollar's worth, but he hunted about, and finding this poor little nickel he laid it on the plate, to aid the church militant in its fight against the world, the flesh, and the devil. His silk hat was beneath the seat, and his gloves and cane were beside it, and the nickel was on the plate—a whole nickel!

On the previous afternoon he met a friend and together they had some refreshments. The cash register stamped thirty-five cents on the slip the boy presented him. Peeling off a bill, he handed it to the lad, and gave him a nickel tip when he brought back the change. A nickel for the Lord and a nickel for the waiter!

And the man had his shoes polished that same afternoon, and handed out a dime without a murmur. He had a shave, and paid fifteen cents with equal alacrity. He took a box of candies home to his wife, and paid forty cents for them, and the box was tied with a dainty bit of ribbon. Yes, and he also gave a nickel to the Lord!

Who is the Lord? Who is he? Why, the man worships him as Creator of the universe, the one who put the stars in order, and by whose immutable decree the heavens stand. Yes, he does, and he dropped a nickel in to support the church militant!

And what is the church militant? The church militant is the church which represents upon earth the triumphant church of the great God.

And the man knew that he was but an atom in space, and he knew that the Almighty was without limitations; and knowing this, he put his hand in his pocket, and picked out the nickel and gave it to the Lord!

And the Lord being "gracious and slow to anger," and "knowing our frame," did not slay the man for the meanness of his offering, but "gives him this day his daily bread."

But the nickel was ashamed, if the man was not. The nickel hid beneath a quarter which was given by a poor woman who washes for a living.—*Unidentified.*

MISQUOTING.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

OFTEN we reason on subjects and become so decidedly convinced in our opinions, that we can even think of sayings and quotations, which we think are from the Bible, to substantiate our views.

There is one quotation from the Bible, possibly more misquoted than any other. It is this: "Like people, like priest," often quoted thus: "Like priest, like people." It is not done intentionally, but we think the people *do* become like the priests, and quote in our favor.

Even if the majority of people think the quotation more true when misquoted, preachers tell us it is nevertheless true,—"Like people, like priest." They unconsciously aim to suit their hearers. This is perhaps more noticeable when the priest wishes to command a high salary. Sure, he must not offend the fullest purse, anyway, for then, from whence would come his pay?

I read recently of a noted preacher, who became tired of preaching to please his hearers, and is now preaching the truth in the highways and hedges.

It is verily true, "Like people, like priest."

Hartville, Ohio.

SPIRITUAL AFFABILITY.

LET us be approachable in reference to spiritual things, and we shall soon have the joy of seeing others taking a light from us. We know people to whom no one would ever speak in the hour of trial; as well might they make a pillow of a thorn-bush. If people to whom they have been introduced were to intrude their personal sorrows, they would be looked at with one of those *searchers* which read you from top to toe, and at the same time wither you up. On the other hand, there are faces which are a living advertisement running thus: "Good Accommodation for Man and Grief." You are sure of a friend here. —*Spurgeon.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

OUR PLOWSHARES AND PRUNINGHOOKS.

Hundreds of years ago, when strife and bloodshed flourished unchecked, with all their attending horror and desolation, above the clashing of swords and groans of the dying there rose a voice of hope,—a promise of better things to come. The voice found expression in these inspired words of a prophet of righteousness: "And he (the Lord) shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people, and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

Surely this was a blessed hope for all the victims of cruelty of war. But the Lord does not force such things upon the people. He brings them about only at their will. And while he has never ceased to show up the terrible results of the one policy and the blessings of the other, men have been slow to accept the better way. The advocates of peace are gaining ground, but they are yet far outnumbered by the blood-thirsty hordes. Our last congress appropriated $177,000,000 for the army and navy, not including appropriations for pensions, fortifications, etc., and $8,000,000 for agriculture.

This means that we are to support something less than sixty thousand men while they give their time to becoming skillful in the use of arms,—in the art of killing their fellow-man and laying waste his property. It means that we are to give of our earnings coming from the pursuit of peaceful and elevating occupations in the proportion of eight cents for the further development of these occupations to three dollars for the continuance and perfecting of the art of destroying man and his means of support.

At this rate we are made to wonder when those plowshares and pruning hooks are to be made. But we are not without hope. The Word of God is sure, and our hope is buoyed up by these inspired words of this same prophet: "As the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The one hundred and seventy-seven million dollars may now be expended for the armaments of war and its belongings, but it may by and by be reckoned with the wealth of the agricultural world, for we remember that plowshares are to be made of swords and pruninghooks of spears.

And so we rest in the hope of that glorious time when only those pursuits will be encouraged and countenanced that foster the welfare and happiness of all mankind. Rest, did I say? Yes, rest, rest of that nature that while induced by supreme trust in the outcome most to be desired, is rest*less* when not engaged in hasting its coming.

There are few people that do not believe in this ultimate triumph of peace and the arts universally beneficent, and considering this fact, we wonder what our law-makers must think of themselves and their position when they array themselves in puny opposition to the almighty power of the Prince of Peace. But there is a matter nearer home that should concern us more. That is, are we standing back of these lawmakers, or can the Prince count on us as loyal promoters of his reign?

PLAYING WITH POISON.

An article written by Dr. Valentin Nalpasse, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, which appeared in the *Journal de St. Petersburg,* and is commented upon in a recent number of the *Review of Reviews,* reminds us of directions for playing with a rattlesnake without being bitten. Of course such a thing is possible, but we have the right to question the wisdom, if not the sanity, of the one who chooses such diversion when there are so many to choose which possess no such attending risks. Indeed, to go back to the article, the sum of the ultra-scientific doctor's argument is this, to use his own words: "It must be admitted that tobacco may be used without bad effects. It has no bad effect when used moderately by people who are in a condition to use it." You will notice in this that Dr. Nalpasse does not take into consideration the fact that the habit of using tobacco creates a growing appetite for it that is almost unconquerable. Notice, too, that he says that tobacco may be so used "by people who are in a condition to use it." May not this be said of any poison? But does the healthy man therefore seek out some poison, just because he can? It is said that the dread tubercle bacilli can do no harm in the body of a healthy person, but do we therefore take

into our systems all of these germs that we can, because our vitality is great enough to down them?

But we must not overlook the direct argument that the learned doctor was compelled to give us against the use of tobacco. "I am not attempting to encourage to smoke those who have not formed the habit of smoking. . . . . It must not be used at all by people who have heart trouble or lung trouble. It must not be used by people who have any disease of the nervous system. In a word, it must not be used by any one who would be unpleasantly affected. Under any of these very common conditions tobacco might be dangerous, and it is not necessary to say that, for many reasons of all kinds, tobacco must not be used in any form by growing children or youths."

In view of such language, do you wonder that we dub the said article "Playing with poison?" Would it not have been more consistent with such argument and more in harmony with the writer's intelligence if he had said of tobacco, to one and all, "Touch not, taste not, handle not?"

But this is not all the argument that Dr. Nalpasse gives us on the side of letting the stuff alone. It comes out in his directions to habitual smokers in order that they may avoid the baneful effects of the drug: "Even habitual smokers should avoid smoking on an empty stomach, and no one should smoke in his sleeping room. The 'colored' pipe, however artistically it may have been colored, is impregnated with nicotine, and therefore is not fit to be smoked. The smoker should throw away his pipe after the first few puffs. The cigar should be thrown aside when but three-quarters smoked,—just so the cigarette. This is because nicotine, the alkaloid contained in tobacco leaves, does not volatilize until it attains two hundred and fifty degrees, and as it is drawn with the smoke toward the mouth when the fire is near the mouth end of the cigar or cigarette, there is danger; it is apt to be drawn into the mouth. The intelligent smoker will not relight his cigar or his pipe, because he knows that the smoke of relighted tobacco is impure and that it cannot be purified."

I think we may rest the subject with these words of Dr. Nalpasse. And while they were given for the benefit of the users of tobacco, let us all take them as a warning to let alone a thing that calls for such precautions.

THE SPRING POET.

We have now entered in earnest upon that season of the year when the spring poet flourisheth and and when flourish likewise the jokers who make him the target for their sarcastic flings. But of all the classes who are singled out by these jokers, the spring poet has as little reason as any to feel that because of their expressions he ought to surrender or try to conceal those characteristics that bring him within their range.

Without saying anything about the quality of verse that is produced by these spring poets as a class, though much of it is as pure and fresh as the subject itself, there is one very commendable characteristic of all of them, and that is, they are in harmony with the season. They are in touch with the spirit of the time that brings us the delightful experiences of the revival of life. Perhaps it is the lack of this that causes the joker apparently to misunderstand the outburst of the poet.

It must be concluded that, since the spring poet is under the influence of the season, he is also a lover of nature,—another commendable trait that no one ought to try to conceal, or hold in check. It would be well if we were all such lovers of nature that we could surrender ourselves fully to the enjoyment of becoming acquainted with it. If this meant more verses at times when nature was especially active in leading one from one marvelous study to another, there would be no one to object, for all would understand the feeling that thus sought expression. But better than the verses, that must depend on clumsy words for a hearing, would be the consequent recognition of that spirit that gives attraction to the most prosaic duties.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

There never yet were days so dark
But sunshine followed soon.
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

The kind of food determines whether a queen or worker develops. Wonderful is environment's touch! —*N. J. Miller.*

When a new saloon is to be licensed, Christian, where are you? Where does your vote go?—*Ira P. Dean.*

There are many ways in which we may lead an intemperate life, as intemperate means indulging any appetite or passion to excess.—*Joseph D. Reish.*

If our "names are written in heaven" it will be the result of implicit faith in Christ, and full obedience to his word.—*Virgil C. Finnell.*

The majority of us regard the confession of a fault much as we do the dentist's chair.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

We can conceive of no brighter place on earth than a morning whose dewy sunshine is made glad by the songs of birds.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

It has been found that lava from volcanoes may be blown into beautiful green-colored bottles which are lighter and stronger than those made of ordinary glass.

Reinforced concrete pipes are now used for transmitting water. In diameter the pipes are from 2 to 3 feet and a section is sometimes 600 feet long. The inside is made very smooth by using planed lumber in the molding forms.

Of the forty-two million dollars given by John D. Rockefeller to the educational fund, $1,700,000 has been distributed. As a result of the conditions imposed, that additional sums be raised, $9,000,000 has been turned into the treasuries of colleges of the United States and Canada.

President William Peterson, of the McGill university, in a recent address at the University of Chicago, said that the most dangerous tendency of present education is in the reducing of the intellectual element and the exalting of the mechanical. Confusing the idea of money making with education is also to be deplored, said he.

Frank P. Sargent, Immigration Commissioner, points out that one drawback to immigration in the South is low wages. The South is badly in need of agriculturalists, but it is not possible for the farmers to keep laborers at a wage of ninety cents to one dollar a day when they can secure two dollars in the cities and states of the North.

A railroad is about to be built in the island of Spitzbergen, which will run ten degrees farther north than the present most northern railway, which is in Scandinavia. The object of the new line is to tap the coal deposits in the interior of Spitzbergen. Owing to natural difficulties, it is proposed to construct an aerial suspension railway.

Emperor William's fifth son, Prince Oscar, is to enter Harvard university in September. By entering Harvard at the beginning of the next college year Prince Oscar will have Theodore Roosevelt as a college mate, and this is said to be one reason for the emperor's unusual proceeding. Another reason given is that Harvard makes a specialty of German subjects, and in addition to this, it is the seat of that small American cult which opposes the Monroe doctrine.

April 1 at a conference between Postmaster General Lemieux, of Canada and Postmaster General Mayer, of the United States it was agreed to amend the postal convention existing between the two countries in so far as it affects the transmission of newspapers and periodicals known as second-class matter. Canada accepts the proposal of this country that after May 7 second-class matter mailed in one country and addressed to the other might be subject to a rate of one cent for each four ounces or fraction thereof on ea bulk package, prepaid by stamps affixed.

March 10, A. J. Millison, the operator at the wireless telegraphy station on Point Loma, southern California observed his apparatus intercepting a message. On investigation he learned that a message was being sent from Washington, D. C., to Pensacola, Fla. He adjusted his instruments, which are the most delicat used by the United States government, and was able to catch the whole message. The distance from Pensacola to San Diego in an air line is about eighteen hundred miles, and from Washington to San Diego is about twenty-four hundred miles. The new apparatus at Point Loma is partly the invention of Mr. Millison and has been installed only a few months.

On the block owned by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in New York City where is located their home office, a building ten stories in height and with a frontage of 200 feet by 425 feet, the company is preparing to erect what the *Scientific American* designates A Twentieth Century Campanile. On a base of 75 feet by 85 feet a steel and marble tower will soar to a height of 685 feet above the sidewalk and 690½ feet above its foundations. The most lofty rentable offices will be those of the forty-first story, the floor of which will be 526 feet above the sidewalk. In the tower and main building there will be a total floor space of twenty-five acres. At the height of 324 feet there will be a great clock, the hands of whose four dials will be twelve feet long, with figures four feet long.

Several of the party of forty-six Congressmen who have recently returned from inspecting the work on the Panama Canal made the statement that they had not seen a single Chinaman at work on the Isthmus. They also reported an intense feeling against their employment. Congressman C. S. Smith, of California, said that the laborers are taking out about 31,000 cubic yards of dirt every day, with an average of 800,000 cubic yards a month. About 52,000,000 cubic yards are still to be removed. He says there are 35,000 men on the payroll. About 5000 are Americans, about 9000 Jamaicans and the rest are Gallegos.

Sir William H. White, F. R. S., said at a recent meeting of the Institution of Naval Architects in London that he could certify from personal observation to the remarkable steadying effect on a vessel of Dr. Schlick's gyroscopic apparatus. In all cases its effect was to extinguish the rolling motion of the ship almost immediately. He expressed the opinion that the device would have great utility attached to the channel and coasting passenger steamers, and that it could be adapted to the largest ocean liners and to warships, on which latter it would undoubtedly give greater steadiness to the gun platforms.

Florida in recent years has suffered so much from the sudden advent of freezing weather that many growers of oranges have resorted to devices which will give them warning in the course of the night so they may cover up the orange trees and save the fruit. Canvas is used and sometimes groves extending over many acres are to be seen entirely covered up. Beneath the immense tent charcoal fires are built and the temperature is raised enough to keep out the frost. A thermometer with an electric gong attached is used to warn the orange-grower. As the danger point of cold is approached, the gong sounds the alarm.

During the year past Boston has been forced to yield her proud position of second port in the United States for exports to New Orleans, she falling nearly $3,000,000 behind the Crescent City. Galveston, Tex., is crowding close for the second place with an increased business for the year of nearly $36,000,000. The reason for the decline of Boston is assigned to the incapacity of the railroads to take care of the freight traffic. Steamers at times have had to leave port with only about half the cargo they intended to carry. At the same time, however, unusual commercial activity is opening up the resources of the South, hitherto undeveloped, and no doubt another decade will develop a vast amount of trade.

The London *Lancet*, discussing the reason for the popular belief that a tan shoe is more comfortable and more durable than black, concludes that there is some foundation for this belief, which, it says, is to be found not so much in the leather itself as in the composition of the dressing commonly applied. That generally used on black leather possesses strong acid properties, through the use of hydrochloric or other acid to dissolve the mineral matter contained in the ivory black. The effect of this acid is to render the leather hard and unyielding, thereby making it not only more uncomfortable, but lessening its wearing qualities. On the other hand, the dressing employed on russet shoes is composed largely of wax and oils, which, while making the shoe soft and comfortable to the foot, tend also to preserve the leather.

Motor power on the farm in many European countries, Australia and South Africa, is receiving a boom and it begins to look as if the old plow horse must go. In a test of a motor plow run by gasoline it was found that this method of plowing was cheaper by the acre than the employment of horses and plowmen. All the machinery of the motor is encased in a steel, dust-proof covering; the machinery is of a very simple character; and the whole thing is so light that it does not sink into the soil when plowing soft ground, a fault that was found with the steam plows that have been tried on farms. The work is done with rapidity and precision and the gang plow is becoming popular in various parts of the world. It is just being introduced into the United States. Besides motor-operated plows there are cultivators, reapers and binders. They seem to be adapted to use in hilly countries as well as level and even the mountainous Switzerland employs them.

The annual report of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company shows total earnings of $24,526,097, an increase of nearly $3,000,000 over those of the preceding year. The net earnings were $12,970,937, which means an earning of 8.17 per cent on the $158,661,800 of capital stock. The net output of telephones in the year was 1,409,587, making a total of 7,107,836 in the hands of operating companies. The total number of calls shows about six for each man, woman and child in the United States. The maintenance and reconstruction of all the Bell lines cost nearly $33,000,000. President Fish says that the recent improvement in cables makes it possible to place in underground conduits cables containing four hundred, or even six hundred circuits; while a pole line can carry six hundred pairs of wires in the form of cables, as compared with the old-fashioned pole, which rarely exceeded twenty pairs.



THE BRIGHTER DAYS

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

There never yet were days so dark,
But sunshine followed soon,
And when the stormy days will come,
With life all out of tune,
We only have to look beyond,
To find the brighter day,
When sunshine will be coming round,
To drive the clouds away;

Then smiles will creep into our eyes,
And happiness draw near.
While for the clouds and storms of life
We'll lose our every fear;
We'll see life's sunshine all around,
Fast driving clouds away,
Which cannot, with hope's brilliant light,
E'er be content to stay.

The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

I. Telling Father.

A WHISK of yellow dog flashed past the window where the Greater Chum sat sewing, Blue knickerbockers and a shriek of laughter followed the flash. An instant later there sounded a dull thud, and the tinkle of broken glass; then absolute silence.

The Greater Chum did not move, but she suspended her sewing. Presently short, hesitating footfalls came up the steps, and crossed the dining-room floor. She turned her head, and the forlorn misery on the face of the Lesser Chum sent a lump into her own throat.

"What is it, Laddie?" she asked.

"Bounce ran, and—I frew the ball, and—we—we—broke the basement—window glass," faltered the baby, his blue eyes threatening an overflow.

"Come here," said the Greater Chum, holding out her arms, and with a wail of grief he flew into them.

"Papa told you to throw the ball on the other side of the house, didn't he?" she reminded.

Another wail from the small culprit, half-smothered in the maternal skirts. The Greater Chum stroked as much of the tousled brown head as she could get at.

"Mother's sorry, oh! so sorry," went on the grave voice, "but when we don't try very hard to remember, something unpleasant is sure to happen to make us do so. My little boy doesn't forget when it is his own things, does he?"

No answer, except a head-shake between sobs.

"Of course we can't help feeling badly, when the harm is done, but that will not do any good, really," continued the Greater Chum, after a moment. "It will not make the window whole again. The best way is to try very hard to think of some way to fix it right. It costs money to buy a new glass, and bother to papa to put it in. Do you know of any way you could help about that?"

The sobbing stopped. The Lesser Chum brought the curly top upright, and gazed at his mother out of tear-dimmed, brightening eyes.

"I can give him my pennies!" he exclaimed and trotted to bring the box. But his mother looked grave.

"Why, Allan! Those are the Sunday-school pennies! We couldn't pay anything else with them!"

The Lesser Chum stopped short, and hung his head. Making amends was not so easy, after all. He stood there a long moment, a struggle going on within him, none the less severe that the battle-field was so small. He conquered at last, though, and going to his own little drawer, brought out a purse containing the tiny savings he had been hoarding for months, toward the price of a pedal-cart. Two big tears rolled over, but he did not even pay them the tribute of wiping away.

"You might leave it on the dresser," said the Greater Chum, in a queer sort of voice. "I don't know how much the glass will cost. There's another thing that helps to straighten out, too, I think most of all, and that is to go right to papa, the minute he comes, and tell him all about it."

It was the capsheaf. In truth, the majority of us regard the confession of a fault much as we do the dentist's chair. The Lesser Chum's tears rose in a flood, and he set up a disconsolate howl.

"Oh! mamma! I can't, I can't! S'posen he'd—" He did not complete the awesome supposition. The Greater Chum looked grave.

"I know. But it is much braver to go and tell him than to wait like a coward and let him find it out by himself. Wouldn't you feel kinder toward a brave person than toward a coward?"

The Lesser Chum did not answer, and she said no more, knowing how a boy, big or little, hates preaching. The small matter of a broken window-pane was not the point; it was the principle of regard for others, of repairing a wrong done them. It would have been infinitely easier to shield the wrong-doer from possible blame, by a tactful excuse or even a white fib. But the Greater Chum had known of a bitter experience, much too close home to her for comfort, wherein a doting, mistaken mother had begun with her boy in that way, unconsciously forming in him habits of deceit and dishonesty. The poor, young victim of maternal misjudgment had not only become alienated from the love and confidence of his father, which would have been worth worlds to him, but got into serious trouble as well. It is not a pleasant story. The Greater Chum's heart ached yet over it. But the thought of it double-clinched her resolution that the little boy of her love should fall into no such hard experiences through any weakness of her own.

The Lesser Chum laid his purse on the dresser, and went slowly out. She did not see him again till, as she set the tea-table, she caught a glimpse of the blue knickerbockers going soberly down the walk. She turned away her head, with a laugh that was half a sob,—for were not five-year-old troubles as real to their owner as fifty-year ones? A few minutes later he and his father passed the window together. The Lesser Chum came in and got his purse, and she heard them go round to the basement door.

"And he paid back every cent I gave him, 'cause he said I earned it helping, and telling him right off," explained the Lesser Chum, in sleepy satisfaction, as he clung round her neck at bedtime. "We got it all fixed, and I ain't never, never going to forget and play there again. I was glad I told, even if it *was* hard."

The Greater Chum returned the hug with interest. She was glad also, but with twofold satisfaction. The little accident had not only taught him to meet the consequences of his act bravely, but had cemented sympathy between him and his father, that divine right of both.

"Dear Lord," prayed the Greater Chum, reverently, as she kissed the shut eyelids, "while I stand between them, let it never be to separate, but to draw them closer to each other and thee."

SELECTED HELPS FOR THE HOME LAUNDRY.

An important preliminary on washing day is to see that all stains are removed from linens and clothing before soap and hot water are applied.

Rust and Fruit Stains.—To remove rust from white goods, saturate the place with lemon juice, and rub well with common salt. Leave the article lying in the sun, covered with salt for an hour and then wash in cold water. Sometimes two or three applications of the lemon and salt will be needed.

Ink Spots.—Red ink stains can be removed by covering them completely with melted tallow which should be left on for two days, at least, and then washed out with very hot, clear rain water, without soap. Wash afterwards in the usual way.

Black ink spots may be removed by washing the fabric in sweet milk until the stains are faint, then in cold water. If this does not entirely remove them, wet the fabric over the stain, apply salts of lemon, and lay it in the sun. I have known an application of tomato-juice and salt to entirely remove troublesome ink spots.

Blood Stains.—Saturate with kerosene for a few moments, wash in cold water, then as usual.

Mildew.—Soak in sour milk before washing. Chloride of lime, well diluted and used carefully, is also good.

Axlegrease.—Mix a small amount of turpentine with enough lard to cover the spot, and rub with the hands until the axlegrease is removed, not using any water until it all comes out. Then make a strong soap suds and wash the goods. This has been tested.

Scorch Marks.—Bake an onion, press out the juice and mix it with an ounce of fuller's earth, a little vinegar, and a little shredded soap. Heat until the soap has melted, let cool and apply to the linen. After it has dried wash in the usual way.

To Set Colors.—If you will soak all garments that you fear will fade, in strong salt water, or alum water, before washing, and then use a little Epsom salts in your starch, you will find that the color, in most cases is as bright as before washing.

During the summer months there are always daintily colored lawns, dimities and muslins that require careful washing if you wish them to retain their beauty. The good housekeeper never entirely entrusts these things to her help at home, or a laundress abroad, but has it done under her personal supervision. If the following method is followed, the garments will come forth from the cleansing process clean and unfaded. Heat a quantity of soft water until it is lukewarm—hot water is likely to injure the colors. Dissolve enough of a good washing powder in the water to make a good suds, put the dresses in this, wash until clean, then rinse in clear water. Have ready a large pan filled with starch, that is slightly tinged with blue.

Put the dresses in the starch, rubbing it into all parts alike, wring them out and hang them in the shade to dry. They should be handled rapidly until the entire process is completed. Black lawn is washed in the same way except that the starch is deeply blued. All starched articles should be removed from the line as soon as they are dry, or the wind will make them limp again.

Satisfaction Starch.—To four heaping tablespoonsful of starch add two heaping tablespoons of good clean salt and a generous lump of lard or butter. Mix well in cold water and be sure your teakettle is at least half full of rapidly boiling water. When you are ready to starch add the hot water. It is not necessary to cook this starch on the stove. Stir it almost constantly and use as soon as you can bear your hands in it. Add cold water if it is too thick.

Starching Collars and Cuffs.—If any one has trouble with starch sticking in ironing "cold-starched" articles, try the following: Use the proportion of starch and water called for on the package but instead of lukewarm use water as hot as one's hand can comfortably bear. Add a drop or two of bluing and starch at once. Have irons and blanket perfectly clean. Iron first between a piece of muslin, then finish directly on the linen with a moderately hot iron. When ironed dry, but while still warm, fold the pieces and bend to required shape. They will be as stiff and white as when new.

Fine Shirts.—Sprinkle shirts over night and fold as other clothes. In the morning make the starch. For one shirt, dissolve one tablespoonful of common starch in half a pint of warm water (not hot.) Add a teaspoonful of kerosene. Stir well, fold the bosom together and dip the wrong side in the starch until thoroughly permeated, and wring lightly. Starch the wristbands the same. Roll the garment loosely, let it remain about fifteen minutes, then iron. Before ironing, pour a teaspoonful of kerosene on brown paper or newspaper; on this rub the iron well, particularly the edges; then iron the starched articles with an iron not too hot, and it will neither stick nor soil, but will give the linen a fine, glossy appearance. An advantage of using starch this way is that all that is left over may be put back in the starch box, thus wasting none.

The Irons.—When flatirons become rough or smoky, put fine salt on a board, and iron it until the trouble is removed, then rub them with a bit of beeswax tied in a cloth. When the ironing is finished, rub the irons with a cloth dipped in kerosene, before putting them away.

Miscellaneous Ironing.—Fold sheets crosswise through the center; then fold once more the same way, having the wide hem, or top outside, and iron only the upper fourths. It saves time and is more hygienic, as ironing takes the ozone out of clean clothing. Never iron knit underwear, as it is not only more healthful unironed, but wears longer.

Care of Table Linen.—Every good housekeeper delights in nice linens for her table. The heavy damask ones are really cheaper in the end, as they wear longer besides looking much better than lighter ones. The thinner cloths can be starched ever so little, thereby giving the appearance of heavier weight. This must be done carefully, for a stiffly starched tablecloth is unsightly to say the least.

In buying table linens it is well to remember that a check pattern in plain or elaborate blocks, with warp and woof running straight across both ways is a better bargain than a floral or curved pattern that costs the same; for the check pattern is more easily manufactured, and, in consequence, a better quality of linen is put into the cloth of this design than into fancy patterns of the same price.

Table linen should be mended according to the weave of the cloth. The strips left over after evening off the cloth should be laid away for this purpose, since the threads raveled from these strips are the very thing for strengthening weak places in old tablecloths. When they have gone beyond this remedy, they can be cut up into tray cloths, carver's cloths, fruit napkins, or bibs. The French method of hemming by folding the hem backward and stitching over and over is the best to employ. It is easier to do than plain hemming, and when nicely done, it is almost invisible.



Woman's Rights.

PRINCE OF WALES CAKE.

IDA M. HELM.

TAKE three-fourths of a cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of water and one cup of brown sugar; heat together. While it is cooling, take one cup of dark brown sugar, one cup of shortening, one-half cup of sweet milk, yolks of three eggs and the white of one, two and one-half cups of flour and two heaping teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with vanilla. Then add the cooled mixture of chocolate, sugar and water. Stir it well together and bake in three layers. Frosting.—Beat the whites of two eggs to a foam. Take one cup of white sugar and add a little water and boil to a taffy; then pour it slowly into the beaten whites, stirring the mixture all the while.

"THE citizen standing in the doorway of his home—contented on his threshold—his family gathered about his hearthstone—while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—he shall save the republic when the drum tap is futile and the barracks are exhausted."—*Henry W. Grady.*

"One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning."

"THERE is only one failure possible; and that is, not to be true to the best one knows."

For the Children

BILLY PIKE'S LESSON.

WHEN Agnes went into the dining-room the morning of her eighth birthday she found, among her other presents on the table, a small glass tank filled with water, and in it a handsome young pike was swimming about among the shells and stones.

Agnes was more pleased with this present than with any of the others. She had never had an aquarium before, and here was a real live fish that she could watch and feed. She named him Billy Pike.

After a time she began to fear that Billy Pike was lonesome, so she asked Uncle Tom to get her some more fish. The next morning he brought her three minnows.

But he had no sooner put them in the water than greedy Billy Pike swallowed them, so swiftly that neither Agnes nor Uncle Tom could save them.

Poor Agnes cried, but her uncle said, "Never mind, you shall have some more fish."

"But Billy Pike'll eat 'em all up," said Agnes, sorrowfully.

"No, he won't," said Uncle Tom; "I'll see to that."

The next day he brought home six pretty little minnows in a two-quart glass can.

"Let's keep 'em in the can. If you put 'em in the 'quarium I just know Billy Pike'll kill 'em. He doesn't mean to be cruel, it's jus' his way," she sighed.

But Uncle Tom had a different plan; he meant to teach Billy Pike a lesson. So he fitted a pane of glass from side to side in the center of the aquarium, dividing it into two rooms. In one room was Billy Pike; into the other he put the six minnows.

When Billy Pike saw the tiny fish, he started quickly toward them, but he struck his gills on the glass partition, and he found that he could not reach them. Again and again he swam after them, and often he struck so hard that he would lie on his back for a long time afterwards, as if he were dead.

For several months Billy Pike kept up his efforts to catch his little neighbors, but after a time his attacks became less frequent, and finally he seemed to have forgotten all about the minnows.

One afternoon, when Agnes came home from school, she found that Uncle Tom had taken the pane of glass out of the tank, and that Billy Pike and the six minnows were swimming about together.

Billy often swam toward the other fish, but he would always stop at a respectful distance of about an inch, and he never again attempted to harm them. He would share the meat that Agnes threw into the aquarium, and seemed completely cured of his taste for fish.

After a while Uncle Tom brought home two more minnows, and put them in the water, and in less than a minute Billy Pike had swallowed both of them! But he never offered to touch the six minnows that he had been taught to respect, and they lived peacefully together—a happy family in the pretty glass home by the sunny south window.

Billy Pike was a really, truly fish, and so were the six little minnows that he lived with, and the poor little minnows that he swallowed, which shows that even a fish can be taught to avoid temptation, sometimes.—*Bessie R. Hoover, in the Morning Star.*

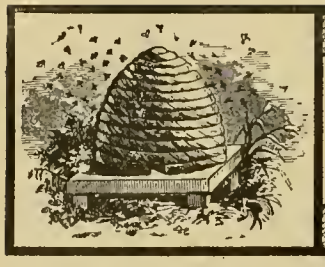
MY PUSSIES.

So plump and so fair and so furry,
With coats of the softest of silk,
They peep from their tiny brown blankets—
My pussies that never want milk.

I fondle and stroke and caress them,
Or playfully give them a squeeze;
They never will scratch or be naughty,
These pets of the purest Maltese.

I love them! Indeed who could help it?
You ask if I call each by name?
Ah no! They are numbered by thousands!
My pussies the willow buds claim.

—Isabelle H. Fitz, in The Congregationalist.



THE RURAL LIFE

A FORETASTE OF SPRING.

Th' first warm day that comes, I like to potter 'round outdoors
P'tendin' that I got to do a mighty lot o' chores.
But reely it's to get a taste o' south wind on my lips—
The south wind, full o' blossom breath and honey tang that drips
Out o' th' flowers somewhere else. There ain't no better thing
Than potterin' around outdoors th' first warm day in spring.

I like to climb th' hills an' see th' medders fast asleep,
An' know, a'ready, all th' grass waits for th' word to creep
Up to th' air; an' daisies, too—they're ready, every one,
To wake and climb an' wave their hands a "howdy!" to th' sun.
An' way out there across th' fields where Miller's woods commence
I see a certain sign o' spring—a stretch o' whitewashed fence.

A whitewashed fence—a common thing to warm a fellow's heart;
It ain't nowise a purty thing, nor yet a work o' art—
But don't you see it's just as if th' farm had up an' gone
An' fixed itself for spring, with its best bib an' tucker on?
Then mebbe there's a robin come to chirp an' show its vest—
A woman robin! on th' move, house huntin' for a nest.

Th' crick is brimmin' full—it wants to climb its banks an' see
Th' signs that spring's a-comin', an' it's jolly as can be.
An' then, acrost th' medders comes a song that's kind o' blurred—
A song that's sung so far away you can't make out a word;
But still, you sense th' reason why somebody wants to sing
If you can potter 'round outdoors th' first warm day in spring.

—W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

Dry Land Farming

Wm. Mohler

OVER the greater part of what is known as the semi-arid regions east of the Rocky mountains there is sufficient rainfall to mature crops if it would come at the right time. By what is known as "dry-land farming" or "the Campbell system of soil culture," much of the moisture is retained until it is needed.

The system is quite simple, but it must be closely followed to get the best results.

The method of doing the work is about as follows: Just as soon as a crop is harvested the soil is cultivated thoroughly to a depth of three or four inches. In many fields a disc harrow may be seen following immediately behind the harvester, for the sooner the soil is cultivated, the less the loss of moisture. If the soil is inclined to be cloddy or the soil too open, the disc harrow is followed by a smoothing harrow. The soil is cultivated at intervals of two or three weeks, until plowing time. The soil is plowed to a depth of six or more inches, the deeper the better. As soon as there is sufficient ground plowed it is gone over with a tool called the sub-surface packer, which packs the lower part of the furrow slice and closes up all of the opening left in plowing. The packer is followed by a smoothing harrow. The soil is now ready for seeding if moisture enough is present.

Soil that has been broken up and then packed together again not only holds more moisture than loose soil, or unbroken soil, but it has a tendency to draw the moisture from the soil having less moisture-holding capacity. By plowing deeply and thoroughly packing the sub-surface soil, the moisture is held just where it is mostly needed,—at the plant roots. By keeping the surface soil loose the moisture that would be lost by evaporation may be retained for several weeks—long enough to carry a corn crop from the middle of July to maturity without any more rain.

It has been demonstrated by a good many experiments that two inches of rainfall may be lost by evaporation in less than ten days' time where the surface soil is not cultivated. To know why this is so some of the laws that govern the movement of the moisture will have to be noticed: Water in the soil is not held in cavities or open spaces, but it is held in the form of films around the soil particles. When there is more water in the soil than the soil particles can hold in the form of films the surplus water is taken deeper into the soil by a force called gravitation. The

water held in films does not seem to be subject to the law of gravitation, but is subject to another law called capillary attraction. One of the offices of capillary attraction appears to be that of maintaining an equilibrium of moisture among the soil particles. If a certain part of the soil becomes deficient in moisture there is a movement in the soil moisture to supply the deficiency. We have a good illustration of this movement in the burning lamp. By capillary attraction the wick above the oil is filled with oil, and as rapidly as the flame burns the oil at the top of the wick, oil moves up through the wick to replace the oil consumed. What's true of the oil in the lamp is also true of the moisture in the soil. For as rapidly as the surface moisture is carried away by the air, capillary action replaces the lost moisture until the supply is exhausted.

For moisture to move freely by capillary action the soil must be firm or closely packed. Unbroken soil or soil settled by rains is in the best condition for moisture movement. Many a farmer in the regions of plenty of rainfalls has lost his spring-sown crops, especially grass crops because the newly plowed ground was not packed closely together in the bottom of the furrow—the moisture in the subsoil could not climb up through the open spaces to where it was needed by the young plants, and the moisture in the plowed soil evaporated before the rains settled it. If the plowed soil is surface packed by rolling or other ways, or if it is settled by rains, a moisture connection is made through the packed soil from the subsoil to the moving air and moisture is lost. But if the surface soil is kept loose the capillarity of the soil is broken and the moisture is retained until the plant needs it. To get the best results in growing corn or other cultivated crops the soil should be stirred after every rain with a harrow or small-shovelled cultivator to a depth of not less than three inches nor more than four inches.

Falls City, Neb.

THE VALUE OF BIRDS.

O. H. KIMMEL.

THE birds are our friends. They are the friend of the farmer and they throw gleams of sunshine into his life by chanting songs. They are the friend of all because of the pleasure that they bring to us, but above this perhaps, we would consider their usefulness. It falls easily within the province of all of us to discuss the real economic value of birds to man.

Education has stood rigidly for the three R's, and for their principles, and our intellect speaks out because of this training. But it has dawned upon us within the past twenty years that this education is entirely too insufficient. Among the different essentials that have been added to the list of required studies we find one now taking a hold on the people in the form of nature study which reinforces the intellectual side of life and blends the ideas with nature and harmony and beauty which field the Anglo-Saxon has long neglected.

Until recent years the bird had no special friend to stand between him and destruction. The careless boy or reckless sportsman and the decorators were after him unchecked by law or by any power, and it seemed to be their delight to kill and destroy until annihilation should threaten the bird family.

Why should they not be destroyed? Did they not gather the cherries from the cherry tree, dig up the corn, destroy eggs, etc., were they not the worst enemy of the farmer? Some birds, said the thinker, subsisted almost entirely upon most valuable farm plants.

So the plan of extermination was carried on. The beautiful birds of plumage, the song bird, in fact all, were included in this ruthless murder, until at last scientific research called a halt.

The farmer was now complaining of a greater foe than the birds. It was demonstrated then that in every year one-tenth of all agricultural products was destroyed by insects. Further investigation showed that there are over a hundred thousand different species of insects in this country alone, the majority of which are injurious to our growing crops. Still farther investigation showed that the diet of birds was of such a nature as to readily acquit most of them of the cruel charges, for in reality a great majority of them subsist upon these insects, which, left unmolested, destroy the crops.

Against all these mighty hosts of crop destroyers the farmer is battling with little avail. He fumigates, he sprays, he sprinkles, and but for the birds he is almost helpless. These, in decreased armies now, still come to his defense and help to turn the tide of victory.

Yet many of these feathered friends are still held under condemnation by the average farmer. They pluck a few berries, a few sprouts and the enraged farmer kills them. If he would only examine now the contents of their stomachs he would be surprised to learn that he has taken the lives of some of the greatest insect destroyers.

It has been shown that each insect-destroying bird destroys over two thousand four hundred insects in a year. Think of it! Over two thousand insects in a year! And yet we destroy their lives because they pull up a sprig of corn, or eat a cherry, which it plucked from the top of a tree which we could not reach.

Yet it destroyed the seed. It ruined a hill of corn. Two-four-six ears of corn less in the coming field. Nay, wait! How many hills of corn would the two thousand four hundred insects destroy? And again. The bird may be a seed eater. But it eats alike the seeds

of the crops and the noxious weeds and it has at least for every "pound of dross given its pound of gold."

It is not alone the beautiful and attractive birds which appeal to us to save them from the net and gun, but also many that are repulsive and unsightly to us, such as the carrion eaters.

In many lands the vultures and buzzards are voted the freedom of the streets and of the country, and they have no fear of man. If it were not for these scavengers, pestilence and death would soon sweep away human life in these regions, but they feed upon the rapidly-decaying dead bodies and thus save the race.

In our own country the hawks and the owls are among the best friends of the farmer, though they are still hunted down as the thief in the night. The famous barred owl steals less than one-fourth of its food from the farmer, who should be grateful enough to furnish this food, when he takes into consideration the value of the owl's work in the destruction of mice, injurious insects and mammals upon his farm, which injure and destroy his crops.

Statistics even show that our old enemies the crow, the blackbird and the cedar bird do more good than they do harm. The red-headed woodpecker and sap-suckers do more good than harm, and other members of this family are quite helpful.

Only a few hawks—three I think—are under the ban; these are the goshawks, Cooper's hawk, and the sharp-shinned hawk.

When we consider the economic value of birds, and when we consider the joy and happiness that they bring to man, we should be convinced that the time has come when the ravage of war against them should cease. The farmer and the housekeeper should begin to awaken from their swoons of inaction and arise to the protection of these friends of theirs.

Yet this will not now suffice. It is time that something should be done for the birds, to pay them, in a measure, for what they have suffered in our hands,—the hands of their very protectors and friends. Can we not invite them into our meadows and our orchards and our dooryards? Can we not make our farms and our gardens attractive haunts for them where they may feed and thrive and enthuse us with their songs?

They prevent the undue increase of insect life, destroy rodents, destroy harmful seeds and act as scavengers. Orinthologists tell us that without the birds the increase of insects and noxious vegetation would make the earth uninhabitable. If this be true, either wholly or in part, then it is within our power to realize our duty toward our feathered friends.

We cannot afford to lose them, nor can we afford to withhold our protection from them longer. We can conceive of no brighter place on earth than a morning whose dewy sunshine is made glad by the songs of the birds.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

I HAVE often put forward the thesis that the love of nature is an essential part of true wisdom. I believe it has also a happy effect upon a man's character and conduct. In itself it is a perennial source of enjoyment. The Creator looked forth upon his work and pronounced it good. And who can ever be weary or unhappy who finds a joy in every flower and a delight in every stream? Wherever he may be he finds something that interests him, something that engages his fancy, something that appeals to his sympathies. Whatever the season, he finds around him a rare museum of objects of curiosity and wonder. Let him but open his heart to hear, and nature will breathe into it a divine benediction, which exorcises evil thoughts and dispels the suggestion of despondency. Her influence has a charm in it which subdues our coarser tendencies. It is surely difficult to retain our worldliness in the presence of the vast silent forces of the mountains, or within hearing of the mysterious voices of the sea. The mind must indeed be debased, the heart corrupted, that can cling to its worthless idols when the lark's song falls in liquid drops of melody from "Heaven's gate," and the morning breeze comes over the hills with the freshness and the balm of the pinewoods on its wings.

I cannot conceive of self-culture unless it includes the study of nature so as to render both the imagination and the intellect susceptible of its elevating and purifying inspiration. What better influence can flow in upon the soul of man than that which lives in forest and sea and star, is equally active in the primrose by the river's brim and the cold white glacier that rolls with sure, if imperceptible, motion down the rugged Alpine precipice?

Music? There are wonderful cadences and modulations in the flow of the stream and the songs of birds, while indescribable harmonies are swollen by the myriad voices that go up from the eloquent earth. Art? It is to nature that art turns for her finest inspiration, from nature that she borrows her subtlest combinations of form and color. Science? Nature is its well-head, its origin; at once its reason and its justification. Can there be a sweeter, a tenderer power than that of the pastoral meadows and the purple vineyards and the waving cornfields? or can there be a grander and sublimer effect than that of the mountain peak, which cleaves like a golden arrow the dim vast blue? or the far-spreading plain of ocean, with its ever-shifting lights and shadows?—*W. H. D. Adams.*

A SENSIBLE POULTRY HOUSE.

My house is 14 x 12 feet facing the south. Instead of glass windows, I have frames covered with cotton, provided with hinges to swing inward. There is a platform 9 x 4 feet under roosts, of which there are two 3 x 2 inches in size. Roosts are hinged to back wall and can be hung upon hook when platform needs cleaning.

There are curtains, made of cotton, in front of roosts, which are drawn close when cold. All space of house not occupied by platform is devoted to scratching shed, the floor being provided with plenty of straw, into which their hard feed is thrown. A small space in end of house is partitioned off and used for feed house. Nest boxes are placed under the platform.—*W. H. Nelson, in Farm and Home.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Facts and Figures.

The speed of a wild duck is about ninety miles an hour.

Police of the city of New York arrest each day an average of forty-eight men who say that they have no occupation.

Among men, 51 per cent are stronger in the right arm than in the left. In thirty-three cases the left arm is the stronger; in the rest the two arms are equal.

A camel can readily carry as much as two oxen. With a load of four hundred pounds he can travel twelve or fourteen days without water, and make forty miles a day.

It is estimated that, in all, some 500 wealthy American women have married titled foreigners, and that the aggregate of their dowries exceeded $200,000,000.

If the immigrants landing in New York City during the last year had come at the same time it would have required a fleet of 1,121 vessels, each one carrying 1,000 passengers.

There are about 4,000 lepers in Colombia, or one to every 1,000 inhabitants. Most of them are now isolated. Cases are rarely found among the classes living with hygienic care.

There are 1,690,000 beehives, producing 19,000 tons of honey in Spain, which is the second greatest producer of honey in the world. Germany, with 2,000,000 beehives, produces 20,000 tons.

Thomas Hudam, after careful studies, declares that the average man of fifty looks back on 18,250 days lived awake and 6,212 asleep. To work 6,348 days have been devoted, but to pleasure only 4,192.

Who's in Charge?

"Where's the president of this railroad?" asked the man who called at the general offices.

"He's down in Washington, attendin' th' session o' some kind uv an investigatin' committee," replied the office-boy.

"Where's the general manager?"

"He's appearin' before th' interstate commerce commission."

"Well, where's the general superintendent?"

"He's at th' meeting o' th' legislature, fightin' some new law."

"Where's the head of the legal department?"

"He's in court, tryin' a suit."

"Then where's the general passenger agent?"

"He's explainin' t' th' commercial travelers why he can't reduce th' fare."

"Where is the general freight agent?"

"He's gone out in th' country t' attend a meetin' o' th' grange, an' tell th' farmers why he ain't got no freight-cars."

"Who's running the railroad, anyway?"

"Th' newspapers."—Christian Endeavor World.

Wit in Overalls.

Said the speaker at a lawyer's dinner: "We lawyers couldn't do better than to resolve in the new year to be gentler in our cross-examinations. Rudeness in cross-examination never, never pays. This is a truth that I once saw proved in a damage suit. In this suit a cross-examining lawyer shouted at a witness in overalls: 'You, there, in the overalls, how much are you paid for telling untruths?' 'Less than you are,' the witness retorted, 'or you'd be in overalls, too.'"—Kansas City Star.

Proverbs of Persia.

Good luck is not sold in the market.

An ass is an ass, though his saddle-cloth be satin.

In the ant's house dew is a deluge.

Liars have bad memories.

A pound of learning needs ten of sense.

If you go to hunt a jackal, prepare to meet a lion.

An old man sees in a brick what a young man sees in a mirror.

Stretch your feet according to your blanket.

Gold does the business, man does the boasting.

Fashionable Doctor: "My dear young lady, you are drinking unfiltered water, which swarms with animal organisms. You should have it boiled; that will kill them."

His Patient: "Well, doctor, I think I'd sooner be an aquarium than a cemetery."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE 10-room two-story dwelling. Newly papered, high ceiling, five closets, cement steps and walks. Cellar, well and cistern. Seven kinds of fruit. Paved street. Desirable for retired farmer. 1834 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. Mary M. Gibson.

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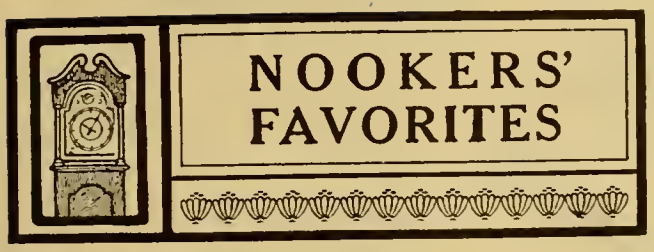
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TO A WATERFOWL.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou art gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

—Bryant.

A GENTLEMAN.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little cap.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard his rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched;
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass:
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself;
He serves you if he can,
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

You Can do Better at "Hazelwood"

Many of the Brethren in Illinois and Iowa are prosperous. They have comfortable homes, big substantial barns first-class stock, modern farm machinery, and are both comfortble and happy. Others of the Brethren who are equally industrious, equally intelligent and equally upright lack material prosperity.

The prosperous Brethren are farming fertile land. Those who find difficulty in making both ends meet are located on lands of meager productive power.

It is not the difference in the men.

The cause of the distinctive difference in the prosperity of the Brethren is **the quality of the soil** that they cultivate. Those who move from poor land to fertile acres soon become well-to-do. Those who change their location from rich land to poor land soon become poor.

The labor and expenditure necessary to raise a crop are if anything greater on poor than on rich lands, yet poor lands mean poverty and rich lands mean opulence to those who work them.

The richest lands of Iowa and Illinois will produce not more than one-third the tonnage per acre in a year of the annual yield from the irrigated acres of "Hazelwood," located between 4 and 7 miles west of Spokane, Washington.

The products of Hazelwood lands (alfalfa, vegetables and fruits) will bring many times as much in dollars and cents than will an equal weight of products possible to the lands of Iowa and Illinois. The highest cash market in the United States for farm produce (Spokane, Wash.) is within easy driving distance. Hazelwood farmers have no freight to pay.

With the same energy and application any of the Brethren who will locate at Hazelwood can accomplish in one year what it would take him many years to accomplish on the richest lands of Iowa and Illinois.

This is a broad statement, but we can prove it: You will make more money in a few years off a small acreage at Hazelwood than you can make in a lifetime off a large farm in the richest and most fertile part of Iowa or Illinois.

Tekean, Idaho, Feb. 19, 1907.
Neely & Young, 340 Riverside Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

Gentlemen:—I believe you would profit by stating in your advertisement in the Inglenook the distance of Hazelwood property from Brethren church, which is located in West Grove addition to Spokane, and which now has forty-five communicants.

Sherman Stookey.

From Hazelwood to this Brethren church is about four miles, over a fine road.

The electric car will bring Hazelwood people near to the church if they do not care to drive.

Mr. Stookey is one of the Brethren who has recently bought irrigated land from us near Spokane, and his unsolicited effort to help locate others of his sect near here shows what he thinks of the conditions.

If you want to know more about "Hazelwood," send your name and address to

Neely & Young
(Incorporated)
340 Riverside Avenue,
SPOKANE, WASH.

YOU ARE LOSING MONEY

By not making a trip and investigating our **Cheap Lands** in the

PANHANDLE OF TEXAS

We own 100,000 acres, close to the thriving town of **Texline,** Dallam Co., ranging in price from $5.00 to $15.00 per acre.

PEOPLE WHO SHOULD BE INTERESTED

Parties wanting better climate for members of family who have poor health. Renters wanting homes of their own. Parents desiring lands for children, or people of means who wish an investment that will pay 20 per cent interest if the land is rented—without considering the fact that the land will double in value in less than two years. See our land either on your way out or coming back from California in May. **Write us** to-day for for free illustrated Booklet descriptive of the **Texas Panhandle.**

THE NORTH TEXAS LAND CO.,

250 Market Street 11-13-15 **TEXLINE, TEXAS**

Nature Works Hard

to remedy our bodily infirmities as soon as they appear. Sometimes she succeeds without any assistance —other times not. But how can we assist nature in this work of healing? By the use of a mild, yet active herb-remedy which will help nature throw off the accumulated impurities from the system through the kidneys, the bowels, the liver and even through the pores of the skin.

That is, plainly stated, the working principle of DR. PETER'S BLOOD VITALIZER, the old root and herb-remedy. This remedy is put up for a specific purpose—the cure of sick people. It had its birth over a century ago in those early days when rugged honesty was the rule rather than the exception and has been handed down, unchanged, as heritage from generation to generation. It occupies a place in the field of medicine distinctly its own and is not placed on sale in drugstores. It is supplied direct to the people in its purest and freshest condition through the medium of specially appointed agents, friends and neighbors whom you know and trust.

NO NEED FOR DOCTOR.

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 9th, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I have had considerable experience with your **Blood Vitalizer** and always found it excellent. Since we have kept the **Blood Vitalizer** on hand, we have had no doctor in the house. I wish that everybody might learn of the **Blood Vitalizer** and try it, as far as we are concerned, we cannot do without it. Yours truly,

D. Dallago.

29 Mott St.

CURED HIS SON.

Jolton, Tenn., Jan. 27, '06.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I should like very much to ge a box of **Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer** for family use. Our son was sick all last summer and we tried all kinds of medicines, but nothing helped until we got the **Blood Vitalizer.** Four bottles of the **Vitalizer** cured him and he is now in fine health. For this reason, we do not want to be without it in the house.

Please let we know how much money to send.

Yours truly,

R. R. No. 27. Peter Forte.

CURED SKIN ERUPTIONS.

Kalamazoo, Mich., Oct. 16, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I desire to apply for the agency for your medicine and push its sale for the benefit of humanity. Your **Blood Vitalizer** has cured me of a skin trouble with which I was afflicted and which the doctors failed to cure. I can recommend it to all sufferers as the best medicine in the world for such maladies. Yours truly,

N. Posier.

816 N. Polk St.

SAVED HER LIFE.

Calumet, Mich., Sept. 23, 1906.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—I believe that if I had not used your **Blood Vitalizer,** I would have been in my grave long ago. I was troubled for years with a serious stomach disorder and your **Blood Vitalizer** is the only thing that relieved me. I am very grateful to you for what your medicine has done for me. I can recommend it to everybody and wish the people knew more generally of its merits.

Yours truly,

Victoria Flens.

Such is the testimony in thousands of varied forms regarding this famous herb-remedy. It contains no deleterious drugs or substances. It is made of pure, health-giving roots and herbs from Nature's storehouse—nothing but what will do good. For further particulars address the sole makers and proprietors,

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living,I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

Our Young People

Published by
Brethren Publishing House
ELGIN, ILLINOIS

Every Sunday-school Superintendent
Every Sunday-school Teacher
Every Advanced Sunday-school Scholar
Every Young Person in the Church
Every Christian Worker
ought to receive
OUR YOUNG PEOPLE
regularly.

It is the Best Paper for all Young Persons. The way to get it is to subscribe NOW at 65 cents per year, or get up a club of five or more to one address at 40 cents per copy per year.

In Answering Advertisements Please Mention The Inglenook

1907-NEW-1908 CARD CATALOGUE

now ready for mailing. Nearly all are entirely new designs, and are sure to please the children.

Catalog FREE. ASK FOR IT.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

Finest Cook Book Seen

Enclosed please find stamps for which please send me the "Inglenook Cook Book."

It is certainly the finest cook book we have ever seen. One can get a really substantial meal with it, which cannot be said of many cook books with their fancy receipts. I want this one for my sister.

Very truly,
ZULA GOCHENOUR.
Maurertown, Va., March 26, 1907.

Price, paper bound books, ...25 cents
Price, oil-cloth books, ...35 cents

Agents are making big money selling these cook books. Nearly every cook that sees a copy wants one. Write us for terms, stating what county you want to canvass in.

Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Are you a Minister?
Are you a Sunday-school Superintendent?
Are you a Sunday-school Teacher?
Are you a Sunday-school Worker?
Are you interested in Sunday-school Work?
If you are and do not receive the Brethren Teachers' Monthly regularly you ought to subscribe to-day.

The Brethren Teachers' Monthly

is the best Sunday-school help published. We are convinced of this fact, and so are hundreds of others. Let us prove it to your satisfaction.

A three month trial will only cost you 16 cents.

Yearly subscription price, 50 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

The Brethren Colonies

IN

Western Canada

Are Prosperous and Happy

The Soil there is Rich. Good Water and Lots of It Easily Obtainable. Fuel and Building Material Cheap. Your Neighbors are those of Like Faith and Practice.

Why Not Avail Yourself of This, Your Last Chance, to Get

GOOD LAND CHEAP?

Wheat Yields of 40 Bushels per Acre are Common. Oats has Yielded 140 Bushels per Acre.

Prices of Our Lands Range from $9.00 to $15.00 per Acre, on Easy Terms

For Particulars and About Cheap Rates Address

The R. R. Stoner Land Co., Ltd.,

440 Temple Court Minneapolis, Minn.

THOSE IN OHIO AND INDIANA ADDRESS

ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio.

WHY HAVE YOU CATARRH?

When I can relieve or cure you, no difference in what bad shape you may be? I deal direct with the sufferer, direct from my laboratory to you. I have the latest appliance and the most perfect treatment mailed on ten days' trial free. Do not neglect catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications.



THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN USE IT

FREE On 10 Days Approval

We will send you our new Spray Medicator and treatment for all forms of catarrh if you will simply send us your address. This is a new discovery that strikes right at the root of this dreadful disease and kills the germs. It affords immediate relief. The balmy oils used in the medicator are forced in a filmy cloud to all parts of the diseased nasal passage.

Don't think for a minute that you can cure catarrh of the head by taking medicines into the stomach. My treatment is applied direct. It stops the hawking and spitting, sniffing and snuffing, does away with nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat, soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the headclear as a bell.

Our Spray Medicator

is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

Our Special Trial Offer

FOR A SHORT TIME

If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

E. J. WORST

210 MAIN STREET ASHLAND, OHIO

MAILED ON TRIAL FREE



PURE HERB TABLETS

Quickly relieves and permanently cures Constipation, Stomach and Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

100 DAYS' TREATMENT $1.00

If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

More than a million people are using Pure Herb Tablets or have been cured with them. If you are ailing and want to be cured, what more evidence do you want? We will give you this timely advice free. Don't take our word nor the word of the cured hundreds, but send for a box on trial free, and try them yourself, absolutely free. You are to be the judge. If you do not feel like a new person after ten days' use, simply return the balance and you are under no obligations to us.

If our directions are followed, WE GUARANTEE PURE HERB TABLETS to satisfy every customer, or we will return their money.

In most people uric acid is present in the blood, gradually accumulating as they grow older, and by lodging in various organs of the body, it causes disease. The blood grows old and impure, thus undermining the strongest constitutions.

Our treatment is its own testimonial. You pay nothing until we prove the treatment to be as represented.

SEE HOW EASY.

Just send us a mere postal card, mentioning the Inglenook, and we will mail 100 days' treatment of our Pure Herb Tablet treatment. Use them ten days, if perfectly satisfactory, send us $1.00, if not, simply return the balance and you still have your money. We claim this treatment has no equal for the above diseases, and take this honorable way to prove it to our patrons. Don't miss this opportunity. Speed the day by sending now to

PURE HERB TABLET CO.

537 MAIN STREET

ASHLAND, OHIO

Agents Wanted. Not sold by druggists.

The Inglenook

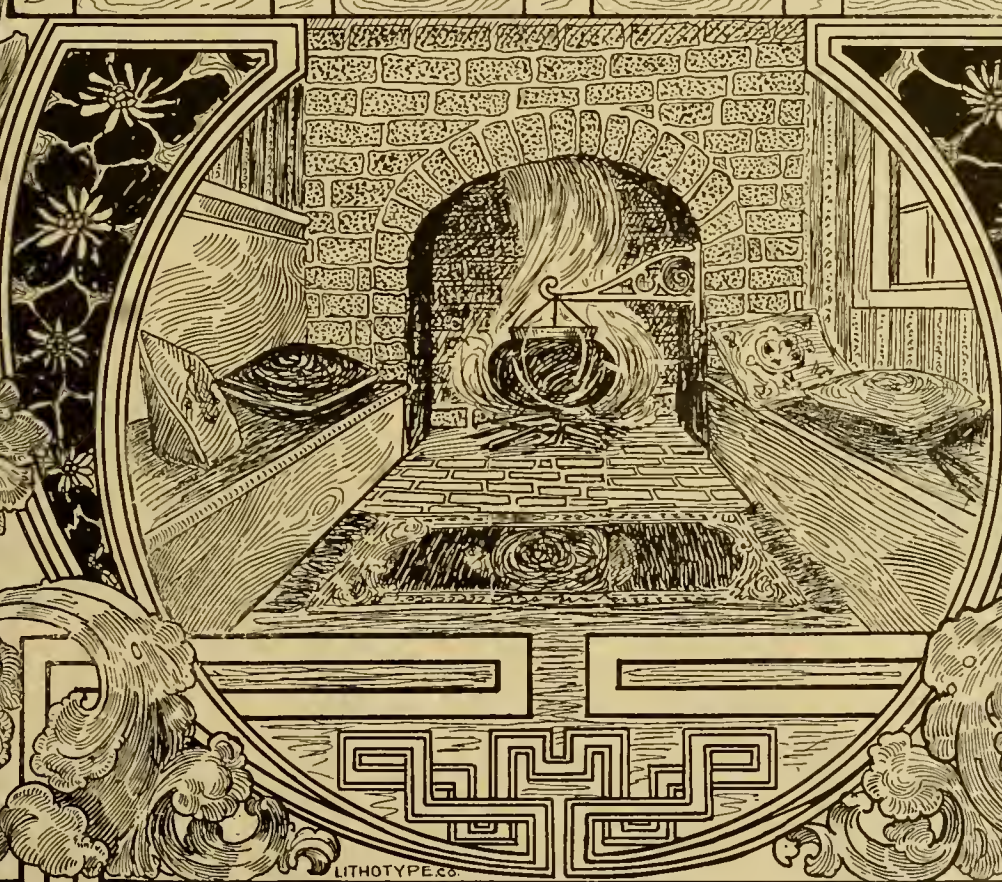
A Weekly Magazine

Though love be bought and honor sold,
The sunset keeps its glow of gold:
And round the rosy summits cold
The white clouds hover, fold on fold.

Though over-ripe the nations rot,
Though right be dead and faith forgot,
Though one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise,
"It is the meaner part that dies."

—Sir Lewis Morris.



LITHOTYPE.CO.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE. ELGIN, ILL.

April 16, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 16. Vol. IX

THE LOS ANGELES LIMITED TRAIN



San Pedro Harbor.



Mission San Gabriel.



Arrowhead Mountain and Hot Springs.



Magnolia Avenue Riverside.

To the Members of Standing Committee and Others:

The Los Angeles Limited Carries Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars of the latest and most comfortable kind. This train **passes through** Rainbow Canyon, which takes its name from the colors of the rocks on each side of the Canyon.

Other Roads advertise that they **Do Not** carry Tourist Sleeping cars on their Limited Trains to Los Angeles.

Members of Standing Committee who do not wish to take one of the Excursion Trains going to the Annual Meeting on account of not wishing to start early can

Take the Los Angeles Limited from Chicago at 10:05 P. M. and the third day at 7:15 P. M. be in Los Angeles.

Buy Your Round Trip Ticket going over the Los Angeles Limited to Los Angeles, returning over

The Coast Line where you can throw your apple cores and peach seeds into the Pacific Ocean, from your car window, for over a hundred miles, see them rebuilding San Francisco.

If Your Time Is Limited return direct from San Francisco over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where you will see the Blue Canyon, Cape Horn, the original Gold Diggings and **other fine scenery.**

Direct from Your Car Window Without any additional expense for side trips or delay in time, or from San Francisco take

The Far-famed Shasta Route, passing around Mt. Shasta, which is 14,000 feet high, **Visit Butte Valley,** where many of the Brethren are locating, Portland, Weiser, Payette, Nampa and other points on your way home.

Low Rates one way to California in March and April.

It will afford me great pleasure to give you further information as to routes, rates, etc., if you will only ask for it.

Fraternally yours,

GEO. L. McDONAUGH

COLONIZATION AGENT

OMAHA, NEB.



Entering Rainbow Canyon.



The Great Salt Lake.



Oranges and Snow-Capped Mountains.



Among Pomona's Orange Groves.

Sit Up and Take Notice!

Below is a partial list of the names of Brethren and Sisters who have purchased farms in Butte Valley. It is impossible to give you all of them, because they are constantly coming and others are making purchases by mail, and it is sometimes a week or more before we receive notice of these purchases. We know of about fifteen hundred acres that have been sold lately, but we do not know all the names yet. This will give you an idea of who your neighbors will be when you buy your home in the Valley. Many Brethren are writing and talking about waiting until the May 2nd excursion to purchase land. Brother Isaiah Wheeler, of Cerrogordo, Ill., will go to the Valley this week to remain until after the Annual Meeting and assist in showing the Brethren around through the Valley.

List of Purchasers Who have Made Selections of Land in Butte Valley

E. M. Wolfe
A. B. Campbell
H. F. Maust
Alvin Sword
Frank Zuck
Collin Puterbaugh
Charles Fifer
W. F. Nine
F. I. Johnson
Mrs. F. I. Johnson
(or Jennie Johnson)
D. M. Glick
B. F. Glick
I. H. Rosenberger
Charles Messick
David Plum
Effa Sharp
H. S. Sheller
O. S. Gilbert
Julia A. Gilbert
U. I. Kagey
Anna E. Risser
I. J. Hoffa
S. E. Moats
Mrs. F. A. Gross
(or Lelia E. Gross)
J. H. Slifer
Thos. Trice and Emma Trice
Rob't Miller and Alice E. Miller
H. H. Heckman
Geo. E. Wray
U. S .Blough and Mary S. Blough
R. A. Smith
J. Garver
A. M. Bechtel
J. W. Keefer
Philip Krausher
Thos. J. Rehm
John Rehm
J. S. Hershberger
I. M. Beekly
E. A. Stutsman
A. A. Smith
Maria A. Kuns
S. S. Flickinger
Fidel Keiliger
D. C. Campbell
S. P. Bownan
W. H. Gilbert
Samuel Smith
C. Rowland
Frank Lapp
W. C. Heisel
Amelia Law
Katharine Tadlock
J. M. Tadlock
J. C. Funderburg
A. T. Garrison
W. H. Maust
J. W. Miller
E. W. Miller
Jacob I. Hoffman
W. H. Lichty
O. J. Rothrock
Geo. G. Shirk
F. M. Shirk
J. B. Shirk
H. W. Miller
P. J. Summy and Myra J. Summy
O. M. Moore
W. M. Lentz
Forest Ullery
Elmer Gripe
Cath. Ruble
C. D. Aschenbrenner
H. P. Talhelm
Aaron Hufford
Thos. B. Frydiger
D. W. Stuff
Charles Moore
J. R. Clark
Barbara Moore
Edward T. Collins
J. R. Moore
Rose B. Harter
Martha V. McDonaugh
A. N. Huffmn
Mrs. Jennie Hutchins
J. M. Rupert
C. H. Massie
Emma Bermond
Joseph W. Maust
Austin E. Smith
Emma Trice
David M. Snider
A. L. Waterman
D. F. Stauffer
O. L. Mowrer
E. P. Mowrer
A. B. Smith
S. C. Eskeldson
J. S. Strickler
C. E. Rhodes
Gorden Applegate
W W. Musick
S. S. Neher
Elva Lizer
F. S. Gilbert
M. Eshelman
D. M. Fike
Isaiah Wheeler
Henry Metzger
J. S .Metzger
C. E. Metzger
Geo. W. Miller

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

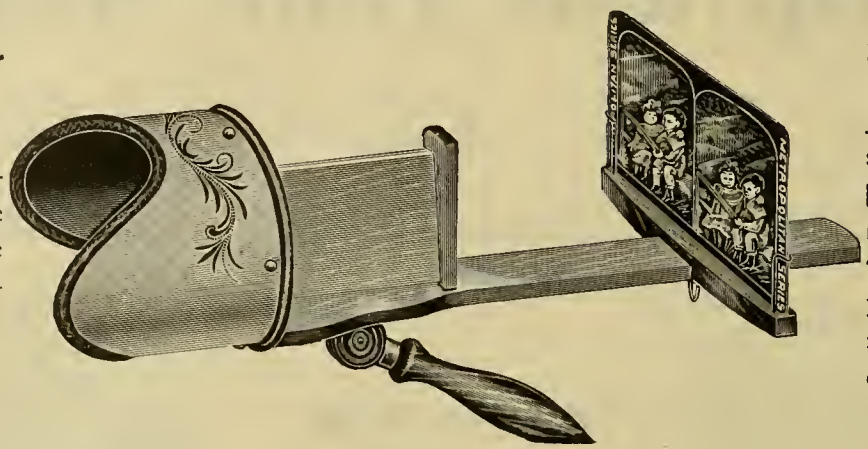
504 Union Trust Bldg. **SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.**

STEREOSCOPE AND VIEWS FREE

Here is Your Chance

to get a fine, first-class Stereoscope and a choice bunch of Stereoscopic views

FREE



How to Do It

Just send us subscriptions to the **INGLENOOK,** either new or renewals. The more names you send the more views you can get.

ALUMINUM SCOPE.

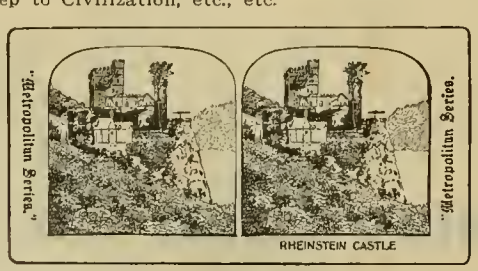
This very handsome Stereoscope is made with a specially constructed aluminum hood, fitted closely to cover the eyes with a soft binding of velvet. The aluminum is satin finished with beautiful hand-engraved designs. The frame is of fine-grained cherry, polished, oiled and varnished. The partition is mathematically adjusted, the handle folds in a firm socket, and the slide may be firmly fixed at any point. The lenses are of the best magnifying quality, 1¼ inches square, set for a focus of any range of eyesight. This elegant instrument is a popular favorite. Its sterling qualities are unsurpassed as a pretty, entertaining and useful article for any parlor or library. Price of scope, $1.00.



No. 1. ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR VIEWS.

These duo-photo-types represent the never-to-be-forgotten scenes of the greatest and costliest exposition ever made. Those who visited the fair and those who did not go should be equally interested in preserving in mind the great achievements of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. They are the finest steroscopic views on the market and cannot be duplicated for less than ten times the cost. This set contains fifty views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Palace of Liberal Arts.
The Irish Village.
Palace of Education.
View on the Pike.
Palace of Machinery and Japanese Tea Garden.
Chinese Pavilion.
Palace of Electricity.
Administration Avenue.
Fair Japan.
The Step to Civilization, etc., etc.



No. 2. VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

This set contains fifty views. They are selections from the most important places all over the old world. They are very fine and are sure to please. A few of the subjects are:

Office and Desk of Napoleon.
The Market Place, Paris.
Ruins of the Forum, Pompeii, Italy.
Mont Blanc Glacier, Switzerland.
Royal Palace, Berlin.
Incline Cable Car, Germany.
A Church and Cemetery, Brussels.
City Gate, Southampton, England, etc., etc.

No. 3. SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKE.

A set of twenty-five views showing the terrible catastrophe that befell the Western Metropolis. A splendid set to keep in memory the terrible earthquake. A few of the scenes are:

Ruins in the heart of the Business District after Great Disaster.
The Great City Hall Destroyed.
Serving Water to Refugees.
Ruins of the Great Palace Hotel.
Bank Interior, Showing Vaults after the Disaster, etc., etc.



No. 4. AMERICAN AND MEXICAN CITIES.

12 Views of American cities and 12 of Mexican cities. A few of the titles are:

Grand View City and Canal, Syracuse, N. Y.
State Street, Chicago.
Unloading Cotton on the Levee, Memphis.
The Great Cattle Yards, Union Stock Yards, Chicago.
Mexico's Liberty Bell.
Street Cars on the Plaza, City of Mexico.
Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

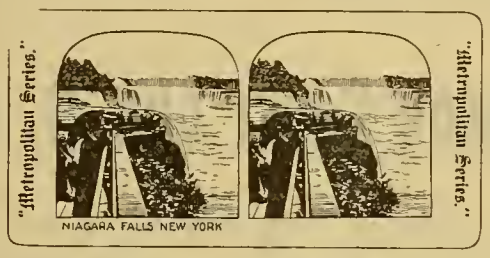
The grand scenery is here to be seen showing canyons, geysers, hot springs, and mountain precipices, peculiar to the mountainous regions of the West. This set contains 24 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Evergreen Lake, Colorado.
Interior of Ancient Church, Santa Cruz, N. Mex.
Bee-hive Geyser In Eruption, Yellowstone Park.
River View of Yosemite Falls, Calif.
Grand Canyon, Yellowstone National Park.
Driving a Four Horse Team Through a Tree.
Bears in Their Home, etc., etc.

Stereoscope and Views FREE

No. 6. NIAGARA FALLS VIEWS.

Pictures in duo-photo-type of Summer and Winter scenes about the great falls of the Niagara River, showing



that wonderful cataract in all its wonders. This set contains 12 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

Famous Gorge, Watkins Glen, N. Y.
Winter Scene, Goat Island, N. Y.
Niagara River and Electric Railway.
Ice Mountain, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Whirlpool Rapids,. etc., etc.

The views we propose to give you for just a few hours of your time are sold by canvassers at 8 1-3 cents per copy. At that rate our set of fifty including scope at $1, would cost you more than $5.

EARN A SET THAT YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH.

For only 1 subscription, set No. 6—12 views.
For only 2 subscriptions, either set No. 3, 4 or 5—24 views.
For only 3 subscriptions, our fine aluminum scope.
For only 4 subscriptions, either set No. 1 or 2—50 views.

You can make any combination of the above that you may choose. Example: For 5 subscriptions you can secure one scope and a set of No. 3 views, "San Francisco Earthquake," twenty-four view in set; or for 9 subscriptions, one scope and a set each of Nos. 3, 4 and 5.

PLEASE NOTE,

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. APRIL 16, 1907. NO. 16.

JUST ONE WORD.

IRA P. DEAN.

The clouds of life may now hang low
O'er some poor humble cot,
Where some poor soul in sorrow lies,
Which seems to be its lot.
And where this troubled soul may live,
No sound of cheer is heard;
She's waiting for one pleasant smile,
Or just one single word.

Not every heart was made to mourn,
Not every one to cry;
Yet for a smile or just one word
A number of them die.
Some hearts may yet be made to laugh,
Some souls may yet be stirred,
And many saddened lives made bright,
By just one single word.

Oh! when you find a troubled soul,
O'er which life's clouds hang low,
Will you not drop a smile or word,
As on life's way you go?
Although the picture of their joy
To you may still seem blurred,
'Twill clear to you in future years,
By just one single word.

Now won't you make some soul rejoice,
Some heart glad while you live?
And not withhold one pleasant smile,
Or word that you can give?
And when your life on earth is done,
'Twill have to you occurred,
You made some saddened soul rejoice,
With just one single word.

Harrisburg, Pa.

THE DRAGON.

S. N. M'CANN.

To see the Emperor of China is to see the "dragon's face," the throne is called the "dragon's throne." The dragon, a fabulous monster, is the imperial emblem. This emblem is worked upon the Chinese flag in fine needle work. The emblem is everywhere evident, on furniture, vases, pictures, garments, and banners.

On New Year's day and for three or four days afterward the dragon is one of the prominent attractions to Chinese men, women and children, and to others also. A great silk dragon with a monstrous head, goggle eyes, elephant-like ears, and an immense mouth is made to appear alive by a man standing with his arms and shoulders in the head, another man or men supporting the tail. The people from the second or third story of the houses tie to a bamboo pole two small oranges, some money, and a bunch of lettuce, and appear to be fishing for the dragon. A crowd with drums which they incessantly beat, fans which they use to protect the dragon, and a pole which the dragon climbs to get the tempting bait, is in evidence. He climbs the pole and near the top performs many antics in trying to bite off the bait. When at last he gets the bait he hustles down the pole and as he reaches the ground a shower of firecrackers are hurled at him from all directions. The fans now come into good use and six or eight men fight off the burning missiles. The dragon seems to be eating the fiery mass, the mimic battle is soon over, the dragon comes off victor and is soon climbing the pole for another bait.

Thus the dragon play goes from street to street, and hundreds of people crowd around to see the antics and to participate in the mimic battle. The hideous monster seldom gets burned, though on the third day I saw where a few holes had been burned into his head.

The Americans have their "Halloween" and their "Kriss Kringle." The Indians have their days when crowds dress up with false faces, with old and odd clothes, paint themselves like tigers and perform various antics. The Chinese have their dragon play, and so the world seems much alike wherever one goes.

YOUNG men of to-day who are looking for "soft jobs" or figuring how they may get something for nothing, should ponder well these words of Horace Greeley: "The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it."

"IF you imitate people, copy their excellences, not their peculiarities. That which is most noticeable in a person's manners is not always that which should be imitated."

The Raising of Galveston

O. H. Kimmel

DO you remember the day when Galveston was washed and destroyed by the tidal wave? How, even in Illinois the wind shook the houses and how it bent the trees and scattered the autumn leaves as it tore on its way northward! Even the sky that day, with its dim light and hazy borders, seemed to foretell the disaster, the news of which caused us to shudder the next morning.

And how unsuspecting were the people of Galveston. To be sure this city was located on a low island only a few miles wide, stretching up and down thirty miles of the Texas coast two miles from the mainland, but yet it had been a city for many years and the rolling billows of the Gulf of Mexico had never raised themselves angrily over the level stretch of city, but on the contrary seemed to foster the growth of the beautiful palms and oaks, the oleanders and other verdant growth that lined the beautiful wide streets. The people felt secure by the friendly waters which were the means of the growth of America's largest cotton port into future possibilities which could not be determined now. They said, "We are not so near the sea as we look to be. Certainly we appear to be on its level, but investigation shows that we are fifteen or twenty feet above the sea, and the Atlantic, you know, is a stable body of water, quite unlike the American rivers."

But this beautiful place with its verdant plants, its beautiful flowers, its magnificent buildings, its wealth of beautiful streets and city improvements, and many of its people was to be destroyed by these "friendly" billows which were caught up by a cyclonic wind and driven higher and higher up over the town until much of the place was in the mighty Atlantic. Nor did it come "tapping or rapping on the chamber door," but it burst in with the force of ten thousand battering rams and leveled all in a common plane or into a mighty sepulchre.

In Galveston was much wealth and refinement, and many men and women of national reputation lived there but the billows of the sea came in upon them apparently laughing at the disaster and ruin they were causing, and when the storm abated and the turbulent tide receded into the sea, those who remained alive looked out upon a desolate ruin too horrible to describe. They found that prominent men, professional men, business men, women prominent in social circles, people of all classes were numbered with the dead. Many, many bodies were never recovered as the receding billows had claimed them for the sea. Nearly one-fourth of the people had perished, and ere long another fourth fled from the wretched place. Even men of the United States army despaired of rebuilding the city and the Southern Pacific railroad recommended that the place be abandoned as a site for a city.



Raising the City by Means of Sand Pumped Through Four-foot Pipes.

But the people who remained went to work. Martial law was declared and the work of clearing up the wreckage commenced. Money fairly flowed into the stricken city from all the States. The State and

Uncle Sam joined hands with the people of the city and reconstruction became a certainty. The first great plan to be wrought out was to try to prevent such a calamity from the sea in future years.

To accomplish this, a sea wall seventeen feet high, four and one-half miles long, sixteen feet wide at the base and six feet wide at the top, has been built. It is stated that when completed the wall will be seven miles in length. On the outside the wall is riprapped with granite and within the city is gradually being filled to the top of the wall. The method of raising the grade of the city is quite interesting and novel.

In order to accomplish this, a grade raising canal over two miles in length has been constructed inside the city and near the sea wall. Dredge boats go out into the channel and pump up sand and water, thence they enter the canal to a place where they wish to discharge their load of sand and water and then pump it through three or four-foot pipes onto the island, where the sand settles and the water flows into the drainage canal and back into the sea. One of the boats used for this purpose is five hundred feet long and it carries sixteen hundred cubic yards of sand. It requires one hour for it to load and unload, including its trips into the harbor and back to the discharging site. The sand is taken from the bottom of the harbor, and in this way the city is not only raising its grade, but is deepening the harbor and dredging the channel.

The undertaking of so great an enterprise as has been undertaken and almost completed is unheralded by American cities. Many of our cities have had disastrous fires and calamities, but none have been so completely demoralized as was Galveston. The enormous cost of such work, coming as it has upon the heaped ruins and the loss of millions, would seem almost too much for any people to undertake. But it has been successfully financed and worked out with such a degree of amenity that the people of the city will hardly feel the increase in taxation that it was found necessary to levy from year to year to construct the wall and carry out the grade-raising enterprises.

In thinking of our cities which are now great, we are apt to overlook such new places as Galveston, but we should not, for really it is a wonderful little city. Its steamship channel is protected by a system of jetties which run for some seven miles out into the gulf. Through this channel the twenty-nine foreign and two domestic steamship lines carry on a commerce which is excelled in the United States by only three cities. Last year twenty million bales of cotton, valued at $185,000,000, left this port, thus ranking it first in the exportation of this product.



One of the Residence Streets of Galveston, Texas.

We see from this statement that the place is a permanent one, nor can the Atlantic reach too high to permanently destroy it. Not only has its commercial worth resumed its old place and rapidly gained precedence over past years, but domestically the city is apparently completely recovered from the tidal wave and a town laid out more beautifully and with greater regularity can hardly be found anywhere.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

* * *

JUST as modern charity has perceived that prosperity is a spiritual condition, that it proceeds from character and cannot be stuck on from without, so democracy has had the insight that the state exists only as it emanates from the public will, that government is a function of the soul.—*Jospeh Lee.*

As a Man Thinketh

Richard Braunstein

After the evidence is all in, and the final word has been spoken on the subject, the gulf between man and beast, and between man and man is someway connected with the *thinking power*. In thinking appearance they may be very similar; one may not show any physical qualities that are uncommon to every member of his genus; and yet, the one lives in a world apart—unexplored and unknown to millions of his brothers.

Since that far-off beginning, thought has always been at a premium. The quotations on other commodities may vary, but there has always been a rising market for thought, and to-day the demand far exceeds the supply. It is the one thing needed by every individual, and it is the one thing Wall Street hasn't yet cornered! Everybody must invest in it each moment of his waking hours, but it is amazing to consider the shoddy article most current. It is one thing which forces itself on man, but he may choose the *quality*. It is the one immaterial force in the universe, and yet it is supreme.

According to Grecian Mythology, Atlas bore the world upon his shoulders. Literary critics have developed the fact that Atlas was a learned astronomer who carried locked up in the secret chambers of his mind a knowledge of the heavens and the earth, and in this sense he bore the world upon his shoulders.

Borrowing this strange metaphor and making the application universal, we may say that *every man* bears a world upon his shoulders! The most erect of all animals, man is crowned with the wonderful dome of thought, and within that dome a world of which he is the architect and builder!

Man is born not as a finality, but as a mere possibility. His infant mind is not a ready-made affair, but a world to be created. Every man has *two* creators—his God and *himself*. His first creator furnishes him the rough materials of life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator—himself—has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts!

What a startling thought when we reflect that every man creates the "world" in which he lives! Would you have your world be a "vale of tears," a "wilderness of woe;" or would you have it a land of perennial sunshine? You may have either you wish. Send forth your creative fiat, and the work is done!

Man cannot think except in terms of his past experiences. These experiences come to him in raw form through his five senses. His mind interprets for itself the sensations of heat, hardness, sound, color, etc. And until these sensations are interpreted, they are no more knowledge than the block of marble before the sculptor is an angel. Mark Twain humorously illustrates the ignorance of spacial relations in his autobiography of Mother Eve, when she cries and begs Adam for the beautiful stars, and he tries in vain to knock them out of the heavens with a long pole!

Were it possible for a child to be born without any of the five senses, and were it possible for that child to live to the mature years of three score and ten, it would leave this world without ever having experienced a single thought! I am trying to say, that the mind, though immaterial, is wholly dependent upon the five senses for its thought material; and these senses are dependent wholly upon the *nervous system* for the reception and transmission of this material. There is a dual relationship whereby the body affects the mind and the mind the body. Instances of both kinds are too well known to require examples here. For who has not heard of the "snakes" in the debauchee's boots, or who has not been frightened until his "heart was in his throat," and his limbs were palsied with fear? Since the above is true, isn't it suicidal and sinful for one through negligence or carelessness to allow himself to become a nervous wreck? We may gather from this some suggestions that would be well for us all to incorporate into our individual religious creeds.

The horizon of one's mental "world" is bound by his own experiences, either actual or imaginative; and the latter are only a reconstruction of the first. For instance: No one was ever frightened in his dream at the sight of the Indian's scalping knife, before America was discovered; nor did Julius Cæsar in his fairest dream of fancy ever conceive of an automobile or a trolley car. No man can know another's mental "world" until he has had experiences similar to those of his brother. What wonder then that this has been called a cold and unsympathetic world, when each of us lives in a little world apart to himself?

Or again: What wonder that the Message of Truth is so often disregarded when we tell it in terms of our own experiences, and forget the experiences of our hearers? We may here, as always, learn from the Great Teacher who gave the parables of the shepherd, the vine-dresser, the sower, the steward, the prodigal, of Dives and Lazarus, to illustrate the truth to different minds.

Let us consider for a moment the physical organ of the mind. The brain is composed of many millions of brain cells, and psychologists tell us each is capable of holding the "record" of an experience. Some-

how that experience so impresses itself upon the brain cell that when subsequently that particular cell is stimulated, the former experience once more occupies our attention and we "remember." With our "mind's eye" we once more see things just as they were, formerly. Certain classes of experiences are even registered in a definite brain area. So that when we recall one of these, it suggests others similar to itself.

The receptive side of education consists in gathering and classifying these experiences. It is not enough to have known things, but we should be able to recall them at will, and with them all their kindred that are pertinent to our purpose. Pope speaks of men who have loads of "learned lumber" in their heads—a chaotic and tangled mass of facts! But Napoleon gives us a beautiful figure of his mind, which, he says, was arranged like the pigeon-holes in his desk, where every paper is in its right place, so he could instantly lay his hand on any document he wished. While this material view is more or less hypothetical, yet it serves us well as an apt illustration of the conservation of psychic experiences. Prof. Romanes thus beautifully expresses this truth in verse:

No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But left its mark upon the clay
Which slowly hardened into man.

It is true, I am part of all men I ever met, and, try as I will, I cannot wholly change it. As heretical as the doctrine may be, when carried to the extreme, there is a very important sense in which man is punished *by* his sins as well as *for* his sins. Man commits a sin and this act of transgression becomes a fact. He may subsequently be forgiven for this sin. But no power in heaven or earth can blot that act out of the category of facts. His attitude toward that fact may be changed by his penitence or by a deserved punishment, and justice may be satisfied. Yet the fact was, and will always remain. And although the bird with a broken pinion may soar as high again, yet it will never soar as high as it might have done.

"How careful then ought I to live
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here."

To leave the material view and turn to speculative philosophy and revelation, we are persuaded that the time will come when the mind will lay aside this "tenement of clay," and will no longer have to work with material tools. Just how it will be, neither you nor I will understand. But our longing souls, our most reasonable philosophy, and the sacred words of revelation tell us that it will be. And our faith says, "Even so." But the foundation of our faith is sure. Our bodies are subject to the physical laws of change and decay. But thank God for the metaphysical in man which defies the ravages of the growing tooth of time!

"The stars shall fade away,
The sun himself grew dim with age,
And nature sink in years;
But the mind shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds!"

New York City.

SELF-MADE MEN OF ALL AGES.

Æsop and Homer, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and a beggar.

Sir Richard Arkwright, the inventor of the cotton-spinning frame, was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a wool comber.

Charles Dickens was a label sticker in a shoe-blackening factory.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow chandler.

Jean Francois Millet, painter of "The Angelus," was a farm laborer, the son of a small farmer.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785; in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a small country town; both his grandfathers were husbandmen.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at a colliery, and began life as his father's helper.

Vergil, whose "Æneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer.

James Watt, inventor of the condensing steam-engine, was the son of a small merchant who failed in business.

Cardinal Woolsey, Henry VIII's famous prime minister, was the son of a butcher.—*The Musical Million.*

In the building up of rural life it is not so much a question of who can do uncommon things, as it is who can do common things uncommonly well.—*W. M. Munson.*

The really charitable person bestows himself in bestowing his gift.—*Lyman Abbott.*

The Spoons that Must be Scoured

Mary I. Senseman

I WAS downhearted. I didn't understand; and it seemed that nobody cared to explain.

The decision that had just been rendered on the debate was in favor of the affirmative argument. That had been mine. But, although the words of congratulation came to me, the smiles and the heartiness were bestowed on Bertha Drexall, my opponent.

It was as usual. I stood at the head of my class in the matter of book-knowledge. I invariably won in debate. I passed through examinations with brilliance. At the end of every victory I was depressed and fagged out in body and mind.

For that I could logically account. Days, often weeks, of hard study, interspersed with scarcely any recreation, could only mean a worn-out system at the time of reaction.

But the attitude of others toward me was unsolvable.

Occasionally, I put the brand of jealousy upon it. My fellow-students and their friends were jealous of me for carrying off the honors of learning, I told myself. But that argument did not hold, for the few times I had come in second, nobody gloated over my loss or contemned me; no one offered me anything more or less than indifference.

I went out of the auditorium, passing, without a word, through a group of students in the doorway; crossed alone to the dormitory, shut myself in my room, and went to bed, although the other girls on that hall were collecting in our common sitting-room for the nightly hall prayer meeting.

I never went. Attendance was not required, and my elective minutes were always otherwise adequately filled.

The next day Bertha Drexall's mother came. It still lacked two months of commencement week and I wondered why Mrs. Drexall was on hand so early. Subsequently I heard, in a round-about way, that she thought she could live quite as cheaply as at home, and more happily at the college with her daughter for a few weeks than in her rented cottage.

No relative of mine would come to witness *my* graduation. There was only an uncle to come, and he would no more have done so than he would have gone to Japan to see somebody's collection of butterflies.

I often thought, if I had been as nearly penniless as Bertha Drexall was, I'd have done more than she apparently did to make my college education an impregnable possession.

I was the only one that outranked her, except, alternately, rich, jolly, roly-poly Florence Nelson, who roomed with Bertha.

I was not poor or rich, but I was already well grounded in mathematics, and my height of ambition would not be reached until I should have obtained the right to view the heavens through the telescopes of the Royal Observatory. And the one who led our class would not merely be the valedictorian; she would receive a scholarship conferring the privilege of four years' specialization at the university.

Bertha Drexall was the college beauty. She was six feet tall, slender, with not a hint of meagerness, but graceful and symmetrical. The expression of her face was sensitive and sympathetic.

Florence Nelson was the complement of Bertha. Besides being wealthy, buxom of figure, and everlastingly good-natured, she was decided in manner and was inclined to be outspoken and mischievous.

Those two were the only seniors I needed to fear might outdistance me in the final examinations. Either one of them, alone, gave me no anxiety. But I was afraid they might do consciously, and therefore, potently, what they had for four years been instinctively doing, more or less, and what I had long ago decided upon as my own line of action, shall I ever be so situated with a classmate,—to supplement each other's abilities.

I don't think it was more than a week after Mrs. Drexall's arrival at the college that Bertha began to be absent from all our recitations. I wondered a day or two about it, but now the only obstacle in my path to the goal was removed, so why should I concern myself?

Florence never missed class. But some of her usual brightness was being replaced by a trace of listlessness that, in myself, I always rightly attributed to over-indulgent study.

Alarmed that, after all, Florence might out-rival me, and feeling rather uncanny about Bertha's and her mother's complete disappearance, I asked Florence at last, "Where is Miss Drexall?"

"Nursing her mother," was the reply.

"What is the illness?" "Is there no nurse?" I wanted to ask. But before I could question her further, Florence was in her room and had closed the door against me.

I was puzzled, but I didn't let my curiosity get the better of me; and I remained in ignorance a week longer.

Then one day, when I was in the telephone booth, I heard voices in the reception room, and, as the door was open, I understood quite plainly all that was said.

"You are needed now," was uttered in a voice which I recognized as the doctor's.

"Is she sick?" asked Florence.

"Yes. And she told me that it has been twelve years since she was vaccinated. So I am afraid it will be more serious than varioloid."

"I will go at once," said Florence.

"How about your own vaccination?" said the doctor.

"It has been only two years," replied Florence.

"All right. Now don't take any of your good clothes," advised the physician.

I could hear Florence's footfalls as she went to her own room. Then I spied on her and the doctor.

They went back of the dormitory, carrying a huge bundle of clothing. Striking across the tennis court, they made their way to a hut nearly an eighth of a mile distant.

My second, and last barrier was removed.

No depression that followed a victory of mine could equal the feeling that now seized me. To see Florence striding across the fields toward danger disclosed to me for the first time a little of the great contrast between her and me.

There I stood, with my ambition ready to be accepted by me. I could feel the sallowness of my flesh, the cold, unsympathetic gleam of my eyes, and I didn't shrug or sneer.

I went to my room, and thought,—and failed to solve the problem, except to realize that I was intensely unhappy.

That evening Miss Remban delivered the last lecture of the season's course.

I got a good, comfortable place at the end of a row of chairs, and stayed there, although a half dozen persons had to crowd past me to reach the inner chairs.

Miss Remban's subject was "People." And at last she came to the paragraph that proved, so far as I was concerned, to be the vital center of the lecture.

"There are some people," said Miss Remban, "who remind me of spoons that were given to my mother by a peddler in exchange for his dinner.

"The spoons were not silver. They were iron, with a thin coating of tin. Soon the tin plate was worn off. Then we had to scour the spoons each time before we could use them. We could not depend on them for service in cases of unexpected need.

"There are people who do good work now and then. They bend all their energies toward the achievement of their ambitions. They become brilliant by their thorough preparation; so brilliant that, after the victory, they relapse, like our rusted spoons.

"Like the scouring of the spoons, there must be no interference with the people's preparing. They dare not condescend to the performance of some deed that appears to them less mighty. So the everyday services, the kind acts, the little courtesies, are crowded out of these persons' lives for fear the doing of them would make the great deed impossible.

"On the other hand, the spoons that are of silver are always ready for any need. In fact, they tarnish when they lie idle.

"However, people are unlike the spoons in one respect. Iron spoons are always iron spoons. But people can guide their daily lives that they can change the metal of their souls."

I had the explanation of myself. I was a spoon that had to be scoured.

I climbed the dormitory stairs to my own room. It was only a little after nine o'clock, but I did not open a book. I sat still for a half hour. Then the first retiring bell sounded and immediately I could hear my neighbors assembling in the sitting-room. I had made up my mind during that half hour, and I do not think that any other girl in that little prayer meeting knelt there more humbly than I did that night.

After that I began to picture to myself what must be the scene in the hut across the fields.

Then I waylaid the doctor.

He informed me that Mrs. Drexall was convalescent, Bertha was very sick but in no danger, and Florence was in good health and spirits.

"If there is any need of me, I will go," I said, adding, "if they permit."

"Thank you for your offer," replied the doctor; "but we hope there will be no need that another nurse come."

I studied hard during those days. I strove to comprehend every line of my text-books, and to compact and simplify all that I learned.

At last the temporary pest-house was vacated. Bertha and Florence came back to their own room, and Mrs. Drexall occupied the one adjoining.



LIBRARY AT MT. VERNON, ILL.

This building was built by Mt. Vernon people after Mr. Carnegie had agreed to put into it a $10,000 library. The edifice is built of fine stone brick, with a roof of red tile, and altogether proves a useful and ornamental addition to our city of Mt. Vernon.—D. Z. Angle, Mt. Vernon, Ill.

I called on them. The mother and the daughter were pale and gaunt, and Florence looked worn.

The girls had their books. That was what I had wanted to know.

As soon as I could I got the matron to bring Florence where we could talk privately. It was in an unoccupied room.

"I have a plan," I said, "but you must sanction it and then help to carry it out. I take it for granted that you are somewhat in the rear with your work, and commencement will shortly be here."

"Yes, we're not up with the rest of the class; but we figured that we can make passing grades in the finals."

"But you can do better than that. Since you girls have been absent I have tried to condense the work we've done, and I want to give it to you now in that sort of doses. We know Bertha isn't wealthy, and I should like for her to be our valedictorian."

The sweetest smile that ever came into a girl's face flashed into Florence's then.

She grasped my scheme at once.

Every minute that Bertha's returning strength would permit we three toiled together.

When the time came for us to answer the long rows of questions, Florence and I blundered over them. But Bertha Drexall wrote everything rapidly and clearly.

She was our valedictorian, and she also was enabled to plan for the four years' work that would fit her to become a medical missionary.

Ten years have now passed. I am not an astronomer. I am professor of mathematics at my Alma Mater. It is said that I look younger than I did ten years ago.

Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

AN EXPLANATION.

J. M. WINE.

In a western mining town not many years ago a young man was on trial for the murder of his wife. The judge told the prisoner to stand up, and asked him if he had any reason to give, why the sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him.

The prisoner stood up and said: "Your Honor, I have. Three years ago when I came to this town I was a sober, honest man. But you, the judge of this court, the prosecuting attorney, and most all of the jury voted for the saloons in this town and God knows that I tried to avoid them, but the temptation was so strong that I could not. And while under the influence of strong drink I murdered my wife. But I alone am not guilty of this murder. You men that legalized the saloons of this town will all be found guilty when brought before the judgment bar of God and will have to answer for your misdeeds here. So before it is too late, banish the saloons. That is all I have to say. I am ready for my sentence."

Dear readers, this is a true story. Banish the saloons is my motto. Will you help?

Orange, Cal.

"O MOTHER, 'TIS LONELY WITHOUT THEE."

J. D. REISH.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
As far off from home ties I rove.
Without thee as guardian now o'er me,
Without thy example and love.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
Without thee to kiss ev'ry night,
Without thee to shield and to guide me,
If I am now straying from right.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
When troubles beset me in life;
Without thee to sympathize with me
As I am engaged in the strife.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
As alone I am running life's race.
But, mother, I'll try to content be,
And hope to again see thy face.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
But if we no more meet below,
Pray that I may meet thee in heaven,
Where partings we never shall know.

Thou wouldst surely be lonely in heaven
Without me to clasp to thy heart;
So, by the Lord's help, I'll be faithful,
And we'll meet in heav'n ne'er to part.

Osage, Sask., Canada.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

Chimneys are modern; that is, chimneys with fireplaces and flues. None of the Roman ruins show chimneys like ours. There is none in the restored buildings in Herculaneum and Pompeii. Roman architects complained that their decorations were smoked up. A kitchen in Rome was always sooty. Braziers were used in the living rooms. The chimney of antiquity consisted of a hole in the roof. The wealthy Romans used carefully dried wood, which would burn in the room without soot. The modern chimney was first used in Europe in the fourteenth century. The oldest certain account of a chimney places it in Venice in 1347.

The steam-engine goes back to Hero, of Alexandria, in the third century B. C. Branca, an Italian, in 1629, made an engine which blew steam against vanes and thus made a wheel spin. The first actual steam engine was made by Captain Savey, an Englishman, to whom, in 1698, a patent was granted for a steam engine to raise water. 1705 Thomas Newcomer made a vacuum steam engine. But the steam engine of to-day, which has wrought such a tremendous evolution in industry and society, was the invention of the Englishman, James Watt, and the first patent bears date of June 5, 1769.

Pens were first made in Egypt and were made of a kind of reed. The ancients did not seem to know that

good pens could be made from goose quills. One Isidore, who died in 636, mentions both reeds and feathers as suitable for pens. Swan quills as being even better than goose quills were referred to in 1520. Steel pens were invented in the first part of the nineteenth century. People were slow to use them, because the metal was not sufficiently elastic. Perry cut slits in steel pens in 1830, and that settled the goose quills.

Talus, the Greek, is said to have invented the saw from having once found the jawbone of a snake, which he employed to cut through a small piece of wood. In early periods the trunks of trees were split into boards with wedges, and although these deals were not always straight, they were regarded as much better suited to construction than sawn boards, because they followed the grain, and lasted longer and were stronger. Water mills, for the purpose of sawing, came into use in the fourth century.

Horseshoes, such as we have, are also rather modern. The Greeks and Romans used to cover their horses' feet with fiber cloth in cold weather, or when urging the horses through muddy and miry places. Nero's horses were shod without nails, but with silver. His wife's were shod in gold. The shoeing of horses by driving nails through their hoofs was introduced into England by William the Conqueror. But even in the middle centuries horses were shod only on special occasions.

Insurance came from mediæval Italy. It is believed to date from the sixteenth century, and at that time it was known in Florence. The Romans did not know insurance. The nearest they came to it was the practice of a company supplying the army to require a guarantee from the state against the loss of ships. But this was soon abandoned, because damages had been collected for sunken ships too worthless to float.

The early Greeks and Romans rode horses bareback. They regarded it as unmanly to ride in a saddle. In fact, the modern saddle with pommel, crupper, and stirrups, was unknown to the ancients. Nero gave out fancy coverings to his cavalry, and the bareback riders of the German forests used to laugh at them. Saddles with trees came into use in the fourth century; stirrups three centuries later.

Pharmacy and medicine were first made separate professions by the monks and priests of the tenth and eleventh centuries. The father of the apothecaries seems to have been Constantine Afer, of Carthage. Their preparations and potions were sold to the rich and given to the poor. No apothecaries are mentioned in France prior to 1484.

Silk was first made by Si-Ling, wife of Hoang-Ti, Emperor of China, B. C. 2600. Among the Greeks, Aristotle (B. C. 384-322) is the first who mentions it. It was not until A. D. 530, however, that it began to be cultivated in Europe; the first eggs being then brought from India by some monks.

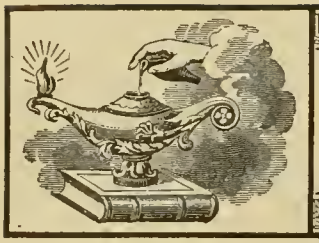
Snow was preserved by the ancients, instead of ice, by covering it up in the ground. A cargo of natural ice shipped from Boston to Calcutta in 1833 brought six cents a pound.—The Scrap Book.

PRO-BOERS AT THE FRONT IN ENGLISH POLITICS.

When we ask how comes it that the Boers who but four years ago were fighting against the British Government are now accepting office as the King's ministers in the Transvaal colony, the answer is that this blessed transformation has been brought about by the political revolution which took place in Great Britain at the beginning of last year. General Botha, the Boer commander-in-chief, is now Prime Minister of the King in Pretoria, because Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, the pro-Boer who denounced British "methods of barbarism," is Prime Minister of the King in Downing Street.

It is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand the extraordinary completeness and suddenness of the change in the position of British political parties that took place at the last general election. Never before has any political party which exposed itself to the charge of treasonous sympathy with the enemy been placed in office at the very first opportunity, in order to make amends to that enemy. The pro-Boers were denounced as false to their country, as traitors to their sovereign, as the friends and allies of the men whom the King's soldiers were fighting in the field. They were mobbed, their meetings were broken up, and but for police protection it would have fared ill with their lives. But the moment Parliament was dissolved these much-despised, much-abused pro-Boers were installed in office, at the head of the largest majority returned for seventy years. The men who made the war were swept from the field, and the men who hated it, who had denounced it and opposed it from the first, took their places. Hence it was that as pro-Boers were supreme at Westminster, the Boers have taken office as King's ministers at Pretoria.

It may be objected that the sacred right of insurrection may shelter itself under the guise of loyalty. The objection is sound. The fact is true. Loyalty lingers in Great Britain as a useful political force because the Puritans discovered the secret of making war on the King in the name of the King. When once the Boers realized the fundamental truth in modern politics they had no longer any objection to profess loyalty to the King in the abstract, knowing that they thereby acquired a chartered right to oppose to the uttermost everything done in his name of which they disapproved.—*From "The Restoration of the Transvaal to the Boers," by W. T. Stead, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for April.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

GRANT MAHAN.

"For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work."

NEARLY all the golden texts are indeed golden, containing truths that are calculated to make men better and consequently happier. And one of the truest of all these true texts is the one we are considering. We don't need to go back to the time when Jacob had his large family of boys, most of whom were inclined to be anything but the kind of men he wished them to be. We need not discuss the question of Jacob's wisdom or lack of it in dealing with his sons. But the fact that one of them was favored above the rest by the father was sufficient to make the less favored ones envious. Upon him was lavished the affection and the gifts which should have been divided equally among all.

Envy caused strife, confusion followed strife, and then came "every evil work." The parent was dishonored and brought to grief; the envious ones had murder in their hearts and they lied to their father. This family group is not a pleasant one to look at: no one would like to make his abode there even though it was a much better home than the average of that day. The fact that God overruled and brought good out of the evil no more excuses the envy of the bretiren of Joseph than the good coming from Christ's death would excuse Judas.

There are families even to-day where there is envy manifested between those in the home. Is there any of it in your home? Above all, is there any of it in your heart? If so, beware; for you are opening the door to "confusion and every evil work," and you cannot afford to do that. Bring in love and trust, and they will crowd out the undesirable intruder who should never be allowed to make his home with us, though he may sometimes knock at our door. If we do not get the best, can we not rejoice in the good that comes to our brother or sister, especially if it comes without their seeking it or having any desire to deprive others of what they want?

And envy and strife sometimes get into the churches. I know one city church in which there is so much envy and strife among the lady members who are good singers that they have been compelled to hire for the leading part a lady who does not believe at all as they do. Confusion is there because of envy and strife. Is it reasonable to suppose that other evils will not follow in their train?

Even if sometimes the reward seems to go to the wrong person, let us not complain, let us not envy the one who seems more fortunate than others. The heart must be closed against this offspring of the devil: to admit evil is to destroy hope of ultimate good; and ultimate good is what we are all seeking. Time is short, not long enough to waste any of it in hard feelings toward our brother. Here we see through a glass darkly, and the things about which we most complain are the very ones needed in our lives to fit us for what is to come. Avoid envy as the plague, for only evil can come from it.

SUPPOSE.

SUPPOSE that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled, artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and gasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into the weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose, instead of all this, they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendor of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers, the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because they come from God, and because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.—*Henry van Dyke, D. D.*

WE MUST SEEK THE NEW.

IDA M. HELM.

It was only a little red house, standing back from the road; the paint was being washed from its walls by the winter storms and summer rains.

We went to look around through the house that had once been our cherished home. The plastering was crumbling and falling from the walls and piling in little heaps on the floor. We looked up through the broken roof at the blue sky and thought how often this old house had sheltered us from the winter's cold and the summer's heat. In one corner of the room stood an old-fashioned bedstead, deserted like the old house.

"We looked on the timeworn, brown old bed,
That has rested many a weary head;
It is broken and old and thrown away
And with the old house left to decay."

Then I thought of the perishing nature of all earthly things. How quickly things become worn and old and must be thrown away. In nature old things are continually fading and passing away and being replaced with the new.

Long ago a prophet, speaking of the mortality of man, said, "They all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up," I thought of the dear ones that once met around this old fireplace, their pulses beating strong with life and their hearts throbbing with hope and love. Now many of them have fallen by the way and are lying with the mouldering dead. Truthfully the poet has said,

"Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

I sought the patient old man, Job, with this question, "Shall the dead live again?" and out from the long past ages the answer came, "For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

Then I turned to the Redeemer with the question, "Shall our loved and lost ones live again?" and from the eternal Word the answer reverberated from the courts of Heaven, "For the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their grave shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." As we started to leave the old house a feeling of sadness came over us that the happy, bygone days can never, never return, but we kept the glad hope in our hearts that sometime, somewhere,

"Where the angels bright are singing,
And no sorrow e'er can come,
We shall meet our loved and lost ones
In the bright, eternal home."

Ashland, Ohio.

WHY?

Why do the shadows oftenest come
Where the other shadows are?
Why do the hordes of disappointment follow
Hard on the heels of care?
Why did the Christ come sorrowing
And not in glad acclaim?
Why was the world's redemption scheme
Born in sorrow and pain?
Why is the heart of motherhood
By the hand of an infant torn?
Why must a nation travail
That some great thought be borne?

Like an echo of my question
Came an answer soft and clear,
And was read some other question
Through the prism of a tear.
Why is the wine the purest
That is the hardest pressed?
Why, after hours of toiling,
Come the sweet hours of rest?
Why is the subtlest perfume distilled
From the flowers that grow in the shade?
And why, from the dwellers in the valley of tears,
Are the shapers of destiny made?

Do you think the life of Christ
Would have had that power to thrill
If there had been no Gethsemane,
No Cavalry's shadowy hill?
Or do you think your own life
Would have been pure as it is to-day
If the disappointments that come into it
Had passed 'round some other way?

—J. M. Whitson.

THE PREVALENCE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It unfolds to the numberless flowers of the spring; it waves in the branches of the trees and the green blades of grass; it haunts the depths of the earth and the sea, and gleams out in the hues of the shell and the precious stone. And not only these minute objects, but the ocean, the mountain, the clouds, the heavens, the stars, the rising and setting sun, all overflow with beauty. The universe is its temple; and those men who are alive to it cannot lift their eyes without feeling themselves encompassed with it on every side. Now this beauty is so precious, the enjoyments it gives are so refined and pure, so congenial with our tenderest and noblest feelings, and so akin to worship, that it is painful to think of the multitude of men as living in the midst of it, and living almost as blind to it as if, instead of this fair earth and glorious sky, they were tenants of a dungeon. An infinite joy is lost to the world by the want of culture of this spiritual endowment. The greatest truths are wronged if not linked with beauty, and they win their way most surely and deeply into the soul when arrayed in this their natural and fit attire.—*W. E. Channing.*

"It is not what I might have been, but what I yet may be."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

LOOKING BEYOND.

It has been said that struggle calls out our strength, while victory and success sometimes call out our weakness. Speaking of the Spartans, Aristotle expresses this same thought in these words: "They prospered while they fought for victory, they perished when they had achieved it." Most of us from observation could point to instances where the same words might be applied, and some of us from our own experience can testify to the truth of the thought back of these expressions.

There must be a reason for this and perhaps a look into it may help us to steer clear of the dangerous rocks of success. An analysis of the different cases would likely reveal the fact that these rocks are of strange formation, consisting in part of characteristics peculiar to the make-up of the individuals. But besides these, exerting an influence greater than anything else, we find in every case a lack of zeal and ambition due to the fact that the individual has reached his goal or overtaken his ideal,—a thing that no one ought to be able to do in this life.

This is not because the person possessed any special power which brought him so far on the way, but because he had not aimed high enough in the first place. He had started out with the intention of being satisfied with what he knew at the time would be an easy task. And when that task was done he was done, too, or "done for," as the language of the street would have it.

But he who thus rests on his achievements will hardly be able to keep the place he has reached. "He who in this life sees no heights ahead is probably looking backwards, and is in danger of going that way." That is where the danger comes in. It is very well—praiseworthy—when a man finds himself master of that which he has set out to accomplish, but he holds the mastery and is to be praised only when he looks upon his achievement as a step toward greater and higher things.

"Hitch your wagon to a star," said Emerson, in emphasizing the need of aiming high. And let the youth of to-day remember that however great the number of those who have scaled the dizzy heights by following the advice, there are still stars to let for this purpose.

PROSPERITY'S REAL GOVERNOR.

Commenting on the recent fall in stocks and its relation to, or personage of, a general reign of that dread monster, hard times, a writer makes the very sensible and reasonable statement that these minor disturbances in Wall street of themselves have really nothing to do in governing the prosperity of the country. That the nation's welfare hinges not on stocks and bonds but on the productions of the soil. That failure of crops is the only legitimate forerunner of hard times.

This, all must confess, is the only reasonable and natural way of looking at the matter. When our periods of depression can be traced to the manipulation of prices to benefit the few and grind down the many, or when the laws are such as to encourage or bring about that state of affairs, the condition needs another name than hard times,—one even less reputable. With millions of people needing food and clothing and needing first the wherewith to secure these, what condition could exist that could be termed normal that would withhold these necessities when they fill the storehouses?

We must use the term, hard times, in its narrow meaning, and not compel it to stand for a condition which menaces habits to which we have accustomed ourselves in the most prosperous times, when we have had no occasion to stop at our real needs but have developed most extravagant tastes which afterward clamor for satisfaction in the guise of necessities.

To go back to the statement of the writer referred to, a second look at it opens up a very interesting line of thought. It brings before us again the fact many times repeated, but often in a half-hearted, unconvincing way, that the whole world is dependent upon the tiller of the soil. That his rough hand is the direct dispenser of the blessings of heaven. For a long time this fact was disputed, and the farmer himself is only waking up to the truth of it and the consequent responsibility of his position and the value of the soil with which he works. But now that he is getting his eyes open we may expect soon to see wonderful strides made on the way to improvement and may consequently feel a firmer grip of prosperity's hand.

One of the encouraging signs of the farmer's awakening is shown in the fact that he is demanding schools where his sons and daughters may be *educated* in order that they may carry on more intelligently and more successfully his own work. Previous to this he was willing to educate his children, it is true, but he did it

for the purpose of fitting them to make a livelihood in some easier (?), quicker and better (?) way than by the soil of the old farm. Not content to wait till the boys and girls are grown up to get the valuable knowledge of the theory and practice by crop raising, the children in the district school have their eyes opened to the possibilities of Mother Nature by studies of plant growth, enlivened by contests in the actual growing of crops.

And so we are persuaded that a new era is dawning when the farmer shall take his rightful place, fully realizing his great responsibility and fully equipped to meet the demands made upon him. Let us bid him Godspeed as he marches forward.

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.

In front of the office, several rods to the east, with the street and a row of coal sheds between, is the station of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. We have spoken before of the number of trains that leave every morning for Chicago over this road and return in the evening. Notwithstanding the fact that there are thirty-seven miles between the station here and the Union station in Chicago, many people work in Chicago and live in Elgin, going back and forth every working day. To many people the effort required to get ready at such an early hour and catch the train for a journey of that length and then probably take a car for several additional miles, would be almost a day's work in itself. But you know it is said that one can get used to almost anything in this world, except hanging, and while we do not place the above task anywhere near the latter woe, we confess that it must require considerable energy and determination to get used to it.

The undertaking surely holds out attractions for the one who loves excitement and a certain amount of venture. First there is the rush to make the early train. This can be made very interesting by getting up a little late or leaving home with a few minutes less at one's disposal than is necessary to make that particular train,—and this seems to be a favorite plan, judging by the number that streak across the platform just as the train is pulling out. Supposing the train is a little late instead of the traveler, he can calculate, while waiting, how many minutes he has less than none at all to catch a certain car in the city. And when the city is reached,—but I'll not attempt to describe a scene on a down-town street in the morning. One must see it to get the correct idea. Neither will I attempt to describe the feelings of this man who loves excitement when he emerges from the depot and finds that his car has just passed and is now a half block away. But with the excitement at its height he boards another car and by transferring two or three times manages to get to his work—sometime.

It seems strange how some of these things that belong to our high civilization are so extremely hard on our nature. Sometimes we are made to wonder whether we were really meant to be so civilized. It reminds us of the boy who in illustrating all the things that can be done with a rope, is stopped in the performance by finding that he has tied himself up hand and foot. We endeavor to do everything possible with the material at our disposal, and sometimes we find that the cost to our comfort and well-being outweighs the skill shown in the achievement.

But we are not compelled to adopt all these inventions resulting from our irrepressible activity and endeavor to improve. Not only our happiness, but the breadth and depth of our lives, and consequently of our usefulness, will be commensurate to our ability to sift out and make use of only those modern ideas that leave unhindered the healthy use of nature's endowments.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

O mother, 'tis lonely without thee!
But if we no more meet below,
Pray that I may meet thee in heaven,
Where partings we never shall know.

—Jacob D. Reish.

Last year twenty million bales of cotton, valued at $185,000,000, left this port, thus ranking it first in the exportation of this product.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

You men that legalized the saloons of this town will all be found guilty when brought before the judgment bar of God.—*J. M. Wine.*

Some hearts may yet be made to laugh,
Some souls may yet be stirred,
And many saddened lives made bright
By just one single word.

—Ira P. Rean.

What a startling thought when we reflect that every man creates the "world" in which he lives! Would you have your world be a "wilderness of woe," or would you have it a land of perennial sunshine? You may have either you wish. Send forth your creative fiat, and the work is done!—*Richard Braunstein.*

"For the hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice."—*Ida M. Helm.*

The spoons that are of silver are always ready for any need. In fact they tarnish when they lie idle.—*Mary I. Senseman.*



It is said that the X-ray is being used by pearl fishers in Ceylon to ascertain the presence of pearls in oysters.

Several earthquakes were experienced in Switzerland the first week in April. Two on the Austro-Swiss frontier caused numerous avalanches and landslides, wrecking large forests. No lives or buildings are reported lost.

It is reported from Chicago that the Pennsylvania Railroad, in addition to a 10 per cent increase in wages, has made arrangements to increase the pension fund from $390,000 to $600,000. There are now 1940 men on the company's pension list, as against 1810 a year ago. Since 1900 the road has distributed a total of $2,493,870, an average for the seven years of over $356,000.

On April 1, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad made an increase in the wages of its employes, amounting to about $3,000,000 a year. President Murray, referring to the matter, said the advance has been so apportioned as to reward those employes who had been most faithful and deserving. He also pointed out that this increase made it necessary for the road to add to its revenues.

Over half a million annual maimings and killings is the record that must go down under the head of accidents. In view of the fact that a very large percentage of these accidents is absolutely preventable, the editors of the *Scientific American* have decided to offer a gold medal, annually, for the best device for the protection of life and limb, produced during the year; said award to be given by the American Institute of Social Service, after the board of experts has passed upon the devices submitted.

Japan is sending a commission to England to arrange a contract for the biggest battleship in the world. The vessel will be of twenty-one thousand tons. It is understood the Japanese shipyards are full of work and that as Japan wants ships quickly, she decided to build a new monster in England. It is said the cost will be about $11,250,000. It is claimed that from a business point alone the *Dreadnaught,* as the initiator of the type of huge battleships, has paid for herself many times over in orders to the British yards from foreign powers.

Some time ago there was not a little interest stirred up in regard to the Isle of Pines, a small island south of the western part of Cuba, the inhabitants of which claimed that it belonged to the United States. The matter was left with the supreme court which recently decided that the Isle of Pines is now and always has been an integral part of the island of Cuba. That so far as government relations are concerned, it is foreign territory, and that duties are properly levied on goods coming from the Isle of Pines the same as from other parts of the republic of Cuba.

Word comes from Paris that the members of the Wellman North Pole expedition are completing the preparation of the balloon America, and will shortly leave for Spitzbergen. The airship has been entirely reconstructed, has new motors and possesses a lifting power of 19,500 pounds. Mr. Wellman, the leader of the expedition, expects to sail for the United States shortly to attend to some business matters, after which he will return to Spitzbergen, where the balloon will be thoroughly tested, and, if everything is satisfactory, it is intended to make the start for the pole about August 1.

George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, says the Kobe *Herald,* rank even with Admiral Togo with popular heroes of Japan. The *Herald* says that Dr. Yamakawa, formerly president of Tokio university, offered to present a picture of a famous man or women to the Irlye primary school, Hiogo, and asked that a vote of the children be taken to choose the subject of the portrait. The 343 boys and girls of the school were asked to write down the names of their favorite great man and woman. Washington and Lincoln came out at the head of the list, with 69 and 53 votes, respectively, while Togo came third with 28.

The Nebraska legislature has passed a bill for the taxation of railroad property in cities and villages for local purposes, on the same basis on which other property is taxed. The bill increases the annual assessment of railroads in Nebraska upward of $500,000, about

$100,000 of which will go into the city treasury of Omaha. The bill provides that the franchise value of the roads shall be included in the property subject to this taxation, except that the valuation shall be distributed through the State, instead of taxed in bulk in each community, as it is done with tangible property. The fight over the bill has been on since 1901.

SECRETARY TAFT, who is now in Cuba looking after the affairs there, has declared that the Cubans are not yet in a condition to assume control of the island and that the United States will continue the provisional government at least till June, 1908. It has been decided to take the census of the island before any elections are held in order to secure an honest basis for registration. This will take at least four months, and will be followed by the municipal elections which will likely take place in September. The presidential election will follow, but the time of holding it will depend on conditions.

THE Russian Ambassador at Washington has transmitted to Secretary of State Root the message from the Czar's government containing the reservations made by the various powers invited to participate in The Hague conference; that is, the amendments each has made to the original program as announced by Russia at the time the meeting was proposed. All of the governments have accepted the invitation, but in so accepting have stipulated as to what subjects they may propose for discussion and also as to the right of refraining from discussing certain subjects. It is expected that a formal invitation from the Dutch government to meet at The Hague will follow shortly, the date to be some time in June.

FOR the first time since the national bank act was passed the comptroller of the currency has authorized the establishment of such an institution on a military reservation. At Fort Leavenworth, Kans., four thousand people live and there is strong demand for banking facilities. It was decided that a branch national bank could not be established and it was doubtful if a state bank could do business on a government reservation. The treasury officials suggested a national bank and permission has been granted for the organization of the Army National Bank with a capital of $25,000. Citizens of Kansas are the incorporators.

JOHN F. STEVENS, former chief engineer of the Panama canal, left Colon for New York April 7. In his farewell speech he said the preparations deemed necessary two years ago were underestimated, and, though the working forces have been doubled, they were still inadequate. Now, however, he declared, the machinery had been completed, homes had been provided for 250,000 persons, there were railroad facilities for handling over a million yards of earth monthly and the organization was such that it was possible to carry on the work in both wet and dry seasons. He said he firmly believed the canal would be opened in 1915.

WILLIAM T. STEAD, the famous English editor, has recently arrived in this country, where he expects to make a stay of several weeks, partly for the purpose of attending the peace conference at New York, April 16 and 17. In a newspaper interview Mr. Stead expressed himself as strongly in favor of the united action of Great Britain and the United States in the coming Hague Conference toward disarmament and the promotion of international amity. He particularly urged the carrying into effect of article VIII, which was unanimously recommended by the former conference. This would treat a dispute between two nations the same as a dispute between two individuals, and recommends that before proceeding to hostilities each party should call in a special mediator, corresponding to a second in a private duel, who should be allowed a period of not exceeding thirty days in which to settle the dispute. If such a procedure had been followed, he said, neither the South African nor the Russo-Japanese war would have broken out when it did.

LABOR-SAVING machines are the order of the day and while we see the wheat cut and bound with great rapidity, as yet no machines have very successfully drawn the cotton from its boll or plucked the corn from its stalk. These, no doubt, will eventually come, however. *Popular Mechanics* describes an automatic corn-picker which is credited with doing successful work. Guide chains with prongs straighten up the stalks, the chains forming a stalk passage extending through the rear of the machine. A rapidly moving chain provided with fingers is located at one side and between the guide chains in such a position that as the machine passes over the row the fingers engage the ears on the stalks and snap them off. By means of a deflector the ears are directed to a receptacle from which they are carried to the husking rollers and thence to the wagon. The tops of the cornstalks are cut off, and by means of a conveyor this and other trash is conveyed to the rear and dropped on the ground. The great objection to all modern corn pickers is that the stalks are assumed to be valueless, and are practically destroyed; while every economical farmer nowadays secures his fodder with as much care as he gives his hay, knowing that it is equally nutritious.



THE SONG OF A ROBIN.

I heard a robin singing,
When the world lay white and drear,
And ne'er a ray of sunshine fell
His little heart to cheer,
I listened to the gladness
That was mingled in his song,
And from my heart the shadows fell
Of weary years and long.

I heard a robin singing,
When the skies were dark above,
And from the song a lesson learned
Of hope, and trust, and love.
It spoke to me of patience,
Of a spring our hearts shall know,
Where snows of winter falleth not
And cold winds never blow.

—Kathleen Weatherhead.

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

I. Following the "Guide Line."

Grandma was teaching little Anna how to sew. In order to keep the sewing even, a chalk line was made for Anna to follow. Sometimes Anna's moist hands nearly obliterated the line. Whenever the seam was uneven grandma would say, "Why didn't you follow the 'guide line,' Anna? Then your seam will not be so crooked."

One day grandma was sewing on the machine. A crooked line had been made, and grandma was pulling out threads in order to try it over. Anna watched awhile then said, "Why are you doing that ripping, Grandma?"

"Oh, I made such a crooked seam," was the reply.

"Why didn't you follow the 'guide line,' Grandma?"

Grandma replied that she did not have any. Then she fell to musing. Sure enough, thought she, why don't we older ones follow the "guide line," too? Why don't we practice what we preach? Is it because we do not care to follow the "guide line"—our blessed Master—or is it because we have not accepted him yet as a guide? Either condition brings about disastrous results.

II. Heaven's Back Door.

Little Guy had been naughty and was told that he could not go up to Heaven and live with Jesus if he said such naughty words.

"I'll climb up into the sky and go in at the back door, so I will," he emphatically declared.

An amused smile was quickly exchanged between his mamma and grandma, while the latter thought, How like many older ones who are struggling hard to force themselves into heaven by the back door. Why not try the easier and sure way? *Heaven has no back door!*

Lordsburg, Cal.

WHAT A WIFE CAN DO FOR HER HUSBAND.

No woman can make good for her husband's deficiencies. The best wife in the world can't make a man pan out gold if he is all tin.

Her influence over him may be mighty strong, but it's of a kind of accelerating quality. That is to say, if he is on the downward track she can hustle him along faster than a toboggan; or if he is on the upward grade she can give him a powerful boost. But if he is running down hill, with no capacity for running up, it will take a cherub or a seraph to switch him over to the other grade and keep him going. A mere woman can't do it.

There are things, though, that the wife of a man of average ability can do for him which will make her price above rubies, and go a long way toward accomplishing his success in life.

One of these things is to keep alive his faith in himself. There comes a time in every man's career when his fate rests in his wife's hands. It is when the battle goes against him, and he is tempted to give up in despair. Then, if his wife reminds him that luck always has been against him, that the world is leagued together to defeat him, that she told him he would fail, and she knows he can never succeed, that man's doom is sealed. On the other hand, if she flutters ahead like a flag of glory, always beckoning him on, telling him she knows he can overcome all obstacles, steadily showing her faith in him, and refusing to give up, she will inspire him with the courage and dogged determination which will eventually win success. She may be to him a light gone out, leaving him to stumble in darkness, or a bright star of hope, shining steadfastly on.

Another way in which she can help him is by taking an interest in his business. Whether he sells salt herring or writes sonnets, she ought to make him feel

it a pleasure to talk to her about what he has been doing. She may know little about his occupation, but if she is sensibly interested her intuitions will be flashes of genius by which any man might profit. A man's business is closer to his heart than anything else, and it's a foolish woman indeed who does not see the benefits both may derive from comradeship on that score.

Then a woman may be of invaluable assistance to her husband by making friends for him, or she can do him incalculable harm by making enemies. She can selfishly tie him up to her apron strings, or she can urge him out among people who can help him.

Above all other ways she can prosper his career by keeping home comfortable for him. It is strange how many women fail to realize that a home is the power-house in which the wage earners of the family should gather dynamic energy to fight and win the battle of life. Every fireside ought to be a haven of peace, where jaded nerves, frayed and frazzled by contact with the world, may be soothed and restored. For the woman who is happily married, this handing out of home nerve-tonic is the biggest kind of a career. If she chooses to exhaust her husband's strength on foolish household tasks, slay him with bad cooking, and otherwise give him a hit-or-miss home life, she is deliberately pulling him down into obscurity.

If she builds him up with proper foods, sends him out cheered and rested and restored, with faith in himself and in her, she is pushing him straight on to success.—*The North American.*

WINDOW AND VERANDA BOXES.

Since window and veranda boxes have come into general use in cities how much more endurable a city seems in summer! Along good streets the houses fairly vie with each other in producing the best and most tasteful masses of flowers from insignificant little morsels of earth set in boxes where the plants' roots would bake thoroughly in an hour or two if water were not given copiously twice a day. The vine foliage sweeping over the sides of the box is a protection from this glare as the stems lengthen. I made a study of these city boxes last summer, because, though my own summer home is wreathed with vines, there is an upper porch on which I would like to grow some heat-hardy plants to shade a doorway and window.

One of the prettiest and coolest-looking vines that seemed to thrive regardless of untoward circumstances was the variegated trailing vinca. Its cream-edged leaves were large and vigorous enough to give a cool, luxurious effect, as if they enjoyed life even in such Saharas as they were doomed to. And for planting with them for general effectiveness nothing was prettier or more durable than scarlet geraniums, in spite of their plebeian commonness. Ageratums love the sun and their cool blue tints are charming, but they have a weedy look. Heliotropes bear the sun well for a time, but succumb to it in midsummer. Pansies can survive only through May and June. Verbenas love sunshine, and bloom gaily, trailing their flowers in among the vine fringes, but they need taller flowers above them. Salvias are good if they are started early, otherwise they are bright only in the fall.

The lantanas are perfectly at home in window boxes and gay all summer. Their habit and bright flowers just fit them for such places. Lobelias and summer-flowering oxalises also stood the summer heat well, and both were prodigal of their small, bright flowers. Sweet alyssum may be used as a pretty border for boxes with plants of any kind. Its continual, foam-like display of small white flowers along the edge is like the frill lace about a woman's chin.

Some of the prettiest and hardiest trailers were linaria, saxifrage and tradescantia. Ivy geraniums, also, were used effectively in many window boxes.

A good box for a shady summer window and for a sunny winter one is composed of cyperus and tradescantias, the former, which must have plenty of water, in the center, and the latter along the edge.

The box used to hold the plants may be merely of rough wood if kept in an out-of-the-way place until the vines cover it. Boxes of metal or of stone grow fiercely hot when exposed to sunshine and are apt to bake the earth until the vines droop over the sides. Plain boxes painted green or gray are not unsightly at any time. The shell-like leaves of the ground-ivy, common every where, make a pretty curtain for such boxes. Nasturtiums, cobæas and morning-glories also grow fast and are bright and graceful in effect. The secret of success with window boxes lies in choosing the plants carefully, in giving them plenty of room and plenty of water.

HULDAH'S LESSON.

BERTHA M. IRELAND.

Huldah Smith had entered school in one of the first grades of a large city. She had been in school for almost two years and was still unable to read the simplest selections much to the chagrin and disappointment of her parents, for Huldah was an exceedingly bright child in everything else. It was concluded that the methods in the city school were wrong and they decided that Huldah should go to a country village and spend the winter with her grandmother where she would be sent to the primary school in which there was a teacher that had quite a reputation for "starting little people."

The teacher had been informed of the conditions and after a month's special pains there was seemingly no improvement and the teacher was in despair.

One day, shortly afterward, Huldah was asked to

read and she arose and unhesitatingly read every word of the lesson. "Why, Huldah, how did you do that?" asked the teacher. A smile of triumph spread over Huldah's face as she answered, "I was just watching Freddie and I saw he said every word in the lesson and when he came to a hard word he would spell it over two or three times sometimes, so I tried the same way and I got my lesson."

Huldah was never again the poor reader of the class for she had learned that she must put forth the effort herself.

Idaville, Ind.

THE HABIT OF NOT FEELING WELL.

Few people realize that their ailments are largely self-induced. They get into a habit of not feeling well. If they get up in the morning with a slight headache or some other trifling indisposition, instead of trying to rise above this condition, they take a positive pleasure in expatiating upon their feelings to anyone who will listen. Instead of combating the tendency to illness by filling the lungs with pure fresh air, they dose themselves with "headache tablets" or some other patent specific warranted to cure whatever ill they think they are suffering from. They begin to pity themselves and try to attract pity and sympathy from others. Unconsciously, by detailing and dwelling upon their symptoms, they re-enforce the first simple suggestions of illness by a whole army of thoughts and fears and images of disease, until they are unfitted to do a day's work in their homes or office.

It is said man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence, and it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying down or lounging on a sofa because they think they are tired or not well. Much so-called invalidism is simply laziness, fostered and indulged from childhood. There is a great danger that girls who are delicate while growing up, and lounge around the house and lie down whenever they feel the least bit out of sorts, will form a habit of invalidism when they reach maturity. How often do we see such girls "brace up" at once whenever anything happens which interests or excites them! An invitation to a reception or any other pleasant social function, acts like a tonic. For the time being an instantaneous cure is effected. They are as well as anybody until after the entertainment.—*Success.*

HELPFUL HINTS FOR THE KITCHEN.

CELIA.

Mrs. M. came in to see me the other day and really she is one of the most delightfully entertaining women that I have met for years. I can't say that she is pretty, indeed she is quite the reverse, and on meeting her for the first time one cannot help but think that she is positively homely. But to become acquainted with her—well, she has a way of smiling, showing her well-kept teeth, that is really bewitching. There is something magnetic in her presence. She looks so wholesome, cleanly and happy, always so daintily clad that it is a pleasure to see her. I think I learn something new from her every time I talk with her.

In one of her visits she gave me some recipes that I am going to share with you. One was for fruit gingerbread. She brought me a plateful for a sample and it was positively delicious.

Fruit Gingerbread.

¾ cup molasses.
1 cup sugar.
½ cup butter.
1 cup sour milk.
3 eggs.
3 cups flour.
1 tablespoonful ginger.
1 teaspoon cinnamon.
1 teaspoon soda.
1 cup chopped raisins.

The way she prepared it was as follows:

Cream the butter and sugar and add the molasses. Then add the eggs one at a time and beat thoroughly. Melt the soda in the sour milk, mixing well. Sift the flour and spices together and add to the other mixture, alternating with the milk and chopped raisins. Bake in a ginger cake tin. Served plain or with boiled icing over the top.

The other recipe was for fudge.

Chocolate Fudge.

2 cups sugar.
1 square chocolate.
½ cup cream.

Boil about twelve minutes, that is, until the sugar and chocolate are dissolved, then remove from the fire, stir until it is creamy and begins to thicken, then pour into a buttered plate. Cut into bars when slightly warm.

To give a rich brown, flaky appearance to pies, baste the tops with cream before putting in the oven.

For the Children

THE SOAP-BOX GARDEN.

The children sat in a row on the fence, dangling their feet. They were trying hard to think of something to give to Johnny Henderson, who had had a bad fall when they were all playing in the barn. The doctor said that poor Johnny would have to lie still nearly all summer, and the children did not see how he was possibly going to bear it.

"We ought to buy him something very nice, indeed," said Nan; "for it was our barn that he fell out of!"

"What is the use of saying that?" said Bobby dolefully. "You know perfectly well we have only got nine cents left from our allowances, for we have counted it at least six times this morning! I wish we had never bought that garden squirt. It cost a great deal more than it has ever squirted."

"We might give him the guinea-pigs," suggested Barbara. "They do not smell so very much, and we could feed them for him every day."

"I don't think Mrs. Henderson is the kind of person to take at all to guinea-pigs," objected Bobby. "Even mother says they are untidy."

"I have been thinking of a thing," said brother slowly from his end of the fence. "I have been thinking of it all this morning. He said that what he minds most is that he can't have any garden while we are having ours. Why can't we make a little garden for him to have beside his bed?"

The children jumped down excitedly.

"Oh!" said Nan. "But I don't think Mrs. Henderson would like gardens on the floor!"

"How stupid you can sometimes be, Nan," said Bobby. "It will be perfectly splendid! He doesn't mean on the floor, do you, brother? He means in a box, and there is a wooden soap-box in the barn—"

"And mother promised us geranium slips."

"He can plant apple seeds and have an orchard!"

"And he can use the squirt!"

There never was a more delightful garden. Mother let them paint it themselves, from a pot of dark green paint they found out in the barn. They filled it with fine, rich earth, sifted and crumbled with their own fingers; and then came the planting, which papa helped them with, showing them how to draw straight little furrows for the seeds, and whittling white stakes to mark the ends of the rows.

"Of course nothing will probably show for *weeks*," the children explained to Johnny, lying hot and restless on his sofa. "And perhaps nothing ever will come up at all, because of its being only in a box; but, if they do grow, it will be *so* exciting!"

They did not have to wait long. The houses are close together, and on the fifth morning the bell which Bobby had rigged with a string from his window to Johnny's rang excitedly.

Johnny was sitting up, flushed with pleasure, the languid look all gone.

"Look!" he said, "here in the corner! Something green is showing!"

"It's the radishes!" shrieked Nan. "It actually is! See their darling little green shoots poking up, with the seed-husks still on their heads! And just beyond the ground is cracked to show where more will come!"

"Perhaps the lettuce will show to-morrow," said Barbara in an awe-struck whisper. "It's here in the next row, and then come beans. O John, and perhaps you can have them for supper when you are grown up—I mean when they are! And brother thought of it all himself," she added generously.

The next day the radishes were fairly up, sunning their red stems in a brave little row. Four days later came the lettuce, and then the fat, yellow-green noses of four hyacinths; for this was a very mixed up kind of garden. The children were absorbed in watching, and very nearly drowned the poor soap-box at first in their zeal for watering it. There were the radish and lettuce seeds, which they had bought with their own money, beans from the kitchen, some corn, the hyacinths, which mother gave, two geranium slips, and orange and lemon seeds, which actually sprouted and sent up the shoots of four tiny trees!

Long after everything was accounted for a curious dark shoot showed in the very middle of the bed. The children looked and wondered.

"Perhaps it is a lily and got here by mistake," suggested Nan. "Perhaps a water-lily!"

"Don't be foolish," said Bobby. "Perhaps cook or somebody has put in an onion."

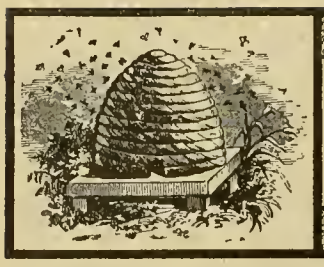
"I know what it is," said brother, slowly. "It is my date-palm. Nan said that I was swallowing my date-stones, but instead I only sucked and sucked them; and I planted them here in the middle, and now one has come up. I thinked it would."

"O -o-o-o-o-oh!" said Barbara, in a long sigh of rapture. "And when it is big enough we can have an oasis of our very own—at least, of John's, and sit there when we are playing camel and eat dates!"

Everybody laughed, and just then mother came over with a covered basket.

"I have brought over some of our honey, John," she said, "because I do believe the bees made part of it from your hyacinths. Here are fresh rolls, too, and I thought you could all have a little feast together. But what I really came over to say was that papa is so pleased with the way you have kept your gardens that he is going to let you have the corner of the big garden, where the strawberry bed is, all yourselves. It is right next your raspberry bed, John; and your mother says you may have part of that for your own as soon as you are well. You can take down the fence, so that it will be all one garden; and if you will raise strawberries and raspberries for me, I don't see why you can't earn money enough to build the summer-house you were talking about, and for all the lilies and roses you want besides!"—*Rosalind Richards, in Congregationalist.*

"THE best way of revenge is not to imitate the injury."



THE RURAL LIFE

FARMER JOHN.

Home from his journey Farmer John
  Arrived this morning, safe and sound.
His black coat off and his old clothes on,
"Now I'm myself," says Farmer John;
  And he thinks, "I'll look around."
Up leaps the dog: "Get down, you pup;
Are you so glad you would eat me up?"
The horses prick up their ears at him;
    "Well, well, old Bay!
    Ha, ha, old Gray!
Do you get good feed when I am away?"

"You haven't a rib!" said Farmer John;
  "The cattle are looking round and sleek;
The colt is going to be a roan,
And a beauty, too; how he has grown!
  We'll wean the calf next week,"
Says Farmer John. "When I've been off—
To call you again about the trough,
And watch and pet you while you drink,
Is a greater comfort than you can think!"
    And he pats old Bay,
    And he slaps old Gray,
"Ah, this is the comfort of going away."

"For after all," said Farmer John,
  "The best of the journey is getting home!
I've seen great sights—but would I give
This spot, and the peaceful life I live,
  For all their Paris and Rome?
These hills for the city's stifled air,
And big hotels, all bustle and glare;
Land all houses, and road all stones,
That deafen your ears and batter your bones?
    Would you, old Bay?
    Would you, old Gray?
That's what one gets by going away!"

"There money is king," says Farmer John;
  "And fashion is queen; and it's mighty queer
To see how, sometimes, while the man
Is raking and scraping all he can,
  The wife spends every year,
Enough, you'd think for a score of wives,
To keep them in luxury all their lives.
The town is a perfect Babylon
To a quiet chap," says Farmer John.
    "You see, old Bay,
    You see, old Gray—
I'm wiser than when I went away."

"I've found out this," says Farmer John—
  "That happiness is not bought and sold,
And clutched in a life of waste and hurry,
In nights of pleasure and days of worry;
  And wealth isn't all in gold,
Mortgage and stocks and ten per cent,
But in simple ways and sweet content,
Few wants, pure hopes, and noble ends,
Some land to till, and a few good friends,
    Like you, old Bay,
    And you, old Gray!
That's what I've learned by going away."

And a happy man is Farmer John.
  Oh, a rich and happy man is he!
He sees the peas and pumpkins growing,
The corn in tassel, the buckwheat blowing,
  And fruit on vine and tree;
The large, kind oxen look their thanks,
As he rubs their foreheads and strokes their flanks;
The doves light round him, and strut and coo;
Says Farmer John, "I'll take you, too—
    And you, old Bay,
    And you, old Gray,
Next time I travel so far away!"

—J. T. Trowbridge, in National Stockman and Farmer.

FROM BALMY LOUISIANA.

J. I. MILLER.

DEAR "NOOK": We are here again with so many things on our mind that it is a hard matter for us to decide what to say that would be most interesting to the readers. Summer is here in all her glory. But we notice something that we never did before, *i. e.*, the fruit trees do not seem to leaf out as usual; the leaves seem to come out in bunches and some branches on the same trees have made two or three inches of new growth while some buds seem almost dormant. Perhaps the cause is on account of the warm winter.

The early peaches are as large now as a good-sized peach pit, while the later varieties have not blossomed yet and the prospects are for a short crop. People who have a good assortment of trees can have ripe peaches from the last of May until October. Trees, that is, peach, come in bearing when quite young. We planted some trees about thirteen months ago and they have peaches on now and in size look about like a two or three-year-old tree in Pennsylvania.

Mayhaws are ripe, some dewberries are commencing to ripen and some are still in blossom. New peas are a part of our diet and some of our neighbors have new potatoes. Our own being planted later we may have to wait two weeks yet. We had no rain for two weeks and the ground is getting dry. However, the rice planting is pushed with vim and vigor. Some corn is four inches high and much is not planted yet. We have March, April and May to plant and some has

been planted in June and made a fair crop. We still have strawberries and as the weather is warm they are better flavored than in January and February.

I might as well tell the "Nook" family I am no rice farmer. My occupation is that of a blacksmith and wood workman, also truck-farm some. From about the middle of December to the middle of April is my busy time in the shop, sharpening plowshares, disc harrows and drill runners. This is no advertisement, but I hope some good young brother or young man who is a blacksmith may see this that would like to spend next winter in the south. We have good church advantages, a good Sunday school, Christian Workers' meeting every Sunday night and Bible normal every Thursday night. There are five resident ministers, two of whom are elders, a membership of about eighty, and a whole community of good people, neighbors and friends. More when the spirit moves us.

Roanoke, La.

HOW DO YOUR WAGON WHEELS INCLINE?

D. Z. ANGLE.

"Did you know," said the insurance agent, "that it is a neat job to fit the skeins properly on wagon axles, so wheels will set best for easy running and long service? I didn't know it," continued he, "until many years ago, when, while in the hardware business, I sold a wagon to an old gentleman, whose son is still running that wagon. Before buying it Mr. R. measured distance between fellies at extreme front part of a pair of wheels, then the distance between same wheels at extreme back part, which proved to be three-fourths of an inch wider than front measurement, which he claimed to be the correct proportional position, and bought the wagon with the satisfactory result as above stated.

The wheels should incline inward slightly at ground or from top downward. This gives them greater strength to hold up a load, as it brings the wheels more under the load, than if perpendicular or inclined away from each other at or where they rest on the ground. The weight and wear also come mostly on the large and strongest inside part of thimble, and consequently run easiest and longest, when each pair of wheels are thus set a little nearer together, both at their front and lower positions. Thus the wheels being closer in front than behind do not gather and compress any of the roadbed between them, thereby running with the least draft requirable of team, and smallest possible loss by wear on vehicle.

Wheels should have sufficient play on spindles, about one-fourth inch play at the outer end being required to run well. A good wagon should give good service for thirty years if spindles are kept well greased to prevent wear, and wagon is properly sheltered when not in use, and carefully loaded and handled when in use.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

CLARENCE H. YODER.

What a change when the grass comes forth in the spring, covering the earth with a carpet so fresh and green, and the leaves on the trees unfold from their snug quarters.

Though it has been warm since about the middle of January, and I guess one might call it hot the last few weeks—at least I think so,—yet it did not seem like summer, because the deciduous trees were still bare as back in Ohio this time of year.

But now many of the fruit trees have bloomed, their blossom has fallen, and they are now wrapped in their mantle of green. And the cottonwood trees in the park and those which line each side of the streets, with here and there a tall poplar with its spiral appearance, make all nature—especially human nature—rejoice, and are unmistakable evidence of the change of seasons which all are ready to welcome—the opening of spring.

Alamogordo, N. M.

SPRING FARM NOTES.

Anybody can turn the handle of a separator, but it takes a smart man to get the milk to put in it.

In a short time the perennial question of garlic in the milk will come to the front. Better be prepared to meet it.

Don't be in too great a hurry to turn the cows out to pasture. If they are put into the fields while the earth is soft and wet, they will destroy much of the herbage.

In all well-regulated libraries there are signs posted in conspicuous places bearing the word, "Silence." Similar signs should be posted in every milking shed.

The boy who has a colt all his very own, to train and pet and develop into a prize winner, is not likely to be affected by the allurements of life in town.

Did you ever wear a collar that sawed your neck, or pressed the collar button into your Adam's apple? Remember how annoying it was? Then see to it that the collars of your work horses are smooth, and that they fit properly.—*Selected.*

USING THE TIN CANS.

The tin cans which were saved up last winter will come handy now. If there is a barrelful of them they will not come amiss. Punch holes in the bottom, then set one by the side of each tomato, eggplant, or pepper. When the weather becomes dry these cans are filled with water, which soaks down gradually and

reaches the roots as wanted. If some kind of fertilizer is put in the cans, so much the better. By this means the water is applied where it does the most good, beneath the surface and about the roots.—*Farmers' Review.*

POTATOES AND CELERY.

I HAVE followed for several years the practice of raising potatoes and celery together, generally using some early variety of potatoes and as soon as the potatoes are cultivated the last time I set out celery plants between the rows, putting the plants about eight inches apart in the row. The potato tops afford shelter from the hot sun until the plants regain their equilibrium after being transplanted. Then in a few days after setting the celery the potato tops are laid back from the plants and neither seems to show any ill effects. I made a mistake this season by using a late variety of potatoes that gave too large a growth of tops so that the celery is not so large as it generally is by September 15th.

It is a puzzle to me why farmers do not raise more of this healthy and delicious vegetable. It is not much trouble to raise it as we do and its delicate shades of white and pink add to the beauty of any table. For varieties we prefer the Giant Pascal for a white blanching sort and the New Rose as a pink variety. We never do much cultivating of celery as a rule, as the weeds are scarce if the potatoes have been well cared for. We never bank up our celery until heavy frosts come, then we take muslin strings long enough to tie once around the top of the bunch, which is first drawn up straight. Tie with a half knot as close to the top as possible. Then stake wide boards on each side of the row three or four inches from the plants and with a shovel fill in fine dirt around the plants. When this has been filled in up to the strings pull them off so that the heart stalks may have a chance to grow up through. As the dirt settles and the plants grow up through in a few days we fill in more dirt, always aiming to leave the top open so the plant can grow up through the center. Here in October and the first ten days in November if the weather is cool and ground moist it makes very rapid growth. When freezing weather begins we dig trenches thirty or forty feet long, about a foot wide and two or three inches deeper than the celery is high. I put a little fine dirt in the bottom of the trench and mix a few handfuls of fertilizer with it. It is then ready for the celery. Next we dig up the celery with some earth sticking to the roots, then set the celery upright in the trench, covering the roots with the fine dirt in the trench. Pack the bunches moderately close, if too close air will not circulate freely and it will rot. When a trench is full we have a V shaped roof of wide boards to put over top of trench. This roof is made in short sections (three to four feet long) and rests on pieces of boards laid crosswise the trench. This brings the roof several inches above the celery tops and gives it room to grow. Straw is put on the roof, then put on enough dirt to keep frost out. Close up the ends of the trench for a few days or the celery may wilt some, then open them for ventilation as it may be needed. When freezing weather comes, close the ends securely and keep frost out. Freezing ruins celery. Celery fixed in this way will grow all winter and as it is growing in the dark it will be blanched white and tender. Kept this way the stems seldom grow hollow. We dig our trenches on sloping ground so as to have drainage and the reason we put the roof on in short sections is for convenience in taking out the celery as we need it. We can take off a short section of roof and take out the celery it covers and close the trench up again. Celery that is blanched in dirt is of much better flavor and is more tender than where tiles or boards alone are used. We had an abundance of fine celery for home use and home market last winter, using the last in April.—*Selected.*

A BOY'S HOBBY.

MANY years ago a boy who lived in the far west of America was suddenly thrown on his own resources by the death of his parents. Hiring himself out to a farmer, his eye chanced upon the statement that every man should know something about everything and also be a specialist in addition to his occupation. The next morning the boy decided to make the idea his own, and because the willow was the tree that was nearest him, he decided to become an expert upon willows. He found willows that were red and willows white and willows gray and willows yellow and willows blue; willows that stood up straight and willows that bowed themselves down weeping. He collected choice specimens of willow seeds and leaves and exchanged with agriculturists in all parts of America. Then he gathered specimens of willows from China and Japan, from England and Russia.

The time came when teachers of forestry in lands beyond the sea sent to this farmer strange specimens of the willow for examination and classification. He lived and died a farmer, but if his occupation confined him to his fields and meadows, his hobby made narrowness impossible, broadened the scope of his study and observation, lent him sympathy and made him friends to all the countries of the earth. There is not a single representative of the flowers or trees or insects or birds that is not waiting for some farmer's boy to inspect it, and in doing so the youth who has thought himself cabined and confined will find that he has become the child of liberty and at last his feet are in the pathway that leads to growth and happiness. —*Selected.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Items of Interest.

The Shah owns the most costly pipe in the world, and he smokes it on state occasions. It is incrusted from the top of the bowl to the amber mouthpiece with diamonds, rubies and pearls, and is valued at $300,000.

Jackson county, Kentucky, is famed for family feuds, but it has other claims for mention. It has a population of 10,000, yet there is not a single negro voter, nor a citizen of foreign birth. It has no ex-Confederates within its borders, no saloons, no registered distilleries and no workhouses. Further than this, no citizen within its domains ever locks his house.

The largest college of music in the world is the Guildhall in London. It has 110 instructors and over 4,000 pupils. It is self-supporting, the expenses being defrayed out of the fees of the professors, the senior professors contributing five per cent. and the poorer teachers nearly forty per cent. of the students' fees. The professors are paid at the rate of $1.25 to $4.00 per hour, and, according to an official report of the school, out of about $150,000 paid last year by the pupils the professors received $120,000, the balance covering the expenses of the institution.

Thousands of men work all their lives at securing the banks of the great Yellow River, in China. Yet every now and then the tide sweeps away all opposition, and the loss in human life is greater than any war ever caused. Nineteen years ago the river burst its bonds. Day after day the torrent flowed, twenty miles to the hour, thirty miles wide and ten feet deep. The flood has been described as that of five Danubes pouring from a height for two months on end. For two thousand years the Chinese have been embanking the river.

The Meaning of a "Homestead."

An Irishman, wishing to take a "homestead" and not knowing just how to go about it, sought information from a friend.

"Mike," he said, "you've taken a homestead an' I thought maybe ye could tell me th' law concernin' how to go about it."

"Well, Dennis, I don't remimber th' exact wordin' uv th' law, but I can give ye th' manin' uv it. Th' manin' uv it is this: Th' Government is willin' t' bet ye 160 acres uv land agin $14 thot ye can't live on it five years widout starvin' t' death."—"Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree," in the April Everybody's.

A recent article on homesickness, in The Companion, recalls the reply made by a young Swedish maid to her mistress. It expresses clearly, though in imperfect English, what every sufferer from homesickness feels:

"You ought to be contented, and not fret for your old home, Ina," said the lady, as she looked at the dim eyes of the girl. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have plenty of friends here."

"Yas'm," said the girl, "but it is not the place where I do be that makes me vera homesick; it is the place where I don't be."

A famous punster, upon being asked to make a play of words upon any subject given him then and there, said that he could do it.

"What is your subject?" he asked.

"Well, the king," replied his companion.

"The king is no subject," instantly replied the clever wit.—Christian Register.

"The mewl," wrote a schoolboy, "is a hardier bird than the guse or turkey. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and it wears its wings on the side of its head. It is stubbornly backward about going forward."

A little girl, who knew nothing about encores, found fault with the audience at a recent children's concert.

"I know we didn't make one mistake," she exclaimed, "and yet they made us come out and sing it all over again."

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found out that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by the heels and, holding him up, gave him a few shakes, whereupon the quarter soon dropped to the floor.

"Well, mister," said the grateful mother, "you cert'n'y knowed how to git it out. Air you a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger; "I'm a Collector of Internal Revenue."—From the April Lippincott's.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Girl over 20 for housework. Husband, wife and two children in family; husband away most of the time. Church privileges. Place recommended by member of Brethren church. Wages, $5 per week. Address, R. W. M., 466 Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FOR SALE.—10-room two-story dwelling. Newly papered, high ceiling, five closets, cement steps and walks. Cellar, well and cistern. Seven kinds of fruit. Paved street. Desirable for retired farmer. 1834 E. Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa. Mary M. Gibson.

FOR SALE.—A modern steam-heated, six-apartment building, Dayton, Ohio. Within two blocks Brethren Church; price reasonable; terms liberal. Address H. Preston, 278 Irving Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Neff's Corner

Several wholesale stores in a town of not more than 600 people is perhaps what would appear to many Inglenookers a strange combination, but that's the way we are about to have it at Lake Arthur. But at the present rate it won't be long till the census figures will exceed 600 by considerable. But the presence of the wholesale houses is to be explained this way: The Pecos river runs one and one-half miles east of the town. Like many of the streams of the western plains, it has a bed of treacherous quicksand and many people have crossed it at the hazard of their lives. The nearest bridge is 30 miles north. The business men of Lake Arthur decided that we ought to have a bridge across the river opposite the town. On short notice several thousand dollars was pledged for that purpose, already the contract is let and soon we are to have a fine bridge. It's 200 miles across the sandy plains of west Texas to the nearest railroad. Five thousand square miles of territory in east New Mexico and west Texas, with all their ranches and country stores will become tributary to Lake Arthur by the erection of this bridge. It will perhaps do more for the upbuilding of our town than would another railroad. The way the wagon trains will come in over that bridge to be loaded with freight for this great plains country will be a sight to behold. And it's more than 100 miles and over a rough range of mountains to the nearest railroad west. I could say more, but this is sufficient excuse for the wholesale stores in Lake Arthur and of course adds materially to the value of your holdings here. That Virginia brother who had me build him a house here and, on receiving his first month's rent, sent a second $250 for another house and lot, has figured closely enough to see that 30 per cent is better than 3. If interested, write

James M. Neff.

Lake Arthur, N. M.

Finest Cook Book Seen

Enclosed please find stamps for which please send me the "Inglenook Cook Book."

It is certainly the finest cook book we have ever seen. One can get a really substantial meal with it, which cannot be said of many cook books with their fancy receipts. I want this one for my sister.

Very truly,
ZULA GOCHENOUR.
Maurertown, Va., March 26, 1907.

Price, paper bound books, ...25 cents
Price, oil-cloth books, ...35 cents

Agents are making big money selling these cook books. Nearly every cook that sees a copy wants one. Write us for terms, stating what county you want to canvass in.

Address,

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living, I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

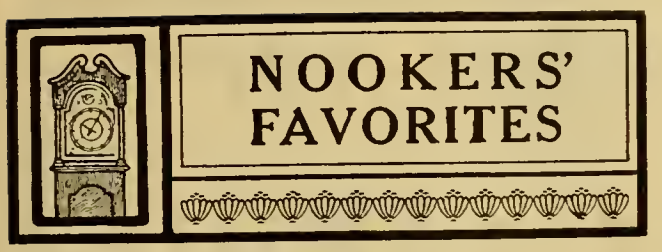
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REST.

Beautiful toiler, thy work all done,
Beautiful soul into glory gone,
Beautiful life with its crown now won,
God giveth thee rest.
Rest from all sorrows, and watching and fears,
Rest from all possible sighing and tears,
Rest through God's endless, wonderful years—
At home with the blest.

Beautiful spirit, free from all stain,
Ours the heartache, the sorrow and pain,
Thine is the glory and infinite gain—
Thy slumber is sweet.
Peace on the brow and the eyelids so calm,
Peace in the heart 'neath the white folded palm,
Peace dropping down like a wondrous balm
From the head to the feet.

"It was so sudden," our white lips said,
How we shall miss her, the beautiful dead,
Who take the place of the precious one fled;
But God knoweth best.
We know he watches the sparrows that fall,
Hears the sad cry of the grieved hearts that call,
Friends, husband, children, he loveth them all—
We can trust for the rest.

—Mary T. Lathrop.

THE DRINKING HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

The room was so cold, so cheerless and bare,
With its rickety table and one broken chair,
With its curtainless window with hardly a pane
To keep out the snow, the wind and the rain.

A cradle stood empty, pushed up to the wall,
And somehow that seemed the saddest of all.
In the rusty old stove the fire was dead,
There was snow on the floor at the foot of the bed.

And there all alone a pale woman was lying,
You need not look twice to see she was dying,
Dying of want, of hunger and cold.
Shall I tell you her story, the story she told?

"No, ma'am, I'm no better; my cough is so bad;
It's wearing me out, though, and that makes me glad,
For its wearisome living when one's all alone,
And Heaven, they tell me, is just like a home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's somewhere about.
I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out;
But I guess he has gone where he's likely to stay.
I mean, to the drinking house over the way.

"It was not always so, and I hope you won't think
Too hard of him, lady, it's only the drink.
I know he's kind-hearted, for, oh, how he cried
For our poor little baby the morning it died.

"You see he took sudden, and grew very bad,
And we had no doctor, my poor little lad,
For his father had gone, never meaning to stay,
I am sure, to the drinking house over the way.

"And when he came back 'twas far in the night,
And I was so tired and sick with the fright
Of staying so long with my baby alone
And it cutting my heart with its pitiful moan.

"He was cross with the drink, poor fellow, I know
It was that, not his baby, that bothered him so;
But he swore at the child, as panting it lay,
And went back to the drinking house over the way.

"I heard the gate slam, and my heart seemed to freeze
Like ice in my bosom, and there on my knees
By the side of the cradle all shivering I stayed.
I wanted my mother, I cried and I prayed.

"The clock it struck two, ere my baby was still,
And my thoughts went back to my home on the hill,
Where my happy girlhood had spent its short day,
Far, far from that drinking house over the way.

"Could I be that girl, I, the heart-broken wife,
There watching alone while that dear little life
Was going so fast that I had to bend low
To hear if he breathed, 'twas so faint and so slow?

"Yes, it was easy, his dying; he just grew more white
And his eyes opened wider to look for the light.
As his father came in 'twas just break of day,
Came in from the drinking house over the way.

"Yes, ma'am, he was sober, at least mostly, I think.
He often stayed that way to wear off the drink.
And I know he was sorry for what he had done,
For he set a great store by our first little one.

"And straight did he come to the cradle-bed where
Our baby lay dead, so pretty and fair.
I wondered that I could have wished him to stay
When there was a drinking house over the way.

"He stood quiet a while, did not understand,
You see, till he touched the cold little hand.
Oh! then came the tears and he shook like a leaf
As he said 'twas the drinking that made all the grief.

"The neighbors were kind and the minister came,
And he talked of my seeing my baby again,
And of the bright angels—I wondered if they
Could see in that drinking house over the way.

"And I thought when my baby was put in the ground,
And the men with their spades were shaping the mound,
If somebody only would help me to save
My husband, who stood by my side at the grave.

"If only it were not so handy, the drink,—
The men that make laws, ma'am, sure didn't think
Of the hearts they would break, of the souls they would slay,
When they licensed that drinking house over the way.

"And it's tempting him here and it's tempting him there,
Four places I've counted in this very square
Where a man can get whiskey by night and by day,
Not to mention the drinking house over the way.

"I've been sick ever since and it cannot be long.
Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone.
He wants to do right, but you never can think
How weak a man grows when he's fond of drink.

"There is a verse in the Bible the minister read,
No drunkard shall enter the kingdom, it said,
And he is my husband, and I love him so,
And where I am going I want him to go.

"Our baby and I will both want him there.
Don't you think the dear Savior will answer your prayer?
And please, when I'm gone, ask some one to pray
For him at that drinking house over the way."

BRAWNTAWNS
THE VICTOR TONIC

Aids Digestion. Restores Strength

Brawntawns restore lost appetites, cure indigestion, stomach troubles.

Brawntawns are for nervous, dyspeptic weak mothers.

Brawntawns will make you healthy, bright and cheerful

Brawntawns are purely vegetable, free from alcoholic stimulants.

Brawntawns are not a pre-digested food, but a food digester.

Do not be deceived by the many so-called tonics that immediately brace you up and make you feel better, you have only been stimulated. These influences are more dangerous than beneficial. 30 days treatment 50 cents, at your dealers or by mail from,

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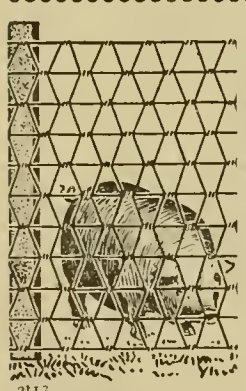


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HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you $1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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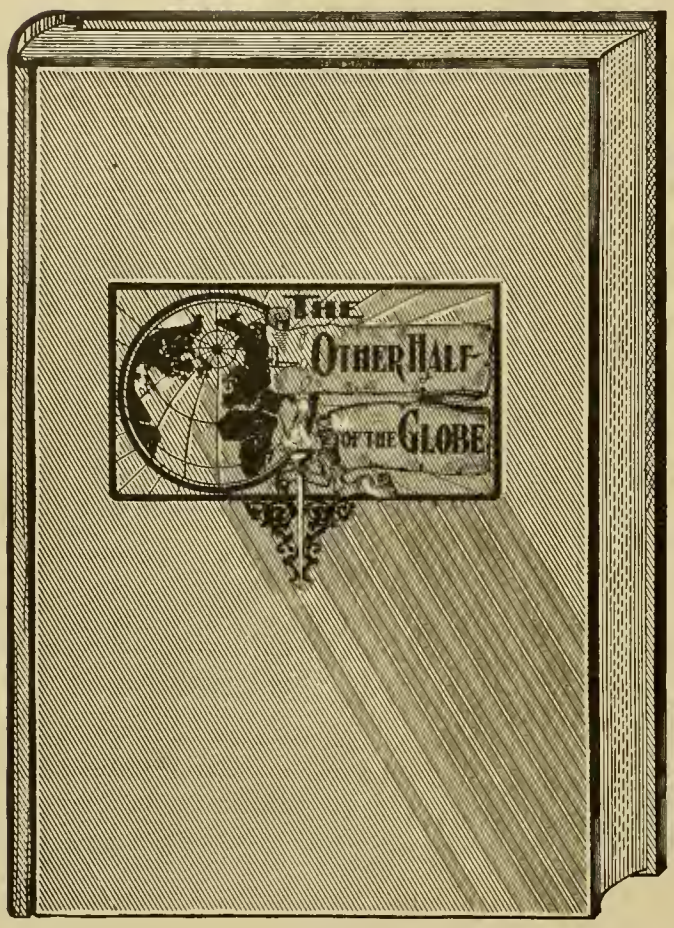
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The Inglenook

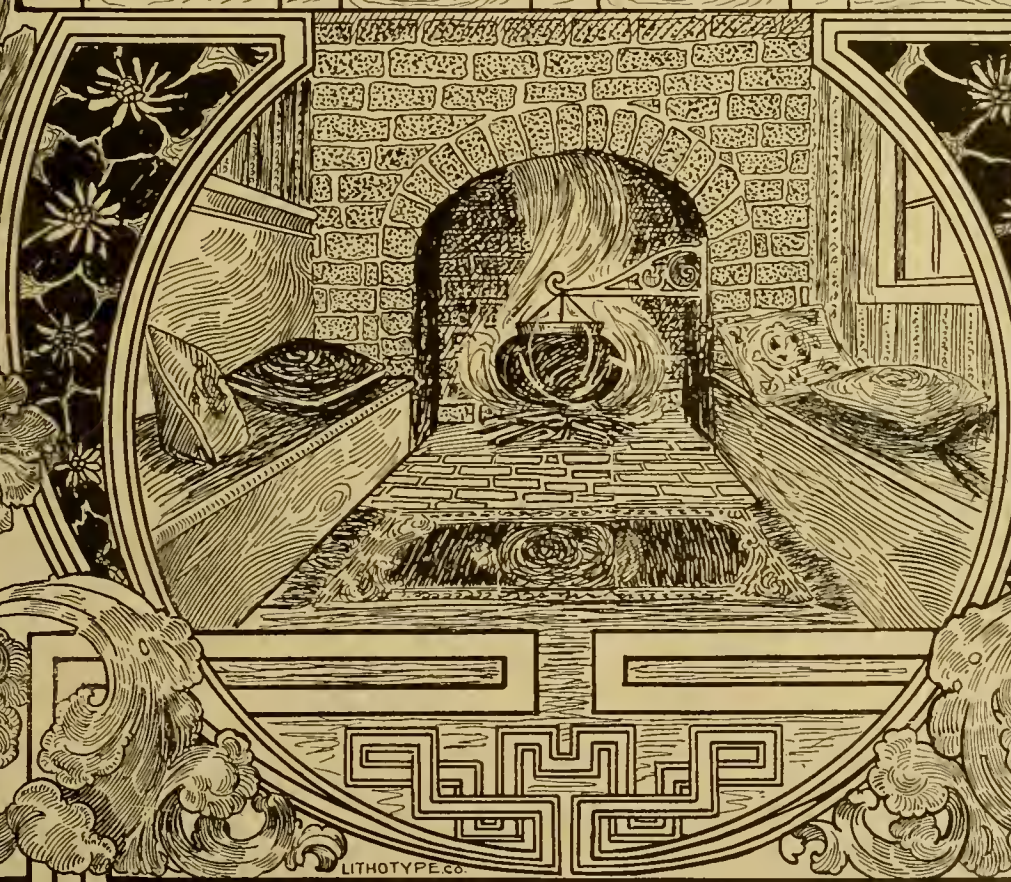
A Weekly Magazine

Though love be bought and honor sold,
The sunset keeps its glow of gold:
And round the rosy summits cold
The white clouds hover, fold on fold.

Though over-ripe the nations rot,
Though right be dead and faith forgot,
Though one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise,
"It is the meaner part that dies."

—Sir Lewis Morris.



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THE TIME IS DRAWING NEAR

Did you see that long list of names of the Brethren who had bought homes in Butte Valley? It was in last week's INGLENOOK. We have received another list who have bought since those names were sent. Yesterday's mail said that two quarter sections and three eightys were taken, and a day or two before that we had calls for deeds for over 800 acres, so you can see that it is going very rapidly. Like one Iowa brother said—"I don't think I will wait till I get there to buy for by the way it looks it will all be gone by that time." It does begin to look a little that way.

A good many brethren who have friends there on the ground, are writing them to select a farm for them before it is too late. A goodly number have already written that they are going out on the excursion on the second of May to get theirs before the crowd comes up from Los Angeles after the Conference. Quite a crowd is booked to return from the meeting VIA Butte Valley. Last week there were twenty-five Brethren there locating their farms in advance of the rush. The surveyors will have the town lots all laid off by the time you reach there so you may have your choice of what is left.

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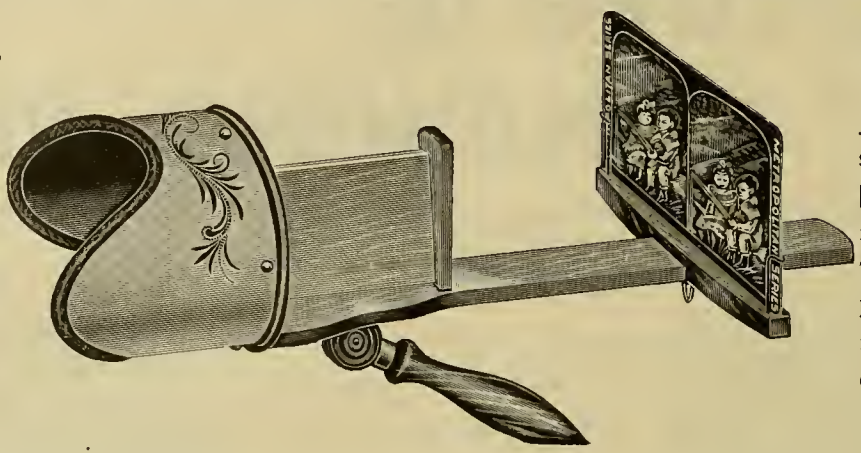
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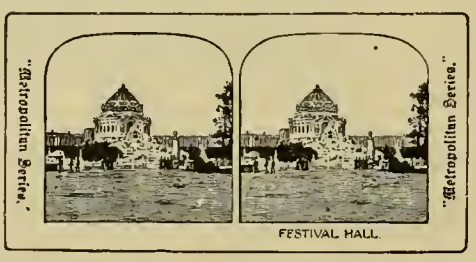


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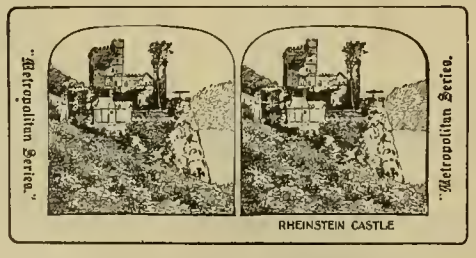
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Street Cars on the Plaza, City of Mexico.
Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



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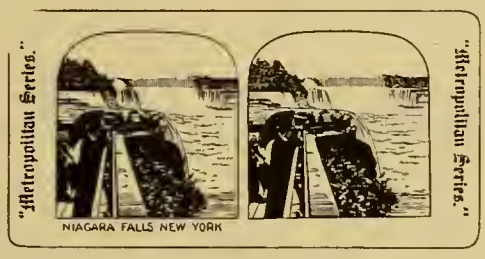
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Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

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Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
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To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. APRIL 23, 1907. NO. 17.

The Burnham Steel Works

John F. Beery

A PARTY of us, while out on a concert tour, had the opportunity of going through the noted steel works at Burnham, Pa. It was Friday, a day on which visitors were not usually admitted. The regular days were Tuesday and Thursday, but a member of our company happened to know one of the proprietors, and by using diplomacy we at last gained admittance. We were each given a pass, which we kept until the end of our visit, when they were taken up by a man at the office.

Our guide first took us into a room where immense cranes were carrying red-hot metal from one place to another. These cranes pick up and carry huge blocks of metal as easily as a man would carry a stick of wood. Next we saw a huge hammer, which is used to pound the blocks, and, with the aid of a cutter, to sever them into a required number of pieces. There are three of these hammers, all using their many-ton power to the same or almost the same end.

We were next taken to the room where the charging-machine was at work. This machine gathers up all the scrap and puts it into the furnaces to be melted over. It is wonderful to look at it in operation. The operator has several levers to work, and must know the use of each, and keep a clear head, in order to manipulate the machine properly.

The furnace is in the form of a huge cylinder, lying horizontally, which is partitioned off into smaller furnaces, and the charging machine runs from one furnace to the other, depositing scrap. After the furnaces are all filled and when the metal has all been melted, the cylinder turns on itself and the molten mass runs out through a spout into a monstrous ladle, which is about ten feet deep. When this ladle is full, the crane carries it over to another place where it is emptied into smaller receptacles, thus making "pig-iron." The molten metal pouring into the ladle, especially at night, is as pretty a sight as many fireworks.

The next place we visited was where car wheels are finished. The rough wheels are put into machines that rub them down ready for use. Men are seen rolling the driving-wheel tires along the floor to the yards where they remain awaiting shipment. It requires skill to be able to roll those heavy wheel-tires without letting them fall over. Any one getting in the road of one of these is in danger of serious injury or even of his life. They turn out about a thousand of these tires every day, which seems like an enormous number, but considering how great is the wear on them from the weight of the engines and the friction of the brakes, it is not so large after all.

At one time, as we were going from one building to another, we passed by a derrick which was scooping up rubbish and dumping it into a car. The scoop or shovel was composed of two scoops joined together like jaws. They opened, and the scoop was lowered to the pile of rubbish, and then the jaws came together, inclosing a great mouthful of dirt. It was then swung around directly above the car, when the jaws opened again, dropping the contents into the car. It then went back to the car for another mouthful, and so kept on. It was quite interesting to watch this almost human machine gathering up and depositing that trash.

When at last we emerged into the light of day out of the dusty atmosphere of the shops, it was quite refreshing. We felt as if we needed a wash both externally and internally, and indeed we did. We were not in the best of condition to sing that night, but I think none of the party were sorry for the experience.

Huntingdon, Pa.

"IT is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practice, that makes them righteous."

California for the Teachers

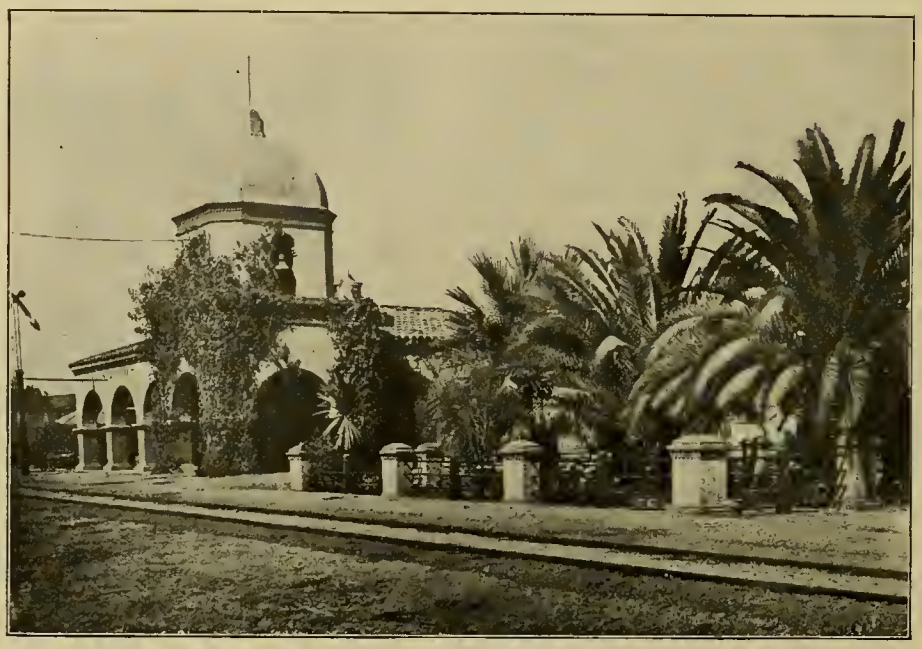
E. H. Rydall

GREAT preparations are going on even now in Southern California for the reception of the educational army of school-teachers to hold convention here in July. Committees are engaged in manufacturing programs of entertainments, reducing the charge of avaricious hotel keepers, organizing trips all over this southland so the teachers may view the beauties of an oasis in this sunny paradise.

The various boards of trade and chambers of commerce are stirring up in this matter: one of their agreeable performances is the appointment of committees of ladies and gentlemen to meet the fair strangers, after their journey over the sunscorched mountains and barren, sand-covered deserts, and give them large quantities of fruit; this is quite a surprise to arriving tourists, but is a wise move on the part of these civic bodies who pay the bill. It is about the only thing, except advertising, the teacher will get without cost, and it comes to them just after they have passed through the *via dolorosa* and are covered with perspiration and dust.

After the convention is over, they will be taken in hand by ladies and escorted to all that is of interest in this semi-tropic Palestine, a prototype of that ancient land on the shores of the Mediterranean, inhabited by all religious sects and controlled by the Turk. San Diego is Joppa, Los Angeles, Jerusalem, and San Francisco, Tarsus. There are here some camels and Arabs, but the former are owned by a circus at the beach, while the latter keep curio stores in all the cities of California, or sell rugs.

The first trip will be to the old missions, located convenient to Los Angeles, reached by electric and steam cars within a few hours. Most of these elsewhere in the State are merely piles of ruins, habitations for the bat and the swallow, but those at San Gabriel and Santa Barbara are occupied by monks, and thither the yellow-skinned Mexicans resort for worship every Sunday. The San Gabriel is near Los Angeles and will be a good sample of the lot. Old bells from Spain hang in the belfry, old confessional boxes ornament the church, and pictures from the grand masters, or from digger Indians ornament the walls; the teachers will be enlightened by the monks as to the wonderful cures effected by staring at the pictures in times past, which it is fully apparent the old monks believe.



Old Mission of Capistrano.

Then the ostrich farms will be visited; these extend from San Diego to near San Francisco and are quite interesting. Ostriches of all ages are on view; the largest farm is at Pasadena, where all ages of ostrich life are corralled in small pens for the benefit of tourists, though it is quite likely the creatures would prefer a space similar to the pathless deserts of Africa from whence they originate. The Pasadena farm proprietor is wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice and all his money was made out of American women, who fall over each other frequently to spend their easy money upon ostrich feathers. Entrance to the place is made through a show room filled with ostrich feather finery valued at about a hundred thousand dollars, manned by a dozen intelligent women, whose business

it is to vend this stuff to the everlasting army of California tourists; having passed this temptation the lady teachers will enter the farm and behold a veritable floral park, which an abundance of money has produced with imported landscape gardening talent: then appear the barren pens of the ostriches, the first containing about two hundred young adults; then the green swards covered with infant ostriches; then the incubator building with its serried rows of monstrous ostrich eggs waiting for the fullness of time, when the young ostriches will be hatched into the glorious climate of California; then the pens of the families, where the real ostrich nests can be seen, just as they are on the African desert, as Job saw them and wrote about them four thousand years ago. It is a great sight and appeals to the educated as well as the lover of nature.

Leaving the place each teacher will get a free souvenir of this new, profitable and wonderful industry; perhaps an ostrich egg, or small feather, or a book with views of the ostrich farms, or perchance a small silver tray with a picture of an ostrich upon it. The owner being a millionaire can give away anything he likes and he believes in advertising liberally, in fact is the largest advertiser in California, spending half a million dollars annually on this form of extravagance. Like the fruit on the railways received by the teachers, these donations or gifts are all advertising and charged to that account.

Then the inclined plane railway up the Sierra Madre mountains will attract the teachers. At the top of the mountain another electric line awaits them and away they spin over the fir-covered summits, where the air is so pure and exhilarating, to other heights, over ravines, along precipitous mountain walls, where they look down upon the San Gabriel valley which stretches into the perspective. Arrived at the terminus of the second railway some daring spirits will wish to wander higher. Make your terms, girls, with the muleman who rents the animals to go to the heights, or when you come back the charges will be double. But Oh! what a view from the top of the mountain! Old Mexico to the south, the rugged hills to the east and the vast plains of the San Gabriel valley, the sight of a lifetime.

Santa Catalina, an island, and the beaches, close the program, for these are all worth seeing in this New Arabia; the rest is only orange groves and cactus. Taking the steamer at San Pedro the teachers are carried over the placid Pacific to the little port of Avalon at Santa Catalina; the cheapest amusement here is sitting around the beach doing nothing; but by all means take the glass-bottomed boats and look beneath the surface of the waves, fifty feet down at the fishes of all colors swimming around; and the crabs and eels and funny creatures crawling at the bottom of the sea; and the wonderful subaqueous verdure; plenty of boats are in the business and the sight is a delightful and novel one, especially to the educated. The hotels here have all been reduced to reason by the committees of the Chamber of Commerce, and charges will be fair and proper; at the same time everything costs a little more than on the mainland, except the atmosphere, which is the same price.



Bay of Santa Catalina.

All these visited, then let the teachers skip for San Francisco, where the green of the east is visible, and behold a stricken city, rising, Phoenix-like, from her ashes, the grandest sight of modern times.

Los Angeles, Cal.

WITH NATURE.

MRS. ETHA E. BEISEL.

FEELING inclined to muse the other evening I went down to the lake shore. The air was soft and balmy, all was at rest while I stood and watched the ripples on the water come up and expire. Nature seemed unspeakably grand, with the glorious moon shedding its soft, mellow rays over all; and as I listened I could hear the rippling of the waters on a solitary strand, and now and then a chorus of frogs singing away in the distance. In front of me was the shining expanse of water, while on either side, in fact, surrounding the lake, broad hills covered with trees stretch out to meet the horizon. It was grand, and the turbulent thoughts I took with me, the dark and stormy clouds that seemed hovering over me, were all gone after a few minutes alone with the peace of Nature.

Nature rarely paints a picture withoue some redeeming high lights of tint, bits of sunshine, moonbeam, star-gleam, snow-flake, or white of ocean's foam to relieve the depressing monotony of black shadows, awful storms, leaden clouds and storm-tossed waves. "Every cloud has its silver lining."

There have been times when I have been discouraged with things in general. I have felt as if destruction held the helm of the ship of life; life looked dark and stormy from any view-point, and it seemed as though my very faith in the Creator would be shaken. Then it was I employed the black pigments of pessimism in painting the pictures of human life. Chaos seemed to reign supreme.

But, "As well deny the existence of the sun in nature's landscapes as to present life only by the blackness of human infamy, the despair of human unbelief, the sin spots of human vice, and the deserts of human woe." There is a power for good back of the throne where love reigns supreme. Purity and love, faith, hope and charity, in spite of pessimists, do shed their rays of sunshine through the gloom of earth's sins and sorrows, and the glorious Sun of Righteousness does illumine the world, with his heavenly beams.

When I feel exceptionally bitter it is always a balm to my feelings and a purifier of my thoughts to get out where I can enjoy the solitude of nature. I love the broad prairies, high and rugged bluffs, where roamed the elk and antelope, broad and limpid lakes which kiss the plains, and beautiful forests, with tiny streamlets trickling through. And the brook! How I love it! Love to hear it ripple, love to see the waters dancing in the sunshine, as they run over little pebbles,—little round white pebbles! Now it's in the deep, shady places underneath the ferns; now it's dashing against the rocks. It's rippling again, don't you hear it?

Then the sunshine, deep and golden; the haze; gray, blue, purple, mystical and altogether enchanting.

Buford, N. Dak.

Bread or Alcohol--Which?

O. H. Kimmel

THE liquor question is rapidly becoming an issue paramount. That some solution of this great question now confronting the American people will be made, is but to say what has been done in times past concerning great reforms. Agitation, the forerunner of reform, always begins to enliven the smoldering embers, which finally burst into flames which catch up that which is in their wake and destroy it. Agitation starts from people who live, as a rule, in advance of their own times, and their personalities are seldom ever appreciated until after they have finished their work, and have gone to their reward.

The liquor question has been agitated in this country since the days of John Q. Adams, and in this connection it may safely be said that this reform movement is still in its agitatory stage. The embers are still smoldering. Just when this breath of agitation will become strong enough to enliven the embers can not be told, but one thing is certain—the time will come.

Reforms come slowly, as a natural consequence. Man does not take kindly to new conditions, but adheres to the traditional old ones. The days of feudalism marked an advanced condition of mankind over the ancestral civilization, but it came as slowly into use as its faults put it out of use; and even in these late days traces of the feudal condition still remain. These conditions were European, but America perhaps has done its part in removing them. And in subsequent intellectual advancements and civil liberty rights our nation has been a great factor indeed. Great advancements in civilization have been made, and all the world praises Anglo-Saxon civilization, and we believe that it is good—the best perhaps in the history of the world—but is it not yet somewhat imperfect?

The reign of the feudal lord is past. The reign of kings no longer molests us, and great civil liberties are enjoyed, but yet, we have dark clouds in the horizon; quite a number of them! And not until these are all expelled, and man realizes that he is one in the brotherhood of man, and his position is a responsible one,

can it be said that our civilization has even begun to approach the ideal stage. This can never be in effect so long as one man may, without being molested, monopolize natural products, and commodities, thus destroying the fundamental principles of political economy; neither can this condition be said to be approaching when man can, by paying a legal fine to the government, manufacture those things which are injurious and poisonous to the body, and destructive to the institutions of society.

Why, within the past fifty years, yes, say, twenty-five years, has the issue against this latter evil become paramount? Perhaps the advancement of medical science has helped some in the popular clamor against this evil, and no doubt the introduction of the science of physiology into the schools has assisted some, but the better understanding that man is getting of himself and his righteous usefulness in society has caused him to become aroused, to clamor and to agitate, and he will never cease until the wrong now being permitted is put down. Man will stand much when it comes to bearing "man's inhumanity to man," but he is just as persistent in putting down evil when he is fully aware that evils are apparent and this persistency gives rise to the saying,

"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceedingly fine."

Now, is man becoming aroused over the liquor question? Well, we remember the temperance society and the pledge. Do we remember the "Maine Law," and have we heard of "prohibition Kansas"? Have we heard of the "Lid" in St. Louis and Minneapolis, and do we read of local option Texas? Do we know that Kentucky which State is noted for its whisky, has many counties containing not a saloon? Do we know of the many nice small cities throughout the country that have declared against liquor? and have we read of the many cities that excluded saloons from their best residence districts? Yes, we have read all this, and more. We have read that in this country in a year $505,000,000 is spent for bread, $155,000 for molasses and sugar, $96,000,000 for public schools, $452,000,000 for clothing, $296,000,000 for iron and steel, $25,000,000 for ministers' salaries, and $900,000,000 is spent for strong drink.

These figures need no comment. We see, however, that but little more is paid for bread and clothing than is spent for intoxicating liquors; and we see again, that much more than one-third of the expenses tabulated above is for liquor. And we think again: What do we get in return for all this expense? We trace directly to it 500 murders, 500 suicides, 100,000 criminals, 200,000 paupers, 60,000 deaths, 600,000 drunkards, 1,000,000 children who are worse than homeless, worse than orphans, each year, and 20,000,000 boys each generation to keep up this industry.

And we figure again: If this $900,000,000 should be divided between the elements of good, *i. e.*, the churches and the schools, in place of the elements of evil, they would have each $475,000,000 and 546,000,000 against the $25,000,000 and the $96,000,000 now consumed for that purpose. This would be a sufficient amount to revolutionize these elements of good and build them to the highest capacity for their great work. Each boy and girl who now is living in sorrow and degradation would be in a world of brightness and joy, filled with thanksgiving and prayer in place of sorrow and wretchedness.

Yes, man is becoming aroused and while we do not expect that "the mills of the gods" can grind out this great grist soon, we are quite sure that the public is beginning to awaken, that the hopper is full, and what is most needed is the steam of public confidence with which to start the powerful engine of reform into the motion that will banish from the land this evil, this slave master of the appetite which degenerates man into the worst of all animal creations.

Whether this great reform work can be done within the next century can not now be told because man never knows upon what brink he stands. But the many things that have happened in the days since the first temperance society down to the present day, and the vigorous movements that are being made within recent years may be said to be forerunners of a true, healthy reform that is coming as the intelligence of our people is advancing to that degree: a movement which does not come rushing like turbulent waters, heralding the destruction of revolution in its wake, but it comes creeping gradually over the people of our nation as we learn to appreciate its good.

Lying in this fact it seems our fondest hopes of its permanency should be. The Crusaders marched, marauded and murdered for hundreds of years in the attempt to do what they set out to do, but it was left to their future generations to learn that the Holy Sepulcher should dwell in their hearts. Sir Launfal spent his life and traveled far in search of the Holy Grail only to find it in the winter of his life, at his own door, at the very place where it lay spurned by him in youth. Feudalism died when the world outgrew the idea of "The lord and master of high degree." We notice the blunders of the Crusaders, and the blunder of Sir Launfal, in attempting to do their work, but on the other hand we see how civilization gradually evolutionized itself out of feudalism until only a vestige of it yet remains. We notice that this reform came about slowly and gradually and when the system was gone the people fully appreciated its errors.

The evil that now has its hold on humanity—the liquor traffic—is harder to deal with because it has the quality of reaching a man's appetite and debasing his

mind. We should not hope to excel in putting down this evil by using revolutionary methods but we should gradually raise the people out of this condition of things by appealing to the intellect, beginning early in life before liquor has gained its hold, and as a people "keep eternally at it."

Fruits of just such work now being done are fully apparent and, after all, all true reforms have been reached in this way. And we see in our homes and on the streets, in fact all around us in our walks of life, the evil of fighting fire with fire. This principle works even more disastrously with nations than with individuals, for destructive methods always bring about its pound of loss for its ounce of gain.

In order to keep down the mob we should agitate not the baser impulses of mankind, but agitate by appealing to the higher nature of our kind, in order that the fire of righteous reform shall be enkindled in their minds; not that they may act directly, but to continue this teaching to a time when this idea shall be intuitively in the mind of the people, and then we shall have a great potential energy moving in one resistless line against this great evil. We shall have a time when man realizes that his Holy Grail of usefulness and charity is at his own door, and we shall see visions of the beggar child being fed with bread purchased with the money which some unfortunate father now spends for drink, and we shall see visions of happiness, coziness, contentment, charity and love such as the world has not known.

We shall see none of the wretchedness, the wickedness, the crime, the misery and the suffering that is now caused by this venomous serpent of drink. Can we fail in our sphere to labor toward a day of bread without alcohol; can we

"Learn to labor and to wait?"

E. St. Louis, Ill.

An Indian Mission Wagon

Sadie J. Miller

BRO. NEFF has given us some practical points in his experiences, and since our work is somewhat in the same line perhaps we would do well to exchange a few of these.

By the time this reaches America we will have the American buggy in running order. This through the kindness of Bro. W. R. Miller and other brethren and sisters. It is no fault of theirs that we are not now using it, for they have sent it, we have it in our possession but not a team of horses as yet. We could use bullocks but this is too much like spoiling the carriage, besides it has a contrasted appearance which reminds one of a donkey wearing a hat.

In our wagon we carry for every-day use, a roll of bedding, our eatables, clothing and some hay for the bullocks. The native brother and sister who go along take but two suits of clothing, for it is just as handy for them to wash away from home as at home. They go to the creek and there put on the clean suit and wash the one that is dirty and this they do every day whether dirty or not.

Ironing is not a necessity with them and I wish it were not for us either, but it is so. However, I have several dresses of real coarse, thick goods and when I wear these they can be washed native fashion and need no ironing.

We also have two cooking vessels and these are scoured every day after each meal has been cooked. To be sure they are often used for other purposes besides cooking, such as wash-basin, water trough for the cattle and goats, dish pan, etc., and so much the more the need of constant scouring which is applied outside as well as inside: hence not the blackness.

On one trip we had each of us a porcelain plate but forgot our drinking cups, so used leaves for cups and they served the purpose well. It is remarkable how one can get on if he has not the needful things. Necessity is the mother of invention and these people have many long-standing, simple, inventions by which we may ofttimes profit.

We have no use for such things as knives, forks or spoons when on these trips, for when we sit on the ground to eat we partly believe it is best to do as the rest. We have learned to give our fingers the spoon shape and you could not detect us from the native were it not for our dress and color.

Chairs, tables, lamps and all these home comforts we never see from the time we leave our good, comfortable homes until we return.

Though we carry our eatables with us, often it occurs that the kindness of the people is so persistent that we cannot leave them without accepting of their food. In the morning we have tea, then perhaps when not fasting, we have another meal at 11 A. M. and the third in the evening after dark.

On one trip of a week there were given to us three chickens. It may interest some to know how this is prepared. Firstly the chicken is bled and not beheaded, for the dog or cat get not the head, neither the feet. When dead it is taken to the open fire and held over the hottest place until all the feathers are burned off. No knife scraping or any such performance is

necessary for them. Now it is ready to cut up. The wings and legs are cut off and the rest is cut in two parts; then a hatchet or ax is used to cut these two parts up into pieces of about an inch in length. We practically eat the bones, too, and it is astonishing how well these flavor the meat. Some one has said that to throw the bones away takes the best nourishment and flavor away and the more I see of this way of preparing chicken the more do I believe these people get all out of it that is there.

Ghee or clarified butter is put into a hot kettle and left until it reaches the smoking point; then the meat is thrown into the vessel. I should say, however, that the meat is thoroughly washed before put on the



The Mission Wagon.

stove. After frying awhile, water is poured onto it several times as need be. The red peppers and other flavoring ingredients are put in and when soft it is ready for the table, which is the ground.

The meat is eaten with a mixture of rice and a yellow grain called dhal but the two together are called kitcherdie. I have learned to relish it very much and prefer it to our own way of fixing chicken. I'd rather have the kitcherdie than mashed potatoes, and I am sure you would, too, if you should eat of it a while.

We are glad to be out among the people and always have a happy season, yet the home-coming is no small part of the joyful time, I assure you, for long before we reach the dear spot there is that unexplainable but comfortable rising within and we have been known to sing the doxology at these times. And there is plenty of time for this rising to take place for we travel at the rate of two miles an hour. We can sing, shout, read and spell if we wish and then there is usually some time left so we get out and walk awhile and have no difficulty at all to keep way ahead of our team and driver.

Umalla, India.

EARLY TRAINING.

GEORGE S. GRIM.

THE life of a person let it be great or small depends largely upon the early training; and this we consider is one of the most important of all things pertaining to human career.

The principles implanted in early life will give shape and character to the whole life. It is true that the first impressions are the most lasting. The secret of success with the Catholic church is due to this fact; the principles and doctrine are imbued into the mind of the child while very young; afterwards no persuasion can influence the child to change its ideas.

We also know that the mind of the child is void as a clean sheet of paper, which will be filled out with something either good or bad. It will be trained by one or the other. If the parents and guardians of the child see to it that it is properly trained in its youth in the eternal principles of goodness, justice, obedience, and all the becoming manners of a pure life, then if those principles are carried out while very young, they are very likely to stay through manhood and womanhood and will demonstrate their power and influence through all the remaining years of life.

Out of the little acorn the large and sturdy oak will grow and will stand to resist the storms and blasts of many a winter. So with the little child: giving it a well-trained character through the days of its youth, it will grow up into manhood and womanhood and will be able in after years to resist the great evils of this world.

The wise man, Solomon, said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Prov. 22: 6.

The prophet Samuel, was trained "in the way he should go" early in life. When he was just a small boy the Lord called him. Samuel was ready and willing to minister unto the Lord. When he called he said, "Here am I." He was one of the prophets that died without a stain on his character.

If the child does not get its proper training, at the proper time, or in its early life, it fails to have the right ambition, and never has the proper will-power to do with the might what the hands find to do. The average young man and woman of this day is either too proud or too lazy to step out for themselves and do the kind and honest work, simply because they have missed the proper early training. This early training we speak of commences in the home. How responsible are the homes! They are God's dressing rooms. The homes are responsible for the success or for the failures made through life. Therefore let us all take heed to the good training we have received in our childhood days, for it will do us more good in our declining days, than impressions made after we have passed the summit of life.

Louisville, Ohio.

SHE GOT HER DIPLOMA.

In this season of school and college commencements, Booker Washington's story of Anna Davis, a Tuskegee student, is good to read and remember. Because of some misunderstanding about her studies, the young woman could not graduate. She accepted her failure without whimpering, and determined to make the most of what she had.

"I have some education, Mr. Washington," she said to him, "and I will go where it will be useful."

Then the people at Tuskegee lost sight of her for a while. But her deeds did not lag behind her intention and her speech. She went into the "black belt" of Alabama, and picked out the most hopeless community she could find. She took the wreck of a log cabin which was occasionally used as a schoolhouse. The men were pretty poverty-stricken and illiterate, and unable to use to advantage what little they had. They mortgaged their crops every year to pay the rent of their hovels.

It was a situation to appall the stoutest heart. But Anna Davis installed herself in the miserable log schoolhouse, and first won the interest and sympathy of the children.

Next she induced all the parents to meet there. She taught them enough arithmetic to know the value of their earnings and to appreciate the folly of their mortgages. She had learned something of the business side of agriculture at Tuskegee, and she taught them that. Then she went from cabin to cabin to teach by example a better way of living.

The result of that single-handed courage was seen by Mr. Washington when he visited the community a year ago. There was a frame schoolhouse on the site of the old cabin, and all the children were going to school eight months in the year. The crops had increased; the men were out of debt; small, decent frame cottages had taken the place of the tumble-down shanties, and were owned by the occupants. The people had scraped and saved to put up the frame schoolhouse before they thought of bettering their own homes.

It had been done in four years, and Mr. Washington asked his old pupil how she had done it all.

"I will tell you how I did it," she said, simply. Then she showed him an account-book with the contributions to the schoolbuilding fund. There were some small cash contributions, but there were more contributions of eggs and chickens to be sold for the school.

Besides this they had a little cotton-plantation of their own. The children cleared a piece of land behind the schoolhouse, and worked on it every day after school. They raised two bales of cotton a year, and that kept them going.

After telling this story Mr. Washington said he wanted to add that "Tuskegee has since done what it should have had the wisdom to do before. They gave Anna Davis her diploma."—*Woman's Journal.*

ART THAT DEPICTS BRUTALITY.

As the impulse of each century is toward a kinder and less savage humanity, let us hope that in the next hundred years our art will show the refining process of time.

War, murder and bloodshed are still rampant in the world, yet the sentiment of civilization is opposed to them. We are all ashamed of war, where in olden times people gloried in it.

Since we are ashamed of it, why should we perpetuate its horrible scenes on canvas, or buy such pictures to hang upon our walls?

The ornaments of our homes are a part of the mental training of our children, our domestics, and even our young friends, who favor us with their frequent presence.

What pleasure is there in gazing on a graphic representation of carnage, of looking at lifelike pictures of agonized men and animals in their death throes? Such work may prove an artist's skill, but it does nothing for the betterment of humanity.

The realistic in literature, in the descriptions of scenes of vice, or murder, may serve a useful purpose as the plot proceeds and unfolds the mechanism of cause and effect.

There can be no purpose in a realistic picture of brutality and bloodshed.

What good end is attained by blemishing our fair walls with the picture of a dying deer, seized by a pack of hounds, or two wild beasts tearing each other to atoms, or a frenzied bull goring a horse, while the bull is pierced by the spear of a human monster, or two men bruising each other in the prize-ring, or dying men and horses flung in horror upon the battlefield?

All these things occur, and it is terrible enough that they do, and that we must read about them and hear the details. But why should we perpetuate them in art for unborn generations to gaze upon?

There ought to be a "horror chamber" similar to that of the Eden Musee, where artists and sculptors who love to portray the morbid and brutal features of life could exhibit their work without forcing it upon people who do not want to see it.

There is so much that is sublime, dramatic, tender, beautiful and exalting in the world for painter and sculptor to depict, so much that acts as an inspiration to the beholder, that soothes, rests, or stimulates the mind, heart and eye, instead of merely arousing a sensation of fascinated repulsion!

Why do people put pictures of dead birds and fish on their dining room walls? I can imagine nothing

more calculated to spoil the appetite and upset the digestion.

One likes to forget the market stalls while at dinner.

I have had my call spoiled by an almost life-sized bull-fight scene on a drawing-room wall, and I have had a bleak winter day suddenly bloom with the glory of a summer afternoon at the shore by a bit of marine view opposite me as I awaited the arrival of my hostess.

Why not select the things which shall delight and please our own eyes and those of our friends when we are adorning our homes?

The sad and awful side of life will force itself upon us fast enough as we go along, without buying it and putting an expensive frame about it.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Philadelphia Evening Press.*

OPPORTUNITY IS NO LAGGARD.

THERE is a gray-bearded maxim, honored on account of its venerable age, which runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at each man's door." John J. Ingalls once went on sonneting around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another.

The actual fact is that in this day Opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by everyone where Opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional; usually you have to meet Opportunity half way. But the only way you can get away from Opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive.

The reason more men do not hear Opportunity when she knocks is because they themselves are knocking at the time. Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. Rare-ripes run away from advantages—they can not digest them. "If I had my say I would set all young folks to work and send the old ones to school," said Socrates, 420 B. C.

What Socrates meant was that after you have battled a bit with actual life and begun to feel your need for education, you are, for the first time, ready to take advantage of your opportunities and learn.

Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted. It has to be won and you win by working.

And this fact also holds: The best educated men are those who get their brain development out of their daily work. Quitting work in order to get an education was the idea of a monk who fled from the world because he thought it was bad; a fallacy we have happily outgrown. It takes work to get an education; it takes work to use it and it takes work to keep it.

The great blunder of the colleges is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it.

In his last annual report President Eliot, of Harvard, made a strong appeal to parents to get their children into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect a college degree to insure success.

Those who want to grow and evolve should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourselves out thin. Concentrate on a few things—the very best educated men do not know everything.

Choose what you will be and then get at it. You'll win.

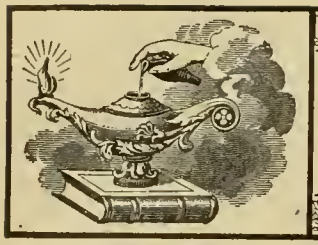
If you quit, it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price.

The other day in the Michigan state penitentiary at Jackson, I saw in a convict's cell three architect's designs tacked on the wall, and on a shelf were several books from a correspondence school. "Is it possible," I asked Dr. Pray, the prison doctor, "that a convict is taking a correspondence course in architecture?" "Not only that," was the reply, "but a good many of our men are studying hard to better their mental condition. This particular man has gotten beyond the amateur stage. You see he has been working at his course for three years. He draws plans for us and is doing work for parties outside." Then we hunted up the man and found him in the marble shop. He seemed pleased to know that I had noticed his work. "You see," he said, "I only work six hours a day for the state, and after that my time is my own, and I try to improve it; there are no bowling alleys, pool rooms, nor saloons here—no place to go." And he smiled. I tried to, but couldn't—my eyes were filled with tears. A convict getting a practical education, and so many of us who think we are free frittering away our time.

If, in its anxiety to present itself, Opportunity will break into jail, surely those outside can not complain of Opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing.—*Elbert Hubbard, in Human Life.*

"HAPPINESS comes out of one's own inner life like a spider's web. There is no other, absolutely! Spin something out of yourself! Then only you will catch the dewdrop of happiness."

HABITS are at first cobwebs, at last cables.—*Proverb.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

W. K. CONNER.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

THIS text is one of the jewels of Scripture. Note its setting. A being like unto the Son of man with head of snowy whiteness, eyes of the piercing penetration of a flame of fire, feet of glowing brass "almost insufferable to human gaze," right hand brilliant with seven stars, countenance as the sun shining in his strength, seven golden candlesticks surrounding; and upon the lips this jewel is set, a keen, flashing, two-edged word-sword. It flashes out a promise to the poor but rich church in Smyrna. And it continues to flash its promise through all the centuries to all the faithful since and forevermore. This gem with its setting of heavenly splendor is none too beautiful with which to adorn the brow of faithful Joseph.

In the inspiring galaxy of those faithful unto death that spans the ages the star of Joseph shines out brightly. He was but a youth, away from home, in a land steeped in idolatry and dyed to the heart in immorality, a slave, a prisoner with no assurance of freedom, and no associations that could satisfy the yearnings for blessed human comradeship. But oft in those dreary years did he ascend "the great world's altar stairs that slope through darkness up to God." His faith was growing and blooming and bearing, for he had resolved to do right at any cost, and all the hardships of Egypt could not swerve him from his path. He was faithful unto death.

Faithfulness is a mighty shield and a glorious breastplate. It is proof against all the fiery darts of the wicked. He who has it will give his lifeblood, as many have, to water the soil in which plants are grown for the kingdom. He gives life and gets life. And that which he gets, eternal life, is manifold greater than that which he gives. With Polycarp he can say, "Eighty and six years have I served my Lord and he never did me wrong; how then can I blaspheme my king who hath saved me?"

The reward of the faithful is the reward of a victor, of the greatest of conquerors. He is worthy to be crowned because his life was the life of a soldier of the cross, full of hope, joy, peace, confidence, Christian boldness; a new life, an overcoming life, a fruitful life, a prayerful life, a life of service and of purity. It is a life that delights God as well as man, for a faithful life is God's handiwork. Joseph's is an illustrious example. Is God moulding your life? Yes, if you let him. But the clay is coarse, impure. It needs working and refining. Murmur not at the process though severe it be. The result will be a being worthy to stand before the throne and amidst the hosannas of the angelic hosts, to receive, from his loving hand, the crown of life. Then let us cling to him and let not tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, or death, or life, or angels, or principalities, or powers, or things present, or things to come, or height, or depth, or any other creature, separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Newport News, Va.

THE CAREER OF MAN.

D. D. THOMAS.

The night was yet on and about us,
The sea and the sky were unknown.
There was nothing within or without us,
The seed of the soul was unsown.

But God, in the darkness, foresaw us,
His spirit moved out on the deep,
And willed from the waters to draw us
And lifted the curtains of sleep.

Ere yet the dawning had neared us,
God cautioned the darkness about.
Our baby eyes had not beteared us,
Till deeply our way was worked out.

'Twas then from the darkness he called us,
And gave us our lot to improve.
From the sin unto death he installed us,
In the grace of the Son of his love.

For never to hell had God willed us,
And never to die was his plan.
With eternal life he'd instilled us
And wrought for his glory in man.

God's law immutable slew us;
For, sin made so wretchedly strong,
Thereby light exceeding came to us
And found every creature awrong.

But he who foresaw us has loved us,
And gave the Redeemer who died
And rose again as he approved us
And pleadingly sits at God's side.

In mercy and love he recalled us.
Yes, superabounding with grace,
Condemning the sins that befall us,
He bids us too look on his face.

And when we obey, he forgives us;
In faith he acquits us of sin.
He comforts, consoles and relieves us,
And asks us to ever trust him.

And we, ever trusting, he saves us.
And gives each the glory of love.
There's never a whit that depraves us,
In the light of that heaven above.

If then our dear Father is for us,
Thro' Jesus, his crucified Son,
While angels and seraphs watch o'er us,
How surely the prize may be won.

Herring, Ohio.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

Some years ago we had for a neighbor in the suburbs a humble German laborer who worked in a stone quarry which was a long distance from his home; but upon the night set aside for social prayer he would be seen starting upon his long walk to his distant church, lantern in hand, as regularly as he was to be seen in the early morning departing with his dinner-pail for his still more distant place of toil. It is more than probable that the little prayer meeting in his obscure church would have been found by critical persons unedifying and even "dull"; but he loved it. Had anybody asked him why he attended, he would have been as much astonished as to be asked why he kissed his little Gretchen, or danced his Fritz upon his knees. It was a part of his nature; that was all. The artist paints because he is happiest when painting. The singer sings because the soul longs for expression, not repression. The mother hugs her baby, and the child of God prays in company with his brethren, because in the expression of deep, tender emotions each finds a natural and instructive delight. The prayer meeting will only "die out" when the affections which support it die.

Christians who attend prayer meeting are not all the while worried about its "results." Grace is not offered before meat for the sake of "results," but because to offer grace is the right thing. We do not ask how many are at the table; why should it disturb us that the number at a prayer meeting is small? We go to our secular labor in the morning and continue it until the evening. Some days business is dull, and some days there may be bustling activity. But we are not governed by the immediate conditions of the service. Social prayer is a duty as well as a grateful expression of our religious emotions. That is another sufficient reason for keeping up the service whether we have "a good meeting" or not.

But the result of social prayer must not be depreciated, much less denied. It is a means to an end. One does not realize the results at every service; but the end is accomplished by and by.

Social prayer has been particularly characteristic of American churches. America believes in the layman. We do not foster class distinctions. We can and do meet as brethren before God. No other churches have just such meetings, and in no country has religion been such an active, aggressive, triumphant force. Ours has been a country of revivals because a land of prayer meetings. Keep up the week-night service and the revivals will return. Let its fires die out and revivals die with them. There are in every church a faithful few who never think of missing the prayer meeting; and while they are few in comparison with the whole enrollment, they never were more numerous than now. They will see the King in his beauty when he comes; and he is coming, by and by.—*The Interior.*

WHAT JESUS DID.

It may not always be easy to tell what Jesus would do, in the changed circumstances of our modern life, but we know pretty well what Jesus did. In what he did "he has left us an example that we should follow his steps." The fact that Jesus did certain things is the strongest possible argument for our doing them. The fact that Jesus submitted to baptism is the great motive for his disciple to "fulfill all righteousness." The fact that he prayed is worth all that has ever been said in behalf of that practice. The fact that he regularly and systematically attended the synagogue is the great reason why we should attend the public worship of God. If he in whom "dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily" found it necessary or advisable to observe external religious rites and public ordinances, surely we have much more need of all the means of grace and aids to faith and life.—*Michigan Presbyterian.*

AN UNEXPECTED SERMON.

A lady and her companion, while traveling from Chicago to New Mexico, were obliged to spend a Sabbath in Santa Fe on a train that was sidetracked. Having some handkerchiefs that needed washing, and seeing a Chinese camp a little way off, they went to it and asked the Chinaman if he would wash them. He replied, "No, me no work to-day." Her companion, thinking his refusal was due to laziness, suggested that the lady repeat the request and lay some money on top of the handkerchiefs. She did this. The Chinaman, reaching up to a shelf behind him, drew from it a Bible, and pointing to it, looked up to the woman with tears in his eyes, and said, "Me Chinaman, you Melican lady; I love that Book, you no good ladies." This made such a profound impression upon the women that they both became Christians.—*Ram's Horn.*

You will glorify Christ by darning stockings, and mending the socks of the little ones, quite as surely as by washing His feet with tears.—*Spurgeon.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

MISTAKES.

The nature of the work in the composing room of a printing office is such that it affords many opportunities for one to moralize on the subject of making mistakes. From the time the "copy" leaves the editor's hands till the clean, new sheet issues from the press, there seem to be a host of spirits hovering around endeavoring to slip in an error that may be cast into type instead of the thing that was meant to be published. While there are usually twice as many doors from which these may be ejected or barred out as there are where they may come in, still any one who knows anything about errors knows that they do not need more than half a chance to make themselves conspicuous.

The wisest thing to do about these mistakes is not to dwell on the crime of making them, for no one is infallible, but to go about to get rid of them. Often there is more time spent in discussing the place and means of their probable entrance than would be needed to get rid of them a dozen times over. The first thing necessary is to be able to see them, to recognize them for what they are,—the next is to leave out all questioning and censure and give one's time and attention to putting them out of existence.

What is true in composing room work in respect to mistakes, is true also in our individual lives. In the first place it is hard for us to see our mistakes as such,—ugly, glaring errors. Then after we are compelled to give them their proper name, it is quite soothing to our dignity and self-respect, apparently, to theorize on the probable influence that gave rise to them, and our poor ancestors and associates are dragged out to see if they did not possess a disposition that might have been the parent of the present disgrace. Away with such dangerous foolishness! Let us get after the sin at once before it breeds a dozen more.

If there is to be any ferreting out of the causes that brought the mistake into existence, it might be taken up after the line is recast and inserted in the proper place. The great press will then not need to repeat over and over again the glaring mistake, or else all hands stand idle while the matter is before the court of inquiry. And the same thing is true of our individual mistakes. If they are stamped out as soon as spotted, we may sit down for the examination with the feeling that their disgraceful influence is not spreading the harm done. And besides, we will have more courage and clearer judgment for finding and mending the place where the sin came in.

A WORK OF MERCY.

We hear so much of the world's wrong-doing, of wickedness in high places, of the degradation of the poverty-stricken, of the capitalist's dishonest use of his power, of the laborer's demands, showing that his ideas of justice are likewise perverted, of this and that, till one is heartsick and feels bowed to the earth with the weight of it all. It is therefore with inexpressible relief and a gleam of hope that one turns from the dark picture to one portraying in no uncertain lines the great fact of the brotherhood of man, where one spends himself for the benefit of another. And we do not have to go far or search long to find illustrations of man's humanity to man. They meet us on all sides and shame us for our lack of faith.

Not the least among the works of mercy is that which has been done for the welfare of the children of the land. We have not been satisfied to leave their bringing up wholly in the hands of their parents, and so we have provided schools which they must attend for a certain period; in some places the text-books are also provided. And while on the one hand, there is the law to help keep them in school, looking to their mental development, on the other hand there is the law forbidding to do this or that work, looking to both mental and physical well-being. This latter question, of the physical side of the child's life, is receiving special attention of late years, particularly in the large cities where there is a wide field for such work. To give our readers an idea of the practical turn this work has taken and the unquestionable good that has been accomplished, we give several extracts from an article on the subject in the April number of the *Review of Reviews*. The article discusses the work as it is carried on in New York City. While the work is done by the authority and under the direction of the board of health, the children are taken in hand while they are in attendance at school. Not only is there an advantage in meeting the children thus in large numbers, but the physicians have the additional knowledge of the teacher to aid them in their work. The work was inaugurated for the arresting of contagious diseases, but the field for further work was so great that it was

extended with most praiseworthy results. It is from the report of this further work that we quote.

In making their weekly visits the physicians were not slow to note the presence of disease in many of the children: The hollow eyes, flat chests and emaciated frames of those suffering from tuberculosis; the subdued manner, pale lips and breathlessness on mounting stairs of those with heart disease; the thousands with the typical expression of the mouth-breather, giving evidence of soft growths (adenoids) in the vault behind the soft palate, resulting in impaired hearing and retarded mental and physical development, and the large number showing various diseases of the eyes. "It was evident that if the parents of these children were notified as to the existence of these manifold infirmities, and if in each case the necessary medical treatment were applied, a great improvement would result, not only in the health of the school children, but also in their capacity for school work, to say nothing of the lasting benefit to them in after life. Accordingly, in March, 1905, the doctors of the corps began examining each school child individually, going over a school about once a year. The physical record of each child is noted on a card filed at the Department of Health in such a manner as to be accessible at any time. If any disease or defect be found, the parents are notified by mail and are advised to consult their family physician.

"The work of examining the school children of the city had not proceeded far when letters of appreciation began to come in at the office of the Department of Health. Hundreds of parents had got their first inkling of an oncoming illness or of a serious physical defect from the postal cards sent out by the medical inspectors. In some cases cataracts that in the course of time would have permanently blinded the children were discovered during the examination, and the parents had been unaware that anything was wrong with their child's eyes.

"But perhaps the most striking results in the way of physical and mental improvement have been noted in the children who have had adenoid growths or large tonsils removed. The amazing change which these children have undergone can scarcely be believed unless actually witnessed. From dullards, many of them have become the brightest among their fellows, after the operation.

"One of the most interesting phases of the work is its effect upon the education, and therefore, upon the future welfare of the backward child, the mentally deficient child, and the truant. It has been shown that ninety-five per cent of 'backward children' and of mentally deficient children have physical defects which can be remedied, thus improving their mentality as well as their physical health.

"When the backward child and the mentally deficient child shall receive the special attention which they require at the hands of physicians and teachers, especially when such children shall be taught in special classes or schools by especially trained educators, then only can we say that we have done all that is in our power for these unfortunates. The physical examination of backward or mentally deficient children, therefore, is but one step in the right direction.

"Moral obliquity, of which truancy is the first manifestation in school life, goes hand in hand with physical defects. Thus, among eighty-three truants examined by the Department of Health in the special Truant School in this city, eighty-seven per cent were found to have physical defects, in most cases of a remediable character. The source of truancy, therefore, lies chiefly in defects which prevent children from pursuing studies. Remove these defects, and the ability to go on with school work will be restored, while the tendency to truancy will be vastly diminished.

"In view of these facts, what can be more important than a systematic individual physical examination of every school child at stated periods, and what can be of more lasting benefit than the early application of the proper treatment in all cases in which physical defects are found? The health of the school child will determine the very warp and woof of the nation's future, and the lessons taught us by the physically defective child should be heeded by every man and woman who has the future of our Republic at heart."

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

And when we obey, he forgives us;
In faith he acquits us of sin.
He comforts, consoles and relieves us,
And asks us to ever trust him.
—D. D. Thomas.

It is remarkable how one can get on if he has not the needful things.—*Sadie J. Miller.*

When I feel exceptionally bitter it is always a balm to my feelings and a purifier of my thoughts to get out where I can enjoy the solitude of nature.—*Mrs. Etha E. Beisel.*

The principles implanted in early life will give shape and character to the whole life.—*George S. Grim.*

With love overflowing, and tears gathering fast
I think of life's duties, so grand and so vast,
And pray in the glory of motherhood's dawn,
That He will guide throneward my dear little one.
—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

The better understanding that man is getting of himself and his righteous usefulness in society has caused him to become aroused, to clamor and to agitate, and he will never cease until the wrong now being permitted is put down.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

Faith is a mighty shield. He who has it will give his lifeblood, as many have, to water the soil in which plants are grown for the kingdom.—*W. K. Conner.*

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

An automatic postage-stamp selling machine has been devised which not only sells the stamps but sticks them on the letter. The machine possesses the additional advantage of being impossible to rob.

According to a recent announcement of Overseer Voliva, of the Christian Catholic church, that church has decided to branch out and do work similar in some respects to that carried on by the Salvation Army.

The evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians and Japanese, as agreed to under the Portsmouth treaty, and the repossession of that vast domain by the Chinese, has been accomplished, according to dispatches received from the capitals of these countries.

The monthly statement of the public debt shows that at the close of business March 30, the total public debt, less cash in the treasury, amounted to a little over $909,000,000 which was a decrease as compared with March 1 of $11,500,000.

Word came April 15 that the Mexican cities of Chilpancingo and Chilapa, the latter only twenty-six miles to the northeast, were in ruins as a result of the most severe earthquake felt in that section for years. At that time it was impossible to learn the loss of life, and shocks, though slight still continued.

Dr. Simon Flexner, of the Rockefeller Institute, New York city, while declining to discuss the reported discovery of a serum for the cure of spinal meningitis, has admitted that experiments have been conducted very successfully with the serum in the treatment of monkeys, although it has never been tried on a human being.

A report from London states that scientists have succeeded by the combined use of the X-rays and the cinematograph in making photographs of the actual movements of the internal organs like the heart and lungs, and these movements can be reproduced on a screen after the manner of moving pictures. Medical men believe that this will prove of great value in diagnosing doubtful cases of lung and heart disease.

The Bureau of Navigation at Washington reports that for the calendar year 1906 the vessels built in America and registered numbered 1,045, of 393,291 gross tons; for 1905, 1,054, of 306,563 gross tons; for 1904, 1,065, of 265,104 gross tons; for 1903, 1,159, of 361,970 gross tons; and for 1902, 1,262, of 429,327 gross tons. It will be seen from this that a smaller number have been built each succeeding year

The enormous sum of $350,000,000 is paid annually to the wage earners of the Pittsburg district, Pennsylvania. A majority of these wage earners are employed in the 3,029 manufacturing plants of this district, which at the present time employ more than 250,000 workmen. In the steel car plants 47,500 men constructed 80,000 cars during the year, using in their manufacture one million tons of steel.

Pennsylvania House recently passed the bill placing three cents tax a ton on anthracite coal, it being argued that the burden would fall largely on consumers outside the State. It is expected to add $2,000,000 a year to the State revenue. On the same day the House passed the bill taxing express companies, and another making the real estate of public service corporations subject to county and local taxation.

The Dalai Lama, or leader of the Buddhist religion, who fled from Lassa on the approach of the English expedition, which laid bare the secrets of the forbidden Tibetan city some months ago, has been located by Dr. Tafel, a German explorer, in a monastery at Gombum near the Chinese border. He describes the Lama as a very small man of the true Tibetan type. He was employed in examining candidates for the priesthood. Dr. Tafel is said to be the first European who has ever stood face to face with the Pope of Buddhism.

The postage, telephone and telegraph rates in Austria are to be increased because the receipts are inadequate to meet the expenses of operation which is carried on by the government. The expenses have recently become especially burdensome because of an increase in the wages of the employees of the service. City postage charges are advanced from one and one-fifth cents to two cents, with two cents additional for

pneumatic post letters, and money order charges are advanced. Local telegram charges are raised fifty per cent. Telephone rates are put as high as one hundred dollars for business purposes and the minimum is forty-eight dollars for residences. The people protest in vain, and the belief of business men that the increased rates will seriously impede trade carries no weight.

THE government's definition of whisky was settled finally by President Roosevelt, Wednesday, when he approved a decision of the Attorney General upholding the opinion of Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist of the Agricultural Department. This is, that all so-called whiskies shall be labeled just what they are, while the straight or unmodified product is the only one to be labeled whisky. The decision is made under the Pure Food law and will affect 90 per cent. of commercial whisky.

THE progress made during the past few decades in coping with consumption has been so remarkable as to permit the hope that some day the disease may not be dreaded any more than smallpox is at present. Recently the pathological department of the Massachusetts general hospital has announced that investigations which have been conducted with a view of obtaining a vaccine that will so strengthen the disease-resisting properties of human blood that death from tuberculosis in any form shall be occasional instead of common, have resulted so favorably as to hold out a strong hope that the disease can be handled by means of vaccination. They report that recently the wife of Gov. Guild, of Massachussetts, was cured by use of the vaccine.

SOMEWHAT in contrast to the telephone rates and, in some instances, railroad rates, both of which have been reduced, is the raise in telegraph rates that has gone into effect. The advance is based on the narrow limits of the service heretofore afforded without discrimination at one price. Under the advanced rates twenty-five cents will not carry as far as formerly; but in some instances for longer distances a higher rate is not imposed. On the whole the average charge for a telegram is estimated to be increased about twenty per cent. This advance, says the *Providence Journal*, "may be said to mark the climax of the upward movement of prosperity prices. It has now become almost literally true that everything costs more than it used to except postage stamps."

THE census bureau has one hundred agents in the field gathering divorce statistics. From the figures already received the bureau reports that in the United States a divorce suit is filed every two minutes during working hours, and one is granted every three minutes. During the twenty-year period from 1867 to 1887 the greatest increase in divorce was in the rural districts. More were granted in the cities of course, but the increase in the cities was not so great as the increase in the country. The bureau is trying to get at the cause of the proceedings, whether husband or wife filed the suit, number of years they were married, etc.

DEAN FINE, of Princeton, reports that fifty-eight students were dropped at the end of the first term, as against seventy-one last year, and regards this, together with the small number of failures among the freshmen, as proof of the success of the preceptorial system, by virtue of which students receive individual attention from instructors somewhat on the English university plan. The dean says that the system was effective from the very start in its main purpose, namely, "the promotion of the course of learning among the undergraduates in general," and he adds that the most careless students, who at first objected to the requirement of work in term time, are beginning to respond to its influence.

DESPITE persistent rumors of a dissolution crisis, the Russian Ministry gave to the Douma, Tuesday, the current year's budget, the estimated expenditures amounting to $1,275,000,000. Of this the appropriation for interest on foreign loans and for the imperial court, the army and navy, are not within the province of the Douma. The remainder, amounting to $653,000,000, the Douma referred to a commission. Dr. Kennard, who is investigating the Russian famine, writes that 20,000,000 people are now on the verge of starvation and cannot live to another harvest time without aid. He says $2,500,000 will be necessary. Condensed milk is one of the most urgent needs for the sake of the starving infants.

THE efficiency of the observatory of Belen college, the famous Jesuit institution at Havana, which has a world-wide reputation for its prediction work, has been ruined by electric currents from the street car lines recently established. Every time a car moves it causes a discharge of electricity, which seriously affects the magnetic instruments. After prolonged but unsuccessful appeals to the railway company, the Jesuits have appealed to Gov. Magoon for relief. It will be recalled that last fall the observatory predicted the great hurricane, which resulted in the saving of millions of dollars worth of property. The institution was established in 1858.



GRANDMA'S SILVER HAIR.

She wears no royal robes of silken splendor,
No coronet above her brows so fair,
But fitting crown for face so sweet and tender,
The shining radiance of her silver hair.

She wields no scepter, save of love and duty—
Our household saint before whose shrine we kneel—
But at her touch earth's common things gain beauty,
And on her head God sets his shining seal.

Around each silver thread is twined a blessing;
Each tiny wrinkle cradles love's embrace;
Time's restless hand has traced, with soft caressing,
Life's holy record on the well-loved face.

O diadem of priceless worth and splendor,
Pure emblem of a noble life well spent,
With thoughts of thee, in retrospection tender,
Our deepest hopes and memories are blent.

—Ida Goldsmith Morris.

WISDOM AND FOOLISHNESS IN DRESSING THE CHILD.

It was only a little thing that happened at the last day of school, but it should have set some of the mothers and fathers to thinking. The children were "speaking their pieces" and generally being shown off by the teacher for the benefit of the few neighbors who had gathered, and then there was to be a picnic dinner in the schoolhouse.

One little girl in a white silk dress had a recitation and was followed by a girl of the same age in a blue gingham, neatly but simply made, both girls doing equally well with the appropriate poems selected by the wise teacher. But when it came to lessons the gingham girl was far in advance of the silk one.

One old lady explained to a visitor in the neighborhood that "Some folks put their efforts on the inside and some on the outside when it comes to bringing up children."

And this is literally true. The girl with the silk dress had a mother who took pride in the outward appearance of her daughter, while the little girl in the gingham frock had had more attention given to her mind than her clothes.

Of course the dresses made little difference only to show in these cases the difference in ideas held by the two mothers. If the one mother had had plenty of time and money, the silk dress might not have been so badly out of place, but when it represented hours taken from necessary duties and neglect of the higher things of life, it seemed pitiful to the sensible mother.

The woman who had time for only gingham frocks was able to help and encourage and cheer the teacher by watching over her children and keeping them up to the standard persistently without apparent effort or saying much about it.

All through the country you will find mothers who cling to the outside expression of care for their children, thinking they are doing their best for the boys and girls. They never have time to help the boys and girls with their studies, but they do have time to make fine clothes for them.

A mother who had time to make elaborate dresses for her one daughter could not tell what studies she had in school nor whether she was making progress in them. She explained it by saying she was so rushed with work that she never could keep track of Mary in school, and that was the business of the teacher anyway. Of course it is the business of the teacher to do her best, but it is also the duty of the parents to encourage and help the boys and girls.

And another thing—fine clothes take more money than simple ones. A mother who would not subscribe to a good child's paper at less than $2.00 per year on the ground that she could not afford it, paid more than that amount to have a petticoat embroidered for her daughter—a child of twelve.

No one can estimate the value of good reading material in the home for it lasts for years while embroidery goes out of style almost in a season. It is all right to have nice clothes if they do not crowd out books and magazines and other enjoyable things.

If the work on the fine garments and the labor of keeping them clean adds to the heavy burdens of the mother of the family, and makes it impossible for her to have time to teach the boys and girls morals and manners, then the fine clothes are positively wicked to indulge in.

The wise mothers are putting the youngsters into plain garments to have time for little trips together to the woods, for picnics, for home frolics, for home classes in sewing and cooking and for all the other things boys and girls should be educated in.

All the fine feathers in the world will not make a fine bird out of a lazy, selfish child who has not been trained carefully in household affairs by a careful mother.—*Hilda Richmond, in Prairie Farmer.*

My Gift

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Oh, sinless and fair!
Adorned with the riches of beauty so rare,
She lies in her cradle in infantile joy,
All heedless of laughter, unmindful of toy,
Unconscious of life and its struggles, she seems
To talk with bright angels anon in her dreams;
With little hands dimpled like pale-tinted pearls,
Deep eyes of soft azure and glittering curls!

Oh, baby of mine!
I clasp to my bosom the treasure divine,
And through cloudless sunlight in rapture I lift
My heart, and thank God for the beautiful gift!
With love overflowing, and tears gathering fast,
I think of life's duties so grand and so vast,
And pray in the glory of motherhood's dawn,
That he will guide throneward my dear little one.

Johnstown, Pa.

The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

II. Obedience.

"I DON'T want to," said the Lesser Chum. He watched his mother narrowly, adding, with visible effort: "And I won't."

The Greater Chum sat down on the nearest chair, and looked at the small rebel with eyes serene as if they had been molded from a piece of June sky.

"It is warming, and the snow will be very slushy by noontime," she said, quietly. "If you don't wear your rubbers, your shoes will be wet through."

The Lesser Chum felt a raging desire within him to kick out his resentment against anything hard and handy. But he was a gentleman, and it was not easy to give way to one's temper, with that pleasant, earnest face opposite. He hated overshoes. How could a boy play tag, flying, skipping, dodging, with a ton, more or less, attached to each foot! He remembered a picture he had seen, somewhere, of a man who had wings on his heels. The thought filled him with mingled longing and misery.

"I tell you, I just can't bear 'em, mother!" he burst out, angrily. "Any of the other boys don't wear them, hardly!"

"Perhaps some of them have none," she answered.

The argument did not appeal to the Lesser Chum. "I might forget them, and somebody else might wear them home, and then they'd be lost," he suggested, craftily changing his tactics.

"No, you are a very good boy to remember things, I think," she met his guile, cheerfully.

"But I just hate them, and I wish there weren't any rubbers ever made in the world!" he wailed, despairingly. "Grown people don't have to mind; and yet they are always making other folks do what they don't want to."

A queer smile came on the Greater Chum's lips.

"Grown people have to do a great many things they don't wish to, Allan. But I am not going to make you do anything, dear. I have no right to," she said, distinctly.

The Lesser Chum took his hands out of his pockets, and stared at his mother in dumb astonishment. But his surprise and relief had a sharp little pang of disappointment running through it, that gave him the forlorn feeling of being put outside, somehow.

"Why—why—do you mean I may go to school without my rubbers, after all?" he faltered.

"Once," she said, ignoring his question, "there were a great many people traveling along a strange road. It was a beautiful way, mostly; but lovely flowers and rank weeds grew side by side, and sweet fruits close to poison berries. Some of the people were very unhappy, fearing they might get the weeds and poisons by mistake. Others, though, looked only for the good things, learning all the while to tell them from the bad. They helped each other find safe places to walk, and were very happy.

"Now, a man and a woman were walking together; and one day the good King who owned all the country came to them, leading a dear little boy.

"'Son and daughter,' said the King to them, 'here is a little boy of mine. Of course he doesn't know about this road, so I want you to take him with you, and bring him safe to my beautiful house at the end of the journey. Show him the best ways to walk in, and the flowers and fruits that are good to pick. Help him to keep his little heart clean and his body strong and well.'

"The man and woman were very glad that the King had trusted the little boy to them. They carried him when he was tired, and led him in nice ways. When he wanted the flowers of stinging nettles, they said: 'No! no!' and let him pick violets instead. So they did with the fruits. Don't you think they would have been very cruel and wicked if they had not?'

The Lesser Chum's eyes had grown big and round

with interest. If he had smelled a motive in the tale, he did not betray the fact.

"Sure! And did they bring him all right to the King's house?" he questioned, eagerly, as his mother paused.

The Greater Chum's eyes dropped to hide their sudden brightening.

"Please God, they did," she answered, with a tremulous laugh.

There was a brief silence.

"The good King did not say: 'You must *make* him wear his overshoes, when he has to walk over slushy places on cold days,'" she went on, with half-mischievous tenderness, "but when he said: 'Keep his body strong and well,' I am sure he meant to have the little boy's feet always dry and warm, so he would not take cold. Getting sick spoils a boy's fun for a good many days, too, sometimes, and the King wished him to be happy. Then, the King had taken great pains to have skin grow on animals, and men had worked hard to make it into comfortable shoes, for the boy to wear. Water would soon spoil them. It was only fair for the boy to take good care of them, after all."

The Lesser Chum's face was a study. Anger had vanished, but shame and amusement contended equally for its place.

"The King said particularly to the man and woman: 'Sometimes this boy will start to make a mistake; but it will be very easy for him to fix it right, if only you remind him that I am trusting him.'"

The Lesser Chum had grown red as a peony. He laid down his books and went sturdily to the clothes-press, returning in a moment with the objectionable overshoes. Somehow, they did not seem half so heavy as usual.

"Anyhow, I'm—glad," he grunted, as he tugged them on, "that it—was that—man and lady the—King asked, to—bring the—boy!"

That night the Greater Chum recounted the story to her husband.

"The neighborhood philosopher of my girlhood used to say: 'Reasonin' is slower'n lickin', and a heap more bother; but it lasts when lickin's is outgrown.' We don't wish Allan to obey us unquestioningly, do we, dear? Because if he does so, without using his own small reason, he might form the habit of following blindly any chance leader who happens to be stronger-willed than he. If, by the time we have proved ourselves wise and trusty leaders, he chooses to follow by faith, well and good. But,"—with a deprecatory shrug— "think of the responsibility on us! Well, as long as we stand firm for what is right, I'm not afraid. Yes, I know the scripture passage about 'sparing the rod.' But I think that is misinterpreted, sometimes. The rod is the symbol of correction as well as punishment, and correction means 'making right.' If one can do that without destroying a child's self-respect, next time will be so much the easier;—anyway, it worked beautifully with Allan and his rubbers, this morning."

LINSEED OIL FOR CROUP.

When a doctor can not be secured promptly in an emergency when children are inclined to be croupy, it is necessary to have a good remedy always on hand.

A mother who will provide herself with a half pint of raw linseed oil can fight the worst case of croup she may meet with.

It is an unfailing remedy and for quick results is superior to anything else which can be given for that dread disease.

Half a teaspoonful is a dose, unless the child is choking very badly; then give a teaspoonful.

In the first stage of croup the mucus is loosened and carried off through the bowels.—*Exchange.*

THE USEFUL BANANA.

There is no fruit in more general demand than the banana. It is found in every household in the land, among the rich and the very poor. Most persons eat the banana raw, but it is said to be more easily digested if cooked, however slightly. It is considered especially suitable for a breakfast dish and is often combined with some breakfast cereal.

Bananas with Oatmeal, etc.—Add a teaspoonful of salt to a quart of rapidly boiling water and sprinkle in two cups of rolled oatmeal. Set the saucepan into another dish of boiling water (double boiler), cover and cook at least one hour. Longer cooking is preferable. Have ready half a banana for each person to be served. The bananas should be peeled and cut in thin slices. Put a spoonful of hot oatmeal over the bananas in the serving dishes. Pass at the same time sugar and milk or cream. Other cereals may be served with bananas in the same way.

Molded Cereal with Banana Surprise.—Turn any left-over breakfast cereal, while still hot, into cups rinsed in cold water, half filling the cups. When cold, scoop out the centers, and fill the opened spaces with sliced bananas; turn from the cups onto a buttered agate pan, fruit downward, and set into a hot oven to become very hot. Remove with a broad-bladed knife to cereal dishes. Serve at once with sugar and cream or milk.

Baked Bananas, Porto Rican Fashion.—Select rather green bananas, put them, without removing the skins, into hot ashes or a very hot oven, and bake until the skins burst open. Send to the table in a folded napkin. Serve plenty of butter with them.

Sliced Bananas with Lemon Jelly and Cream.—Have ready a pint of lemon jelly molded in a shallow dish; dip the mold into warm water that reaches to the height of the jelly and turn the jelly from the dish onto a clean paper. With a sharp knife dipped in hot water, cut the jelly into small cubes. Have ready, also, three bananas, peeled and cut into slices one-eighth of an inch thick and a cup of cream, mixed with one-fourth of a cup of sugar and a few drops of vanilla and whipped to a stiff froth. Dispose the slices of banana and cubes of jelly in glass dishes, and surmount each dish with a spoonful of whipped cream. This dish is exceedingly dainty and attractive when jelly made of red oranges takes the place of the lemon jelly.—*Richmond Christian Advocate.*

"The ability to decide at once which of several duties is most important and most worth while is a talent to be assiduously cultivated by every woman."

The wise man still rings true. It is not commercial supremacy, of the greatest navy, or provinces, or art, or any form of material prosperity, but righteousness that truly exalteth a nation.

For the Children

JEFFY'S INSPIRATION.

Jeffy slipped away hurriedly before they could ask him how many teeth *his* baby had. It would be perfectly dreadful to have to say, "Not a single!" Probably Debby Stearns would laugh anyhow. Debby's baby had three teeth and True Starr's baby had four!

"And mine's the oldest!" groaned Jeffy, plunging his hands deep into his pockets for comfort. "Makes me kind of ashamed to have the oldest baby 'thout any teeth."

Then he remembered how cunning little Fluff o'Gold had looked at the window in mamma's arms, and suddenly all his shame and disappointment melted in a warm flood of tenderness. He began to run. He wanted to get home to little Fluff o'Gold and hug her.

Teeth! What were teeth to dimples and gurgles and little pink toes and a witching wondrous fluff of golden hair? Debby Stearns' baby had red hair and True Starr's—h'm, True's baby hadn't *any*, not a single! And none o' the other babies—Bobby Dill's or the washerwoman's or anybody's—had fluffs o' gold. No, sir, nobody's baby, teeth or no teeth, was as beautiful as Fluff o'Gold! As if he cared—

But he did care. Even as he hurried home, thinking how beautiful his baby was, he cared, for Debby Stearns' taunting voice was in his ear, "What! Not any teeth *yet!*". And that was a month ago. Babies always had teeth before they were nine months old, Debby said; and Debby had had experience in babies—three experiences. And Fluff o'Gold was ten months old!

That morning Jeffy had hunted in the little red mouth for a tooth, and yesterday morning and all the mornings. It was part of his good-bye when he went to school. "Oh, please cut one 'fore I get home!" he would whisper pleadingly in the pink-and-white little ear. On that particular morning he had added, "An' I'll give you my pocket-book 'thout opening it." There was a silver half-dollar in the pocket-book.

Something caught Jeffy's eye as he ran along. It was a dentist's sign, and the minute he saw it he had an inspiration. It made him stop so suddenly that he nearly sat down. Why! Why hadn't he thought of that before? Jeffy was only six. At six inspirations are queer things.

"Dr. Bonney"—Jeffy was acquainted a little with the smiling man in the handsome room upstairs—"I've called to ask you to come to my house an' pull out a tooth for my baby. Can you come right now?"

The smiling man was puzzled. What was this—a *baby's* tooth? He wasn't accustomed to pulling out babies' teeth; it wasn't—er— just in his line. How old a baby, now?

"Ten—goin' on 'leven. Can't you do it 'thout hurting her? I thought when she was asleep—"

"But it isn't—er—customary to pull out babies' teeth—"

"Oh, I don't mean *clear* out," Jeffy explained eagerly. "Course not! I mean just out enough so we can see it. She's very behindward, an' I'm about 'scouraged. You don't think it would hurt much to pull one out such a little as that, do you?"

The smiling man smiled a little harder still. "Go home and ask your mother what she thinks of it," he said. "I'll come up if she says so."

Jeffy put on his cap and hurried away. At the door at home mamma called him, "Jeffy, Jeffy, come here!"

"Yes'm, I'm coming."

"Quick, for Fluff o'Gold has something to show you! Something beautiful, Jeffy."

Jeffy went into the nursery and up to the baby's little railed-in play yard. Fluff o'Gold sat on the floor, smiling a wide little friendly smile.

"Look quick, Jeffy—*now!*" cried mamma, excitedly. "Look with all your might!"

It was a tooth!—*Annie Hamilton Donnell.*



THE RURAL LIFE

PREACH OR PLOW CORN, WHICH?

A farmer would a preacher be
And strangely strange the dream dreamt he,
Asleep in bed with eyes closed tight
He saw on each recurring night
A golden circle in the sky,
Which glowed with heavenly light on high
Encompassing a field of blue
Like some clear lake of wondrous hue.
It thrilled his soul with wild delight,
This ring bedecked by stars of night.
Within the border field of blue
Behold, two golden letters grew.
Tho' they were plain as plain could be
They formed the monogram "P. C."
To him these mystic letters meant
"Preach Christ" to men where'er he went,
To him this seemed a call from God;
No more is meant that he should plod
Behind the plow or till the soil
With brow asweat from weary toil.
And so to Conference he went
And told with joy how he was sent
To join with these strong men of grace
And in their ranks to take his place.
These men of God assembled there
Were solemnized to offer prayer
For wisdom to direct and guide
And help them wisely to decide.
So much impressed were these good men
That all save one exclaimed "Amen."
But he was old and fat and gray,
He stood alone and voted "nay,"
He said he knew this farmer well,
Of his success he'd much to tell:
No better farmer tills the land,
The magic touch of his hard hand
Brings forth each year abundant yields
Of grain and fruit from fertile fields.
His flocks and herds so fat and sleek,
Are watered by a rippling creek,
On whose fair banks he oft finds rest
In peaceful dreams on nature's breast.
Now, said the man with hair of gray,
There's not much more I care to say:
I know this farmer's heart is true,
He's just as good as me or you.
But if he tried to pray or preach
I doubt if he could fill the breach:
The world needs men to garner hay
As well as those who preach and pray,
So I vote "no," for, 'sure's you're born,
"P. C." for him means just "Plow Corn."

—The American Farmer.

"CIVILIZED" BACKWARD.

Despite the boasted beauty of rural England, that country's civilization, so far as the administration of its landed heritage is concerned, has drifted backward since the days of Elizabeth. At that time, and long thereafter, the desirability of an extensive sub-division of land, and of giving every family at least so much attachment to the soil as grew out of the use of the village commons, was fully recognized. It was required that the cottage of every peasant should have at least four acres of land attached. Under this system of land division a splendid yeomanry grew up, the "backbone of the nation" in peace and war. Its decadence, the enclosure of the commons, and the drift of rural population to the cities, has reduced the backbone to punk. No triumph of commerce or war or diplomacy abroad can compensate for decay in manhood, and loss of numbers in its independent agricultural population at home. The conscience of the nation, represented by the party now in power, recognizes this, and strenuous efforts are now being made to get the people back to the land, the land back to the people. Whoever imagines that the return of the people to their own—the reoccupying of broad parks and game preserves by groups of cottages, industrious farmers and sportive children—will impair or degrade the beauty of the land, has a perverted æsthetic sense. A happier England will mean a more beautiful England.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

SHADE FOR POULTRY.

Shade should always be provided for young and old fowls. If they have free run they will find it, but if yarded some shade must be provided if there is none in the yard. Trees furnish the best shade as they admit of good circulation of air, therefore the orchard makes the best run for the poultry.

"Sing a song of springtime,—
Busy on the farm;
Honey bees are humming,
Days are growing warm.
Harness up the horses
Ready for the plow,—
No one has a moment
To be idle now."

The Meat Packing Industry

W. C. Frick

XIV. The Packers and Their Employees.

WE haven't told you much about the workmen, except in a very general way. Their ranks include most every nationality represented in America.

If you have taken any interest, whatever, in the struggle between capital and labor you must have noticed that the capitalist class welcomes, and many times is almost wholly responsible for, the great influx of foreigners yearly. It is the means of maintaining low wages, since there are among them always a great number who will work at starvation wages rather than to starve at once.

That in union is strength is recognized upon every hand. And in the workingman's union there was great power for some time. It was once so among packing-house workmen.

But the vast number of the unemployed has always been a detriment to unions. Strikes were the inevitable result of the conflict between labor and capital. Thus it came that in the year 1904 the butchers and minor trades of the packing industry, after repeated failures to get peaceably that which rightfully belongs to them, called a strike against every large meat-packing company in the country. At that time there was a general cry of prosperity throughout the country. The calling of this strike proved things somewhat to the contrary. No sooner was the strike called than men and women from all over the country flocked to the packing centers to take the strikers' positions. College students worked side to side with burly black men or with the latest incoming foreigner. Clerks holding inferior office positions with the companies were forced to labor among the vile element under penalty of discharge if they refused to do so. Fearful were the conditions in which they lived, housed many of them in the plants where they worked and never leaving from one week's end to another.

They were fed there and there they slept, both men and women. Their lives were not safe if they ventured out upon the street.

Just a private opinion of my own if I mention it. There is always more or less violence connected with a strike. Just how much of it is justifiable can only be ventured by those who are struggling for enough wages to keep their families from starvation. The capitalist will of course by no means excuse violence. The public (unconcerned) looks on afar off and doesn't care which way the tide turns. Personally I am not in sympathy with violence but I haven't a grain of sympathy for any one who is a victim of violence while occupying a striker's deserted place.

The strike continued for twelve weeks. One by one many of the men deserted their unions and went back to work and finally the strike was called off, the packers were victorious and the most of the people returned to work at lower wages than formerly. Nothing ever made this possible except this great army of unemployed. You may also be sure that under present conditions there always will be a large enough army of unemployed to break any strike which may be called in any industry. It is one of the strongest, perhaps the one strong weapon of the capitalist class against union men.

There are now no butchers' unions of any consequence. In the way of wages the laborers take what they can get.

It is often an interesting, sometimes, a humiliating, sight to see a packing-house foreman directing the men in his charge. Often they can't understand his language, sometimes they would pretend not to understand even if they did, and for all the signs and gestures and disgraceful talking he goes through! Often they get angry and occasionally there's no limit to the rough handling a foreigner gets from his foreman.

In the way of modern improvements and accommodations, cleanliness, etc., the packers rarely do anything unless public sentiment and the government compel them. So it comes that government regulation has improved conditions wonderfully. For instance (this is somewhat exaggerated, no doubt), it was reported a short time ago that one of the firms in a western city had secured a manicurist whose duty it has become to make the daily toilet of the women engaged in packing dried beef and bacon. However, my experience about packing houses forces me to the conclusion that "they have got to show me."

In great contrast to this is the toilet and general appearance of others of the laborers, especially the foreign class. To cite an example it may be said that at one time there was in operation on one of the street car lines a special known as the "Fertilizer car" to accommodate a certain class of workers in the industry. This plan is not general but many people wish it were so.

These two examples illustrate two extremes of course. On the part of both packers and laborers concessions might be made one to the other. That is, with present facilities the workers might be more respectable than they are, yet undoubtedly with better facilities which they ought to have they would be even more respectable.

Among packing house workers is a fine field for mission work. A most disgusting daily sight is the

vast throng of men and boys at the blast of the noon-day whistle rushing to the saloons where they get their noon-day "pint" which is devoured along with their dinner while sitting on the curbstone or in the shade of some building. The odor of beer combined with that of garlic, onions, etc., emitting from the mouth of one's right hand workman is often enough to make a respectable man wilt.

Packing-house working hours are very irregular. Winter is the busy season. On many days in summer no work at all is done and on other days ranging from three hours to full time, while in winter much overtime is made. Often work begins about noon and ends along about 9 P. M. Such are the inconvenient hours under which thousands of people in this industry must work. Many times men are compelled to do on a holiday work that apparently might have been done just as well on the day previous. We would like to see the working class receive more consideration, not only in this industry but in all others.

Chicago, Ill.

THE COLORADO POTATO BEETLE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

When the first white settlers began to carve out homes in the Rocky Mountain region they found a beetle with ten black lines on its wing covers feeding on the wild potato and allied plants.

Like the apple maggot it seemed to think that man was created for its especial benefit, and that the new, tender, juicy plants were an evidence of his care. Accordingly they laid claim to the potato fields without filing any papers for record.

Being a newcomer in the notice of scientists, they viewed him carefully, and then gave him the name of *Doryphora ten lineata.* In spite of this name he lived right on and rapidly increased in numbers.

Setting forth in search of new fields to conquer he moved eastward at the rate of one hundred miles a year.

On reaching the seaboard some of them took passage as stowaways in potatoes being shipped to Europe and soon appeared in England and France.

The beetle hibernates, usually in the adult stage, underground, or in any sheltered place. When spring is well advanced and the young potatoes are well up they appear on the wing and proceed to satisfy their hunger on them.

Touch one of them, and he will release his hold on the plant, fall to the ground and "play possum."

If not checked, which may easily be done by spray or dust bath of Paris green, the females soon deposit large numbers of orange yellow eggs on the under side of the leaves, and these soon hatch into larvæ which are, if possible, even more voracious than the adults.

Three broods a year are produced, so each female, unless checked, becomes the ancestor of a mighty family.

The lady bug, or as it is sometimes called lady bird, is one of the insects that aid in keeping them in check. It feeds upon eggs and larvæ and thus prevents the pests becoming too numerous.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

MELON CULTURE.

I have been a farmer for many years, during which I have had great success in the growing of melons. I break the ground early in the fall, leaving it just as it plows up. Some time during the winter I cover it with manure. In the spring, just as soon as the ground becomes warm, I plow it the second time, and then work the ground down fine and level. After this is done I dig holes where I expect the seeds to be planted, from eight to twelve inches deep. These are filled with manure, the dirt raked up into a hill over it, and then the seeds are planted.

The bug commonly known as the "melon bug" is very destructive to the young plants. Watch them closely and at the first appearance of this bug make a mixture of the following: One pint of airslaked lime, one pint of wood ashes, one-half pint of flour, and one tablespoonful of turpentine. Put this in an old sack or sieve and dust it on the plants while the dew is on. The results of this method are astonishing.—*Scott L. Jessur.*

TO GROW GOOD TURNIPS.

I had tried for years, without success to grow turnips that would not be strong, until two years ago, when I had the ground fresh worked, then thoroughly spaded and raked in plenty of wood ashes either leached or unleached. I have no trouble now, to get sweet turnips.

I also treat my ground the same, before putting out my celery plants.

I empty my ashpan from the cook-stove once a week on my rose bed and work it in.—*Miss Minnie Hinger.*

A BARREL CUCUMBER GARDEN.

An interesting form of backyard gardening is raising cucumbers in barrels. An old sugar barrel without heads will answer. Get several of them and saw them in two, setting the halves according to the space available, about twelve feet apart. Drive a stake through the center of the barrel to hold firm during storms and fill the half barrel with manure. Plant four hills of cucumbers around the inside of each barrel and make a kind of trellis in the shape of the letter H out of laths, one trellis for each hill, one end to rest on the top of the barrel. The vines may be

readily made to run over the barrels and trellis, making a very attractive and luxuriant appearance, and producing immense quantities of cucumbers. The crop will be greatly increased if the vines are thoroughly soaked during the dry weather.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Dolce Far Niente.

When buds appear
Upon the trees,
And southern balm
Comes on the breeze,
I yearn to go
With line and hook
Where fishes grow
Within the brook.

When sunshine gleams
In sky of blue,
And purling streams
Their way pursue,
It's hard to write
A single rhyme,
Or to indite
Great length of time.

One longs to flee
Away from toil,
And stroll care free
From fierce turmoil.
And when one must,
With tired face,
Pound away just
To fill space.

The short line scheme
You here espy
Will to you seem
The best to try.
You grind awhile
With sober mien
But inward smile
As your machine

Grinds out the rhyme
Like sausage meat
And haste the time
When down the street
You take your way
In warmth of sun
And say "Good day,
My work is done."

O wondrous plan—
This short line rhyme.
The real wise man
Will all the time
Develop 'em
And get away
At 2 p. m.
'Most every day.

—The Commoner.

While the loss of life from railroad disasters in the United States is great, the statistics show that only one person out of every two million who are carried is killed by accident, The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway is said to hold the record for safety, it having never killed a passenger inside one of its coaches in thirty years. The United States already has nearly half of the railroad mileage of the world, and in six months of last year 2,298 miles of new track was laid. The fact that we used 84,000,000 railroad ties in twelve months shows where a large part of our timber supply is going. The first railroad in the United States of which there is indisputable record is that built by Thomas Deiper at his stone quarry in Delaware county, Pa. This was in 1809, and it is possible that Silas Whitney's track on Beacon street in Boston was laid two years earlier than this.

Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and in your own resources.

The railroad bridges at Pittsburg handle more traffic than those of any other city in this country. The structure over the Monongahela in that city is the finest and largest on the continent. The entrance of the Wabash railroad into Pittsburg was so difficult that inside of sixty miles it had to build a string of twenty big bridges. The great million dollar terminal at Pittsburg stands within the limits of old Fort Duquesne. It is also on the site of the old land office of Governor Dunmore, who in 1774 found much difficulty in disposing of hundred acre tracts in the locality at $50 each.

"I'd like that tooth, please," said the small boy, after the dentist had extracted the small torment.

"Certainly, my little man, but why do you want it?" queried the dentist, handing it over.

"Well, sir," responded the gratified boy, "I'm going to take it home, and I'm going to stuff it full of sugar. Then I'm going to put it on a plate and watch it ache."

Teacher: "Have you looked up the meaning of the word 'imbibes,' Fanny?" Fanny: "Yes, ma'am." Teacher: "Well, what does it mean?" Fanny: "To take in." Teacher: "Yes. Now give a sentence using the word." Fanny: "My aunt imbibes boarders."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—A married couple to take charge of a poultry ranch near Los Angeles, Cal. Fine chance for good, steady people. Address: P. T. Mallory, Ocean Park, Cal.

FOR SALE.—Having started a colony in the Panhandle of Texas, I have for sale 75 sections of choice prairie land from $5 to $15.00 per acre on easy terms. This land has doubled in price in the last year. Write for particulars. S. Burkett, North Manchester, Ind.

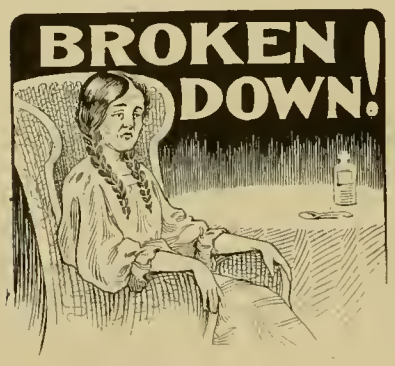
I CAN tell you of 12 quarter sections of WHEAT LAND near Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, you can buy at $5 an acre less than worth because they MUST BE SOLD QUICK. D. A. Stoker, Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

Neff's Corner

Several wholesale stores in a town of not more than 600 people is perhaps what would appear to many Inglenookers a strange combination, but that's the way we are about to have it at Lake Arthur. But at the present rate it won't be long till the census figures will exceed 600 by considerable. But the presence of the wholesale houses is to be explained this way: The Pecos river runs one and one-half miles east of the town. Like many of the streams of the western plains, it has a bed of treacherous quicksand and many people have crossed it at the hazard of their lives. The nearest bridge is 30 miles north. The business men of Lake Arthur decided that we ought to have a bridge across the river opposite the town. On short notice several thousand dollars was pledged for that purpose, already the contract is let and soon we are to have a fine bridge. It's 200 miles across the sandy plains of west Texas to the nearest railroad. Five thousand square miles of territory in east New Mexico and west Texas, with all their ranches and country stores will become tributary to Lake Arthur by the erection of this bridge. It will perhaps do more for the upbuilding of our town than would another railroad. The way the wagon trains will come in over that bridge to be loaded with freight for this great plains country will be a sight to behold. And it's more than 100 miles and over a rough range of mountains to the nearest railroad west. I could say more, but this is sufficient excuse for the wholesale stores in Lake Arthur and of course adds materially to the value of your holdings here. That Virginia brother who had me build him a house here and, on receiving his first month's rent, sent a second $250 for another house and lot, has figured closely enough to see that 30 per cent is better than 3. If interested, write

James M. Neff.

Lake Arthur, N. M.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhahce your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living,I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

CAP GOODS

Sisters, when in need of **Cap Goods** remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List FREE. I make a discount to the Aid Societies. Mention the Inglenook.

MARY A. BRUBAKER,
Box 331. Virden, Illinois.

Apple Butter

For Pure Apple Butter Write

D. M. HARTZLER, STERLING, OHIO

17-8 **FOR PRICES**



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free SAMPLE HINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE

We cure you of chewing and smoking for 50c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.



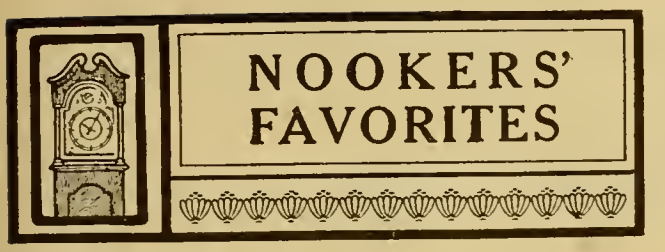
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You can get the genuine old-fashioned, pure HOME-MADE

APPLE BUTTER

We make it a specialty. We have hundreds of well-pleased customers. You run no risks We guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery. Write NOW for particulars.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.



OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who crossed to the other side;
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are drowned by the rushing tide.
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;
He crossed in the twilight gray and cold,
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.
We saw not the angels that met him there—
The gate of the city we could not see;
Over the river, over the river,
My brother stands, waiting to welcome me.

Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet;
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—
Darling Minnie! I see her yet!
She closed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We watched it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.
We know she is safe on the further side,
Where all the ransomed and angels be;
Over the river, the mystic river,
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores,
Who cross with the boatman, cold and pale;
We hear the dip of the golden oars,
And catch a glimpse of the snowy sail;
And lo! they have passed from our yearning hearts—
They cross the stream and are gone for aye.
We may not sunder the vail apart
That hides from our vision the gates of day;
We only know that their barks no more
Sail with us o'er life's stormy sea;
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold
Is flashing on river, and hill, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the waters cold
And list to the sound of the boatman's oar.
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand.
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale
To the better shore of the spirit land.
I shall know the loved who have gone before,
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river, the peaceful river,
The angel of death shall carry me.

—N. A. W. Priest.

THE BRIDGE.

I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide.

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me,
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadow shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

—Tennyson.

HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is **48 cents.** Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is **98 cents.** Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you **$1.10.** Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO.,
Dept. 21. **Chicago, Ill.**

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now ready for mailing. Nearly all are entirely new designs, and are sure to please the children.

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BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.



CATALOG 254

Our new Sample Book of **Straw Cloth, Silk, Net and Braids for BONNETS** will be sent upon request, postpaid. Write name and address upon a postal card, asking for our **No. 254 Catalog** and it will be sent at once. Samples of **CAP GOODS** will be found in each catalog. A line of samples complete in every way. **WE MAKE** Bonnets and Caps to order and guarantee satisfaction. Our sample book tells **how** to order, how to take measurements, gives prices in full.

Note.—All made-to-order bonnets and caps should be ordered early to avoid delay. April and May are very busy months in this department.

Dept. 21 ALBAUGH BROS., DOVER & CO., CHICAGO.

WHEN YOU GO TO THE CONFERENCE STOP OFF AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL WENATCHEE VALLEY



ELD. AMOS B. PETERS will be at the Conference and will tell you all about Wenatchee.

Write to MAX BASS, General Immigration Agent, 220 South Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., for Special Rates and to us for free pamphlets and any other information.

EAST WENATCHEE LAND CO., Wenatchee, Wash.

INGLENOOK COOK BOOK

It contains 1,000 recipes by the best cooks in the country and all are simple and practical. Many good cooks tell us they have laid all other cook books aside and use only the Inglenook Cook Book.

It is being bound in a substantial paper binding and also good oil cloth.

If you do not have a copy, send now, and you will be pleased.

Price in paper binding, each, 25 cents
Oil cloth binding, each, ...35 cents

Brethren Publishing House,
Elgin, Illinois.

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Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

Our Goods are Reliable. Our Variety is Large. Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

YOUR NAME

neatly and artistically written on 1 dozen **Visiting Cards** for only 15 cents, or 2 dozen for 25 cents. In engraver's script, 20 cents per dozen. Best quality of cards used. Diplomas filled out in attractive lettering and flourishing. Prices upon application.—**H. H. Funk, 2211 N. Camac Street, Philadelphia, Pa.**

11-eow-13

Is there a Father or Mother

who can read the two following letters and say that he or she is not moved by their pathos, sincerity and gratitude? The first is a letter from a little girl, marked by its childlike simplicity—the other is from her mother, who with characteristic open-heartedness wants it published so that other mothers may get the benefit of her experience.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S LETTER.

Gardnersville, Nev., Feb. 27.

Dear Mr. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

I am going to write you what your medicine has done for me. It has saved my life, and I thank God and you for it. I had been sick all the time since I was a baby, and had terribly weak and sore eyes. I could not see anything without glasses, but now I can read, write, sew, crochet and do anything without them.

Mamma began giving me your medicine two years ago this March. Nine bottles cured me. I had been sick since I was a baby and I was so small that people used to think that I was only eight years old, although I was twelve. I have grown like everything since mamma gave me the **Blood Vitalizer.** I am now fourteen, and as strong and well as any one can be. Yours truly,

Therese Syll.

HER MOTHER WRITES.

Gardnersville, Nev., Feb. 27.

Dear Dr. Fahrney, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—Two years ago I gave your **Blood Vitalizer** a trial and the results far exceeded my highest expectations. I had a daughter twelve years old, who was ailing from top to toe. What was the matter with her no doctor nor mortal man seemed able to know. We have been in America six years, and both here and in Germany we consulted eminent physicians, but all in vain. She seemed to have a severe constitutional disease. She also got sore eyes. We consulted a renowned oculist, who treated her for over a year, but her eyes failed to get any better. During that time we purchased seven pairs of spectacles for her. As soon as he got out of bed in the morning she was obliged to put on her glasses in order to see anything. Many a time I have prayed to our dear Lord to take her, as I could not bear to see her sufferings. In the midst of my distress I received a copy of your paper, The Surprise. I said to her father, "We have tried everything else; let us make a trial of this remedy, too." We wrote to you in regard to the **Blood Vitalizer,** and you referred us to your local agent, of whom we received the medicine. We used nine bottles, but what a miracle it produced! She is now as lively as a cricket, attends school, does not have to wear glasses, and I believe she has grown over eight inches during the last year. Every one who saw her a few years ago and sees her now is surprised at the remarkable change. All this is due to your **Blood Vitalizer.** I recommend your medicine to everybody whenever I have an opportunity. If you desire, you may publish this, so that others may learn of the miraculous effect of your medicine. Very respectfully,

Mrs. Matilda Syll.

P. S.—My daughter has written to you herself.

Healthy, happy children and grown folks are found in those homes where Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is the household remedy. It eliminates the impurities from the system and makes new, rich, red blood and builds solid bone and muscle. Prepared of pure health-giving roots and herbs, it is peculiarly adapted for children and those of delicate constitutions. In use for over one hundred years, it is time-tested and time-tried.

Unlike other medicines, it is not to be had in drugstores, but is supplied to the people direct by the sole makers and proprietors. Address

DR. PETER FAHRNEY & SONS CO.,

112=118 South Hoyne Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

Fifty acres of the best corn land in Iowa or Illinois.

An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

A price guaranteed by government of 40c a bushel, paid right on the farm.

This would make an income of $24.00 per acre, or $1200 on the 50 acres.

Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

This income of $1200 is the very highest that could possibly be expected. It is several shades above the average, especially when considering occasional poor crops, freight charges, etc. And yet, even considering these things, this corn land is among the best land in the world and millions of dollars are made on it every year. If a man has a good corn farm in Iowa or Illinois he thinks he is pretty well fixed.

OR

20 acres of Hazelwood irrigated land.

An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

A price of from $10 to $12 per ton in the stack, owing to its being only a two hours' wagon haul to Spokane (It has never been less and often more. Alfalfa is retailing now in Spokane for $15 to $17 per ton.)

Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

Price $250 per acre, or 20 acres for $5000.

This income of $1200 on alfalfa is bedrock, the very lowest that can be expected, if the land is properly handled. That makes it an absolutely safe investment. It is as certain as 2 per cent on government bonds.

By raising fruit or vegetables several times as much can be made. From $300 to $500, and even as high as $700 per acre, has been made on land no better than this, and, considering the market, not so good.

The leading nurseryman of the northwest has bought 20 acres at Hazelwood for a nursery, as he considers it the best fruit land in the state.

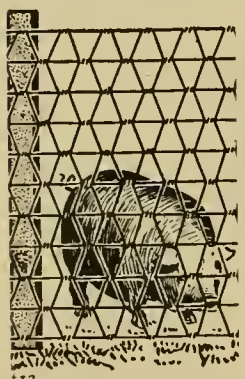
Only 4 1-2 miles from Spokane, one of the best markets in the world. A sure market and no freight to pay.

Which is Better?

The **lowest** income on Hazelwood land equals the **highest** income on the corn land. If farmers get rich on the corn land, what can they do at Hazelwood? Write us and we will mail you a fine lithographed map, showing where this land is and all about it. EASY TERMS.

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From 22½ in. up to 9 ft. high and 1-in. mesh up. Direct to farmers. Write for Catalogue and prices.

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MARCH and APRIL

Best months for spraying, and we will sell you guaranteed apparatus. **DON'T PUT THIS OFF** and see the scale cut down in a single season your trees which have taken ten to thirty years to grow. Catalog on request. Prompt shipment. Lowest prices. **ECONOMIC LIGHTING CO., St. Peters, Pa.** W. G. Nyce, Secretary. 8t13

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of

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

We have recently printed a neat post card of Brethren Publishing House, showing the building as it stands to-day. One-half of the side for address is arranged for writing, which is now allowable by the post-office authorities and can be mailed for 1 cent.

POST CARDS ARE

in greater demand than ever and your friends would appreciate one of the Publishing House.

Price by mail, three for 5 cents,
Price by mail, per dozen, 15 cents.
Price by mail, three doz. 40 cents.

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Four for 10 cents.

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So great has been the demand for this excellent Sunday school and Christian Workers' song book that our very large edition of 20,000 copies has almost been exhausted.

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use "SONG PRAISES," the new song book by Geo. B. Holsinger, especially adapted for Sunday school use. Nearly all the wide awake, progressive, active schools are now using it to a splendid advantage.

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and put new life into your school. The book is well bound in cloth and contains 128 of the latest and best songs for Sunday school use.

Price, single copy, ...$ .25
Per dozen, prepaid, ... 2.50
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ALBERTA

Of Alberta a distinguished writer has said:

"North of the International boundary line and immediately east of the Rocky Mountains lies the Province of Alberta—a land blessed with all that is necessary to happiness and prosperity. Between the 49th and 60th parallels and between the 110th and 120th meridians lie 281,000 square miles of possibility. Here are mountains and plains, foothills and valleys, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, dense forests and grassy meadows, clean, timber-girded lakes and winding brooks, cold mountain streams and navigable rivers, and a soil rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulations of centuries. And as if not content with these outward signs of her favor, nature has hidden beneath the surface vast deposits of coal and other minerals; she has filled the subterranean reservoirs with gas and oil, and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains, to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the grazing herds and the planted fields. Then, to crown her efforts and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the chinook wind, warm with the breath of May, to temper the north wind."

In the Medicine Hat District we have a gently undulating prairie. The soil is capable of producing generous yields of all small grains and vegetables in abundance.

The city of Medicine Hat, situated on the Saskatchewan river and underlaid with gas and coal, is destined to be a great manufacturing center.

Why not join the Brethren already there and enjoy some of the material benefits as well as help build up one of the largest Brethren Colonies in the Canadian West.

We have excursions every first and third Tuesdays of the month.

For particulars and cheap rates apply to

THE R. R. STONER LAND CO., LTD.,

440 Temple Court **MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.**

Or ELD. DAVID HOLLINGER, Greenville, Ohio

Annual Meeting Notice

Those going to the Annual Conference in May can secure a round trip ticket to go or return via the Soo-Pacific for $12.50 in addition to the regular direct route rate. This will enable you to see our beautiful country at slight cost.

WHY HAVE YOU CATARRH?

When I can relieve or cure you, no difference in what bad shape you may be? I deal direct with the sufferer, direct from my laboratory to you. I have the latest appliance and the most perfect treatment mailed on ten days' trial free. Do not neglect catarrh. It is very dangerous. Delay will decrease the possibility of a cure and increase the complications.



THE WHOLE FAMILY CAN USE IT

FREE On 10 Days Approval

We will send you our new Spray Medicator and treatment for all forms of catarrh if you will simply send us your address. This is a new discovery that strikes right at the root of this dreadful disease and kills the germs. It affords immediate relief. The balmy oils used in the medicator are forced in a filmy cloud to all parts of the diseased nasal passage.

Don't think for a minute that you can cure catarrh of the head by taking medicines into the stomach. My treatment is applied direct. It stops the hawking and spitting, sniffing and snuffing, does away with nauseating dropping of mucus into the throat, soothes and heals the irritated membranes and leaves the headclear as a bell.

Our Spray Medicator

is the only safe, rational treatment ever devised. Knowing that hundreds have tried in vain to obtain relief we are making a most liberal offer. We trust all the people, and will trust you if you are a catarrh sufferer. We are willing to send you our Spray Medicator without cost 10 days to try it. We are curing thousands of people of this loathsome disease, and can cure you. No drugs to swallow. Its application is a pleasure. If you are not fully satisfied simply return. That's all.

Our Special Trial Offer

FOR A SHORT TIME

If you will write us a mere postal card mentioning this paper, we will mail you our new Spray Medicator with treatment of Liquid Spray, with complete directions for a quick home cure. If it gives perfect satisfaction after ten days' trial, and if you are pleased in every way, and wish to continue the treatment, send us $3.00 and we will mail a six months' further treatment free. If you are not satisfied after trial, mail back the Medicator, which will cost you only 12 cents postage, and you still have your money. Nothing can be more reasonable. We deal fairly with you, as we do not want your money unless you are benefited. We are selecting our patrons, that is why we advertise in this paper. Write to-day. Address

E. J. WORST

210 MAIN STREET ASHLAND, OHIO

MAILED ON TRIAL FREE



PURE HERB TABLETS

Quickly relieves and permanently cures Constipation, Stomach and Kidney Trouble and Rheumatism.

No Alcohol. No Opiates. No Narcotics.

100 DAYS' TREATMENT $1.00

If you have a stubborn case of constipation, which is the beginning of almost all ailments, such as Rheumatism, Kidney or Stomach trouble, or if you feel bad in any way, try Pure Herb Tablets. They are a wonderful treatment for the digestive system. They strike at the root and cause of diseases.

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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

An April Day (poem).—Jennie Taylor.
David's Awakening.—Elizabeth Rosenberger.
"Curfew Must Not Ring To-night."—John H. Nowlan.
"Moving Mountains."—Mrs. J. S. Johns.
The Call of the World.—O. H. Kimmel.
The Useful Phœhe-bird.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.
The Tramp (poem).—R. G. Layman.
Sermonette.—David Byerly.
Where Is the Christian?—Ira P. Dean.
Slander.—Anna M. Diehl.
Recipes.—Lula Goshorn.
The Meat-packing Industry.—W. C. Frick.
Farming and How to Make It Pay.—D. B. Hostetler.

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April 30, 1907 Price, $1.00 Per Annum No. 18. Vol. IX

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Round Trip Rates to PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO, or LOS ANGELES for the following meetings and conventions. The rates shown below are available to all the public for purchase of tickets on dates shown at head of each column:

IMPERIAL COUNCIL ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER, NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE
Los Angeles, California, May 6-11, 1907.
CONFERENCE OF GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN
Los Angeles, California, May 16-23, 1907.
NATIONAL ECLECTIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
GRAND LODGE, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS
Seattle, Washington, July 16-22, 1907.

DATES OF SALE	April 25 to May 18, inclusive.	June 22 to July 5, incl.	April 25 to May 18 incl.; June 8 to 15 incl.; ‡June 20 to July 12 incl.		June 20 to July 12 inclusive		June 20 to July 12 inclusive	
DESTINATIONS	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	‡For tickets sold June 22 to July 5, incl. account N. E. A. rate will be $2.00 higher — San Francisco, Cal.		Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle, Bellingham, Everett, Washington Vancouver, Victoria & New Westminister, B. C.	Portland, Oregon	Spokane, Wash.	
ROUTES	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and Union Pacific (or any direct line) in the other	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other
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CHICAGO,	62.50	64.50	75.00	75.00	62.50	62.50	54.00	54.00
PEORIA,	59.25	61.25	71.75	71.75	58.00	58.00	50.50	50.50
ST. LOUIS,	57.50	59.50	70.00	70.00	57.50	57.50	50.00	50.00
DES MOINES,	54.25	56.25	66.75	68.90	54.00	54.00	46.50	46.50
ST. PAUL,	59.90	61.90	68.90	†68.90	54.00	‡54.00	46.50	‡46.50
SIOUX CITY,	52.00	54.00	63.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46.50
Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City, Mo., Levenworth, Kan., St. Joseph, Mo., Council Bluffs, Ia., and Omaha, Neb.	50.00	52.00	62.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46.50

†Via Portland in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.
‡Via direct line in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.

LIMITS:

FOR TICKETS SOLD	GOING TRANSIT LIMIT IS	AND FINAL RETURN LIMIT
April 25th to May 18th, inclusive.	July 26th.	July 31, 1907.
June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

GOING TRIP—Going trip must begin on date of purchase of ticket and stopovers may be had at any point enroute prior to midnight of "Going Transit Limit" as shown above.

RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route,** and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

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Colonization Agent
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Omaha, Neb.

AN INTERESTING LETTER

Mr. E. M. Cobb,
Chicago, Ill.

Butte Valley, Calif., April 1, 1907.

Dear Sir:—

I promised my brother, Charley Campbell, to write to you and give you my impression of Butte Valley. I have not been all this time making up my mind but have been kept busy helping my sister, Mrs. E. M. Wolf, as much as I could. If my own personal affairs did not need my attention so badly I should like to stay the full length of my ticket.

New people coming in locating, putting up temporary buildings, laying plans for permanent ones, getting the soil ready for gardens, grain, and fruit makes it quite interesting. You have been here and know that the scenery is fine. I have met with the warmest welcome from both newcomers and old settlers, in fact everything has been such that my stay in Butte Valley would be one of the most pleasant of my life, but for the one thought—the one that brought me here—the death of Brother Wolf.

A. B. Campbell's house is ready for him, and his family with J. B. Wolf's are expected any day. Ruth Maust has so graciously carried the mail to and from the office that her immediate neighbors have not missed the Free Rural Deliveries, which have not been installed here yet. I took a drive near the lake yesterday; the wild geese tracks were as thick as chicken tracks in a farmer's hen yard. To-morrow we feast on fish brought down from one of the mountain streamlets. They are certainly fine. I never heard of such prices for meat. The fish were 5 cents per pound, and we buy as fine steak, roasts, or any cut of beef as Armour or Swift ever handled, at 8 cents per pound. I don't think the table supply will ever be a question, and anyone can readily see that the fuel is not. A tree was felled and out of the upper cut John Campbell got thirty-six fence posts. He thinks he can get enough in the one tree to fence his 160 acres. Some of the wood looks too nice to burn; where it is split one would think, looking at it from a distance, that it had been planed. The surveyors are on the grounds. The same crew will lay out the town-site, locate all the section lines and highways, and drain the lake.

Sunday school and church was held Easter Sunday at Mr. Miller's. Mr. Byers preached. The Sunday school is certainly in a flourishing condition. The question as to what would be done with the money already in the Treasury was put before the school. Requests have come from four different points for preaching. All will be glad when the church building is finished. The mail is ready to go so I must close.

Sincerely yours,

281 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. Ben I. Harter.

The Southern Pacific Railroad will make one fare for the round trip rates to Butte Valley from any point in California during Conference week.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

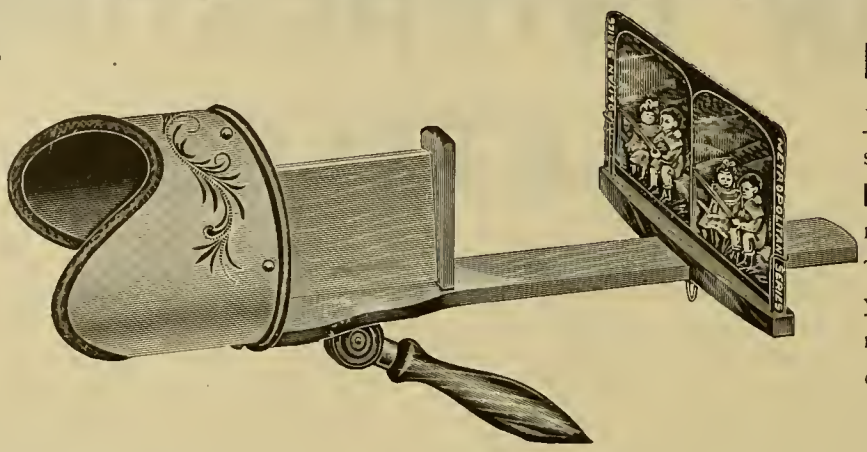
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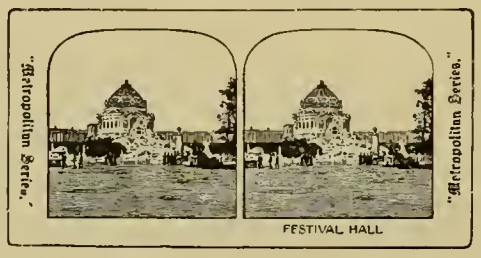


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ALUMINUM SCOPE.

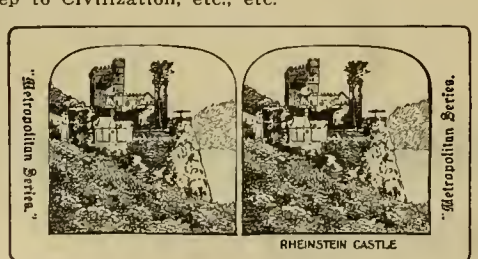
This very handsome Stereoscope is made with a specially constructed aluminum hood, fitted closely to cover the eyes with a soft binding of velvet. The aluminum is satin finished with beautiful hand-engraved designs. The frame is of fine-grained cherry, polished, oiled and varnished. The partition is mathematically adjusted, the handle folds in a firm socket, and the slide may be firmly fixed at any point. The lenses are of the best magnifying quality, 1¼ inches square, set for a focus of any range of eyesight. This elegant instrument is a popular favorite. Its sterling qualities are unsurpassed as a pretty, entertaining and useful article for any parlor or library. Price of scope, $1.00.



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View on the Pike.
Palace of Machinery and Japanese Tea Garden.
Chinese Pavilion.
Palace of Electricity.
Administration Avenue.
Fair Japan.
The Step to Civilization, etc., etc.



No. 2. VIEWS OF FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

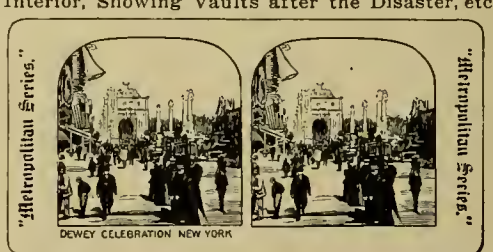
This set contains fifty views. They are selections from the most important places all over the old world. They are very fine and are sure to please. A few of the subjects are:

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Mexico's Liberty Bell.
Street Cars on the Plaza, City of Mexico.
Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

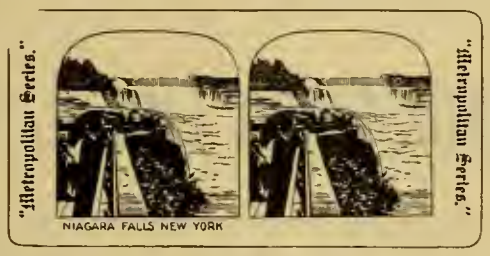
The grand scenery is here to be seen showing canyons, geysers, hot springs, and mountain precipices, peculiar to the mountainous regions of the West. This set contains 24 views in a box. A few of the subjects are:

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This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

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The Next Annual Conference

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Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

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Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. APRIL 30, 1907. NO. 18.

David's Awakening

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

"A man is always too low if he has ability to rise higher."

DAVID MONROE was wrapping up a few pounds of sugar, two bars of soap and a dozen bananas. He did not use enough string to tie the sugar securely, he wrapped the soap so that it made an untidy looking package, and the paper sack for the bananas was certainly a little too small. David was in a hurry and he presumed that it would all pass well enough. He had been in the store six weeks, and "You've got to slight some things," he said to himself. Then he looked at the clock and noticed that it was almost time for him to go home for supper.

The owner of the store, Mr. Thomson, watched him, thinking, "He'd just about break his neck to get off promptly. All the rest of the day he's slow as a snail."

Once outside the store, David walked leisurely along. He stopped for a moment to talk with Hugh Palmer. They agreed to spend their evening together. "The store closes at eight, then I'll meet you at the corner of the plaza," said David as they parted.

The children had not yet come home from school. David walked about in the yard without noticing the broken hinge on the gate or the loose board in the porch floor. His mother had asked him to repair them, and he had promised to do so whenever he could. While father was living, everything about the premises had been neatly kept. But David felt that they ought not to expect him to do anything at home when he worked hard in the grocery all day long. He went into the house, sat down in a rocking-chair, and looked out of the window until the children came and mother called them to supper.

Mother was troubled about David. Mother-like she had felt that he must waken up and make a new start. She looked for it when he entered the grocery, and he did seem interested at first, but now he appeared very listless and indifferent, even to her.

When David got back to the grocery, he found them all busy. A little woman who was in a hurry to leave asked him to get some of the best coffee for her. She wanted some fresh lettuce and a few other things, then she left and other buyers took her place.

About an hour later, David stepped into the next room to get some molasses, and he stood still when he heard voices.

"How do you like David Monroe?" was asked by some one who was in the office with Mr. Thomson.

And Mr. Thomson answered, "Well I hate to say it, but the truth is, I am a good deal disappointed in him. He don't take hold as I expected him to, he is just playing at work. You see I knew his father when he was errand-boy in a grocery, and the way he worked and struggled upward was a sight worth seeing. Nothing could keep him back, and here is his boy acting as if there was nothing in the world worth working for."

David started guiltily as he realized that he had

AN APRIL DAY

Jennie Taylor

Just a gleam of sunshine,
Just a silvery shower;
Fragrant flow'rets peeping
From Nature's every bower.

Just a fitful sighing
Of the passing breeze;
Just the bluebird singing
High in budding trees.

Tipton, Iowa.

listened to a conversation not meant for his ears. He was so overwhelmed by what he had heard that he gave the matter of eavesdropping but little thought. He had supposed that Mr. Thomson found him entirely satisfactory. That reference to what his father had accomplished certainly made his blood tingle. "Did I ever work hard at anything?" he asked himself. He remembered that at school the boys all envied him because he could learn a lesson easily, yet he had not made a better showing than the majority. He might have carried off the class honors, if he had cared to. And now he was not even a passable salesman in a grocery. That rankled. He finished his tasks in the grocery, met his friend at the corner of the plaza, and told him that he must go home at once, and then he turned his steps homeward, thinking things that had never before come to his mind.

His mother was reading by the soft light of the sitting-room lamp. "You are home early," she said.

"Yes, and I believe I'll go right to bed," he answered briefly.

"When you have time, David, I want you to read a part of this chapter in Adam Bede," said his mother, handing him the book and showing him the place. "Perhaps you can read it this evening," she continued. She did not tell him that it contained a lesson, although she hoped it would do him good.

David took the book and went up-stairs. His mind was in such a tumult that he began to read almost mechanically.

The scene is laid in a country carpenter's shop toward evening. "All hands worked on in silence for some minutes until the church clock began to strike six. Before the first stroke had died away, Sandy Jim had loosed his plane and was reaching for his jacket; Wiry Ben had left a screw half driven in, and thrown his screw-driver into his tool basket; and Seth had straightened his back and was putting out his hand towards his paper cap.

"Adam alone had gone on with his work as if nothing had happened. But observing the cessation of the tools, he looked up and said in a tone of indignation:

"'Look there, now! I can't abide to see men throw away their tools i' that way, the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work and was afraid o' doing a stroke too much.'

"And when one of the men tries to make excuses for their haste Adam turns to him, and says, 'Nonsense. I hate to see a man's arm drop down as if he was shot before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in his work. The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it.'"

David closed the book. And in his humiliation he said, "I have not done my part as thoroughly as the grindstone. No wonder Mr. Thomson condemned me as if I were an inferior, untrustworthy article." He read a chapter before he went to sleep, and he asked God to help him to do with his might what his hands found to do.

Quite early the next morning David was at the store. And for the first time he saw dirty corners to clean, shelves to rearrange, and many things to do that had always remained invisible to him, before. And when customers came, he waited on them as if it were a pleasure to serve them. Mr. Thomson noted the change and wondered, but said nothing as he feared it might be but a passing phase. But later in the year when he raised David's wages, he said, "You are growing more like your father every day."

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

In a recent copy of the Inglenook the above poem appeared marked, "Author unknown." The weight of evidence is in favor of the claim of Rose Hartwick Thorpe. Soon after its publication inquiry was made for the author and several persons claimed it as their production.

The claim of Miss Hartwick was the best, as the paper in which it was published from her manuscript antedated all other known copies.

Her story is that she wrote it while in her teens and as she had no money to pay the postage she picked blackberries and carried them several miles to the village to get the money to mail her poem.

The story is said to be a true one, having happened during the reign of Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector of Great Britain.

The hero was a young man of noble birth who had refused to heed the advances of a wealthy lady, choosing rather a girl of humble birth.

Angered at his choice, the former accused him of treason against Cromwell and succeeded in convincing the judges.

He was sentenced to be shot and as was the custom, the ringing of the curfew was to be the signal for the execution.

The remainder of the story is told in the poem.

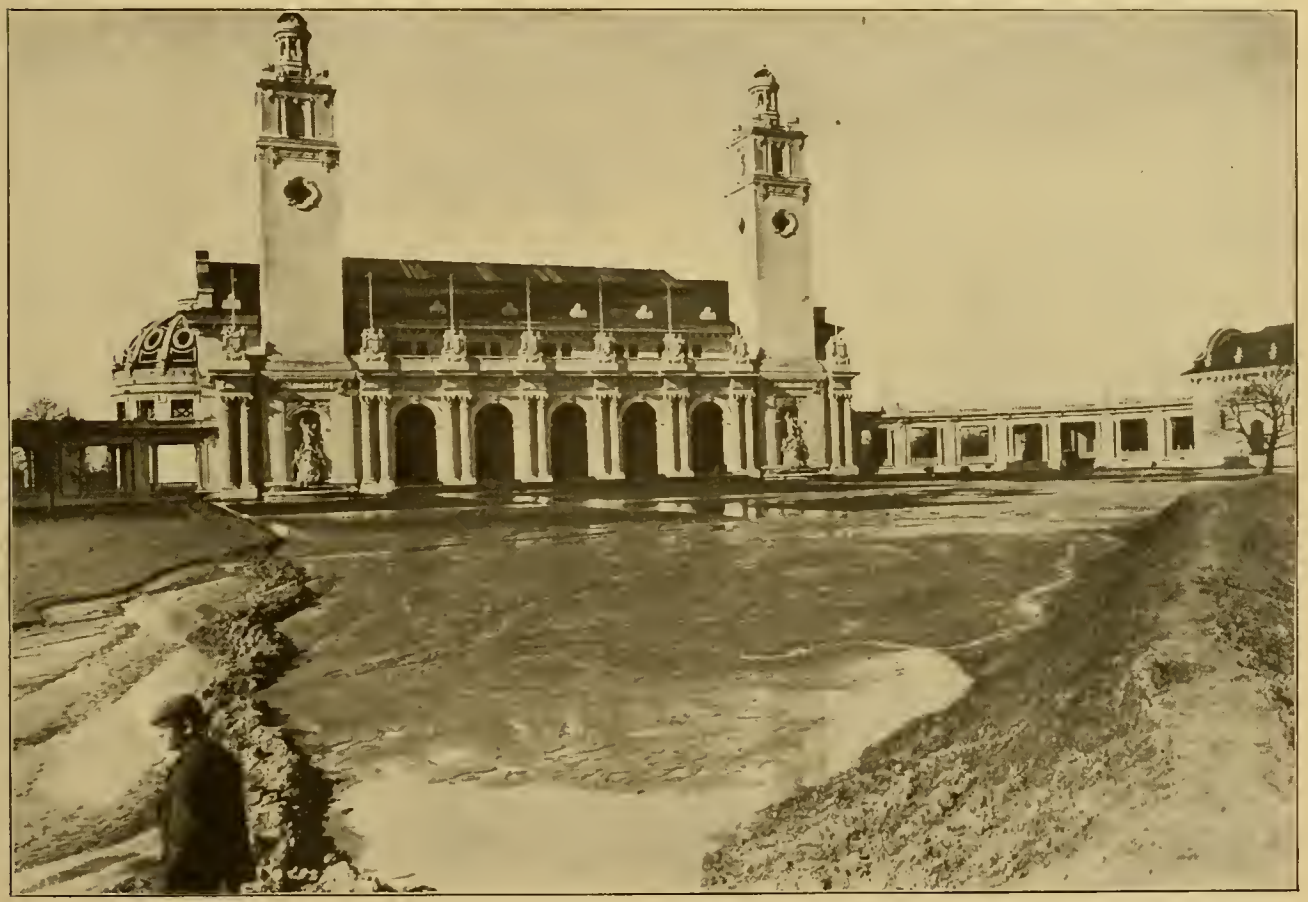
Mulberry Grove, Illinois.

There is little hope of saving one of a haughty spirit. Only in the spirit of humility can we see our imperfections and sins and need of a Savior. To enter into this spirit we must not compare ourselves with other erring mortals, but rather stand in the white light raying forth from Jesus, and gradually, at least, the great contrast between us, and its significance will dawn upon us.

"Moving Mountains"

Mrs. J. S. Johns

THE plant of The Pence Company was constructed to harness together the waters from the winter rains falling on the hills west of Portland, so that they might be first gathered into reservoirs and then carried in flumes and run through old-fashioned hydraulic mining pipe, through hydraulic giants and be used in cutting down the rough hills so as to make the hills habitable. The first result is that the hills that have stood useless all the years are made into plateaus with railroads and boulevards and can be made the sites of homes.



Government Building of Portland Exposition.

From a business point of view, the more important feature, however, is that the dirt thus loosened is floated through ordinary mining sluice boxes and pipes to the swamp known as Guilds Lake and around the Government Exposition Building and along the Northern Pacific track. In this manner the swamp is being filled to railroad grade and thus brought into use for terminal and factory sites and for various commercial uses.

It should be explained here, to those not acquainted with the situation, that the Government buildings of the Portland Exposition, held two years ago, were situated on an island in a lake or swamp and that it is this lake that is being filled by the soil from the mountains which will connect it with the remaining buildings. The writer hopes that those going to the Annual Meeting by way of Portland will be able to take a look at this stupendous work along with the other sights of the city.

The plant as now completed has a capacity for moving two million yards each winter season. Up to this time the point of attack has been the clay hill above Willamette Heights west of Balch Gulch. Hereafter and for a number of years the entire water supply will be used on the gravel hill lying between Balch Gulch and the end of Lovejoy street. In this work about one-fourth of the material being gravel will be deposited clean and ready for commercial use; the other three-fourths will go into the lake.

The average cut on the gravel hill will be two hundred feet. An acre of ground cut one foot deep makes

sixteen hundred cubic yards, and an acre of ground cut two hundred feet deep makes 320,000 cubic yards, so that on an average each acre on the hill will furnish 320,000 cubic yards, of which one-fourth will be gravel and three-fourths will be silt, or floating material. About fifty acres in this one tract will be cut off, so that on this one hill this plant will cut sixteen million yards, of which something like one-fourth will be deposited as clean gravel in Balch Canyon and the remaining twelve million yards will go to filling Guilds Lake. These fifty acres, now useless, will, after allowing for eighty feet boulevards, make sites for at least two hundred homes, and at the same time twelve million yards will go to reclaim a useless swamp. The average fill in the swamp is twenty-five feet in order to bring it up to railroad grade. That means forty thousand cubic yards per acre, so that the twelve million yards of silt will reclaim three hundred acres of Guilds Lake and make it ready for the uses of mankind. After this is done the plant will be extended and used for filling other low lands along the railway track north of Guilds Lake. A similar area will be filled in Kittredge Lake, and then a similar area in Doanes Lake, and other hills to the north will be in turn improved.

Mr. Pence when spoken to about the plant and how he came to build it stated that having been engaged for years in placer mining and usually failing so far as profits were concerned for the usual reason, as with all placer miners, that he did not have enough dump site to hold the dirt to get to the gold on the bottom, he figured it out when he first saw Guilds Lake on the one side and the hills on the other that if there could be water enough to do the work both hill and hollow could be made good. He began the surveys and water measurements years ago and when satisfied that the water could be properly harnessed he set to work to do it. The company's demonstrations have been satisfactory. With the use of small pipe on experimental lines the hills have been tested, grades of the flume and pipes have been proved, and about three hundred thousand cubic yards of dirt washed in a desultory way during the last winter and the longest high delivery system existing anywhere established; the mud being carried through continuous flume and pipe for over a mile across Guilds Lake and deposited behind the levee at the Government Building on the old Exposition Grounds. The purpose of this feature is to immediately build up some twenty-two acres at the Government Building to a level with the floor of the building so that railroad tracks can be put on the grounds and the Government Building, which was expected to be torn down, can be put into permanent use.

The accompanying cut shows the beginning of this work and the manner in which the dirt, which a few minutes before was in its place in the hill is being deposited and spread to make permanent ground at the Government Building. The coming season will reclaim this tract and the big house put into permanent use. Visitors will be interested in knowing that the Government Building is 360 feet long, 242 feet wide; contains 300 tons of iron, 147 tons being in rods; that the building is constructed on nested piles and is good for generations; that the top of the towers is 265 feet above ground, or exactly 300 feet higher than low water in the river. The Government building, with annexes and adjacent houses and with the galleries completed, as they will be, has a floor space of nearly five acres. While all manner of plans have been mooted respecting its permanent use, it is safe to say that it may be used for a car factory, or it may be used for a creamery, or it may be used for any or more of several uses, but it will not be used for a brewery. The Company and its officers will be glad to conduct the visitors over the works during their visit to Portland.

The other buildings on the fair grounds probably contain ten acres of floor space. None of the buildings have been wrecked. While they were originally purchased for the purpose of wrecking, as has been the history of all exposition buildings heretofore, it was found upon examination by Lafe V. Pence, the vice-president of The Pence Company, that the buildings were thoroughly well constructed of the best material Oregon and Washington could furnish, and this led to a change of the plans and the buildings were saved and the fair grounds purchased. During this year the railroad tracks will be put through and across the grounds ready for handlings freight over the grounds, and thus on the idea of one thoughtful boy the entire group of beautiful buildings with a total of over fifteen acres of floor space will be saved for permanent uses. Arrangements have been effected connecting the grounds with hill lands where cheap homes for employees can be had three or four miles away. This has heretofore been a serious problem and has delayed the putting of the buildings in use at an earlier date. The settlement of the railway fight, by which the Hill and Harriman people take over some two hundred and fifty acres of Guilds Lake for the site of their permanent terminals has had an important bearing upon the bringing to perfection of these plans.

1228 Bothwick St., Portland, Oregon.



HAWTHORNE spoke truly when he said: "Happiness in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit and it leads us to a wild goose chase and is never attained."



IT is better to say: "This one thing I do," than to say: "These forty things I dabble in."—*Washington Gladden.*

The Call of the World

O. H. Kimmel

WHEN God fashioned the germ of the rose tree he made possible the beauty of its flower. When the divine Artist would produce a poem, he plants a germ of it in a human soul, and out of that soul the poem springs and grows as does from the tree the rose. The superiority of the human being over all the creation of earth is due to the indwelling supremacy of the Artist. In every human soul are mirrored God, duty, destiny and immortality as are the stars in a lake in the mountains: they are reflected in our natures because they glow in the firmanent and we are mirrors made to bear their images.

When the balmy spring days come bringing their gentle zephyrs, they blow over the rose tree and awaken the latent life, the buds that attract the nice eye of the bee and butterfly come and show the world the beautiful production of the rose tree. We look upon the rose. We say it is perfect. It is beautiful. Yes, it is white. What is prettier than a beautiful white rose? We know not what action of nature has whitened the petals, but in some mysterious way this is so, a thing of beauty and perfection.

But we may turn and look upon a more perfect and a more beautiful being—a creation in God's own image—a child. True, this world is great and magnificent. But that which makes it a perfect design is not its lakes, its rivers, its snow-covered mountains nor its broad prairies, but the creature which makes this world useful and full of purpose is the race of man. Surely the earth with its rippling rills, its robes of verdure, its golden harvests, its gems of earth, its beautiful flowers, its intelligent citizens would seem ample indeed to gladden our hearts, but if it were in our power to pluck from our midst that which would gladden the hearts of our people most, that which would promote the greatest sacrifice, that which would insure the applause of the earth and the sanction of heaven, we would pass even the rose, and pluck up the growing, blooming child.

The world laughs at its mirth, dances to its music, rests on its wealth, sings for its joys, weeps for its sorrows, dreams for its beauty, but it applauds its children as beings of joy and sunlight and godliness. Just why this is so we can not tell unless it is the divine in man loving and appreciating the fullness of its own worth.

If the world continues to progress, if it continues to be great in wealth, in honor, in virtue, in science, in letters, in patriotism, in Christian devotion, or whether, in time, the pendulum will take a backward swing, will depend upon the attitude of these perfect creatures, the children of to-day, when they have grown to manhood and womanhood, to-morrow. True, the world is busy. All lines of industry are being worked to a great capacity, and the onlooker might be constrained to say that there is nothing left for the new grown man or woman to do; that a creation of God has come to manhood and womanhood, has left the threshold of home, passed through the public institution of learning and now stands at the golden gates awaiting the golden spurs of opportunity. To this onlooker we must say, "Sir, look about you. Yonder strong arm can turn the beam no more. God has called him in. Here is a new device which demands the intelligent and trained mind. Yonder is a call for greater things; listen at the call! We need sweeter songs, greater books, more beautiful flowers, greater ships, cleaner cities, nobler influences, better buildings, better methods of work, greater electricians, wider rivers and better social conditions," is the call of the voice of the world we hear!

The youth is needed. In fact, as he reaches his majority, he sees confronting him the things which will heap greater responsibilities upon him than the world has yet known. O, it is not true that nature will produce all this brain and brawn and scholarship and talent in the most perfect being of earth and then turn it aside and curb and trammel and strangle till it falls by the wayside unused, unappreciated and undeveloped.

It is true in the lives of men as in the lives of flowers, that many must unfold their blossoms on the desert air to be hidden and unseen. But even this teaches us of the usefulness of man. It is an unsafe thing to say, in our country, that we have only a few great enough to lead us. It is evident in reflecting backwards that in all times in the history of the world leaders came forward when the crisis came. The greatness of our nation, of any nation, even of the world, does not lie in the fact that we may have one man leading us well but in the fact that if he should desist we have men without number who are great laymen and can take the forward steps and the advanced degree and step out upon the brink of leadership and advance with no retrogression.

Greatest good may be done in highest places but great good may be done in less illustrious surroundings. The world is now in need of the man who is ready to work, not in some other man's line, but in his own specific sphere, whether it be "lord or servant." And much will such workers find to do.

The youth in his perfection is applauded, and this is right. The youth is encouraged, is trained, is

tutored, and is given the benedictions of the older world, and this is as it should be, and now when he grows to manhood, he has a place of responsibility awaiting him which he must fill and share with his part of the world, his portion of its keeping, in order that the call for a better, a more beautiful and nobler world may be answered.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

The Useful Phoebe Bird

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

ALMOST every person living in the country or the suburbs of a town or village is familiar with the phœbe or house-pewee. It is usually looked upon as the sure harbinger of spring, and if blithesomeness of tone and spirited cheerfulness have anything to do with the advent of spring, the phœbe must be a true herald of the season of song and bursting blossoms. "He seems to carry the subtle essence of spring in his tuneful larynx, and in the graceful sweep of his flight as he pounces upon an insect."



From C. W. Nash's, Birds of Ontario

"The Useful Phœbe."

The phœbe-bird belongs to the family of flycatchers, and deserves the name of Great Flycatcher, for that seems to be one of its chief occupations. It even interrupts a call to dart after an insect.

Its confiding disposition has rendered it a great favorite, and it is seldom disturbed. It is found throughout the United States east of the Mississippi river, and winters from the South Atlantic and Gulf States southward. It is about the size of an English sparrow, but is shaped more like the kingbird. The upper parts are a dull slate color, the head and tail being darker than the back. The breast and underparts are light ash-gray.

Though naturally building its nest under an overhanging cliff of rock or earth, or in the mouth of a cave, its preference for farm buildings is so marked that in the more thickly settled portions of the country the bird is seldom seen at any great distance from the farmhouse except where a bridge spans some stream, affording a secure spot for a nest. The nest is composed largely of mud, with fragments of cedar or grapevine bark, wool, and string, also a few horse hairs, with a lining of wool, feathers and other soft material. They mix the other materials with the mud much as masons do plaster, which gives the nest a fuzzy appearance. In one case under observation, a pair of phœbes built their nest in close proximity to a colony of barn swallows, both species living together harmoniously.

Mr. John Burroughs tells the story of a pair of these birds that took up their residence near his home. When the mother began building, she seemed bewildered. Each time she flew up with her beak full of mud, she deposited it in a new place. She seemed to forget that she had already laid the foundation for a nest, and started another, until she had the beginning of five structures on her hands. Mr. Burroughs thought this too big a task for one bird, so he placed bricks or blocks of wood on the foundations of all but one. This seemed to concentrate her attention and she went ahead and finished the nest, and occupied it. As Mr. Burroughs saw fit to interfere with the bird's work in completing all the nests, the foundations for which had been begun, we can only guess as to

what the results might have been, in case she had been left undisturbed.

The phœbe subsists almost exclusively upon insects, most of which are caught on the wing. The insects belong to species that are harmful to the orchard, garden or field. May beetles, chick beetles and weevils make up a good share of their food. Grasshoppers in their season are eaten to a considerable extent, while wasps, and many flies of species that annoy cattle, and a few bugs and spiders are eaten regularly. It is evident that a pair of phœbes must necessarily reduce the number of insects near a garden or field, as the birds often, if not always, raise two broods each season, and each brood numbers from four to six young. There is hardly a more useful species about the farm than the pewee, and it should receive every encouragement to build. It is not necessary to furnish nesting boxes as it prefers a more open situation.

Although young birds have the whole world for their larder, with plenty of food at hand just to suit their taste, they must learn the art of getting their food, and until they do so, they demand that their parents bring the food to them and even drop it into their mouths. It is amusing to watch a pair of phœbes teaching their young to catch insects on the wing. When the old birds think it is time for their children to begin to provide their own food, the parents will occasionally catch an insect and dispose of it themselves in the presence of their hungry brood. Thus encouraged a young bird will dart out after a passing insect, proving that it has been taking lessons in the mode of getting a living. Their gymnastics at first are far from perfect, and they hit the mark scarcely half the time.

Spiceland, Ind.

A TRAMP.

R. G. LAYMAN.

I looked from my window one cold stormy day
And saw a lone tramp a-wending his way.
His look was forlorn and his face was sad,
His body was famished and poorly clad.

He turned to my door and asked me for bread—
"I've traveled for miles and am hungry," he said.
I gave him a morsel,—unbidden to stay.
He turned from my door and wandered away.

I thought as he turned and wended his way,
Could there be a mother that's waiting to-day.
To see the return of her boy of old
Who's wand'ring the world so dreary and cold?

Or has she forgot and long ceased to pray
The return of her boy to her home some day.
Perhaps he ne'er knew—else why should he roam—
The love of a mother or joy of a home?

I wondered, so cold and so poorly donned,
If ever he thought of the home beyond.
Did he hope some day, when he ceased to roam,
To find in heaven a beautiful home?

I wondered again if my duty was o'er
With a morsel of bread from a bountiful store;
For never I thought to tell of the love
Of Jesus, my Savior, and heaven above.

Roanoke, Va.

HAVING EYES, YET SEE NOT.

It is in the rare spring days, when the world is a bloom, that we notice more plainly how many, many people are walking the highways and byways of life with eyes that see not.

It is not so much that they cannot see, as that they will not.

Most of us might understand, and the world certainly holds charms a plenty; but we let other things—petty, mean things—shut our eyes to all without.

Two girls walk down the orchard path. The apple trees are radiant with blossoms, pink and white and the ground is strewn with sweet scented petals. There is melody in the hum of the bees and chatter of the birds and the wind and the sun sweeten the world with gladness.

One girl looks frowningly at the path and does not see. The other looks straight ahead, smiling but does not see. One is brooding over an unkind remark overheard about herself. The other is smiling over the thought that her new hat will be the prettiest one at church.

Both of them are blinded by the same cause—the thing that blinds half the people of the world—personal vanity.

Two young men sit by the rail of a boat as it slips down the deep silent river. Here and there are bits of islands, rich and verdant in the livery of spring. To the east rise the cliffs, and above them great oaks wave their branches in a happy, solemn salute as the boat glides by. On the west stretches the wheat, tender, green, luxuriant and graceful. Over it all—cliff and water, island and fields—dances the happy sunlight of May.

On the face of one young man is a deep wrinkle, on the other a smile.

Neither sees. One is adding a long column of figures in his head, trying to determine how soon he will be rich. The other is smiling over the thought that he has his competitors outwitted and they are at his mercy.

Both blinded by greed—one for money and the other for power.

Then there are people merely blinded by care—little frets, medium frets, and big frets. Some people keep their eyes so busy looking into their bodies for aches and pains that they never see much outside. Some keep their eyes turned back to the work they left, and others forward to the work that is coming.

But the nearest total blindness is caused by hate

and its half-sisters, spite and envy. These evil spirits do more than blind—they shut the ears and stop up every avenue of the heart.

Not only do they shut out the sweet influence of earth and sky, but they blight and wither whatever happiness and good already dwell in the heart.

That one may see, the soul must have risen to where the little frets and worries may be dismissed.

One must break through the crust of indifference and slip out beyond the "cares that infest the day." The spirit must have gone to meet the Infinite and found peace.

Then, when we walk forth in God's sweet out-of-doors, the eyes will see the beauty of the King, and the ear will hear the still, small voice.—*William H. Hamby.*

MAKING OPPORTUNITIES.

"Marcia always did have good luck," sighed Eleanor when she heard the ladies praising Marcia for her helpful ways. There was to be a Thanksgiving dinner for the poor in the town, and all the boys and girls had been asked to help. "It seems opportunities are waiting for her at every turn, while I didn't have a single chance to help with the dinner."

"Marcia makes her opportunities," said a lady standing near by. "She never waits for them to come to her."

Eleanor inquired into the matter, and found that Marcia had earned her contribution to the fund by making gingham aprons. She made the first one without knowing whether any one would buy it, but it was so well done that she soon had orders for enough to keep her busy all her spare time till the holidays. She was justly proud of the great turkeys she was able to buy, but I am sure her habit of making opportunities is worth more than a dozen turkeys.

A boy of fourteen was very anxious to go away for the summer to a certain lake near his home, during vacation, but his parents were too poor to send him. To earn the money for the trip and expenses after he was there seemed impossible, but he remembered that an old lady went there every year to her cottage, so he began doing chores for her in the winter, receiving a reasonable amount for his work every week. By the time warm weather came he had made himself so useful to her that she offered to take him along as an errand boy, and to do odd tasks about her cottage. A great many people said he was a very lucky boy, but he only managed wisely.

But there are not always opportunities to make opportunities, some one says. We all know of cases where people have worked, and planned, and hoped for things year after year, only to be disappointed in the end. Yes, but even then they were better off than the people who sit helplessly down and never try. Whatever you want to do that is worth doing, make opportunities to bring it about.—*Hilda Richmond.*

STOP THE TREMOLO.

When I was studying vocal music, great care was taken to impress upon my mind the extreme importance and beauty of a firm, pure, steady tone, with its gradual crescendo and diminuendo. Ah, with what infinite pains I tried to produce my notes without a shadow of wavering or change of quality! And now to think that the beautiful sostenuto is considered of but small account by so many people who, I maintain, ought to know better! I have seen a roomful of people moved to tears by a pathetic song rendered by a well sustained voice, and with distinct enunciation of the words. Yet who would ever dream of weeping over the most touching ballad in the world when sung in the miserable, shaky style now in vogue, which leaves the listener in doubt as to whether he is hearing sung C-sharp or D, F-sharp or G?

Among the best of vocalists belonging to our city and its vicinity this tremolo is adopted. For some reason sopranos and baritones use it most frequently, and I may add *ad nauseam.* It is more than disagreeable on the stage or in the parlor. It is beyond endurance when it obtrudes itself in the church service.

No place or occasion is safe from its impertinent intrusion. I have heard a soprano of good standing profane the lofty strains of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," by her tremulous rendering, obnoxious as it was inappropriate.—*New York Tribune.*

THE FORGOTTEN BOY WHOM WE NOW NEED.

One of the biggest and stubbornest facts that face us in our prosperity is the lack of skilled workmen. We are suddenly waking up to it that, with all our educational machinery, there is no part of it—except a few private schools—that trains the young directly to earn their livings by the trades.

There is only one way out of this absurd position. A part of the public school machinery must be adapted to trade-training, and enough of it to put a free trade-school within the reach of every boy and girl who wants it. "Educationists" may discuss this theory and that, till the crack of doom. This is a condition and not a theory; and the people had just as well begin to make this change, no matter what theory it violates. If teaching the trades be not "education," so much the worse for education. When we have to import carpenters and paperhangers and masons and the like, and when very, very few American boys have a chance to learn these trades, and when we maintain public schools to teach boys, it is time to stop the foolishness of discussion and to come to the common sense of making the schools do what is needed.

Most of the "education" that we offer to those who must become wage-earners not only fails to fit them for their work but tends to make them dissatisfied with it. Our high schools are designed to help business and professional men—the class which needs help least. We learned long ago that a college which was meant chiefly to train preachers would not give us good engineers, and we have been building engineering schools ever since. We are now just finding out that a high school which is meant mainly to prepare boys for college does not help boys who are going to be carpenters. Yet the apprenticeship system—except in some highly organized shops—no longer meets the demands of modern conditions. Even immigration has not supplied the deficiency. We need more skilled workmen than we have any means of getting. Private trade-schools can never be numerous enough to reach the mass of the working people. They can hardly do more than point the way. We must have the public schools that will prepare carpenters to build, as well as prepare others for the professions—schools in which young men and young women may get a training adapted to the work which they intend to do.—*World's Work.*

PROPER NAMES MADE COMMON.

THE names of many of our commonest things originated with the names of persons now often or almost quite forgotten. A few selections will illustrate:

The useful sandwich is so called because it was introduced by the fourth Earl of Sandwich. This noble lord was a great gambler, and in order that he might remain at the gaming table for many hours, without being obliged to leave it to partake of a regular meal, he devised this "half a dinner," as a wit termed it.

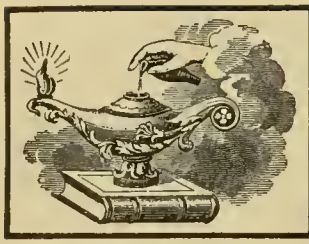
Not many persons, perhaps, know that certain of our choicest garden flowers were called after their discoverers. The dahlia, for instance, was brought to Europe from Mexico by Dahl, a Swedish botanist; and the camellia commemorates Father Kamel (or Camel), a Jesuit priest who first described this native of Luzon. The fuchsia, magnolia and lobelia received their names in honor of the distinguished botanists Fuchs (of Germany), Magnol (of France), and Lobel (a Fleming who was a botanist to James I).

Pinchbeck, a word which is nowadays used to signify cheapness, was bequeathed to us by Mr. Christopher Pinchbeck, a London clockmaker of about two hundred years ago.

So, too, Mr. John Macadam gave his name to the well-known method of paving roads with layers of broken stones, which he introduced in 1815. "Bobby" and "Peeler," common names for policemen, remind us of Sir Robert Peel, who did away with the old-time, inefficient watchmen and reconstructed the police system.—*Selected.*

PLEASURE and money: people take them for the two wings of the same bird! Pleasure, like all other truly precious things in this world, cannot be bought or sold. If you wish to be amused, you must do your part toward it; that is the essential. There is no prohibition against opening your purse, but it is not indispensable. Pleasure and simplicity are two old acquaintances. Entertain simply, meet your friends simply. If you come from work well done, are as amiable and genuine as possible toward your companions and speak no evil of the absent, your success is sure.—*Charles Wagner, in "The Simple Life."*





THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

DAVID BYERLY.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God."

Our text suggests the inferiority of man, that he is lacking something. When Jesus was here in the world, he would often speak to those whom he met, in regard to the lack on their part, and also suggest the means by which they might obtain it.

Thus James would give us an infallible rule by which we can obtain that that we lack, true wisdom.

The young man that went away sorrowful when he had a chance to obtain the one thing he lacked, was acting the part of a foolish one. Yet how many are doing likewise right in the face of his example and in direct contradiction of God's Word. When we take into consideration the value of wisdom, that it is not to be compared to gold or precious stones, and that we can have it for the asking, what excuse shall we offer in the great day if we are found lacking?

Asking implies not only in word, but in deed and in truth. Our daily life and conduct must tell to those around us, as well as God, that we are coveting this best of all gifts.

When we, like Solomon, take into consideration the magnitude of the work that is before us, the Christian's true mission in the world, we will, like him, realize our weakness and inability within ourselves for the work, and ask God for wisdom to direct us aright.

Because Solomon asked for wisdom, the Lord said he would also give him length of days, riches and honor. Jesus says, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."

Too often we rely upon the wisdom of man. Not that we should wholly ignore the advice of good men, but that we should be living so close to our Master and be so spirit-filled, that he will enable us to discern between that counsel that would displease God and estrange us from him, and that that would be a blessing to us and a glory to him. Psa. 1: 1, 2.

Our motives must be absolutely pure if we would have the wisdom from above to direct us. Too often, in seeking counsel or advice, we seek only for that that we think will meet our own approbation. If we expect God to direct us we must set self aside and do all to his glory. Otherwise it will be a signal failure. We refer to one instance, that of Rehoboam.

For an example of what wisdom will enable us to do, we might contrast the lives of Jacob and Joseph. Jacob by worldly wisdom and the aid of his mother cheated his brother out of his birthright, deceived his old father and obtained the blessing. But see what a sorrowful train of evils it brought with it.

Joseph wholly trusted in God for wisdom to direct him in all his ways, which enabled him to act discreetly under all the trying circumstances of his life. We see none of the impatience of his father Jacob, but he was able to endure years of imprisonment and abuse while waiting for God in his own way and in his own good time, to bring about the desired result.

"Wisdom is the principal thing. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Therefore in all thy getting get wisdom."

Lima, Ohio.

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

She asked to be made like her Savior;
He took her right then at her word,
And sent her a heart-crushing burden
Till the depth of her soul was stirred.

She asked for a faith strong yet simple;
He permitted the dark clouds to come,
And she staggered by faith through the darkness
For the storm had quite obscured the sun.

She prayed to be filled with a passion
Of love for lost souls and for God,
And again in response to her longings,
She sank 'neath the chastening rod.

She wanted a place in his vineyard,
He took her away from her home,
And placed her among hardened sinners
Where she—humanly—stood all alone.

She saw she must give up ambitions
Which had been her "air castles" for years;
But as she knelt in consecration,
She whispered "Amen," through her tears.

She wanted a meek, lowly spirit—
The work he gave answered that cry,
Till some who had once been companions,
With a pitying smile passed her by.

She asked to lean hard on her Savior;
He took human props quite away,
Till no earthly friend could give comfort,
And she could do nothing but pray.

I saw her go out in the vineyard,
To harvest the ripening grain;
Her eyes were still moistened with weeping.
Her heart was yet throbbing with pain.

But many a heart that was broken,
And many a wrecked, blighted life
Was made to thank God for her coming,
And rejoiced in the midst of the strife.

She prayed to be made like the Savior,
And the burdens he gave her to bear
Had been but the great Sculptor's teaching
To help answer her earnest prayer.

—Selected.

WHERE IS THE CHRISTIAN?

IRA P. DEAN.

I WAS walking down one of the prominent business streets of my home city on the eve of election day; the returns of election were to be displayed upon a large canvas at various points. The results of this day's votes cast would determine our next President so I decided to watch for the returns of my home city.

A city of eighty thousand people, having five thousand male church members, professing Christians, legal voters, I thought, What did those five thousand professing Christians do to-day? Who did they vote for? I will wait and see.

It was late in the evening when the total returns of my city were displayed. I looked in glad expectation, hoping to see the prohibition party grandly supported.

Here was the total result: Prohibition party 250. Who did the other 4,750 vote for? Let us make it 3,000 Christian professors, where were the other 2,750? I was shocked. Five thousand men hear the temperance lesson once every three months, are professing Christians, are looked upon as Model American citizens. Where are they? *Are they Christians?* Adam, Where art thou? Christian, where art thou, on Sunday, on Monday, on election day? Where is the Christian? Of those five thousand votes, if all voted, 4,750 went to give the devil another chance with the saloon, a license to send sixty thousand drunkards to their graves every year or until the next presidential election, send two hundred and forty thousand drunkards to perdition. Whose fault is it? When a new saloon is to be licensed, Christian, where are you? Where does your vote go? Because men like the 4,750 professing Christians of my home city failed to try to down the liquor traffic, because of their negligence, my home was wrecked when I was six years old. It is true, and as long as they keep on failing to do their duty on election day as well as at other times, we can expect homes to be wrecked continually. Are you a Christian? *Where are you?*

Harrisburg, Pa.

AMOS R. WELLS speaks the truth when he says that "the caste spirit denies the brotherhood of man, and in so doing denies the fatherhood of God."

A SPRING SERMON.

SPRING—that thing composed of smiles and tears, of gleams and showers, of full green boughs and bare sticks, of promises and disappointments, of growth and life, and decay and death! Sweet spring days! "For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land." This exquisite poetry has its voice of delight for me, and as I shut my eyes, it brings a change over the bare boughs and the winter land. I dream of the chill black hedges and trees, flushing first into redness, and then "a million emeralds burst from the ruby buds." I dream of the birds coming back, one after one, until the poetry of the flowers is all set to music. The hazels are draped with slender, drooping catkins—the cherry tree is preparing to dress itself almost in angel's clothing, white and glistening—the long branches of the horse-chestnut trees are lighting up all over with the ravishing crumpled emerald that bursts like light out of the brown sticky bud (as sometimes holy thoughts may come from one whose first look we disliked, or as God's dear lessons unfold out of the dark sheath of trouble). Against the pale blue sky, on a bare sycamore branch that stretches out straight from the trunk, a glad-voiced thrush seems thanking God that the spring days are come. For the year in its early spring has never so much as heard of autumn yet, nor can guess what those old brown leaves can mean, out of which huddle the thick primrose clumps. And May has come, with its lavish promise and exuberant life and ecstatic beauty....Life has its May days as well as the year. They come, sometimes; rarely to some, but exquisitely beautiful when God sends them—the May days of the soul—the times when the winter fogs have passed away, and the clear sun shines down in its glory on the land—times when the love of God seems natural to us and our hearts overflow into a spontaneous love of man—times in which there is a press and hurry of blossom that is well and fair if it be secured for God.—*Rev. John Vernon.*

FAMILIARITY with "short cuts" to wealth, education and social prominence has made many impatient with the orderly development of spiritual culture. They want the peace of the Gospel before repentance, they expect its joy before faith, and are disappointed because divine approval does not precede sacrifice. They anticipate the fruits of the Gospel without doing the preliminary works. But the great law Jesus taught beside the sea still obtains—there is first the blade, then the corn, then the full corn in the ear.—*The Christian Evangelist.*

"YOU cannot bend the past out of its eternal shape."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

BETWEEN THE LINES.

Often in the perusal of the written page there is a subtle, fleeting suggestion of thoughts not literally expressed in the words, the power to catch the meaning of which is called reading between the lines. While many people consider themselves adept in this sort of reading, though ignorant, perhaps, of the writer's personality, the art of doing it perfectly depends on certain conditions of which we shall speak briefly:

Usually we consider that the choice of words, and arrangement of sentences have to do only with the literal interpretation of the written matter, but it must be confessed that they have an influence likewise on that which is found between the lines. However, this peculiar influence is discerned only by those who are well acquainted with the writer or the subject which he discusses.

Many have noticed the difference in a scripture text, how it seems flat and commonplace when read by one and how it takes an additional meaning and richness when read by another. This difference is not due to greater theological learning, but to a better knowledge of the one whose thoughts were penned. In this connection Paul says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

This reading between the lines, in its subtle, intangible nature and in its power, is illustrated again in the interpretation of that influence possessed by every person, which in fact may be said itself to be the person. As the meaning between the lines is connected in a way with the written words, so this influence is connected with our words and acts, though literally and to the indifferent they give little hint of its nature. Again a knowledge of the person furnishes the index for the correct interpretation of this influence. Paul says, "What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him?" Reading between the lines, then, of whatever kind, is a matter of the spirit,—that part of man which we so often seemingly ignore, but which, above all else, is important.

If we were more sensible of the power of our spiritual nature and its unfailing skill to write itself in the hearts of others, without a doubt we would attend more to its cultivation. We would ask ourselves, continually, What am I writing between the lines? What is the essence of my words, thoughts, and deeds? What is my spiritual reading?

A NOTE FROM ROBIN REDBREAST.

We were right in the midst of the busy season in the South and were on the go from morning till night, catching the bugs and worms that were making war on the gardeners, and picking a berry now and then to give variety to our bill of fare. It was a happy life, but one day a feeling of restlessness came over us and that evening found us making farewell calls on our friends and by midnight we were speeding away on one of the limited trains of the Air Line, bound for the North.

You may wonder why we so willingly left the balmy, fragrant South, especially when the North gave us such a cool farewell when we left there last fall. Perhaps I cannot make you understand, but there is nothing like a northern spring—nothing! And besides, there is that early worm. I think it was his stirring, partly, that gave us that restless feeling while we were still in the South.

Well, when we arrived at our own orchard and had picked up some crumbs at our own back door, and taken a survey of the garden, we felt that we were none too early. The sun was warm, the breeze was soft and caressing, and the air was filled with that nameless perfume of springing life. The Lady gave a shout of welcome when she came out on the back steps and spied me on the garden fence, and when I flew away with an answering note of gladness, she hurried into the house and with a twinkle in her eye she told the Man that she expected to go on a journey. He turned and looked at her curiously, but when he caught sight of me as I flew past the window he laughed and said, "Well, I am going along."

Everybody who saw us was glad, but of course we were not so conceited as to believe that all their happiness was caused by the sight of us. It was akin to that feeling which stirred beneath our own red breasts and which carried us safely through the days that followed.

For we were deceived in our calculations in coming north. We had not reckoned with the North Wind which refused to quit claim to this region because he had not held full sway during all the time allowed in the contract. And so one morning we woke up to find ourselves chilled through and through. Mr. Jaybird laughed when he saw us hopping about with our

feathers ruffled up, and and told us we had better staid in the place meant for thin-bloods. But we turned our backs and hopped away with a little chirp.

Did we think about the South? No, indeed! During all the cold, cloudy days that followed we just hopped about and chirped as if Spring were about to take permanent charge any moment. We greeted the morning with our loudest calls and sometimes in the evening we sang the hymn of closing day. In the meantime we laid for that early worm, though we knew all the time that he was as stiff as a poker.

But "behind the clouds is the sun still shining," and one day he put the North Wind to rout and proceeded to make us forget about the cold. The buds swelled to bursting, the blossoms flung their fragrance on the air, and the early worm peeped out,—my, but he was fat and juicy! I hear my wife calling me from the garden. In parting let me say when skies are dark and cold, don't forget about the sun behind the clouds, and don't forget about the early worm.

THE WORKER'S REWARD.

It is well-nigh impossible to explain by any course of reasoning how it is that great discoveries, great undertakings, and beneficent deeds sometimes come to be linked inseparably with the names of men who had little to do with the achievement, or at least held a very inferior position in connection with it.

In thinking of this subject one's mind is likely to revert to an illustration in the case of this continent being named for one who simply accompanied an exploring expedition instead of being given the name of the one who under so many difficulties conducted the first expedition that sighted the land. But there are many illustrations of the same kind, though some of them may differ from this one in that while there is no probability that we shall ever cease to connect the discovery of this country with the name of the real discoverer, in many of the other cases the name of the real worker or benefactor has already sunk into oblivion so far as a general knowledge of him is concerned. Now and then, when for years the world has lauded the name of one who has apparently stood at the head of a great work, it has come out that some modest, humble worker was the ruling spirit of the enterprise, and then at last the world gave honor to whom honor was due. But often this modest worker's praise remains unsung to the end of time.

To one who is a stickler for justice and for what he designates as one's rights, this is a serious matter demanding the attention of all fair-minded people. But to the true worker it is insignificant. While he may not be wholly indifferent to the reward that comes from the world's applause, the successful outcome of the work itself is of so much more importance that he has neither time nor inclination to give himself up to the enervating influence of the world's praise. The world itself is his world and its success is his reward.

A CORRECTION.

Last week we had something to say in this department on the subject of "Mistakes," and how with only half a chance they manage to go on record in black and white. It would seem to be an illustration of the strange working of what is commonly termed fate that the same sheet which recorded the article should at the same time receive the imprint of a very glaring mistake which had found a place on another page.

Our advice to go after the mistake at once and talk about it afterward is not applicable in this case, as the mistake was not detected till the paper was being mailed. It is a case where it is too late to remove the mistake, and so we do the next best thing,—acknowledge it,—point it out as such. The mistake in question appears on the first page of last week's issue where the article under the subject, "The Burnham Steel Works," is credited to John F. Beery instead of Leon F. Beery.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

'Tis hard to judge a soul aright,
Unless affinity
Can make you see into their souls
With perfect sympathy.
—Martha Shepard Lippincott.

The superiority of the human being over all the creations of earth is due to the indwelling supremacy of the Artist.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

The phœbe subsists almost exclusively upon insects, most of which are caught on the wing. The insects belong to species that are harmful to the orchard, garden or field.—*Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.*

"I hate to see a man's arm drop down as if he was shot before the clock's fairly struck, just as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in his work."—*Elizabeth Rosenberger.*

I wondered again if my duty was o'er
With a morsel of bread from a bountiful store;
For I never thought to tell of the love
Of Jesus, my Savior, and heaven above.
—R. G. Layman.

Our motives must be absolutely pure if we would have the wisdom from above to direct us.—*David Byerly.*

God placed us here for a truer and nobler purpose than to be a scandal-monger.—*Anna M. Diehl.*

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

INCLUDING the cargo of flour and other provisions on the transport *Buford,* the American contributions to the Chinese famine relief aggregate eighty per cent of the total.

RECENT reports from Santiago, Chili, state that the volcano, Puychue, continues in full eruption. Many cattle have been killed and farms destroyed by ashes, deposits of which extend for more than a hundred miles from the volcano.

THE Oklahoma Millers' Association reports that there is not a section of the territory where the green bug has failed to make its appearance. It estimates that fifteen per cent of the wheat and twenty-five per cent of the oat crop has been destroyed.

WILLIAMS college is making plans for what is thought to be an innovation in American college dormitories. It is to be a dormitory of great excellence and comfort, but with room rent low, rooming in which will be dependent upon the attainment of high scholarship without regard to the financial standing of the student.

THE Cleveland Electric Railway Company has reported to the City Council that the operation of cars on the three-cent lines has been found to cost more than the income, and that the expense would not warrant the continuance of the test, which was begun by order of the Federal Courts, following the expiration of the company's franchises.

A LUMBER company in Siskiyou county, Cal., is making use of compressed air in sawing trees into log lengths after they have been felled by hand. The machine consists of a traction engine equipped with an air compressor and storage tank. The saw is similar to a heavy cross-cut saw and is moved by a piston working in a small cylinder which is set in a movable frame that can be attached to logs of any diameter. Rubber hose which give a working radius of three hundred feet connect the cylinder with the air tank. The daily capacity is from 125,000 to 140,000 feet board measure. The daily saving is from $12 to $15, not counting out cost of repairs.

DR. SIR FREDERICK TREVES, in lecturing in behalf of the movement to do away with the coal smoke nuisance in London and other large cities said that while the lungs of a healthy child are pink in color, those of an adult living in a large city are patched and streaked with blue owing to the dirt and soot inhaled. He said the terrible London fog would be merely a white mist but for the coal smoke which gave it its filthy, choking constituents. Experiments, the doctor said, showed that during a bad fog six tons of soot were deposited to a square mile.

THE readjustment of compensation to be paid the railroads for transporting the United States mails after July 1, 1907, has begun in the office of the second assistant postmaster general. Congress insisted that there should be a reduction of five per cent on routes carrying an average daily weight of more than five thousand pounds and less than forty-eight thousand pounds. Above forty-eight thousand pounds the cut is to be ten per cent on each ton of mail carried daily.

APRIL 19, the town of Iloilo, the second city in size and importance in the Philippines, was visited by a terrible fire and twenty thousand persons rendered homeless. At the time the disaster was first reported it was impossible to estimate the loss, as the fire was still raging. The fact that there were several earthquake shocks felt at Manila that day has led to the surmise that the fire may have resulted from an earthquake.

THE Japanese battleship *Aki,* which was launched successfully at Kure, Japan, April 15, outclassed the British *Dreadnaught,* and gives Japan the credit of having the largest battleship in the world. The *Aki* is 402 feet long, 83½ feet wide, has 19,800 tons displacement and turbine engines of 25,000 horsepower, expected to give her a speed of 21½ knots. She has three funnels and an armor belt 9½ inches thick. Her armament includes four twelve-inch, twelve ten-inch and eight six-inch guns. She was designed and constructed exclusively by Japanese, the net time of her construction being only eight months.

SOME important New Testament manuscripts of a hitherto unknown version have been discovered near

Turfan, in Chinese Turkestan, by Dr. Lecoq, a learned archæologist, who has been exploring the ruins of ancient cities. The manuscripts, which were found buried in the sand, were at first believed to be written in an unknown language, but they were deciphered by Professor Friedrich Muller, the eminent philologist. The manuscripts follow the versions neither of the Catholic nor of the Greek Church, and apparently the copyists have access to a version which is now quite lost.

After a full investigation the bureau of labor has reached the conclusion that wholesale prices, considering two hundred and fifty-eight commodities as a whole reached a higher level in 1906 than at any other time during the seventeen-year period covered. The average for the year 1906 was 5.6 per cent higher than for 1905, 36.5 per cent higher than that for 1897, the year of lowest prices during the seventeen-year period, and 22.4 per cent higher than the average for ten years from 1890 to 1899. Prices reached their highest point in the period in December, 1906, the average for that month being 4.1 per cent higher than the average for that year.

The use of the flag to mark a schoolhouse which has become so common in America is to be adopted in England in the Edmonton union schools, but with a difference. The plan is to hoist the Union Jack a quarter of an hour before school time, thus incidentally warning laggards that it is time to quicken their steps. Thus patriotism and punctuality are taught at the same time. English schools are showing themselves eager to reciprocate in the matter of hospitality. The Dover town council, among others, has voted to ask for a share of the American and Canadian teachers expected on a tour of investigation in the autumn. It will be remembered that last year a large number of English teachers received a cordial welcome in America when making a tour of investigation of American schools.

Before Judge Landis, in the Federal Court at Chicago, the jury, after being out four hours, rendered a verdict of guilty against the Standard Oil Company on all of the 1,463 counts in the indictment, making possible the imposition of fines anywhere from $1,400,000 to $28,000,000. The case for the government was based on the alleged rebating of oil shipments from Whiting, Ind., to St. Louis, over the Chicago and Alton. Evidence showed that while the published tariff fixed a rate of eighteen cents a hundred pounds, the Standard Oil Company, of Indiana, was enjoying a rate of six cents a hundred. The defense was that the Standard people did not know that the six-cent rate had not been published. The verdict is a victory for the Administration in its war on the trusts, but is in no sense final, for the defendants at once filed a motion for a new trial.

In many cases it is very desirable that the bricks or plates used in a building be sound-proof as nearly as possible. Such plates are to be had from a mixture of gypsum with sawdust, coke-dust or ashes. Another method is to mix an acid or an acid salt from a second salt with the gypsum. The acid acts in such a way as to force from the second salt the carbonic or hydrochloric acid, the escapement of which causes pores to be formed in the plates. It is claimed that by taking care with the process the pores can be distributed very evenly and in great numbers so that the plates are very light, conduct sound poorly and can be easily nailed.

The American delegates to The Hague Peace Conference have been announced as follows: Joseph H. Choate, General Horace Porter, U. M. Rose, president of the Arkansas Bar Association; David Jayne Hill, Minister to the Netherlands; Brigadier General George B. Davis, Judge Advocate General; Rear Admiral Charles S. Sperry, president of the Naval War College; William I. Buchanan, formerly minister to Argentina and Panama. The secretary will be Chandler Hale, son of Senator Hale; the expert in international law, James Brown Scott, solicitor of the Department of State; the expert attache, Charles Henry Butler, reporter of the United States Supreme Court. The delegates will sail from New York about the middle of May.

The union of the Congregationalist, United Brethren and Methodist Protestants, which has been in the formative process for some time, was finally consummated by the council, which adjourned in Chicago some days ago. The name selected to represent this union is "The United Churches, Comprising the Congregational Churches, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ and the Methodist Protestant Church." The policy determined on will embrace a national council and State and district associations. The creed adopted affirms faith in God the Father, Jesus Christ the Redeemer and the Holy Spirit that moves to repentance and faith. It does not pretend to be a complete system of doctrine, and leaves room for local creeds.



A LULLABY.

Rockaby, baby, the sun has set,
The world has gone to its rest;
The robin has ended his sunset hymn
And lies asleep in his nest.
The heavens are dark but the golden stars
Shine forth to brighten the sky.
So rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
My dear one, rockaby.

The leaves are asleep on the forest trees,
The bees have gone to rest;
The sun is asleep behind the clouds,
And you on your mother's breast.
Hark, how clearly the night wind sings
As he goes rushing by;
Rockaby, baby, and lullaby, love;
Dear lambkin, rockaby.

The owls are awake and clearly hoot
From their perches on the trees,
Singing their night song shrill and loud
To the fickle evening breeze.
But the breeze speeds by and listens ne'er
So they sing to the stars in the sky,
While mother holds her babe to her breast
And sings a lullaby.

The stars, they list to the owls' shrill hoots,
Caressing them with their beams,
While troops of fays steal down to earth
And weave 'round you their dreams.
But the moon shines on serene and fair
On her starry throne on high,
While mother sings to her sleeping babe
Her evening lullaby.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

SLANDER.

ANNIE M. DIEHL.

AS I utter the word, slander, I vividly draw in my mind a picture of a serpant with a long tongue saturated with a poisonous substance, watching to defile every person coming within its boundaries, and this is the slanderer.

Many innocent persons have suffered in silence the petty effects of scandal! Homes have been broken up, friends, brothers and sisters separated for life by this vile serpent.

Think of it for a moment, persons professing godliness to traverse the country over just for a little scandal! and yet, such is often the case!

Can there be any trait in humanity more degrading? Solomon says, "He that uttereth a slander is a fool." God placed us here for a truer and nobler purpose than to be a scandal-monger, then let us try to live above everything degrading.

There is a sad propensity in our fallen nature to listen to the retailers of petty scandal.

We quote the following from some writer:

"Without any intention of doing injury to a neighbor, a careless remark, relative to some minor fault of his, may be seized by a babbler, and as it passes through the babbling tribe, each one adds to its bulk and gives its color a darker hue until it assumes the magnitude and blackness of slander.

"So deep does the slanderer sink in the murky waters of degradation and infamy, that could an angel apply an Archimedean moral lever to him with heaven for a fulcrum, he could not in a thousand years raise him to a convict felon.

"Do you profess to pity the unfortunate girl whose lover has proven false, and turn and smile on her betrayer? O, shame! Prove your friendship to the broken-hearted sister by loathing such a man; no kindness demands the risk of trusting him who has once betrayed and blighted a pure, young life!

Be careful then—lest you only add to an already broken heart a greater burden; by a whisper that wandered from ear to lip—from lip to ear, until it reached that gentle heart—only to bring a deeper sorrow to a life you might have lifted up, by one little word of kindness and encouragement."

See the young man or woman rising above the turmoils of life, and how quick the slanderer will use his deadly fangs to drag them down to his level? Don't be discouraged. There can be no surer sign you are winning fame. Strive on, young man, young woman. Live above any and every thing that is not pure and noble—and by so doing you will accomplish your highest aim in life, and when your earthly career is nearing a close—how sweet it will be to know you have lived a useful life!

How many hearts are weary;
How many lives are sad.
How many days are dreary,
Which should be only glad;
If we could but remember,
So much depends on us;
Dismiss from mind our evil thoughts,
And lift our neighbors up;
Each life would be a blessing;
Each person find a work,
We'd find no time for Slander,
Which now around us lurks.

Jonesboro, Tenn.

THE PLACE OF LOVE.

Love is not all of life. Too much is made of it, in all the books and plays. Young girls grow to think it the central idea of existence. Once achieved, nothing else (they think) will matter. And because of this very viewpoint, mistaken and warped as it is, it turns out that love proves even less satisfying and more disastrous than it would have been if kept in its proper perspective.

It is a beautiful thing for a man and a woman to love each other so much that they desire to spend their lives together, helping each other and sharing all experiences, whether of sorrow or joy. But it is not, after all, the whole of life; rather only an aid to living.

The main thing, to any woman as well as to any man, is a matter of character, of useful occupation, of happiness and usefulness in living. If love is an aid to these ends it serves its proper place and is to be welcomed. If it is permitted to overshadow and crowd them out of their right perspective as the real object of life, it is usurping its authority and assuming too much.

It was not meant that we should live solely to love; but rather that we should love in order to live wholesomely, happily, and usefully.

Only as love is kept thus in its proper place can it bring strength or lasting happiness.—*Exchange.*

BACTERIA AND HOUSEKEEPING.

It is curious how modern science, in its researches into the infinitely little, confirms and explains the traditions of the elders in housekeeping. Without knowing why, our grandmothers sought and found the how of many things. The scalding of milk-pans, for example, has gone on for uncounted generations before the present instructed one, which knows that heat kills the bacteria that produce souring in milk. The modern housekeeper who boils up her moldy jelly or working preserves over again, understands that the microörganisms which cause mold and ferment, die before the boiling point is reached. But good housekeepers knew the same fact, though not its explanation, centuries ago, and acted upon it successfully. They did not know the theory of the yeast-plant, but they raised their dough in a warm, even temperature, and knew how to prepare, with potatoes and hops, the exact culture medium in which the "wild yeasts" forever floating in the air, or present in the bit of leaven, would best develop and flourish. Home-made yeast and home-made bread are very scientific affairs, but the good housekeeper perfected them, empirically, before domestic science was dreamed of.

Nevertheless, the woman who is really interested in her housekeeping will find the subject of domestic bacteria, so to speak, a fascinating one. The idea of these myriads of invisible organisms, forever filling the air, the water, the food, fighting with man for his possessions, and often for his life, is at first a trifle terrifying. How can one woman conquer and baffle the millions of attacking germs that assail her house from refrigerator to linen-closet—the mildew, the ferments, the molds, the disease germs? One is reminded of the hopeless and terrified mother who, after hearing a lecture on germs, taught her children to sit in corners, because there were fewer bacteria floating there, she reasoned, than out in the middle of the room! Yet it is only a little learning that is a dangerous thing. When the further facts are realized that nearly all bacteria are harmless, that practically all can be circumvented by ordinary care, and that some (like yeast and "mother of vinegar") can even be domesticated and made to serve valuable uses, the horizon brightens. To fight in daylight is far easier, after all, than to grapple in the darkness of ignorance with a foe whose plan of campaign we know nothing about.

There is the scientific rationale of sweeping, for example. The notable housewife has always hated dust, but ignorantly. Now she knows why—knows that millions of microörganisms lurk in every ridgy fluff swept under the bureau by eye-serving Norah, and that no broom and dustpan can ever war effectively against the enemy. A room that is swept in the most careful way only ends by having its air filled by bacteria in consequence, since bacteria, being heavier than air, gradually sink to the floor if let alone, and stay there until stirred up by the broom. The best housekeepers for some time back have substituted rugs for carpets, and had them taken out of doors to have them swept and shaken, meanwhile wiping up the floor with a damp cloth. It will be recognized that this, and this only, is the scientific way to clean a room of germ-laden dust. The new "pneumatic dusting" by which the dust is drawn out of a room by the suction of a pneumatic tube, is also thoroughly scientific in its results.—*Priscilla Leonard, in The Interior.*

RECIPES.

LULA GOSHORN.

Baked Rice.—½ cup rice. 1 quart sweet milk. 1 tablespoonful sugar. Flavor with nutmeg or lemon extract and bake slowly until rice is done. More milk may be added if necessary.

Beef Loaf.—2 pounds beef. 1 pound fresh pork. 2 eggs. ½ cup cracker crumbs rolled fine. Small lump butter. Chop beef and pork fine, salt and pepper to season, mix all together, shape in a loaf or roll, and bake.

Fruit Bread.—1 egg well beaten, dash of pepper, pinch of salt, 1 pint sweet milk. Dip slices of stale

bread in this mixture and fry in butter until a nice brown.

Good Loaf Cake.—2 cups sugar, 1 cup butter, whites of 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup sweet milk, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoonful flavoring; 3 cups flour. Beat thoroughly, bake in moderate oven.

Layer Cake.—2 cups sugar stirred to a cream with a generous ½ cup lard and butter mixed 2 eggs slightly beaten, 1½ cups sweet milk, 4 scant cups flour and 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted together. Flavor with lemon, bake in three layers.

Cream Filling for Cake.—1 cup sugar, 1 cup cream, butter size of hickory nut. Cook until clear and a little thick. Put flavoring in after done cooking. Spread between cakes when cool. This must be carefully watched to prevent scorching.

Sponge Cake.—3 eggs well beaten, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoonful water, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 cup flour. Flavor to taste, beat well, bake in loaf in moderate oven.

Good Fruit Cake.—1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup butter, 1 teaspoonful soda, 1 tablespoonful cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful ground cloves, 1 cup buttermilk, 1 cup raisins, 3 cups flour, 1 egg. Roll the raisins in flour and add to batter last. Bake about one hour in moderate oven.

Ladoga, Ind.

SOME SIMPLE REMEDIES.

A glass of hot water taken before breakfast will frequently relieve sick headache, constipation, biliousness and indigestion.

To check vomiting when other means fail, take a teaspoonful of whole black mustard seed and apply spice of mustard plaster to the stomach and wrists.

For the sting of a bee or wasp nothing is better to neutralize the poison than tobacco cut fine and applied to the wound. A raw onion will also give relief.

To relieve catarrh in the head, the frequent use of cold salt water is said to be excellent; another simple and very effective remedy is to snuff equal parts of powdered borax and white sugar.

For sleepless nights, wet a cloth in cold water and lay on the back of the head and neck; fold a towel smoothly over it and very often the brain will be soothed and the nerves quieted better than by an opiate.

The common mullen leaf boiled in new milk and sweetened is a very effective remedy for diarrhea; to relieve summer complaint in children, give blackberry cordial or tea made of the root of either the blackberry or raspberry bush.

A bilious attack may be soon overcome by taking the juice of one or two lemons in a goblet of water before retiring and in the morning before rising. Taken on an empty stomach the lemon has an opportunity to work on the system.

An eye wash which is perfectly harmless is made from two grains of sulphate of zinc, one-half grain of morphine and one ounce of distilled water; mix and bottle. Put a drop in the eyes and keep them closed for some time. Many firstclass oculists prescribe a wash made by dissolving a teaspoonful of powdered borax in water.—*Eleanor R. Parker.*

IN MAKING OMELETS.

A cooking school expert gives directions for making omelets that sound practicable: To each egg allow a tablespoonful of water and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of butter. Add the water to the yolks of the eggs and beat until thick and lemon color. Salt and fold in the beaten whites of the eggs. Heat the omelet pan and let the butter run evenly over the bottom and sides before turning in the eggs. Cook slowly until the under part has browned slightly. Place on the center grate of the oven to finish the cooking. If the omelet sticks to the fingers like the white of egg, it is underdone. Fold gently and turn on a hot platter. Milk may be substituted for water. The method used in French kitchens is simple. The eggs are broken in a bowl and beaten with a fork enough to blend the whites and yolks. Some cooks beat them for several minutes, always using a fork. Few use any water or milk. The omelet pan is heated thoroughly, and when the butter crackles the eggs are poured in and stirred with the fork for a minute or two. The omelet is allowed to cook without touching for another minute, folded, and turned deftly on a platter.—*Selected.*

TO RENOVATE A BRUSSELS CARPET.

If you have a brussels carpet which has become soiled, sweep it thoroughly, then take a basin of well dampened sawdust to which two tablespoonfuls of ammonia have been added. Remove all, or most of the furniture, and with a clean scrub brush, scrub your carpet. Begin as you would a floor, taking a generous quantity of the sawdust, sprinkling on the carpet, and scrubbing till clean. Leave on the carpet until the whole is finished, then sweep up, and you will be surprised at the result. If you reside in a suburb and carpets are cleaned at home, this work is better done outside on the lawn after the carpet has been cleaned. After the scrubbing process, turn the carpet over, face down, and go over with a light rattan beater which will readily shake out the sawdust. This process is also excellent for cleaning rugs, or plush-covered furniture. Care should be taken not to leave any of the sawdust, and not to use the articles cleaned until thoroughly dried in the sun.—*Selected.*

THE MOST DEADLY INSTRUMENT.

"The second most deadly weapon of destruction," says a certain writer, "is the dynamite gun,—the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations and oftentimes ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omniscience might grow tired in tracing it to its finality. The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying, scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in a single year the aggregate sorrow, pain, and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue."

"A sharp tongue," says Irving, "is the only edge-tool that grows keener with constant use." That man has conquered his tongue who can allow the ribald jest or scurrilous words to die unspoken on his lips, and maintain a dignified silence amid reproaches and accusations and sneers and scoffs. General Grant, the silent man, had never a taste for questionable conversation. And William the Silent, the great statesman who founded the Dutch Republic, was so discreet in his speech that one of his enemies said an injudicious word was never known to fall from his lips. A bridled tongue indicates a mastered life.

"His nay was nay without recall;
His yea was yea and powerful all;
He gave his yea with powerful heed,
His thoughts and words were well agreed;
His word was bond and seal."

—*Stepping Stones.*

For the Children

AN AFTERNOON'S AMUSEMENT.

How slowly the hours passed! Only 3 o'clock, and it seemed days to Harry since morning!

Poor Harry had been ill; and now, although he was much better, he had to lie in bed from morning till night. Mother had read to him and told him stories and he had looked at pictures; but now there seemed nothing left to do.

Two big tears slowly found their way out from under the eyelids which were shut tight to keep them back; for Harry was not a very little boy and would have scorned to cry had he been strong and well. Now he felt so weak and tired.

Just then mother came up to the bed and somehow her bright smile cheered Harry up wonderfully. She had both hands behind her and Harry wondered what she had for him.

"You can never guess," she said. "It is round and lighter than air and is a bright red."

"It is—no, it can't be; but I can never guess it, I know!" exclaimed Harry.

Just then, above mother's shoulder, Harry saw it—a bright red toy balloon.

"Why, what am I to do with it?" he asked.

His mother held the balloon by a string about a yard long, which was fastened to it. "You hold on to the string," she told Harry, "while I get some paper."

Harry watched her. She tore quite a good-sized piece out of a newspaper and then she took the balloon and tied the paper to the end of the string and let go. Harry thought, of course, it would go up to the ceiling; but no, down it came until the paper rested on the floor.

Then mother tore off some of the paper to make it lighter and let it go again. It was going up this time, surely: no, down it came and again rested on the floor. Some more paper was torn off, and this time it did not go to the floor, but sailed about the room as the little currents of air moved it.

Harry watched it. It hovered over the bed and then moved away again. It would be so quiet for several minutes and Harry would wonder if it would again come toward the bed; and soon back it would come.

Before Harry knew it, his mother brought him his supper and the lights were lit and the long afternoon had passed.—*Selected.*

A CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet,
And her age was half-past three;
And she lived in a house on Wellington street,
In the yard with the walnut-tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Was almost half-past four;
And he said, when they gave him a baseball and bat,
That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence;
At an end were all life's joys,
As she saw the friend of her youth depart
"To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith
Up to the field marched he;
But his eyes were blacked and his head was whacked,
And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "baby," because he cried,
Did Teddy and Willie and Tim;
And they chased him away when he threatened to tell,
And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence,
And her face wore a joyful smile
When Harold Percival Marmaduke said
He'd play with her "once in a while."

—St. Nicholas.



THE RURAL LIFE

MEAT PACKING INDUSTRY.

W. C. FRICK.

XVI. Odds and Ends.

ODDS and ends of packers' products are converted into sausage. We propose to make this the sausage-product of our series of articles and will endeavor to make it as spicy as the law allows.

The first impression one receives upon a visit to a packing establishment is exerted upon his olfactory sense, or sense of smell. Milady as she begins her visit to the plant quite involuntarily urges her handkerchief to her nose. If you think she can tell you the reason why she does it, just ask her. We who are accustomed to the surroundings declare the odor makes us to grow fat.

It is astonishing the number of animals that are consumed in a week's time. Previous to my initiation into the pleasant phases of packing-house life, the greatest drove of cattle I ever saw were grazing in a northern Indiana pasture field and numbered less than thirty head. In a single moment, my first experience on a beef-killing bed, I saw at least two hundred and fifty head of cattle in process of dressing and passing out of sight at the rate of two hundred and twenty-five hourly. My first thought on recovering from my surprise was, "Where did they all come from?" and secondly, "Who will eat it all?"

Occasionally a steer gets loose on the killing beds, becomes frantic over the sight of the cattle and blood and the crying of the laborers. Then an interesting sight is presented. Americans, Germans, Polacks, Italians, Dagoes, Negroes, etc., etc., climbing up ladders, scaffolds and every other point of safety like so many monkeys in a tropical forest. Nor is the steer captured without great difficulty. Occasionally he is driven into a pen again, more often the cords in his rear hoofs are severed, making it impossible for him to walk further and he is then promptly dispatched. More rarely he is lassooed from the rafters above and once I saw one shot while dozens of workmen looked on from various points of safety. While I was not myself a witness I am told that one day a steer ran through a third-story window, landed on a car filled with coal, tumbled to the ground and continued a zigzag course through the packing district.

Very rarely a hog fails to be bled, probably because of oversight. Before the error is discovered he has been dropped into the tank where he undergoes a boiling hot bath of about five minutes, goes through the automatic scraper alive and is almost entirely denuded and by the Government Inspector is promptly condemned. This scene reminds one of the groans and shrieks which were elicited from those unfortunate persons that were operated upon before the discovery of anæsthesia.

Some people cast their pearls before swine. Indeed it would seem quite possible from the variety of things found in the stomachs of various animals. For instance, a few days ago a large handful of the contents of the stomach of a pig was removed and in it I counted over fifty nails and parts of nails, some straight, some crooked, a couple of spike-nails and a number of staples. I, being a prospective M. D., was asked what might have been prescribed to cause their removal. It was suggested they must have laid pretty heavy upon its stomach.

Two things the packers haven't yet made use of, the perfume which pervades the atmosphere for miles around and the pigs' squeal.

The latest interesting sight which I witnessed was the total collapse of scaffolds holding about fifty tons of summer sausage. The scaffolding was too light for the load and all went down upon a great heap.

This concludes our series. Separate the packing houses and stock yards of Chicago with the homes of the people who are employed by these concerns, separate them from the rest of the city and there remains still a city of no small extent and population. In these articles we have dealt exclusively with such processes as are concerned in the production proper of meats and meat products, and have by no means covered that field.

To add to that part of the scope which we omitted the processes concerned in disposing of the by-products, would indeed consume many pages of our popular magazine.

* * *

ECONOMY no more means saving money than spending money. It means spending and saving, whether time or money, or anything else, to the best possible advantage.—*John Ruskin.*

FARMING AND HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

D. B. HOSTETLER.

FARMING in all countries is not necessarily conducted alike. In very few countries specializing will do, but in Pennsylvania and most other countries rotation of crops is necessary. The wheat cannot say to the corn, "We don't need you," nor can the cornfodder say to the hay, "You are not needed," nor can the corn say to the straw, "We can get along without you." Nor should the farmer say, "It don't pay to farm or raise wheat when the price is low."

In any country where the land needs fertilizer it makes no difference how cheap wheat, corn, hay or straw is, farming always did pay; it has proved itself a paying business and farming always will pay.

"Why," says some one, "not all farmers get rich." That is very true, but they have a living, whether they farm their own farm or farm on shares and what more would they have were they employed at any other occupation? It is not necessary for one to own a farm, it is safer to farm on shares than own a farm and not be able to stock it right.

Now catch on to the secret of successful farming or how to make farming pay: Have enough capital to stock the farm to its utmost capacity and centralize a little and concentrate one's energies along the special line, stock business.

Perhaps a great many would farm now that are not, if they had the capital to stock a farm.

A farmer's money should not come to him by way of hay and grain alone, but mostly by selling live stock, butter and eggs. It pays well to raise horses at this present time. Give it a thought and let manure and lime be the fertilizer.

There are many young men that ought to be farming. There are also some aged farmers that should retire at once. When one farms twenty years and more he should be excusable.

Chambersburg, Pa.

PROTECTION FROM CUT-WORMS.

As the season of the year is approaching when the "pesky cut-worm" begins to show signs of taking up its old trade again, it behooves the gardener to try to take up his cudgels of defense for his garden truck.

Here in the South they are very numerous, and the damage done to early vegetables, such as cabbages, tomatoes, melons, etc., is very great, and you all know the saying, "the early bird catches the worm," is equally true with gardeners, for it is the early truck that brings top-notch prices, but if the cut-worms go along and cut off everything in sight, the profit is all gone perhaps in a single night.

Now the writer plants for sale, and has most of her cabbage in the ground in March; as the cut-worms do their most destructive work during the cool weather, what to do to save the young plants from the "pesky pest" has been a serious problem to myself and many others.

As we plant on a small scale, many of the tomato and cabbage plants are transplanted in pots each by itself, and growing under glass long before it is time to set in the ground, in this way tomatoes are nicely budded and cabbage ready to head by the time most of my neighbors' seeds are through the ground.

Two years ago we decided there must be more plants to set out early. Not having, at the time, cans (for pots) I made paper pots, folding paper to three thicknesses, and drawing ends together, making a pot as large as a quart can, or larger if the plant required it, tied a string around the middle to hold them together, set them in a shallow box, holding about fifty, filled with good soil, and put a tomato in each one. The paper cup was filled within an inch and a half of the top; when time came to set them in the ground, each cup was set in the holes prepared for them, without disturbing them at all. This allows it to keep right on growing without having to take a new start. The paper protrudes above the ground about one and one-half inches, and seems to protect, as no cut-worms attempt to climb over the top of the paper pot. Last spring we did the same thing, and all plants were let alone as before.

Now believing this to be a good thing, easily and quickly done, I send it, hoping others will try and report.

One might think the papers would soon tear out, but not so. As there are no bottoms, they must set on boards or in boxes, and are crowded close which holds sides together, and by transplanting time, paper sticks fast to dirt, and the roots hold soil together. Where cans are used, melt all seams, tie and set in boxes, same as paper cans. At transplanting, set can and all. After cut-worms have quit work, loosen soil around can, cut string, remove can without destroying roots. This way they can be set so as to form protection same as when using paper cans.—*W. M. Knower.*

P. S.—Since writing the above have transplanted my plants to garden this spring. The moles bother us very badly, but I notice while many plants, planted in the ordinary way have been lifted up, they have gone around every one where they are in paper cans so far.—*W. M. K.*

SOME TROUBLESOME INSECTS.

THE common current or gooseberry worm is the larvæ or false-caterpillar of a saw-fly. Saw-flies belong to the same order as the wasps, but in place of stings, they are provided with saw-like implements with which they are enabled to cut slits in the foliage

or bark of vegetation. They are mostly small, thick-waisted creatures with four wings, the color being often black or yellowish.

This saw-fly lays its eggs in rows along the ribs of currant or gooseberry leaves, where they hatch into small, whitish false-caterpillars, which turn green after a time. Later, many black dots appear on the body, and just before they are ready to spin up in a cocoon, they change once more to green with yellowish extremities. The larvæ of saw-flies may always be distinguished from those of moths and butterflies, by the number of feet, there being always six true, jointed legs and twelve to sixteen false legs; while true caterpillars, with very few exceptions, have only ten false legs.

When full grown the larvæ spins a cocoon, usually in rubbish near the base of the plant, although they may go just beneath the surface of the soil. The cocoon is oval in form and thin, being papery in texture. There are two broods a year, but they are not well defined. The adults come out at various periods, and therefore more than one dose of poison is sometimes required to control the pest.

The simplest, best remedy is a solution of one ounce of fresh white hellebore in three gallons of water, sprinkled or sprayed on the bushes *when the first worms appear*. Delay means disaster, for these ravenous worms, left unmolested a few days, will strip a bush of all its foliage, and then of what avail is treatment? After the first new leaves come on currants and gooseberries, examine the bushes each day; and the moment you see a sign of a worm, get busy!

When the leaves begin to grow, the canker-worm may commence to move up on the trunks of fruit and other trees. Bands of tar or printer's ink, if put on the tree trunks in time, will catch many of the pests.

Every farmer who grows apples should get ready to fight the codling-moth. How? First, by purchasing a first-class spray pump.

Currant and gooseberry bushes are often injured by the borer. The egg is laid about June 1st. When hatched, the young borer works its way into the cane, and remains until the following spring, eating out the pith and causing death of cane. As soon as the leaves start, the affected parts are easily discovered, and should be cut out and burned at once. Now is a good time to discover infested cane.

Look out for climbing cutworms, which feed on the buds and new shoots of the newly-set fruit trees. Also remember that some cutworms do not climb, but busy themselves in the easy job of cutting through the stems of tomatoes, cabbages and similar plants. For either kind of cutworms, for tree or plant, a little tar-paper fence inserted in the ground and with ends tightly lapped, is the surest safeguard. Three inches above ground is enough; all parts of the circle should be at least two inches away from the plant or tree.

One serious factor contributing to San Jose infestation in many localities is the osage-orange hedges. Hedges are the favorite gathering places of many birds, and the birds are the principal means of the distribution of the scale. It is only rarely that one finds one of these hedges that is not a harbor for the San Jose scale louse. One unfortunate feature is that the hedge is so hardy that the pest, though killing many parts and causing it to present a ragged appearance, seldom kills it outright; therefore, it stands as a continual menace.—*Farm Journal.*

A NEW FIBER PLANT.

Samples have been received in Washington of the fiber of a new plant discovered in Brazil, which, according to the United States consul at Rio de Janeiro, may revolutionize the linen industry of the world. Experiments have reached a point where it is stated, without question, that the fiber is a success and that its influence will be felt in the fabric world.

The plant is virtually a weed growing from 12 to 18 feet high in four or five months, resembling in general appearance the hemp. It is hardy, requires no special cultivation, and matures so rapidly that three crops a year can be grown.

The fiber runs generally into three grades, the finest of which corresponds to the best linen, the second to coarse linen, and the third to European hemp. From the fiber of the plant, therefore, come both fine linen and strong rope. The residue of the plant is suitable for the manufacture of fine writing paper, so that every portion of the plant can be used for some industrial purpose.

The process of producing fiber from the new plant has just been patented in the United States. Whether the plant can be grown in the southern portion of the Pacific coast regions of America free from frost is not yet known. The subject merits the investigation of the agricultural and industrial authorities.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

THE INFLUENCE OF TREES.

A writer in the Minnesota *Horticulturist* says:

"There are but few people in the world who do not admire noble trees on streets or country roads and wherever they are found, such thoroughfares are the favorite drives.

"The man who plants trees is not only a public benefactor; he, besides, ministers to his own well being, physical, mental and spiritual. He deserves credit for altruistic work, and he displays good judgment in securing contentment for himself, thereby affording a double motive for his endeavors. Honor and happiness will be his reward."

Every man is a genius, did he but know it; for he has latent capacities waiting to come into exercise whenever he allows himself to forget his finitude in contemplating and obeying the Infinite, which incessantly calls to him from within. If he listens to the voice it grows louder; if he obeys, it becomes more authoritative—until in time, he forgets the impotence of the lower self and identifies his life habitually with the higher.—*Frank H. Sprague.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Money Enough Without.

A rather poor family unexpectedly came into possession of a fortune. They purchased a large farm with hens, cows, and pigs. One day the little daughter of the family was showing a visitor about the place, says Everybody's.

"Do your hens lay many eggs?" he inquired interestedly.

"Oh, they can," was the haughty reply, "but in our new position they don't have to."

Items of Interest.

China and Japan between them produce 12,500 tons of silk yearly.

The eggs of the Algerian locust yield a rich oil, which burns well.

In France the average span of life is now seven years longer than it was 60 years ago.

Queen Elizabeth is said to have possessed no fewer than 80 outfits of false hair.

The sound of a bell which can be heard 45,000 feet through water can be heard through the air only 456 feet.

A ton of water from the Atlantic Ocean, when evaporated, yields 81 pounds of salt; a ton of Pacific water, 79 pounds; and water from the Dead Sea, 187 pounds.

King Henry I. had an arm 36 inches long. That is why the English yard is its present length, a little fact which many students have learned and forgotten.

The largest mule in the world, so it is said, is owned by Luke Emerson, of Bowling Green, Mo. She is called Missouri Queen and stands 18½ hands high, weighing 2,260 pounds.

During the past six years, in the course of seventy-three wars or military and naval expeditions in Asia and Africa, Great Britain has had 8,678 men killed and 23,733 wounded.

Why He Would Be Absent.

A suburban train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of '94. Finally it came to a dead stop and all efforts to start it again were futile, says Everybody's.

In the wee, small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snowdrifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office to-day. Not home yesterday yet."

A small boy who lived with his aunt and grandma, noticed that the regular black-pepper shaker was filled with red pepper. This startled him and, turning to his aunt, who sat next at the table, he said "You better not eat any of that red pepper, Aunt Harriet; grandma says that red pepper kills ants."

"Have you taken everything you need, Jim?" asked the mother of James Delaney Atherton, aged twelve, who was about to start for a week's trip with his father. "You'd better let me look at your bag."

"Everything's in it," said the boy, who was in a fever to be off. "Every single thing I need."

"Brush and comb?" queried the mother.

"Brush and comb?" cried James Delaney Atherton, indignantly. "Why, Mother Atherton, I thought I was going on a vacation."—Exchange.

Reporter—To what do you attribute your great age?

Oldest Inhabitant—I hain't sure yet, sir. There be several o' them patent medicine companies as is bargaining with me.—Punch.

Guest.—Ah, Mrs. Blank, I seldom get as good a dinner as this!

Little Johnny.—Neither do we.

She (to fellow listener at musicale)—What do you think of his execution?

He—I'm in favor of it.

The man with the red whiskers looked defiant. "No, sir," he declared, "I won't believe anything I can't see for myself." The pale party pondered. "Very well," he said after a moment. "I was going to tell you your necktie's up behind, but I suppose it's no good if you feel that way."

"Some people start in to save for a rainy day and then become frightened at the first little cloud."

A mother of three little boys who had gone to the country to spend the summer received the following postal from the eldest: "Dear Mother: I want to be the first to write to you, so wrote this before I left home, and will mail it when we reach Livingston. We are all well and sound. Excuse the writing, because you keep coming into the room. Your loving son, William."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

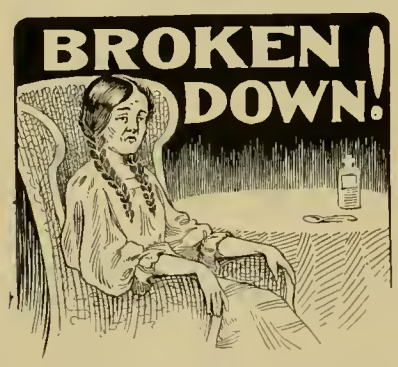
I can tell you of 12 quarter sections of WHEAT LAND near Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, you can buy at $5 an acre less than worth because they MUST BE SOLD QUICK. D. A. Stoker, Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

Neff's Corner

We had services at the little white churchhouse in Lake Arthur last Sunday (we have them every Sunday for that matter) and as I observed that a considerable part of the congregation was made up of people from Neff's Corner houses, I thought that while the church is a good thing for Neff's Corner, Neff's corner moreover is a good thing for the church. And really in conditions like these in New Mexico, the driving of nails, applying paint and hanging paper may have a considerable of a missionary aspect if done with the right motive. And another point for you to keep in mind is that those of you who invest here are not only helping the cause here, but you make enough out of your investment that you are better able to do good elsewhere with your income than if your means were invested less profitably.

But some, I suppose, doubt whether there is enough stability to things down here to hold out. Of course if the country is no good, the towns will soon play out. Well, to give you an idea of what this country stands for agriculturally, I mention that a well-to-do brother and one who knows financially what he is about is paying $10.00 per acre rent this season for alfalfa land. A tract of improved land changed hands near town here the other day for a consideration of something near $40,000. There's really something to this country. And as another evidence that these investments pay I cite the fact that brethren invest, try it awhile and then invest more. Checks, money orders, registered leters and letters of inquiry lately received from Virginia, Pennsylvania, Iowa, and Oklahoma, belong to this class. If you are interested, address

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living, I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

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THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,.
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depth of air —
Comes a still voice:—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements;
To be a brother to the insensible rock.
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun; the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks,
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, and the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone!
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friends
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE TWO GARDENERS.

Two gardeners once, beneath an oak,
Lay down to rest, when Jack thus spoke—
"You must confess, dear Will, that nature
Is but a blundering kind of creature;
And I—nay, why that look of terror?
Could teach her how to mend her error."
"Your talk," quoth Will, "is bold and odd,
What you call **nature**, I call **God**."
"Well, call him by what name you will,"
Quoth Jack, "he manages but ill;
Nay, from the very tree we're under,
I'll prove that providence can blunder."
Quoth Will, "Through thick and thin you dash,
I shudder, Jack, at words so rash;
I trust to what the Scriptures tell,
He **hath done always** all things well."
Quoth Jack, "I'm lately grown a wit,
And think all good a **lucky hit**.
To prove that Providence can err,
Not words, but facts, the truth aver.
To this vast oak lift up thine eyes,
Then view that acorn's paltry size;
How foolish on a tree so tall,
To place that tiny cup and ball.
Now look again, yon pompion see,
It weighs two pounds at least, nay three;
Yet this large fruit, where is it found?
Why, meanly trailing on the ground.
Had Providence asked my advice,
I would have changed it in a trice;
I would have said at Nature's birth,
Let acorns creep upon the earth;
But let the pompion, vast and round,
On the oak's lofty boughs be found."
He said—and as he rashly spoke,
Lo! from the branches of the oak
A wind, which suddenly arose,
Beat showers of acorns on his nose;
"Oh! Oh!" quoth Jack, "I'm wrong I see,
And God is wiser far than me.
For did a shower of pompions large,
Thus on my naked face discharge,
I had been bruised and blinded quite,
What Heaven appoints I find is right;
Whene'er I'm tempted to rebel,
I'll think how light the acorns fell;
Whereas on oaks had pompions hung,
My broken skull had stopped my tongue."

—H. More, in Christian Orator.

Fifty acres of the best corn land in Iowa or Illinois.

An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

A price guaranteed by government of 40c a bushel, paid right on the farm.

This would make an income of $24.00 per acre, or $1200 on the 50 acres.

Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

This income of $1200 is the very highest that could possibly be expected. It is several shades above the average, especially when considering occasional poor crops, freight charges, etc. And yet, even considering these things, this corn land is among the best land in the world and millions of dollars are made on it every year. If a man has a good corn farm in Iowa or Illinois he thinks he is pretty well fixed.

OR

20 acres of Hazelwood irrigated land.

An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

A price of from $10 to $12 per ton in the stack, owing to its being only a two hours' wagon haul to Spokane (It has never been less and often more. Alfalfa is retailing now in Spokane for $15 to $17 per ton.)

Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

Price $250 per acre, or 20 acres for $5000.

This income of $1200 on alfalfa is bedrock, the very lowest that can be expected, if the land is properly handled. That makes it an absolutely safe investment. It is as certain as 2 per cent on government bonds.

By raising fruit or vegetables several times as much can be made. From $300 to $500, and even as high as $700 per acre, has been made on land no better than this, and, considering the market, not so good.

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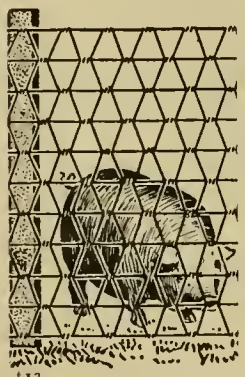
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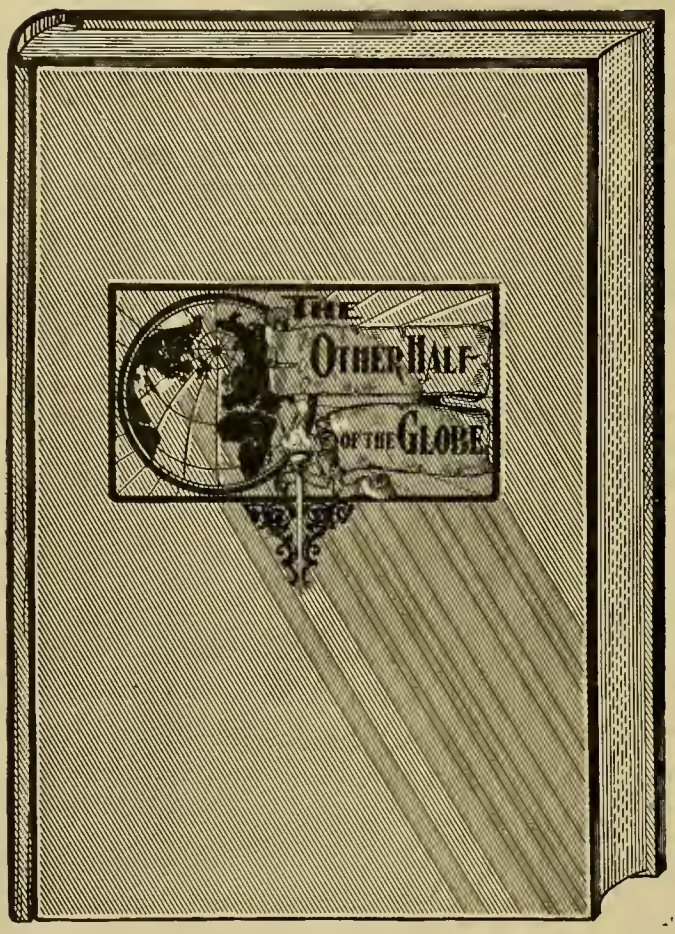
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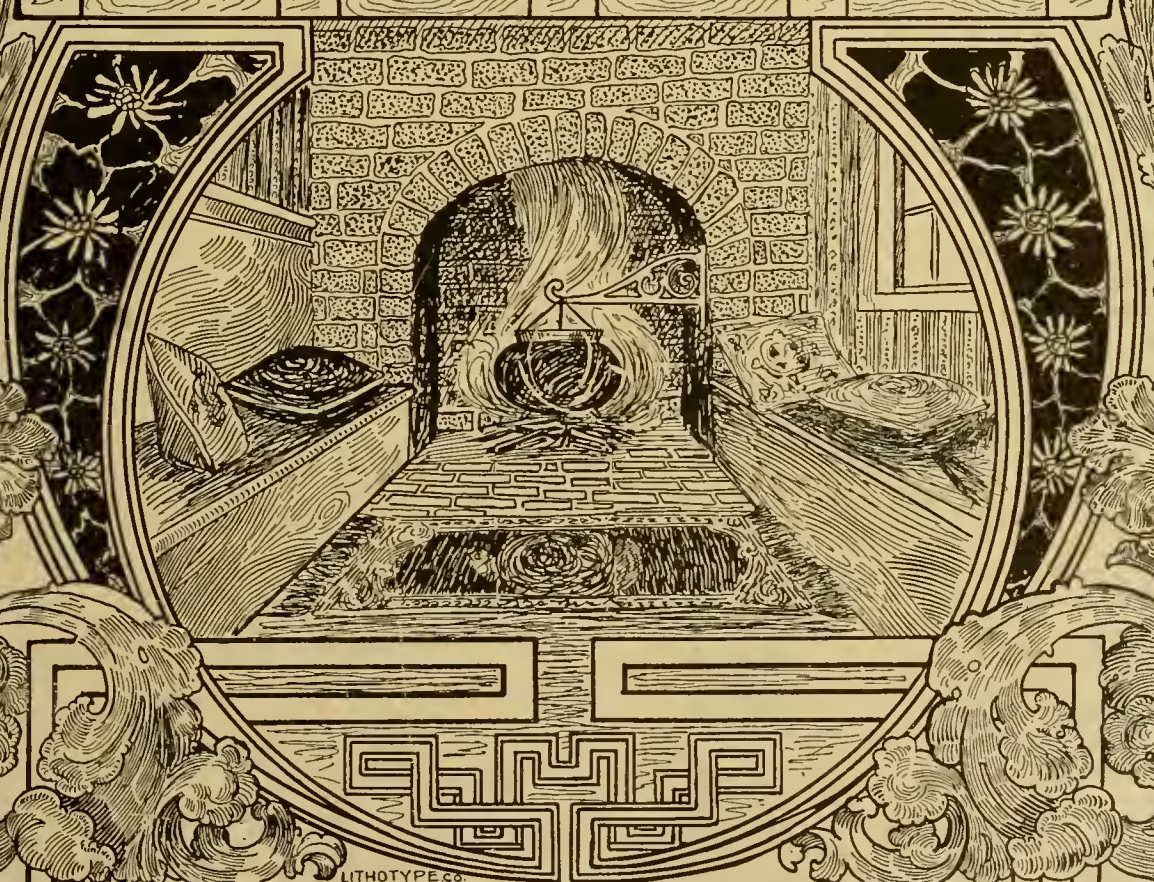
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

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Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
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Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
GRAND LODGE, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS
Seattle, Washington, July 16-22, 1907.

DATES OF SALE	April 25 to May 18, inclusive.	June 22 to July 5, incl.	April 25 to May 18 incl.; June 8 to 15 incl.; ‡June 20 to July 12 incl.		June 20 to July 12 inclusive		June 20 to July 12 inclusive	
DESTINATIONS	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	‡For tickets sold June 22 to July 5, incl. account N. E. A. rate will be $2.00 higher — San Francisco, Cal.		Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle Bellingham, Everett, Washington Vancouver, Victoria & New Westminister, B. C.	Portland, Oregon	Spokane, Wash.	
ROUTES	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and Union Pacific (or any direct line) in the other	Via Union Pacific in one direction and Portland and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other	Via Union Pacific in one or both directions	Via Union Pacific in one direction and St. Paul in the other
FROM								
CHICAGO,	62.50	64.50	75.00	75.00	62.50	62.50	54.00	54.00
PEORIA,	59.25	61.25	71.75	71.75	58.00	58.00	50.50	50.50
ST. LOUIS,	57.50	59.50	70.00	70.00	57.50	57.50	50.00	50 00
DES MOINES,	54.25	56.25	66.75	68.90	54.00	54.00	46.50	46.50
ST. PAUL,	59.90	61.90	68.90	†68.90	54.00	‡54.00	46.50	‡46.50
SIOUX CITY,	52.00	54.00	63.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46 50
Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City, Mo., Leavenworth, Kan., St. Joseph, Mo., Council Bluffs, Ia., and Omaha, Neb.	50.00	52.00	62.50	68.90	50.00	54.00	42.50	46.50

†Via Portland in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.
‡Via direct line in one direction and Council Bluffs or Kansas City and Union Pacific R. R. in the other.

LIMITS:

FOR TICKETS SOLD	GOING TRANSIT LIMIT IS	AND FINAL RETURN LIMIT
April 25th to May 18th, inclusive.	July 26th.	July 31, 1907.
June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

GOING TRIP—Going trip must begin on date of purchase of ticket and stopovers may be had at any point enroute prior to midnight of "Going Transit Limit" as shown above.

RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Omaha, Neb.

WHO EVER HEARD OF THE LIKE

NOTICE EVENTS AND DATES

Jan. 1st, 1906 Butte Valley looked upon as an ideal Valley for colonization.

Feb. 1st, 1906 Silas Smith's second wife issued in book form.

May 16th, 1906 Committee of investigation sent to examine territory as to location, soil, altitude, temperature, etc. Favorable report.

June 1st, 1906 Stereopticon lectures at Annual Conference, Springfield, Ill. 3,000 acres of land sold.

August 14th, 1906 First Excursion party entered Valley and selected hundreds of acres of land for homes.

Oct. 10th, second party entered Valley and negotiated for themselves and friends.

Nov. 5th, 1906 Church organized and properly officered. Church decides to erect meetinghouse. Building committee elected. Members entering Valley almost daily.

Jan. 26th, 1907 Southern Pacific R. R. reports all possible effort being made to finish railroad to Butte Valley if possible in time for Annual Conference at Los Angeles.

Feb. 26th, 1907 California Butte Valley Company furnishes ground, lumber, land, carpenter, for Butte Valley Brethren Church. Church building-committee sees the necessity of enlarging plans on account of rapid imigration even before church is begun.

April 1st, 1907 report from Valley shows 50 resident members of the Church and twelve enroute. Attendance at church 75. Applications for preaching services at different points, 4.

May 2nd, 1907 Brethren's Special Excursion Train leaves Chicago for Los Angeles via Butte Valley.

List of Purchasers Who Have Made Selections in Butte Valley

E. M. Wolfe
A. B. Campbell
H. F. Maust
Alvin Sword
Frank Zuck
Collin Puterbaugh
Charles Fifer
W. F. Nine
F. I. Johnson
Mrs. F. I. Johnson
(or Jennie Johnson)
D. M. Glick
B. F. Glick
I. H. Rosenberger
Charles Messick
David Plum
Effa Sharp
H. S. Sheller
O. S. Gilbert
Julia A. Gilbert
U. I. Kagey
Anna E. Risser
I. J. Hoffa
S. E. Moats
Mrs. F. A. Gross
(or Lelia E. Gross)
J. H. Slifer
Thos. Trice and Emma Trice
Rob't Miller and Alice E. Miller
H. H. Heckman
Geo. E. Wray
U. S .Blough and Mary S. Blough
R. A. Smith
J. Garver
A. M. Bechtel
J. W. Keefer
Philip Krausher
Thos. J. Rehm
John Rehm
J. S. Hershberger
I. M. Beekly
E. A. Stutsman
A. A. Smith
Maria A. Kuns
S. S. Flickinger
Fidel Keiliger
D. C. Campbell
S. P. Bownan
W. H. Gilbert
Samuel Smith
C. Rowland
W. C. Heisel
J. C. Funderburg
Amelia Law
Katharine Tadlock
J. M. Tadlock
A. T. Garrison
Frank Lapp
W. H. Maust
J. W. Miller
E. W. Miller
Jacob I. Hoffman
W. H. Lichty
O. J. Rothrock
Geo. G. Shirk
F. M. Shirk
J. B. Shirk
H. W. Miller
P. J. Summy and Myra J. Summy
O. M. Moore
W. M. Lentz
Forest Ullery
Elmer Gripe
Cath. Ruble
C. D. Aschenbrenner
H. P. Talhelm
Aaron Hufford
D. W. Stuff
Charles Moore
J. R. Clark
Barbara Moore
Edward T. Collins
J. R. Moore
Rose B. Harter
Martha V. McDonaugh
A. N. Huffmn
Mrs. Jennie Hutchins
J. M. Rupert
C. H. Massie
Emma Bermond
Joseph W. Maust
Austin E. Smith
Emma Trice
David M. Snider
A. L. Waterman
D. F. Stauffer
O. L. Mowrer
E. P. Mowrer
A. B. Smith
S. C. Eskeldson
J. S. Strickler
C. E. Rhodes
M. Eshelman
D. M. Fike
Isaiah Wheeler
Henry Metzger
J. S .Metzger
C. E. Metzger
Geo. W. Miller
Thos. B. Frydiger
S. S. Neher
Elva Lizer
F. S. Gilbert
W W. Musick
Gorden Applegate

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND CO., 504 Union Trust Bldg. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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Utah Needs More Farmers

The finest opportunities are now open in that state to secure its remaining undeveloped land on easy terms. This land will produce from $50 to $150 per acre in alfalfa and $100 per acre and upwards in sugar beets to start with. In the meantime you can start fruit trees in the same fields which in five years will yield from $500 to $1000 per acre.

There is so little farming land in Utah and the Mining and Manufacturing population is increasing so rapidly that agricultural values must always be on a high level.

We Can Sell You Land Which Will Yield the Purchaser 25 per cent on His Investment

We will cultivate and place the homeseeker on crop-bearing lands which will pay for themselves or we will continue to cultivate for part of the crop. Is not that sufficient evidence of our faith in these irrigated lands. If you go to Los Angeles this spring you can stop over a day and visit this land. We will give you free accommodation on the land.

Write Us for Particulars

UTAH COLONIZATION COMPANY,

607 Pioneer Press Bldg.,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fifty acres of the best corn land in Iowa or Illinois.

An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

A price guaranteed by government of 40c a bushel, paid right on the farm.

This would make an income of $24.00 per acre, or $1200 on the 50 acres.

Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

This income of $1200 is the very highest that could possibly be expected. It is several shades above the average, especially when considering occasional poor crops, freight charges, etc. And yet, even considering these things, this corn land is among the best land in the world and millions of dollars are made on it every year. If a man has a good corn farm in Iowa or Illinois he thinks he is pretty well fixed.

OR

20 acres of Hazelwood irrigated land.

An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

A price of from $10 to $12 per ton in the stack, owing to its being only a two hours' wagon haul to Spokane (It has never been less and often more. Alfalfa is retailing now in Spokane for $15 to $17 per ton.)

Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

Price $250 per acre, or 20 acres for $5000.

This income of $1200 on alfalfa is bedrock, the very lowest that can be expected, if the land is properly handled. That makes it an absolutely safe investment. It is as certain as 2 per cent on government bonds.

By raising fruit or vegetables several times as much can be made. From $300 to $500, and even as high as $700 per acre, has been made on land no better than this, and, considering the market, not so good.

The leading nurseryman of the northwest has bought 20 acres at Hazelwood for a nursery, as he considers it the best fruit land in the state.

Only 4 1-2 miles from Spokane, one of the best markets in the world. A sure market and no freight to pay.

Which is Better?

The **lowest** income on Hazelwood land equals the **highest** income on the corn land. If farmers get rich on the corn land, what can they do at Hazelwood? Write us and we will mail you a fine lithographed map, showing where this land is and all about it. EASY TERMS.

HAZELWOOD IRRIGATED FARMS CO.,

340 Riverside Ave. SPOKANE, WASH.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary

This is the original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with supplement and revises by Chauncey A. Goodrich, of Yale College. An American dictionary of the English language, containing the whole vocabulary of the first editions and the corrections and improvements of later editions. To this is added a table of synonyms, peculiar use of words and terms of the Bible. If you do not care to spend $9.00 or $10.00 for Webster's International Dictionary, which is the latest and best made, then get this book, which, for nearly all practical purposes, will serve you quite as well. It is printed from good, clear type and contains 1,600 pages. Cloth, $1.25.

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Weston, Umatilla County, Oregon, is in the land of 60-bushel wheat; where all crops are abundant without irrigation. Pleasant, beautiful climate; no pests; drouths, blizzards or cyclones unknown. Rich mountain farms, for raising grain, timothy, fruit, strawberries, potatoes, etc., may be had at reasonable figures. Fine opening at Weston for general store and produce market. Prosperous settlement of the Brethren here, who have a good new church building. Flourishing State Normal School and good public school. Brethren coming west to the Annual Conference at Los Angeles are invited to stop off and look at our country. Write for information to

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Real Estate Dealer, WESTON, OREGON

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In Answering Advertisements Please Mention The Inglenook

The Next Annual Conference

will be held in Los Angeles, California in May, 1907. This will be an opportunity of a lifetime to see the Land of Sunshine, Fruits and Flowers.

Special trains and itineraries have been arranged for the Brethren and friends who will go to the conference. One of these trains will go over the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

THROUGH

IDAHO

MAKING STOPS AT

NAMPA, PAYETTE and WEISER

where the BRETHREN CHURCHES are located. Then through Oregon, via Portland, and San Francisco to Los Angeles. Arrangements will be made for the benefit of those who go to Los Angeles by some other route, to return over the above route, giving the Brethren a longer time to visit friends in Oregon, Washington, and Idaho, also for those who intend to visit the YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Write for full particulars.

D. E. BURLEY,
G. P. A. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

S. BOCK, Immigration Agent,
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Thousands of People

have found homes and settled in SOUTHERN IDAHO and still there is room for thousands more in the fertile valleys along the

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.

The people are happy because they are prosperous and in a mild climate that is unsurpassed for healthfulness.

Fruit in abundance every year, and crops never fail. Go and see Idaho and be convinced.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

Homeseekers' round trip tickets will be sold to points along the O. S. L. R. R. in Idaho on the 1st and 3rd Tuesdays of February, March and April, 1907. The rates are as follows:

	From Chicago	From Peoria
To Boise, Idaho,	$49.50	$47.50
To Caldwell,	48.80	46.80
To Idaho Falls,	36.60	34.60
To Nampa,	48.30	46.30
To Twin Falls,	41.90	39.90
To Weiser,	51.90	49.90

Corresponding rates will be made from points east and west of Chicago.

Colonists one way Second Class Rates will be in effect March 1st to April 30th inclusive.

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SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

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DAYTON, OHIO

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MAY 7, 1907. NO. 19.

The Next Duty

Richard Braunstein

THIS is an epoch of elevators. We do not climb to our rooms in the hotel; we ride. We do not reach the upper stories of our great buildings by slow and patient steps; we are lifted there. The great plains are crossed by a railroad; and steam has usurped the place of the *Alpenstock* of the Rhigi. The climb which used to give us health on Mount Holyoke, and a beautiful prospect with the reward of rest is now purchased for twenty-five cents of stationary engine.

If our efforts to get our bodies into the air by machinery were not complemented by our efforts to get our lives up in the same way we might not find much fault with them; but in truth, the tendency everywhere is to get up in the world without climbing. Yearning after the finite seems to be the fashion, in this, our present day. Anything and everything to get there quick at the top. Riches and fame all in a heap, at the sacrifice of honor, principles and dignity, fretting, fuming, and fussing. Running through life, and in our haste passing by the beautiful, the good, the noble, the true.

Aspirations for eminence—even ambitions for usefulness—are altogether in advance of the willingness for the necessary preliminary discipline and work. The amount of vaporing young men and young women who desire to do something which someone else is doing—something far in advance of their present powers—is fearful and most lamentable. They are not willing to climb the stairway; they must go up in an elevator. They are not willing to scale the rocks in a walk of weary hours, under a broiling sun; they would go up in a car with an umbrella over their heads. They are unwilling, or unable, to recognize the fact, that, in order to do that very beautiful thing which some other man is doing, they must go slowly through the discipline, through the maturing processes of time, through the patient work, which have made him what he is, and fitted him for his sphere of life and labor. In short, they are not willing to do their next *duty* and take what comes of it.

No man, now standing on an eminence of influence and power, and doing great work has arrived at his position by going in an elevator. He took the stairway, step by step. He climbed the rocks, often with bleeding hands and an aching heart. He prepared himself by the work of climbing for the work he is doing. Patient toil and suffering is the road that leads to success. The man who is successful, never accomplished an inch of his elevation by standing at the foot of the stairs with his mouth open and longing. There is no royal road to "anything good"—not even to wealth. It goes as it comes. There is no element of permanence in it. The man who reaches his money in an elevator does not know how to enjoy it; so it is not wealth to him. To get a high position without climbing to it, to win wealth without earning it, to do fine work without the discipline necessary to its performance, to be famous or useful, or ornamental without preliminary cost, seems to be the universal desire of our rising generation. The children would begin where the fathers leave off.

What exactly is the secret of true success in life? *It is to do*, without flinching, and with utter faithfulness, the duty that stands next to one. When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward. When he has mastered the duties at the new grade, he goes on climbing. There are no surprises to the man who arrives at eminence legitimately. It is entirely natural that he *should be there* and he is as much at home there, and as little elated, as when he was working at the foot of the stairs. There are heights above him, and he remains humble and simple.

Preachments are of little avail, perhaps; but when one comes in contact with so many who put aspiration in the place of perspiration, yearning for earning, and longing for labor, he is tempted to say to them: "Stop looking up and look around you! Do the work that first comes to your hands, and do it well. Take no upward step until you come to it naturally.

and have won the power to hold it. The top in this little world is not so very high, and patient climbing will bring you to it ere you are aware."

TO JUDGE ARIGHT.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

'Tis hard to judge a soul aright,
Unless affinity
Can make you see into their souls
With perfect sympathy,
And put yourself right in their place,
And feel as they would feel;
For judgment that has not this test
Can never be ideal.

Oft prejudice will so corrupt
And make your view unjust,
Unless you understand their lives,
It is not safe to trust
And think your judgment always right:
For only sympathy
Can teach you, in another's soul,
To all its virtues see.

Box 3, Moorestown, New Jersey.

SOME CURIOUS PETS.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

PERHAPS you who read this account of my strange pets will be quite as interested in them as were those who have seen them or have heard me tell about them.

As I have no pets at present, I am sometimes asked these questions: "Why do you not keep a pet of some kind? Do you not like pets?"

My reply always is that I like pets if I could keep them safe and contented.

But after repeated attempts to keep some little creature in captivity, I have concluded that it is very cruel to rob them of their freedom; and although a large percentage of animals are not safe from harm much of the time, they are better able to care for themselves than we are able to care for them.

I am speaking mostly of wild creatures, but a fine horse, a good dog and gold fish all appeal to me. Squirrels are my delight. When a child I was the proud possessor of a fine canary which I loved even more than I loved my favorite doll. But I did not intend to say anything in particular about any of these.

Among my most surprising and interesting pets were some shellfish. At best one would think such dumb creatures would be most unresponsive to the careful attention given them. But they were very easily tamed, and are the ones I wish to tell you of. One afternoon, while walking along the pebble-strewn bank of a creek that flowed not far from our doorway, I found a small brown clam. It had been carried down stream by the water and left on the rocks. I picked up the poor helpless thing, and, finding that it was yet still alive, resolved to carry it to the house, when suddenly my eye caught sight of four more, three of them being about the same size of the first. The fourth must have been quite venerable as it was much larger than the others. Owing to its great size when compared with the other four clams, the large clam was the only one among them to be honored with a name. I called it Jumbo. We kept them all and made a snug little home for them in a large brown crock, chosen for its subdued color. This home was furnished with a very thick carpet of clean, bright sand, also a plentiful supply of clear sparkling water from the creek, when all was ready for the frightened little strangers.

All who saw those clams thought them very curious pets. Surely, no one ever had any pets more stupid acting than were these.

I did not know what to give them to eat, neither did I know how to tame them.

I concluded, since they liked to burrow in the slick, slimy mud down at the creek, to get them a quantity of the mud and see if they could thrive on it.

To my surprise their home in the crock was very satisfactory to them. At first they were extremely timid and kept themselves hidden away in the sand; but finally they did not care for the noise about them and were no longer afraid.

We placed them in a sunny east window of the drawing room where we could watch them plough through the clean, bright sand. When hungry they would burrow in the mud.

At last they grew so tame that we could handle them whenever we wished (very carefully, though), and when placed back in the crock, they did not keep their shells tightly closed, but would rise up and go on wading about.

I kept the clams nearly a year. But the nature of my work called me away so much that I had to leave them in the care of others. One time I was absent for several weeks, and on my return, I went to see my clams. To my dismay I found they had been sadly neglected, and that they had all died for want of fresh water and food, and I could not find poor Jumbo anywhere. I carried the remaining four out to a secluded place in the orchard where I thought no enemy would find them. I felt very sorry about the fate of the clams because they were my pets.

Not long after I lost the clams, I found a crawfish—a splendid specimen of its race.

At first I thought it very ugly, but the longer I kept it the more beautiful it became, that is, if a crawfish could ever be called beautiful.

This peculiar shellfish was quite large in size and of such a dark brown color that it was almost black. Its firm, glistening coat of mail protected it so well that to my knowledge it never met with any harm. Besides it had such wonderful claws. At times the crawfish seemed to wear an exceedingly ferocious expression

while at other times it would look quite innocent; but woe unto any other small denizen from the creek, should it venture too near that crawfish, for in a short time there would be nothing left but the dark-hued pet.

Now, this fearless little crustacean had been living near a great gray rock near the bank of the creek, where the sunlight played with the shadows cast by some tall, young water maples. So when I took the crawfish from its home, I put it in a large pail and kept it in a cool, shady place.

We provided it with plenty of mud, sand and water, then placed a large jagged rock in the pail for it to creep about and to climb upon. This arrangement seemed to please the crawfish, for it would dive from the rock and splash about for half an hour at a time.

It was fond of bread, and would often find a small piece at the top of the rock. This crawfish was very greedy and would take the dry bread all in one bite, but if by any chance the bread became water soaked, it was sure to remain untasted.

Sometimes the crawfish was removed from the pail and allowed to creep over the floor. Then it always wanted to climb across the threshold and get out of doors.

I kept my curious pet several weeks, but fearing it would meet the fate of the clams, I took it back to the old haunts in the creek.

At first it did not know which way to go. It crept back and forth in the shallow water as if on an exploring tour. I did not like to leave it till I knew whether it was satisfied to stay in the creek or not. I picked it up to see how it would act. It seemed too well contented to stay with me to suit me, so I hastily dropped it in another place in the water before being tempted to take it back home with me. I did not deem it right to keep it captive any longer and wanted it to have the freedom of its native home.

By and by it seemed to have an idea of where it was, and to espy a cool shady place by a great gray rock. It traveled very rapidly then. I picked it up again but this time it tried to get away, so I let it go. It traveled very fast until it reached the rock where it glided noiselessly into the shelter of the friendly shadows and I never saw that brave little creature again. It had found its old home and we are sure that it was happier there.

Tipton, Iowa.

BIRTHDAYS IN JAPAN.

THE Japanese have a queer way of celebrating birthdays. Instead of a party in June for little Tama and a party in September for little O'Tatsu and a party in December for little Ume, there's a party in February in honor of all the little girls and one in May for all little boys. In February every little girl receives from all her grown-up relatives and friends gifts of dolls, and besides these dolls her mother takes out of the closet many of the dolls she had when she was a child and some even older dolls that the little girl's grandmother had when she was a little tot, and I dare say there are dolls that belonged to the little girl's great-grandmother and even her great-great-grandmother, quaint dolls in faded clothes of a hundred years and more ago, carefully handed down from mother to daughter ever since. I saw one old doll, about six inches tall, dressed as a daimio, or great lord of bygone times, in gorgeous brocade robes, covered with steel armor of little overlapping plates, just as beautifully made as if for a real warrior. He wore a tiny helmet and carried two tiny swords not as large as matches. You could draw the swords out of their scabbards just like real ones, and they were as sharp as they could be. Well, for about a week all Japan is one grand dolls' tea party. And then the festival is over, and all the best dolls, even the presents to the little girl, are put carefully away, never to be even looked at for a whole year. I don't see how the little Japanese girls can bear that part of it.

Then at the first of May comes the boys' festival—the fish festival, it is called. Every family that's lucky enough to have a boy puts up a flag pole in the door-yard, or perhaps several families combine to use the same pole and have it a bigger, handsomer one than one family could afford. On the top of the pole is a gilt ball or else a basket with something bright and tinselly in it. And flying from the pole in the brisk spring winds is a whole string of carp made of oiled paper or cloth, painted in bright colors and anywhere from five to fifteen feet long. Each fish belongs to some particular boy, and the carp is chosen because it is a big, strong fish, and not only can swim against the most rapid currents, but in its eagerness to get up-stream, will leap straight up waterfalls. The gold ball means a treasure, which the carp, leaping and struggling, buffeted by the wind, is forever trying to reach. And the whole thing means that the boy when he's a man will have to battle his way as the sturdy carp struggles up the river. The fishes look so very pretty and gay, flying over his house, and the boy gets so many treats at fish festival time, that I don't think he minds even if the carp is a nice, jolly lecture on ambition.—*St. Nicholas.*

No man ever sank under the burden of to-day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to to-day's that the weight is more than a man can bear.—*MacDonald*

THERE is in man a higher than love of happiness; we may do without happiness in this life and instead thereof find blessedness.—*Carlyle.*

Frightened Without Cause

Maggie M. Winesburg

THIS story was told to me by a traveling salesman, and I will try to tell it in his own words as near as I can.

"Once when I was traveling salesman for a big machine company, business called me away down in the southwestern part of Virginia. The country in



Temple Auditorium, Los Angeles, Cal., where the Annual Meeting is to be Held, Commencing Tuesday, May 21, 1907.

that section was rough and sparsely settled; and while the majority of the people lived in a primitive state, yet they appeared very hospitable, and several of the more prosperous farmers ordered machines from me. But the most of the people were too poor to buy, even if their land had not been so rough that it would have been almost impossible to use machinery of any kind on it.

"Well, one day I had made a long trip back into the country, from the little town I was stopping at, and on my return trip I found that I would have to get a night's lodging somewhere on the road back, or else travel on a strange road after night; for darkness overtook me on my way.

"Just ahead of me stood a small farmhouse; and I applied at the house for lodging over night, and was told to make myself at home if I could put up with their fare. I had been tramping all day and felt as if I could put up with most any kind of fare; and I frankly told the man so.

"The family consisted of the man, his wife, and a hired man; but as small as the family was, it was big enough for their house, which consisted of only one room on the ground floor, and an attic overhead. Their meals were cooked over the coals in an old-fashioned fireplace.

"The supper that evening—if not a dainty repast—was substantial and well cooked, and I did full justice to my share of it. While we were eating the supper I felt something rub against my leg, and heard a low grunt under the table. I started and looked down only to see several small pigs nosing around my feet. The head of the house planted some well-directed kicks on the ribs of the young porkers and said, 'Don't mind them, stranger, they are only house pigs.' After supper the man, and I and the hired hand, sat out on the porch for several hours, for it was at harvest time and pretty warm weather; and the man talked freely of how hard it was to make a living in that section of the State.

"Nine o'clock came, and every one went to bed. The hired man went to the hay-loft, and I was given the bed in the living room, while the man and his wife climbed the steep ladder to the attic above.

"I was tired and the bed felt good to me when I lay down on it, but in spite of my weariness I could not go to sleep. I think, however, that it was my own fears that kept me awake; for my head had hardly touched the pillow when all of the horrible stories that I had ever heard of murdered travelers flitted through my mind and made me feel uneasy; for I had a considerable sum of money on my person at that moment.

"At last I fell asleep, but my sleep was troubled and



"On the Way to Annual Meeting," Steamboat Rock, Garden of the Gods.

broken, which might have been caused by the hearty supper that I had eaten. But whatever the cause, I did not sleep sound, and when some time during the night, the ladder creaked beneath someone's weight. I was wide-awake in an instant.

"My heart flew into my mouth as the person came on down the ladder, and softly crossed the room to the

fireplace. Soon I heard a scratching among the covered brands on the hearth; and then a tiny light blazed up as the person arose with a lighted pine splinter in hand, which was held up before the face of the clock.

"The clock's hands pointed to half past one, and I also saw that it was the man of the house who was prowling around. As I made that discovery the man turned around and looked towards my bed. Acting



"On the Way to Annual Meeting."
Toadstools, Garden of the Gods.

under the impulse of the moment, I yawned and made a noise at which the man hastily shook out the light, and dropped the splinter into the fireplace, and then went softly back upstairs again.

"Then all of my former fears returned with redoubled force, and for a few minutes I lay there and asked myself what the man was prowling around for at that time of night.

"At the end of those minutes I had fully convinced myself that he had meant to rob me, and perhaps crack my skull at the same time; and finally that idea took such a strong hold on my mind, that I slipped out of bed and quietly dressed myself, then taking my shoes in my hand I stole silently out of the house.

"Once safe outside of the house, I sat down and put my shoes on and debated what to do next; for it was awful dark now, and even if I started on towards town I was liable to get lost on a strange road in the darkness. The night wind had by this time cooled my vivid imagination until my danger did not seem half so appalling as it had while I was in the house. So I picked up a board that I had stumbled over, and carried it to the fence by the road-side, where I propped one end of it up against the fence. Then I sat down on the ground with my back against the board to abide there until daylight.

"My position was such that I had a good view of the house door, which I resolved to keep under my eyes for the remainder of that night; but while my bed was only the soft side of a board, yet the air was cool and sleep invoking, and the next thing that I heard was someone calling: 'Stranger, stranger, wake up and come to breakfast.'

"I sat up straight, rubbed my eyes and looked around me. Daylight was a peeping, and my hosts of the night before were standing a few feet away from me. He had been calling me to come to breakfast, while the hired man was washing his hands and face, in a tin wash basin on a stump by the house door.

"I got up and walked up to the house with my host, but I surely did feel somewhat sheepish. Had these men been so inclined they could have robbed and murdered me out in the yard, just as easy as they could had I remained in the house. In fact I had slept a great deal sounder on the board than I had in the bed.

"I must confess that I was also rather pleased when I found out during breakfast that my host thought I had gone out doors because I had found it too warm in the house to sleep; and he also said that he had been downstairs during the night to see what time it was, as they generally rose before daylight.

"So you see that I had slept on the soft side of a board and run the risk of getting the rheumatism, to say nothing of a chance snake bite, all for nothing. Fudge! I feel ashamed of myself yet whenever I think of that night."

Now to the salesman's story, I will add just one



"On the Way to Annual Meeting."
Kissing Camels, Garden of the Gods.

paragraph which is this, "One's own fancy can conjure up more danger sometimes than exists in reality."

CLOUD CROFT, NEW MEXICO.

CLARENCE H. YODER.

On the morning of April 9th, not having much work on hand for the day and having a great desire to see the place called Cloud Croft, I decided to take the day and go.

Cloud Croft is a famous summer resort twelve

miles bee line, and twenty-six miles by rail from Alamogordo. This is twenty-six miles of the most interesting scenery that I ever beheld. The construction of this piece of railroad in itself is a marvel. If fifty years ago a man would have announced his purpose to build a railroad through these mountains from Alamogordo to Cloud Croft, they would soon have had a place for him in the lunatic asylum.

After reaching the foot of the mountains, the road winds around in the trough of the canyon for several miles, then begins to creep up the side of the mountains. Up, up, we go. For the next twenty miles we will have no down grades, no, not even a level piece of track. The canyon seems deeper, the mountain sides higher and steeper, and when we returned, the foothills, which we see here from Alamogordo, seemed as they truly are,—the foothills of the Sacramento mountains. They did not seem nearly so large as before.

I have often heard my parents and others speak of the famous Horseshoe Bend in Pennsylvania, but surely it does not exceed the grandeur of the horseshoe bend and switch back on the Alamogordo and Sacramento Mountain railway. On and up we go and when I look back and think of how long we have been going up this steep grade, I think surely we must be near the top. But a milepost informs me that we have eight miles more.

I look over toward a certain peak and am told that directly it is three-fourths of a mile away but that we must ride over six miles of track before we reach it. When the summit (of this peak) is reached, one looks down on the track three-fourths of a mile below and wonders where he has been so long.

Well, we are on the summit of this peak, but not at our journey's end, for there are other peaks, much higher, which only come to view now. So we still go on and up, creeping along the mountain sides, with several hundred feet below us and several hundred feet above us, crossing ravines here and there by means of trestlework, the height of which often greatly exceeds the length, until finally the great iron horse with its strong and steady puffing brings us into Cloud Croft,—the place above the clouds. But that day there were no clouds so we did not get to see that feature.

Many more features of interest might be mentioned and explained more fully; as, Highrolls and Mountain Park, two small villages along the way, Mountain Park being called the half-way station; of the pines with which the mountain sides become more thickly studded as we near the summit; some of the mountain sides which from a distance look bare but which are covered with a thick growth of shrubbery furnishing the home and hiding place for the wild cat, panther, lynx, black-tailed deer, mountain lion, bear, and deer.

Did you ever see water run up hill? I often heard people tell of such things, but never could believe it, but I saw it at this time for myself, at least it appeared so. I suppose it was running down hill, though, after all.

I must tell you one thing more. Our return proved to be the first time I ever was on a train that it went fast enough for me. It looked rather dangerous as I sat on the top of the caboose, with the rear brakeman—with whom I was well acquainted—to look down the length of the thirteen log cars loaded with logs and see what appeared to be the end of a steep grade, down which we were going, and for all that one could see he would think that in a few seconds more all would be rolling down the mountain side. But while he would be thinking this, the brakes would be put on a little tighter and with a suddenness that almost robbed you of your seat. Though dangerous as it seems, there has never an accident happened on this road in which any one was killed.

Dear readers, if any of you ever chance to get to Alamogordo, New Mexico, don't fail to make a visit to Cloud Croft. I assure you that you will feel amply paid for your time spent in so doing.

Alamogordo, N. M.

THE FIRST AIR-BRAKE TRIAL.

THE air-brake was ushered into actual use in most dramatic fashion. The trial trip occurred in April, 1869. The train selected was the Steubenville accommodation running between Pittsburg and Steubenville, Ohio. When the train was going at full speed, suddenly, as he came around a sharp curve, the engineer saw a stalled wagon in the middle of the track dead ahead. With hand-brakes only, nothing could have prevented a terrible smash-up. The formal time for the trial of the air-brake had not come, but the brake was there, and in desperation, not believing for a moment that the thing could possibly avail, the engineer threw on the air. But it did avail. The observers in the rear were almost catapulted out of their seats by the shock of the sudden stop. But when they saw the engine fairly poking its nose into the wagon-bed, so narrow had been the margin between safety and disaster, they forgot all about their shock, and stood in awed silence. The air-brake had come into its own.—*"George Westinghouse," by Paul Latzke, in the May Everybody's.*

"BUT since we live in an epoch of change and too, probably, of revolution, and thoughts not to be put aside are in the minds of all men capable of thought, I am obliged to affirm the one principle which can and in the end will close all epochs of revolution—that each man shall possess the ground he can use and no more."—*Ruskin.*

How to Study Music

Etha E. Beisel

INSIST to the home-folks that you must have a superb musical education; that you were endowed at birth with the qualities that go to make up a talented musician; dwell on the fact that your voice has the resonance and power (principally power) that even in its uncultivated state would rival that of a great prima donna's. Treat your subject "*delicatissimo et deliberatemente.*"

Give a queer little shrug to your shoulders in some of the important places. Elongate your naturally round face into an oval form when you pathetically beg of them not to spoil the career you have chosen, and otherwise act in a manner not calculated to impress them with your sanity. Perhaps they will be a little doubtful as to your musical powers, but you will win one point in impressing on their minds that you have the characteristic eccentricity.

No doubt the *pater* will demur and grumble about the expense and finally tell you that just at present you cannot have your heart's desire.

Be of good cheer; he, no doubt, judges everybody's voice by his own, which is just about as melodious and soul-stirring as the voices one hears nightly in the cat concert. Make up your mind to be a model in all respects and do more work around the house than you ever did before. Ingratiate yourself into the good will of your father. Make him think that at last you realize that you were foolish to think you could afford to waste your time in playing scales and singing tra, la, las when you can do so much work and be such a help.

But, don't neglect your voice! Get out some place where no one can hear you and gently practice the art of singing. Be quiet about it so that you may be able to the more completely surprise the folks and neighbors later on when you have acquired more proficiency. Do nothing but sing, sing, sing until you have succeeded in eliminating the soft, sweet tone your voice formerly had and can make music, with your throat, that closely resembles the rasping of a saw that is being filed.

Now you have accomplished something! If your throat gets tired and you are hoarse, do not despair! All great singers are liable to develop the same trouble. After you have reached this stage in your vocal culture you are ready to convince folks that you really deserve notice. You can rest assured that if they don't notice you at first they will later.

Next, get out in the back yard and let your voice float shrilly to the house to the tune of Annie Rooney or some other absurdity. Sing with all your might and be determined that they shall hear! Educate the people around you until their very idea of heaven may be represented by the line of the old hymn which says, "Incessant sing, and never tire." Imperviousness like this has to be cultivated; no novice can attain to it. If some of the neighbors become unappreciative and should hurl eggs of questionable age at you, treat the act with contempt and be consoled by the fact that they, evidently, have no music whatever in their make-up. At least not a kind like yours. You know a "bad beginning" is said to make "a good ending." Later on there may be bouquets! Perhaps: Who knows?

Do not lower the taste of the community by singing melodies. Dwell loudly on the music to find the theme of which would require the ability of Sherlock Holmes. Some of the best of music presents a horribly unpleasing effect on the ear; that is because we do not understand it. Make yours a hideous combination of sounds such as was never heard before. No one will understand it. Be happy, above all things. Of course you are not to consider the happiness of others. If others are not happy, they should be, in the congenial atmosphere surrounding. Your father and mother will at the least have the sympathy of the neighbors while you —— well, your standing in the community may be a matter of doubt to you until the day comes when you mention casually to a neighbor that you expect to spend the summer at the seashore. The touching emotion, which she cannot conceal, will be nothing more than a just tribute to the charm of your presence and the thoughtfulness of your ministrations.

Originality counts. Certainly no one can gainsay the fact that you at least are decidedly original. Develop the stick-to-it-ive-ness that betokens greatness. We are constantly told of the power of example. Put that to full proof. If you are faithful, the thoughtless young girl across the street, who used to devote her time to noiseless embroidery, may also begin the rippling of the scales. If you are diligent you may leave very little interval when "silence heels the blows of sound."

In the evening when father takes up his paper to read and enjoy a quiet, peaceful evening at home, and mother is busily engaged in sewing, then you should feel it incumbent on yourself to transform their quiet uneventful lives into something of real importance. Reserve your most hair-raising tones for times like these and exert your vocal powers to the limit. (You know even a hand-organ has its limitations.) Sing until the cat thinks she has been mistaken in her vocation and sneaks quietly away to a place where she can rest and ascertain whether her ear drums are still in

her ears or whether you were employing their aid to add increased volume to your tones. Do not notice her imprudent exit. Trill fervently your most heroic notes until the pater looks stern when perhaps you had better seek another room where the full beauty of your voice will be noted.

If you are rudely awakened from your dreams of greatness and requested not to let it occur again or to stop that everlasting racket, obey instantly. You will not be able to aspire quite unchecked, but what noble spirit ever did?

And the revenge! By this time the whole neighborhood will be turned into some sort of a menagerie, judging from the sounds issuing therefrom. Your next-door neighbors have purchased a new piano on which they practice from three to six hours daily and far into the night. But be consoled by the fact that they couldn't and didn't drown your tones before the pater objected and interfered. Perhaps they do not realize yet that you have a voice.

Well, by now it is time you were making that long promised visit to the Aunt in the country. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder." Then in the country, think of it! No neighbors within a couple miles and surely the birds will not object to a harmless little song once in a while.

A future? Yes, and the possibilities!

Buford, N. Dak.

CURIOSITIES OF PLANT LIFE.

THE things that give the most pleasure in life frequently can also cause the greatest pain. Among flowers, for instance, the beautiful snowdrop, the hyacinth, jonquil, and narcissus are all poisonous, and to eat the smallest part of the root of either of them would produce fatal results, while the juices of the leaves will cause violent vomiting.

The berries of the yew tree have killed many people, and the opium obtained from poppies has also claimed its victims. Lady's slipper and lily of the valley are both dangerous, and if the blossoms of crocus are chewed they will cause vomiting. Flowers from bulbous roots, however, seem to be the most dangerous, and it might not be out of place to dealers in these to label them with a crossbones and mark them poison.

Brazilian cocoanut palms live for six hundred to seven hundred years, and the Arabs assert that the date palm frequently reaches the age of two hundred to three hundred years. Wallan's Oak, near Paisley, Scotland, is known to be over seven hundred years old, and there are eight olive trees on the Mount of Olives near Jerusalem which are known to have been flourishing in 1099.

The yews at Fountain Abbey, Yorkshire, were old trees when, in 1132, the abbey was built, and a redwood in Mariposa Grove, California, is a manifold centenarian. Baobab trees of Africa have been computed to be over five thousand years old, and the deciduous cypress at Chapultepec is considered to be of a still greater age.

Humboldt said that the Dracæna Draco at Orotava, on Teneriffe, was one of the oldest inhabitants of the earth.

One of the most remarkable plants known to horticulturists is the drinking orchid, which is found in South America. This orchid takes a drink whenever it feels thirsty, by means of a tube which it lets down into the water. The tube when not in use is coiled up on the top of the plant.

The formation of the orchid is different from others of its species, having sharp leaves, lancehead shaped, growing round the root and radiating from it. From the center of the plant hangs the tube, about one-eighth of an inch thick and one-fourth of an inch wide. When touched it gradually contracts and rolls itself up in a spiral-like coil. As a rule these orchids are to be found growing directly over the water, or where the water has been, and in the latter case it is almost pathetic to see how the tube will work its way over the ground to a pool or river.

In the canton of Tuxpan, Mexico, the zapote tree takes front rank among the natural resources which have proved a source of wealth to individuals and corporations holding proprietory rights or concessions from the State government to extract chicle gum.

The wood of the zapote tree is dark purplish red, and although exceedingly hard when first cut it is easily worked until thoroughly seasoned, when only the finest-edged tools have any effect on its flinty surface. It takes a beautiful polish.

The fiber is so dense that sharp pointed nails can be driven in no more than an inch. It quickly sinks in water, and may remain immersed for years without being affected in the least. Zapote door frames in the ruins of Uxmal are as perfect to-day as when first placed in position. Leather tanned with the bark of the tree is claimed to be of superior quality.

The chicle gum gatherers have destroyed these fine trees with the same recklessness as have the rubber gatherers of Brazil. The trees are tapped with V shaped incisions in the trunk. The sap flows forth beautifully white and with the consistency of light cream, gradually becoming more viscous, until it reaches the receptacle at the base of the tree with the density of heavy treacle. It is boiled in iron kettles to expel as much water as possible, and is then kneaded into rough loaves weighing from five to thirty pounds.

If carefully cooked, it is of a whitish gray shade, but when prepared with extra care it is of a light pink color. It is extremely adhesive, and is extensively

used for repairing broken articles. It is also used as a masticatory gum.—*Selected.*

THE LOVES OF THE BIRD TRIBES.

THE love of a bird for the treasures of her nest nest is one of the most beautiful things of this world. Mother-like, the parent bird will do anything almost for the sake of her little ones. Who has not seen the kildeer strive with all the tact of her clever little soul to allure some big giant of a human being, who has wandered into her neighborhood, away from her nest of precious young. Many a time, as a boy on the farm, I have followed one of these birds limping and tumbling and fluttering along on the ground a few feet ahead of me, utterly disabled, as I supposed, but always just managing to keep just a little beyond the reach of my eager hands. And when the artful mother has led me far from the sacred spot where lay all there were in this world to her, how triumphantly she has lifted herself on her unharmed wings and, to my utter astonishment, sailed away.

If by some accident one finds her nest (and the nest is so cleverly concealed that, if it is discovered at all it will be by pure accident), the resourceful mother is ready with other expedients to outwit you.

Human beings, true to their instinct never to call into action their ability to think if they can employ their faculty for nonsense instead, call this love of the mother-bird "machinery." But there are some of us (and our numbers are increasing) who are disposed to put off the adoption of this conclusion until we go mad.

The bird builds her nest, weaving it of the rarest fibres. She hides it in the copse or prudently hangs it far out on some inaccessible bough. She lays her beautiful eggs, and hatches them with the warmth and life of her own breast. She tends her young, bringing them food and drink, and watching over them with a tender and tireless vigilance. She protects them in storm with her own little body, worries about them when danger lurks, and dreams of them, no doubt, as she rocks and sleeps under the silent stars. She sings to them in the overflow of her gladness and hope, and risks her very existence to shield them from harm.

As the days of summer shorten, and the cool, long nights warn of approaching autumn, she leads her children away from the old place, she and her faithful mate, out into the wide old world. And I say there is love in the heart of that mother as truly as in the heart of woman, and there are joy and genuineness and sorrow and fidelity in that sylvan home more sacred than may sometimes bloom in the cold mansions of men.

Conjugal love is also very strong in many of the feathered races, especially among those in which the wedding is for successive seasons or for life. The pining of love-birds for their dead sweethearts is well known.

The following account of the devotion of a widowed pigeon for her deceased consort sounds like a tale of human woe:—

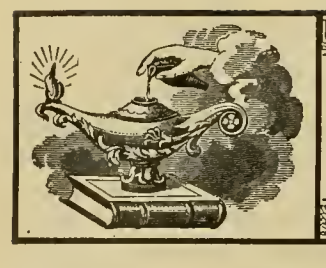
"A man set to watch a field much patronized by pigeons shot an old male pigeon who had long been an inhabitant of the farm. His mate, around whom he had for many a year cooed, whom he had nourished with his own crop and had assisted in rearing numerous young ones, immediately settled on the ground by his side. She refused to leave him, and manifested her grief in the most expressive manner. The laborer took up the dead bird and hung it on a stake. The widow still refused to forsake her husband, and continued day after day slowly walking around the stake on which his body hung. The kind-hearted wife of the farmer heard of the matter and went to the relief of the stricken bird. On arriving at the spot she found the poor bird still watching at the side of her dead. She was much spent with her long fasting and grief. She had made a circular beaten track around the corpse of her companion."

And these are the beings that are shot for pastime on human holidays.—*The Dawn.*



THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken in their perilous mission.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

"A GOOD intention does not compensate for an evil example."



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

C. D. BONSACK.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

WOULD you like to help this old world? Perhaps you think you need money, knowledge or social prestige? Not necessarily; these are only incidentals. If you would be a real benefactor to this world, be kind, forgiving. Jesus helped the world as none other. It was not his wealth; "he had not where to lay his head." It was not his "doctor's degree," he likely had none (John 7: 15). It was not his social standing; because they said, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" HE *loved it,* and gave his life for it.

His kindness was genuine. No milk-and-water sentimentalism. His heart was as warm, and the tears as ready to flow when he faced the Jewish ruler by night, as when at noonday he went out of his way to interview, and save the fallen woman of Samaria. As true, in the "woes" to the Pharisees, as when he bid the sinner "go and sin no more."

True kindness and a forgiving spirit are great possessions. Let us covet them. Pray to possess them and use them. Without them life is a misery, men are murderers, homes are misnomers, and the church becomes the battle-ground of personal rights and feelings and a reproach upon the name of our Master.

The text says "tender*hearted*." Sure, it must come from the heart; it cannot be put on the outside with any wearing qualities. It will not endure in storm and shadow. The "put-on"-kind, is like a cheap photograph—it flatters but soon fades. Like the picture of a June day, pretty to look at, but lacks the warmth, music, fragrance and life of the day itself.

May God put it in our hearts, where it may endure and be a blessing to the world long after we have left it.

Joseph forgives *his brethren*! Well, you say, that is easy enough, to forgive your own brothers. Is it? It ought to be. But somehow in these days we get first things last and vice versa. We know how easily some people are kind enough *away* from home. How some people do put good feeling in an evening social or when out on a picnic, but pout and make everybody feel bad in a church council because it does not go their way. Men who are kind and courteous enough to other men's wives, rather than to their own. Boys who would do anything for the other fellow's sister, but are deaf to the appeals of their own. Strange but true. "One to another." Those are home words—church words. Certainly, the home folks are entitled to some of the best things. Too many of us keep our best dinners, beds and rooms for company. If you have a kind heart and a forgiving spirit, do let your wife, children and brethren know it. It will seem more real away from home, and give us power for good, among the Egyptians.

"Even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." Oh! what an argument. If we have found our hearts sour and angry at the failings of our brethren, let us look up and remember that the God who made us, and against whom we have rebelled, from whose love we went away prodigal, has blotted out all that dark past, and covered it with the blood of his own Son. Neither did he wait for us to do better, "but while we were yet sinners" (Rom. 5: 8). Don't expect your offending brother to make everything right first,—any sinner could forgive then,—but forgive him, then help him to get right; "*Even as God,*" etc.

Joseph fixed things all up. He says it was God's plan. He has overruled it all for his glory. "God sent me before you" (Gen. 45: 7). What a beautiful picture! Perhaps, that which we felt as insult or injury, was God's permitted plan to show our worth as leaders. The wrong spirit shown in that test, may be the reason for our slow promotion in the service of his kingdom.

Washington, D. C.

IN THE SECRET PLACE.

THE practice of committing long passages of Scripture to memory is probably less frequent now than in the days of our fathers; the benefit of it is even more and more obvious. On a day in 1819, spent by Wilberforce in discussion with many people in that time of political crisis, he wrote in his diary: "Walked home repeating Psalm cxix. in great comfort." Think of the joy and peace. After a hot morning in conference, after all the agitation and wrangling, the excitement and conflict, the secret of comfort is to walk home in quietness, with the thought of God in our mind and confidence in him in our hearts.

Once when his disciples were in danger through the interest and worry of uninterrupted work, Christ said to them, "Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place

and rest awhile." Irritation, apprehension, dullness, the barrenness of a spirit that has lingered too long in the machine shop and is growing insensible to the unobtrusive influences of the Holy Spirit, begin all to be dispelled when a man steps into the "shadow of the Almighty." In the secret place of the Most High evils are seen in their true value and the forces at work in their relative strength. And that secret place may be constituted by a devout spirit in the very midst of the bustle and eagerness, which enter into and help to form the conditions of most men's lives.—*R. Waddy Moss.*

THE BLESSING OF SOLITUDE.

I CAN conceive of no more wholesome discipline for the energetic man or woman than this deliberate encounter with the spirit of solitude. Mark off some hour, or some half-hour, of each busy day as your own, dedicated solely to the private occasions of the spirit. For that brief period hold the world at bay; go to your room as to a shrine; take no book with you, no humblest task—simply sit still, or kneel down, and explore your own heart. Celebrate the sacrament of silence; it will bring with it on the hands of viewless priests a meat that the world knows not of, and it will make audible to you the still, small voice of God that speaks to us only when we are very still. One such hour, rightly used, will teach you more of God and truth and duty than all the sages can. It will remain with you as a consecration and an impulse when you take up again the vexing tasks of life. You will be stronger for it, more composed in mind, more certain in aim, sweeter and more patient in temper, and as you walk the thronged roads of life once more, you will bring perfume and purification in your very presence. Let your household, and your children, and your friends know that you keep a Lonely Hour for God in every day, when no interruption is permitted; when even Love must stand without the door and wait; for that hour is sacred to a higher Love, and devoted to a more enduring vision. "I saw a Door opened into heaven," said the Apocalyptic Dreamer; be sure of it that Door of Things Unseen is only opened when the doors of earth are shut.—*From "The Forgotten Secret," by W. J. Dawson.*

THE GOOD BOOK AS LITERATURE.

WHATEVER may be our belief regarding the truth, accuracy, or use of the Bible, there are few who have ever read it who will not admit its excellence as a piece of literature. It has been the model and text book of many a great author; and Daniel Webster once said, after being commended for his eloquence:

"If anything I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellowcountrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am solely indebted to the daily and attentive perusal of the Holy Scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and comfort."

Many parallel passages between the Bible and Shakespeare occur, and John Quincy Adams, in a letter to his son in 1811, wrote:

"I have for many years made it a practice to read through the Bible once every year. My custom is to read four or five chapters every morning immediately after rising from bed. It takes about an hour of my time, and seems to me the most suitable manner of beginning the day. In whatsoever light we regard the Bible, it is an invaluable and inexhaustible mine of knowledge and virtue."

Scott and Byron both were careful readers of the Bible, and Sir William Jones said:

"The Bible contains more sublimity and beauty, more important history and finer strains of poetry, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed."

Rousseau said, "Never did virtue speak so sweet a language, and never was wisdom expressed with more energy and simplicity."

A SONG IN THE HEART.

WE can sing away our cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than anything else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work, when they have flown their last flight and picked up their last morsel of food and cleaned their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through! O that we could put songs under our burden! O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come; go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

IN the deepest night of trouble and sorrow God gives us so much to be thankful for that we need never cease our singing. With all our wisdom and foresight we can take a lesson in gladness and gratitude from the happy bird that sings all night as if the day were not long enough to tell its story.—*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE MAY-DAY OF LIFE.

Youth is often called the May-day of life and the comparison is a very good one. In this month of the year and in this period of life we have the strongest and most potent manifestations of life, of abundant life. It throbs through the veins of nature, breaking out in luxuriant growth of branch and leaf and fragrant flower. It courses through the veins of budding manhood and womanhood, seeking expression in the Herculean feats that are laid out for accomplishment.

In the May-day of the year we prepare the soil for the future crop, we sow the seed and care for the tender plantlet. Good seed one must have, yes, but it avails nothing in rough, stony ground, or in the hands of a careless gardener. The May-day of life is the time for preparation, for laying foundations, for sowing seed. But again the seed, however good, is at the mercy of the one into whose care it is given, which means that the crop rests likewise with him. Many are the hopes that are born, of abundant harvests, on these inspiring days of May, and they give promise, too, of their fulfillment. And the hopes of youth who can measure them?

But there is no reason why the May-day of life should be so short,—cut off as the month of the year. It is the spirit of life that makes the May-day, and if this is able to rise above the influence of physical impairment, one may be said to have found the fountain of youth for which Ponce de Leon searched so long in vain. When the poet Longfellow was showing signs of age,—his head as white as snow,—a friend asked him one day how it was that he was able to keep so vigorous and write such beautiful verses. Pointing to a blossoming apple tree near by, Longfellow said: "That apple tree is very old, but I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood every year."

And what Longfellow did we all may do. We cannot check the passing years; we cannot avoid the one event that comes to all; but we can "grow a little new wood" and so keep on blossoming to the end. We can live in the May-day until the light of eternal day breaks upon us.

NEED OF REFORM.

If a man wishes to make himself famous to-day and have accorded to him a place among the promoters of good, seemingly, he has only to attack some man in public life or some system of conducting the country's affairs. Now all will admit that poor, fallible man affords a wide mark for such attacks and his plans for carrying on work are just as imperfect, but before we praise the one who leads the attack, let us see what he has to offer as a remedy for the condition and ascertain whether it likewise is man-made, or whether it is God-given.

Among the many things that may be fit subjects for reform is the present system of handling our criminals. It must be confessed that so far as being a work of reform itself, it is a complete failure, and that even the idea of protecting society is not wholly successful. Under the title, "What Good Does it Do?" a writer in the May *Everybody's* attacks this system and condemns it in toto. While the writer is hardly consistent in his charges, he brings out some very good things. We quote several paragraphs from the article:

"This process is called our 'penal and correctional system,' and is considered, especially by the wise and prudent, by statesmen, lawyers, scientists, and clergymen, as proper and indispensable. They believe that it protects society, or atones for or avenges wrong, or makes people good—one or all of these things. And society willingly spends vast sums of money annually to pay the men who do this work of punishing—judges, prosecutors, jurors, bailiffs, clerks, stenographers, turnkeys, wardens, guards, matrons, detectives, policemen, constables, hangmen, etc., yet anyone can see that the number of 'criminals,' as they are called, is never diminished, that no one is ever benefited by the treatment, that the procession is always the same.

"Every now and then some learned and distinguished man, whose words seem to be invested with a certain importance and authority, delivers an address on 'Crime,' deplores its increase, quotes statistics, and talks of the 'criminal classes.' These speeches are always and invariably the same: nothing is ever said in them that has not been said for years and hundreds of years, and always and invariably the same cure is proposed—more punishment; that is, more of the same thing; in a word, these people must be hurt more. Gravely and solemnly these speakers say that the death penalty must be extended,

that life imprisonment must be inflicted for more offenses, and, now and then, the whipping post is urged. And yet all these high personages know or ought to know that the death penalty was long ago used to punish and discourage hundreds of crimes, and that it failed and was, for the most part, abandoned; that life imprisonment has been tried, has failed, and has been largely abandoned; and that not only the whipping post, but the pillory, the stocks, the thumbscrew, the rack, the wheel, and countless other barbarous instruments of torture have been tried, and, having failed to make men good, have likewise been abandoned. But these men, who seem to know almost everything, do not know this, or do not appear to know it.

"Some day, perhaps, we shall learn that, properly, we can have nothing to do with punishment. No man is good enough or wise enough to judge or punish another man; no human mind can sound the infinite and mysterious profundities of another human mind, weigh the influences of heredity, environment, physical and psychic forces and phenomena; we have no psychologist great enough for that. Only Omniscience can plumb those mysterious and awful depths. Man's attempts to do so are profanations. All that society has a right to do is to protect itself by restraining those of proved dangerous tendencies; it has no right to hurt them while doing so; and its duty is to do all it can to help the erring, wandering souls back into the right path."

It is true that the system is not the best, indeed falls far short of it, yet it is not just to condemn all who are in any way connected with its working, and here is where many fair-minded people will part company with the writer. He explains how impossible it is for the judge to know all about the one before him for sentence, a condition necessary to render just judgment, and yet he himself takes the liberty of judging and condemning these same judges and officers of the law. Again he declares that there is no so-called criminal class, that the good and bad are mysteriously mixed in all, and yet he apparently applies the latter statement to those only who have come under the condemnation of the law, leaving out those who endeavor faithfully to administer it.

But we will have a chance, perhaps, to see how the writer's theories work out, as he is the present mayor of Toledo, Ohio, and will have an opportunity to test them. If they are practicable, and we hope that some of them are, we may behold the dawn of a new day in the matter of dealing with crime.

A man in Chicago, formerly jailer of Cook county jail, now in charge of the Bridewell, the big city prison, has some ideas, too, on the treatment of prisoners which in daily application are standing the test admirably. Taking up his work in a place where the worst of criminals were met, where the dungeon, strait-jacket, bread-and-water fare, and other forms of punishment were common, he has done away with all punishment and the guards carry no weapons. First, he puts the men on their honor, and a kindly eye and warm handclasp has done the rest.

And what is this but the exemplification of principles laid down by the Savior of men? Oh, is it not strange, dear reader, that for centuries we have been spending money and time and energy in working out and putting into effect plans for the solving of this as well as many other problems, when Christ has already given us a plain and simple method? And why is this? Simply because we have been grounded in that belief, which has wrecked churches as well as nations, that those principles are not practicable now because conditions are different. Did you ever hear of that argument and are you of the number that makes use of it? If you are, let me tell you that some day you will wake up to find that instead of being in the vanguard of the army of progress, as you now think you are, you are not even a straggler in the rear. The world is bound to acknowledge, sooner or later, that the teachings of the Son of Man were not applicable alone to a particular age and class of people, but are suited to all classes and all times. Even to-day one needs no special power of discernment to see that the world is waking up to this truth.

Correction: In editorial, "The Worker's Reward," last week's Inglenook, in last sentence, read, "The work itself is his world and its success is his reward," instead of as printed.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

One's own fancy can conjure up more danger sometimes than exists in reality.—*Maggie M. Winesburg.*

When a man has mastered the duties around him, he is ready for those of higher grade, and he takes naturally one step upward.—*Richard Braunstein.*

Don't expect your offending brother to make everything right first,—any sinner could forgive then,—but forgive him, then help him to get right.—*C. D. Bonsack.*

A loving word the father spoke
Ere he left his home to-day;
The mother sang a happy song
That drove all the clouds away.

—Agnes Neff.

Every time you do a kind or generous act, you will be growing into the sort of man that is a good husband.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

Eighty per cent of the men holding responsible positions have once lived on the farm.—*G. William Robinson.*



PROFESSOR W. C. Fuchs, the Chicago expert on X-rays, died April 24th from the malady known as X-ray cancer, which attacked him three years ago.

THE volcano Stromboli in the Mediterranean sea, which has been in intermittent activity for a number of years, has lately increased in the power of its eruptions. An unusually powerful report broke all the windows in the vicinity and filled the inhabitants with terror. The flow of the streams of lava also increased and vineyards were destroyed by them.

THE State Department at Washington has been informed of the successful conclusion of peace negotiations between the recently warring Central American Republics. A provisional government of Honduras has been announced to administer the affairs of the country pending a Presidential and Congressional election, which will probably be held in about sixty days.

THE spring opening of the art galleries of the society of French Artists in the Grand Palais, Paris, took place April 29. It was the unanimous verdict of the critics that the exhibition of paintings and sculptures surpasses any seen in a dozen years. America, for the first time, leads all foreign countries, both in number of works displayed and in excellence. England secures second place.

THE Italian Government gave notice in the Chamber, April 24, that it would reserve to itself the entire initiative regarding the proposed excavations at the ancient city of Herculaneum, thus excluding all foreign aid of a financial nature. This means that the work will be delayed indefinitely pending an investigation, as it is known that Italy lacks the funds to carry on the work as it was proposed to do by English scientists by the aid of English capital.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER has lately made a big addidition to his long list of gifts to the University of Chicago. This last gift is in the form of land, in Chicago, and is valued at $2,000,000. The property is in the immediate vicinity of the University, and while several new buildings will be erected upon it, most of it will remain idle for the present, a part being turned over to the department of physical culture for athletic purposes.

APRIL 29 the United States Supreme Court decided that the railroad commissioners of North Carolina can compel a railroad in that state to adjust its schedule to accommodate passengers on other lines. The case arose out of an order issued by the commissioners directing the Atlantic Coast line to make connections at Selma to accommodate passengers whose destination was Raleigh. The decision is understood as a general one, and other states might make use of it to the advantage of the traveling public.

ATTORNEY GENERAL F. H. JACKSON, of Kansas, by securing an injunction against nine foreign brewing companies to prevent their owning property and operating saloons, and in obtaining an order for the appointment of receivers for the brewers' property, has taken the most effective measure that has ever been invoked to enforce the prohibitory law in Kansas. The property will be sold and out of the proceeds the court will pay all costs and damages due the state. If it is necessary to send the militia to enforce the order, the defendants will pay the bill.

MISS ANNA T. JEANES, an aged Quaker philanthropist, of Philadelphia, has given $1,000,000, or one-fourth part of her fortune, with few if any restrictions, to Booker T. Washington to assist in the education of negro children in the South. The gift was made to Mr. Washington in person after he had spent three days in convincing Miss Jeanes that the purpose in view was worthy. The understanding was that the money should be used in establishing agricultural and trade schools in various sections in which rudimentary and practical courses of education should be offered. Entire authority for the disbursement is vested in Washington and Hollis B. Frissel, one of his colleagues. The father of Miss Jeanes was Isaac Jeanes, who amassed a fortune in the dry goods business.

AMONG interesting improvements for which patents have recently been granted, the *Scientific American* describes one which is designed to be of much benefit to the users of self-binding harvesters. It has to do

with the tangling or knotting of twine and its consequent breaking. The patent provides an alarm device which, in case of improper feeding of the twine, will give a signal to the driver in time for him to stop the machine before the twine is broken, thus saving the time and trouble of re-threading the mechanism. Lewis J. Phillips, of Foss, Oklahoma, is the patentee.

MASSACHUSETTS is trying to arouse her public school pupils to interest in forestry. The state forester has sent out to every school superintendent in the state a circular letter setting forth the desirability of educating the children in the care of trees. He offers seedlings and seed of white pine, white ash, red spruce, beech, chestnut and oak trees on payment of actual expense of digging and express charges.

THE day set for the formal opening of the Jamestown Exposition found affairs in a state of unreadiness similar to that of most expositions of this sort. At the present time one of the most interesting features of the exposition are the long lines of battleships and cruisers which have gathered from all parts of the world to do honor to the occasion. Of the sixty-seven ships of importance there assembled twenty-seven are those of friendly foreign nations.

SOME sweeping charges were made against the medical colleges of the country at a recent meeting of the council on medical education of the American Medical Association. This council is composed of members of the various state boards of medical examiners and delegates from the state medical societies. One charge was that of the four thousand doctors graduated every year, three thousand were utterly incompetent to practice. It was said that the average man qualified as a medical practitioner was deficient in knowledge of bacteriology, chemistry, physiology, and anatomy. It was said that the evil could be traced to the root of the educational system,—that much of the students' ignorance was due to defects in their primary education.

THE committee appointed by the Russian Douma to investigate the alleged torturing of political prisoners at Riga and other prisons submitted its report April 23. This confirms officially the worst stories that have been told, and its statements are admitted to be true by the Ministers of the Interior and Justice. At Riga a committee was created to direct tortures, and the Governor put many prisoners, who were merely suspects, to death without trial. Among the tortures practiced were such as tearing out finger nails and toe nails and hair, thrashing with India rubber sticks and then rubbing salt in the wounds. An 8-year-old child was flogged to death because he could not tell the whereabouts of his father. Women were insulted and outraged most inhumanly. The official publication of these facts has caused a new wave of popular indignation and resentment against the government to sweep the country.

THE interstate commerce commission has started a sweeping investigation into the charges that hundreds of shippers throughout the United States, engaged in various lines of business, have been guilty of underbilling and underweighing commodities, in violation of the provisions of the railroad rate act. As a result an order has been issued that in future all railroads shall keep a record of the violations of the law in this respect, and that this record shall be accessible at all times to the agents of the commission. The shippers will thus be made aware of the fact that the railroad rate act regulates their operations as much as it does those of railroads.

THROUGHOUT the vineyard districts of central and southern Europe much money has been spent annually for the use of explosives to break up hailstorms. Agricultural societies and government departments of agriculture have also given much time to experiments and investigation of results which were generally held to justify in a remarkable way the practice of planting cannons around vineyards and fields subject to damage from hail. Austria and Italy both report that they will abandon the practice as during the last season the cannon failed to bring the desired results. Many scientists claim that the idea is all right but that the cannon must be heavily charged to produce the force necessary to scatter a storm cloud.

REPORTS from St. Petersburg indicate that the united action of the court and government would have caused the dissolution of the Douma ere this but for the support afforded by foreign influences, which strongly reprobate such a reactionary movement. It is said that petitions and appeals from provincial authorities are being poured in on the Czar to prevent the Douma from continuing its examination of the internal ministration, in the course of which they uncovered many shocking atrocities. As between these provincial Governors and the revolutionary Douma, it is believed that the court will ultimately side with the former.



TRIFLES.

AGNES NEFF.

'Twas only a gleam of sunlight
Let in at the open door;
But it sent a stream of brightness
Shining o'er the darkened floor.

Only a bow, and a happy smile,
But they reached a weary heart.
It brightened up, took courage new—
Light gleamed on a pathway dark.

A loving word the father spoke
'Ere he left his home to-day;
The mother sang a happy song
That drove all the clouds away.

Trifles, yes; but they lend a charm.
Make hearts happy and burdens light,
Were we denied those little things
Life would not be one-half so bright.

THE HOME AND THE SHOP.

THE home woman can scarcly appreciate the deprivations to which the most happily situated business woman is subjected. No matter how tiresome the home duties may be, or how continuous, there are always times when one can slip away from worry and hurry, if but for a moment, to read a line on the printed page, pencil down a thought, get a breath of fresh air, bathe the hot forehead or lave the tired hands. We can vary our tasks to a certain extent to suit our physical condition, sitting down to some, standing to others, or carrying the work to a more comfortable locality, with change of air and outlook. If we make a business as well as a duty of our work, it can be arranged so as not to seem the drudgery we too often consider it.

On the contrary, the business woman's time belongs to her employer, from the leaving of the neglected or hastily swallowed breakfast to the closing hour of the business day, and she must work in a single groove, taking her instructions of whatever kind from another. Her work is planned and placed, with small regard for her preference or convenience, and she can not vary it. She is simply one of the "wheels" that must "go 'round;" her environments not always the most suitable or sanitary, and the work, in many instances, anything but congenial. She is like a machine, except that she must make her own repairs, do her own lubricating and attend to her own "motive power." To the sensible, earnest woman, there is no "sentiment" about it, and she prefers none. She tries to understand what is required of her, and to meet the demand faithfully. But the most successful of them, down in her secret heart, half envies the woman who can stay at home and "do her things" there in her own way. —*The Commoner.*

THE ROAD TO HEALTH.

MEN and women everywhere are learning that the surest way to get health and keep it is by right living, right thinking and right acting—by the simple observance of certain laws governing health, and not by swallowing drugs, nor following some "fad" in food or mode of dress.

The simplest food, properly prepared and cooked, is best. As to kind best conducive to health, that depends on the individual—his temperament, constitution and occupation. As a rule, what one likes best, if partaken of moderately, is most likely to agree with him. But one's occupation must be taken into consideration. Food that can be safely eaten by the man who works outdoors at manual labor would hardly be the proper thing for the indoor brain worker. The chemistry of foods, or the varieties that should be eaten together, is something that ought to be learned by all who would keep their digestive organs in good working order. Some foods that can be eaten separately with beneficial results become absolutely harmful when combined with some other kinds. The observation of the writer goes to prove that many people are wholly ignorant in this line and therefore must suffer the consequences.

Pure air is absolutely necessary to good health. This we have all been told before and advised to "live outdoors as much as possible." But, unfortunately, many who toil day after day to earn their daily bread cannot live outdoors. Now, it should not be necessary to live outdoors to have pure air, any more than one should be compelled to eat raw, uncooked victuals in order to get pure food. In summer the heat compels people to open the windows, but when cold weather comes, the windows and doors are closed tightly all the time, and the fresh air, for fear of "draughts," is shut out. This is a mistake; see that fresh air—even if it is cold air—is not wanting in the living and work-rooms in winter. The matter of ventilation can

be so arranged that one may have plenty of pure air and still be comfortable.

Thoughts as well as actions can be controlled, and right thinking as well as right action must be acquired by exercising the mind in the best reading and by association and communication with congenial spirits. If one has inherited a quick temper, he must practice self-control. If evil habits have been acquired, one must overcome them or become their slave. It is never too late to conquer a habit, but the longer one waits the more difficult the task.

The way of right living is open to all, but to enter upon it and keep straight along in its true course requires a clear view of one's individual needs, as well as a knowledge of the things that block progress in its travel.—*Maxwell's Talisman.*

The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

III. Sweethearts.

THE Lesser Chum came in from school that night wearing a subdued air that contrasted oddly with his usual cheery bang and clatter. He stopped to wipe his feet on the mat, though they were not in the least muddy, and closed the sitting-room door gently after him. His mother looked up with mild solicitude.

"Well, son?" was her greeting.

The Lesser Chum seated himself on the couch opposite, and ostentatiously unfolded a soiled sheet of paper, once white. Something that glinted red lay within it.

"I've got a secret!" he announced, with a seraphic but somewhat embarrassed smile.

The Greater Chum was brimful of confided secrets already, but, like the proverbial stagecoach, she always had "room for one more."

"I shall be glad to hear it, if it is your own, and you like to tell me," she remarked.

"It's mine, and one other's," he answered, promptly, but reddening a little. "She didn't want me to tell, at first, 'cause she wouldn't never say a word to *her* mother; but I told her you always helped about secrets, and kept 'em just as close! So she was willing. See, here 'tis!" He opened the folded paper, and held out for her inspection a gorgeous crimson rose, cut from a picture card. "She gave it to me, and I gave her one like it," he explained. "Marie and I love each other, and we're going to get married."

The Greater Chum gave a sort of mental gasp. Allan had always frankly admired girls, and more than once offered her his entire savings toward the purchase of a real truly live sister. But now a queer, choking sense of bereavement suddenly assailed her, from which she caught herself sharply.

"Marie Johnson, I suppose you mean, dearie?" She was surprised at her own serene voice. "I don't know her very well, but she is a pretty girl."

The Lesser Chum nodded, warming at her praise in true masculine fashion.

"Marie thought we might be married quite soon, and go to living in that little house on Clark Avenue," he continued, feeling his way carefully, by watching his mother's face. "I'm going to work and I guess I can earn enough. Do you suppose we could have the little house? And, mother,"—enthusiastically—"wouldn't it be *sweet* for me to be living there with Marie, just as happy, like you and father!"

This last illusion, like an electric shock, brought the Greater Chum to herself. The absurd plans of these two babies, full-fledged before even suspected by their rightful guardians, were after all only the prophecy of a man and woman coming into their divine birthright of mating. The instinct must be shielded and guided, nurtured and unfolded reverently. Once, in her own little girlhood, some one had spoken rudely of her friendship with a boy playmate. It left a soreness and humiliation in her heart never quite healed. A great wave of pity went over her, too, for the unprotected little girl whose mother valued the jewel of her child's confidence so lightly.

"Marie is sure to make a dear little wife," she said, after a pause that appeared to the Lesser Chum merely that of impartial deliberation. "If she is going to be yours, then of course she will be my daughter, so I shall love her more than I can tell. But I'm afraid we had best not decide about the house yet, because if you should leave school just now, you could not earn very much money. People in offices and stores have to know how to add up long columns of figures correctly, and multiply, and divide, and spell big words. If you finish school, you can earn much better wages; and then you can buy things to make a far prettier home for yourself and Marie."

A deal of the brightness, but none of purpose, went out of the Lesser Chum's face.

"Marie says she wouldn't mind if we had to go without butter, 'cause she likes honey better, anyway," he ventured.

"That is very nice of her," commented the Greater Chum. Then she added: "It is very nice of her, too, to be willing to do the work that ladies must, when their husbands cannot earn much money. There

would be sweeping, and cooking, and sewing, and all that. It shows that she really loves you; but, Allan dear, I don't think we ought to let her, till she is older and stronger. Do you? When you have finished school and grown large and strong yourself, you can earn money enough to hire some one to help her, if she needs it. Don't you think perhaps it would be better to wait till then?"

The Lesser Chum winced a little. The picture of wifely devotion did not exactly coincide with that Marie herself had drawn for his benefit; but he was too loyal to betray the fact.

"I thought it would be so nice to live with her right now, mother," he breathed, regretfully, "she's so jolly, and so pretty!"

The Greater Chum's eyes drooped, hiding mixed and unutterable feelings.

"It will not seem so long waiting, as it does now, thinking about it," she comforted him. "You two can be the loveliest and dearest friends; and there are no end of things each can be learning, to make the other happy. Every time there's a hard lesson, mastering it will make you so much the better workman. Ladies are proud to hear people say about their husbands: There goes a man that does good work! Every time you do a kind or generous act, you will be growing into the sort of man that is a good husband. Oh! I can think of a hundred ways we might be getting ready to make Marie happy, when you are living with her, by and by!"

The Lesser Chum had risen, and stood with his feet planted wide apart and his hands in his pockets. The alluring picture of his own manly development was fast reconciling him to the enforced postponement of his marital desires.

"I guess you're right, mother. I'll tell Marie,"—a shade of regret passed for an instant over his round face. "Maybe she won't mind; and we can have it for a secret, anyway." He laid the cardboard rose carefully back in its paper.

"There's a piece of chocolate cake on the second shelf of the cupboard," remarked the Greater Chum, half-rising to fold her sewing.

The Lesser Chum gave a whoop, broke off in the middle of a double-shuffle across the floor to give her a hearty hug, and disappeared through the dining-room door. His mother picked up the forgotten love-token, and gave it a little pat between fingers not quite steady.

"God bless the real 'Marie,' wherever and whoever she may be," she whispered; but she could not quite hush the sneaking note of thanksgiving in her soul, that the young person and all she represented were still so far in the dim future. "God bless her anyway, no matter how I feel about it," she insisted.

"I say, mother!" called the Lesser Chum from the kitchen door, "that cake's awfully good! Couldn't I have just one more tiny piece?" He came close, and gave her arm a surreptitious squeeze as she reached for the plate:

"And say, mother! I guess, if you don't care, I'd rather live with you and father, after all!"

418 Algona Ave., Elgin, Ill.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.
The foolish fears of what might happen—
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—E. B. Browning.

PUT your foot down where you mean to stand, and let no man move you from the right. Learn to say, "No," and it will be of more use to you than the study of Latin.—*Spurgeon.*

For the Children

IN EGYPT.

IDA M. HELM.

GERALD was lying on his back looking up at the fleecy clouds floating in the blue sky. "Just look, Marie," he said, addressing his little cousin, "that one cloud looks like a giant ship sailing on the sea and that other one looks like a tall captain with a large shield held out before him, marching to battle. This is a lovely day, it is neither too hot nor too cold, but just right. The gentle, cool breeze puts vigor into a fellow; this is a capital day for a game of ball."

"I think this is a nice day and I wish we could play ball. I will run to the house and get my ball," replied Marie. Her cousin Gerald was her ideal of boyhood and she agreed with him in everything he said.

At this point Gerald's father appeared on the scene, "The potato bugs must be caught this forenoon. Catching potato bugs is not hard work on a cool day like this and if you begin right away you will be

through before dinner time," said he. Then he went to the field to hoe corn.

Gerald slowly raised himself up on his elbow and looked toward the potato patch, then he said, "My but it's a big patch and catching potato bugs is dreadful hard work, I think papa asks too much of me." He looked at his watch, "Oh dear, it's three hours yet till eleven o'clock!" he said.

"I'll help you catch the potato bugs," said Marie, her little heart filled with pity that her favorite cousin had been given such a hard task to do.

Gerald secured two old tin pans and two small sticks. He gave one pan and one stick to Marie, then he started reluctantly toward the potato patch with Marie walking by his side. "This is a fearful hot day, there is danger of getting sun-struck such hot days," said he.

"I'll help and we'll get through before long," Marie coaxed, trying to console him.

When they reached the potato patch he started slowly along the first row and when he reached the end he stopped and complained, "My, but my back aches and I'm hungry as I can be. I wish it was dinner time."

"Let us play catching potato bugs is fun and may be it will not seem so hard," suggested Marie.

"We might play we are the Israelites oppressed in Egypt," replied Gerald.

"How will we play it?" questioned Marie.

"Pharaoh made the Israelites do the work and he got men to watch them and keep them working. You be the Israelites and I'll be Pharaoh's watchman. Pharaoh's watchmen were called taskmasters," explained Gerald.

"How will we play the plagues are sent?" asked Marie.

"Oh there won't be any plagues in our play," answered Gerald, but you begin on the third row and I'll walk along and watch you. Catching potato bugs is easy work; it's mere play, why, it's fun, and this is such a nice day," said Gerald.

Marie walked along the row carefully knocking the bugs into her pan and Gerald walked along and watched her till she reached the end of the row. Then he said, "You keep on working. Egypt is a big country and I must go and look after some of my other affairs." He knew where there was a bumblebee's nest about one-fourth of a mile from the potato patch and he resolved to get the honey, so he started swiftly across the field.

When Marie was about half through with her task she was startled by a scream and she looked around and saw Gerald rushing toward her and wildly waving his straw hat about his head. When he reached the potato patch two angry bees were still following him. Marie succeeded in killing them and when she took time to look at Gerald's face she saw that one eye was swollen shut and his upper lip was about four times its natural size.

"I guess this is the first plague," said she. She remembered the time when her mamma applied mud to a sting she had received from a naughty bee and how it relieved the pain, so she secured two mud plasters from the bank of the creek near by and applied one to the wound on his eye and the other to the one on his lip. Then Gerald started toward home and in spite of his fighting them off, these words that he had learned at Sunday school kept forcing themselves into his mind: "Woe to them that go down into Egypt for help." "I played I was in Egypt so I would not have to work but could have a good time, but it did not help me any. I wish we would have played we were both Israelites conquering Canaan. The bugs would have been the Canaanites and we would have caught them all. I know now what mamma meant when she told me not to go into Egypt for pleasure; she meant that I must not do things that are not right in order to have a good time. I won't ever be a Pharaoh's taskmaster again, the plagues are hard to bear," he mentally concluded before he reached home.

Marie finished her work before dinner time, then she started toward the house and when she reached the yard gate she found Gerald waiting for her. "Marie, will you forgive me for being so mean?" he begged. "I won't ever be a Pharaoh's taskmaster again. I guess the plague did me good," he continued. "Mamma says it's good for us to be afflicted sometimes when—when—when we are not doing right."

But Marie had no ill feelings in her heart. She felt that she had done right.

Gerald had a new purpose in his breast; he had decided that hereafter when he and Marie worked together he would take the hard part and leave the easiest work for her and he thought, "When papa comes in at noon I will tell him how sneaking I acted and that I am sorry. My papa is a good man and I am going to live so he will not have to be ashamed of me. When I grow up to be a man I want to be a good man like he is."

Some one has said, "The blossom comes before the fruit, emotion develops before reason." The child's emotions and sympathies must be awakened before we can expect fruit. Enlist a child's sympathy and confidence and he will begin to show to those around him the good qualities he possesses.

"Boys have their troubles, though jolly they seem;
Their thoughts can go farther than most people deem.
Their hearts are as open to sorrow and joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a boy."

Ashland, Ohio.



THE RURAL LIFE

COMMON JOYS ARE SWEETEST.

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Well, there's plenty of good, sweet air;
Did you ever thank God for All Out Doors,
With its wide-open cure of care?"

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Why, the water runs all day—
God's liquor! Go ask the ship-wrecked wretch
What he'd give for what you throw away!

"What have I to be thankful for?"
Have you ever met with Love?
Have you seen an eye light up for you?
That's a gleam from the God above?

Does the soft-footed angel of Sleep visit you?
At your table waits Appetite?
Do you know any little child who is glad
When you come home at night?

'Tis the common joys of common men
That are sweetest, after all;
For turtled feasts and fevered wines
Leave an after-taste of gall.

So pick up the diamonds you've trampled on,
There's Love and Life and Youth;
And it's thankful to God we all would be
If we loved the simple truth.

—Frank Crane, in Boston Herald.

THE COUNTRY-BRED BOY.

G. WILLIAM ROBINSON.

Much has been said upon the subject of "City life vs. Country Life," laying much stress upon the migration of so many young men from the country to the city, that we were naturally led to observe what success the country-bred young man was having getting into the city's business circles. We asked the question, "Is the city welcoming the inflowing army of helpers?" We will answer in the words of a well-known Chicago merchant who probably hires more men in a year than any other one man. He says: "I always give preference to the young man from the tall grass districts who comes to the city to make a way for himself. At the start he is fearfully green, awkward and inexperienced, but he has the goods in his clothes. He is honest, punctual and loyal. He is willing to work for a small salary and to live within it. His habits are good and his capacity for hard work far greater than that of the average city-bred boy. He is contented and permanent. Being a stranger in the city, he has little or nothing to distract his attention from his employer's interests. It is up to him to make good or go back to the farm—and he makes good."

This man goes on and says that he is constantly looking for men of this type, and when the newness is worn off they develop into the best kind of employees.

A good business manager was once heard to remark that he always gave preference to the country boy because his honesty and habits generally excelled those of the city boy. Of course this is not saying that there are not many honest city-bred young men.

It is generally conceded by business men that the country-bred young men have more stick-to-it-iveness, more ambition and take business more seriously than the city-bred.

This opinion is verified by the statement that eighty per cent of the men holding responsible positions have once lived on the farm.

The opportunities we have of coming in intimate contact with men doing clerical work we have found this to be true: That country-bred help generally advance more rapidly in their line of work than employees who have been raised in the city. We know an instance of this truth which occurred recently under our own observation. A young man from the farm came to town, accepted a position, gradually rose above older heads in the business—and after a period of six years became manager of a responsible department in a city's large store. Some town-reared employees, working in the same store are still working but without an advancement in their position.

What is true in this case is also true in diverse kinds of vocations, showing that the country reared generally get to the top.

We are intimately acquainted with a young man, in a certain State, who was born and raised on a farm. He is twenty-six years of age and to-day has the distinction of being the youngest judge in the State.

Look up the records of our educational men and you will find a large majority of them once lived in the rural districts. There they first realized the value of an education and sought it with the vim which characterizes the type of the American rural inhabitant.

To the country is ascribed the honor of producing some of the best talent we have in our land to-day. Read about those who have achieved the greatest suc-

cess, look into the history of our wealthiest men, search the biography of our most eminent and note that the majority of them spent their first years in rural life.

Not least is the fact that the world is practically being ruled by the country's talent.

TEMPERING TOOLS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN (ROBERT E. ERICSEN)

MANY farmers now have a forge on the farm, and even those who have not may have occasion to temper tools. Below I give you some rules by means of which you can give a tool any temper desired.

Heat the steel to a bright cherry-red and plunge it into cold water. This will make it as hard as fire and water can make it, and will be too hard for anything except bearings for machinery, tools for cutting glass and the like.

In this condition it would be almost as brittle as glass and must be reduced in temper to the proper standard, depending upon the use for which it is intended.

This is done by heating and observing the colors as they appear upon the metal. If the tool be a large one, as an axe, only the edge should be cooled and the remainder be left hot. It is then held toward the light and the different colors may be seen moving down toward the edge, being driven by the heat in the uncooled portion. When the color wanted has reached the edge plunge the entire tool into the slack tub, which arrests the action of the heat and gives the temper desired.

Small tools must be re-heated to make the colors move. After hardening the article, it should be held in the flame a little back of the edge to make the colors move, and then treated the same as before.

Small articles should be given a slight polish that the colors may be observed better. Nine shades of color will appear as the thoroughly hardened metal is exposed to gradually increasing temperature.

1. Very faint yellow, appearing at 430 degrees Fahrenheit. Slacked at this color the metal will be very hard, suitable for working hard metals or stone.

2. Pale straw color, 450 degrees. Still very hard, suitable for the faces of hammers and the like.

3. Full yellow, 470 degrees. Suitable for scissors and similar tools.

4. Brown, 490 degrees. Turning-tools for hard metals and gun tubes.

5. Brown, with purple spots, 510 degrees. Wood-working tools of all sorts.

6. Purple, 538 degrees. Butcher knives and other flesh-cutting tools.

7. Dark blue, 550 degrees. Tools requiring strong cutting edges without extreme hardness, as case knives.

8. Full blue, 560 degrees. Chopping axes.

9. Grayish blue, verging on black, 600 degrees. Springs, saws and the like.

Tools that are used around the fire, or that are heated by any means and allowed to cool, soon lose their temper and require to be re-tempered. In connection with this it may be well to state that the greatest known degree of hardness may be obtained by heating to a paint yellow and plunging into cold mercury.

If it be desired to heat an article that is thick in one part and thin in another, it is difficult to heat the thick portion without over-heating the thin portion. For this the lead bath may be used. This is simply a vessel of lead kept at a red heat over a fire. Articles placed in this and allowed to remain a sufficient time will be heated the same in all parts. This method is superior for thin cutting blades, springs, etc.

As lead at a red heat slowly oxidizes, a cover should be provided. This may be a layer of ashes, or an iron cover with an opening large enough to insert the articles may be provided.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

CANADA THISTLES EASILY DESTROYED.

EVERY farmer who has had any experience with Canada thistles will hail with delight the news that C. W. Chafee, of Marengo, Ill., who has spent much time and expense in trying to exterminate these noxious weeds growing on his farm, has succeeded in making a chemical compound, which when applied to a plant, brings on chemical action, and in a short time the plant and roots will be dissolved. That is, the oxygen carbon in the plant and roots will be separated by pure chemical action and the life forces of the plant will pass off in gases, leaving nothing but a decayed lot of roots and plants.

Mr. Chafee has given this weed exterminator a thorough trial test and has called the attention of several farmers to it, who are willing to recommend it in the highest terms. The test he made was on a patch of Canada thistles of about three rods square, where they were a solid mass of very thrifty plants in the spring of 1906. He mowed the tops and raked them off, then applied the exterminator with a common hand sprinkler to the stubble and in about eight weeks he made a second application. Several people have been to Mr. Chafee's farm and made a thorough examination with the spade, but found no live roots—the roots being decayed.

Mr. Chafee made a test on some quick grass and morning glories late in the season, which proved very satisfactory. Anyone who is bothered with these pests should write Mr. Chafee at Marengo, Ill., enclosing a two cent stamp for further information and prices.

Anyone who has thistles or other noxious weeds

cannot afford to let them go and run the risk of seeding his whole farm or those of his neighbors', when at a little trouble they can be destroyed, root and branch, in a single season.

We, the undersigned, have examined the patch of Canada thistles on Mr. Chafee's farm, referred to above, and we found no live thistle roots. The exterminator had penetrated to the ends of the roots, which were all decayed. We believe he has made a great discovery and one that will be a blessing to farmers all over the world.

Signed—F. Silliman, H. Peets, Wm. Noble, of Woodstock; A. J. Davis, T. Sheaham, T. Clute, C. Bogenrief, C. J. Bigelow, E. B. Standish, Marengo.—*Marengo Republican News.*

BORDEAUX MIXTURE.

Four pounds sulphate of copper, four pounds quicklime, fifty gallons water. First, dissolve the copper sulphate. The easiest, quickest way to do this is to put the copper sulphate in a cheese-cloth bag and suspend the bag in a barrel partly filled with water. Next, slake the lime in another receptacle, and strain the milk of lime thus obtained into the copper sulphate solution. Lastly, add sufficient water to make fifty gallons. It is safe to use this full-strength mixture on almost all foliage; but, when spraying tender things such as peach trees or watermelon vines, it is wiser to reduce the quantity of lime and copper sulphate one-half.—*Selected.*

WHAT PLUCK DID.

We are insistent in advising farmers not to part with their land, while at the same time urging the landless to acquire property whenever possible. The fact that a man may be poor and unable to command large resources need not discourage him in his desire to own land. It is true that banks loan money upon solid security, but that is not the only asset taken into account. Character, besides being a highly desirable moral asset, has a distinct value in financial circles, and the poor man who is industrious and sober, and careful in meeting all his engagements, can often borrow money from banks and trust companies when other men, with large financial resources, are refused credit.

We can not better illustrate the truth of these observations than by citing an actual experience. In a certain community, a farm of 140 acres had passed into the hands of an owner whose ancestors had settled upon the property before 1700. Generations of descendants had maintained the fertility of the soil and reared large families, besides accumulating money. Finally the descent vested in one who, as the thrifty Scotch put it, was not content, like his forebears, to begin life with porridge and to end with pudding, but insisted upon beginning with pudding. The usual result followed. The owner could not make ends meet, and decrying the badness of the times and the unprofitableness of agriculture, put his birthright on the market. The offer attracted the attention of two young men, brothers, who had been engaged for several years in operating a steam thrasher. They were strong and industrious, and eager to own land. They had accumulated $2,000, and they figured that the sale of their thrashing outfit would stock the place in part at least. Their next step was to interview the directors of the local building association, and they learned that if the property could be bought right the association would loan them the sum they would need in addition to the $2,000 they already had. The farm was secured for $8,000.

The purchasers subscribed for thirty shares in the building association which entitled them to borrow $6,000, and with this and the $2,000 they had saved, they paid for their farm. Their dues to the building association are $55 per month, $30 of this going to mature the series and $25 for interest. The purchase was made six years ago, and in five or six years more they will own their farm absolutely, and it is one of the best in the neighborhood, having a fine stone mansion, built in colonial days, and a modern barn of good proportions. To pay $55 every month into the building association keeps the brothers hustling, but they don't mind that, their years of labor as thrashermen having accustomed them to the strenuous life. They depend in the main upon their dairy for ready money, but in the last two or three years they have grown large crops of potatoes. They have invested several hundred dollars in machinery and improvements, have greatly increased the fertility of their land, and their credit at the local bank is A 1. Moreover, all this has happened in a neighborhood where farming is decried by many as no longer profitable, and where not a few have proved it by getting a little deeper in debt every year. The successful brothers make no claim to superior wisdom, and they have not prospered at the expense of health or recreation. They have, however, that keen appreciation of the value of time which impels the business man in town to take account of every minute of his working day and to dispatch his affairs with method and promptitude. They waste no time at the creamery nor at the smithshop nor the store. It is only on rare occasions that both leave the farm at the same time; as a rule, one is always in active superintendency of the work and of those who are doing it. The result is that the work is always done on time and well done, and the crops show the benefit of the close supervision. There is, therefore, no mystery about the success of these energetic brothers, and what they have done any other man may do by the application of like en-

ergy, foresight and attention to business.—*Farm Journal.*

THE EDUCATION WORTH WHILE.

THE meaning and worth of education will never be understood unless the meaning and worth of life itself be properly estimated. If life itself be worth living, then such an education, and only such, is worth while as will subserve the purposes of life. Courses of instruction which simply lead up to a position which enables an individual to support himself in life are a grim farce unless it be of importance for the individual to live at all. The earning power of education is a mere incident to a larger purpose and a longer career. The true explanation of education is moral and not mechanical, spiritual rather than intellectual. The more knowledge the better, but the knowledge must be the knowledge of power, not mere fact, and the education must subserve the eternal as well as temporal purposes of life. The life is more than meat. Whether it be by the method of the old classics or of the new physics, culture must be had, the mental powers disciplined, the will and heart stimulated to all good things, and the social sympathies broadened. Education is not for ornament, or mere wage-earning or honor-winning. Education is for life. He is the truly educated man who is the most thoroughly prepared, by the symmetrical development of all his powers, to live life as the Almighty meant it to be lived in this world and in the world to come.—*New York Observer.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Incantation.

Hyah dem frogs a talkin' funny
  Yonder by de crick?
Dem is all magicians, honey,
  Practicin' a trick.

Dey is conjurin' out de bloomin'
  An' de butterflies,
Things new shapes will be assumin'
  Right befo' yo' eyes!

Mutterin', singin', scoldin,' screamin,—
  Hahd to understand—
But dey'll have dis ol' place semmin'
  Jes' like fairy land!

—Washington Star.

"Deduction is the thing," declared the law student. "For instance, yonder is a pile of ashes in our yard. That is evidence that we have had fires this winter."

"And by the way, John," broke in his father, "you might go out and sift that evidence."—Houston Chronicle.

New South Wales has decided to assist British immigration, so that any domestic servant or agricultural laborer desiring to go to that country can make the 12,000 mile voyage to Sydney at a cost of only from $30 to $40.

A gentleman purchased a stamp at a drug store, but, failing to make it stick to his envelope, gave it back and asked for another.

"It's very strange," said the druggist, "that's the sixteenth time I have had that stamp back this morning."—Ulk.

Practical Paternalism.

"Sir, I want your daughter's hand."

"You may have it with the greatest pleasure, dear boy, if you'll take the one that's always in my pocket."—The Baltimore American.

The teacher approached one little fellow who was present for the first time, and inquired his name for the purpose of placing it on the roll. "Well," said the youngster, "they call me Jimmie for short; but my maiden name is James."

A little girl was told by her teacher that ferment meant "to work," and was requested to write a sentence containing that word.

Her sentence was:

"I would rather play out of doors than to ferment in school."

The Shoes to Blame.

"James," she said severely.

The butler looked up with a guilty flush.

"James," she asked, "how is it that whenever I come into the pantry, I find your work at sixes and sevens, and you sprawled out reading the football news?"

"Well, ma'am," the butler answered, "I should say it was on account of them old rubber-soled tennis shoes you're always wearin' about the house."

In central Tennessee are large tracts of cedars, the berries of which serve to attract myriads of robins in the winter. One small hamlet in this region sends to market annually enough robins to return $500 at five cents a dozen, equal to 120,000 birds. They are killed at night by torchlight and with sticks.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

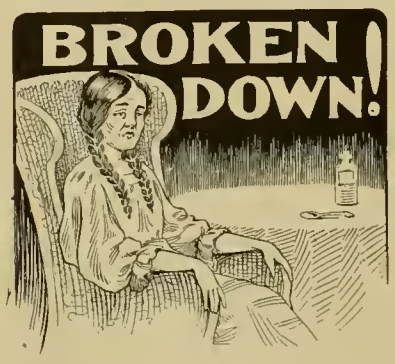
I CAN tell you of 12 quarter sections of WHEAT LAND near Moose Jaw, Sask., Canada, you can buy at $5 an acre less than worth because they MUST BE SOLD QUICK. D. A. Stoker, Marquette Bldg., Chicago.

FOR SALE.—Having started a colony in the Panhandle of Texas, I have for sale 75 sections of choice prairie land from $5 to $15.00 per acre on easy terms. This land has doubled in price in the last year. Write for particulars. S. Burkett, North Manchester, Ind.

Neff's Corner

I have now built and have under way fourteen houses in Lake Arthur. Summer is pretty well on in this climate now, and the number of people who go to the mountains, or, recruited in health, return to their friends in the North for a time, is sufficient to lead us to expect a somewhat quiet season in these valley towns for a few weeks. And do you wonder how quiet it is now? Well, everyone of these $250 houses that is finished is rented at $7 per month and two are occupied that were rented before I could have them finished, and yesterday I had inquiry for two more houses. So you see the thing is by no means overdone and there is room for you yet.

To those who have more than $250 to invest I am now recommending a three-room house, two rooms 10x12 feet, one 12x12 feet and a porch 8x10 feet. Such a house built of number one lumber throughout, covered with best red cedar shingles, brick flue, foundation of concrete blocks, painted with two coats good paint, with out-house all complete, ready for tenant to move into, can be put on a well located lot 50x140 feet, all for $350 and will rent for $10 to $13 per month. James M. Neff, Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living, I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

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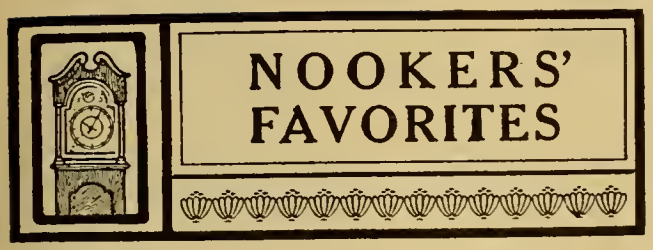


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A FREE SEAT.

He was old and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
And as he bent his feeble steps
To a stately edifice,
Outside he inquired, "What church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he heard them say.
Ah! just the place I am looking for;
I trust he is here to-day."

He passed through the spacious, columned door,
And up the carpeted aisle,
And, as he passed, on many a face
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew up one side aisle,
Then across the broad front space,
From pew to pew down the other aisle,
He trod with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit,
To listen to gospel truth;
Not a sign of respect had been paid
To the aged one by youth;
No door was open by generous hands
(The pews were paid for,—rented);
And though a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he passed outside a moment to think,
Then again passed into the street;
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone,
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle,
In front of the ranks and pews,
Choosing a place to see and to hear!
He made it a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon a huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees;
Quietly reviewing the worshipers,
A great confusion he sees;
Many a cheek is crimson with shame;
Some whispered together low,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the poor man they did not know.

As if by magic, some fifty doors
Opened instantaneously;
And as many seats, and books and hands,
Were proffered hastily.
Changing his stone for a cushioned seat
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake, after all,
And that Jesus came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tune,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by a humble stone;
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth,
That lodged in many a heart,
And the church preserved that sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

—Author Unknown.

THE MOTHER'S LETTER.

Oh! postman, on your weary round, what have you in your bag?
The tale of death, the tale of birth, it is not strange you lag.
That the last slow mile, as one by one, you hand the letters in—
Sweet messengers of love and faith, 'mid strife and woe and sin.

In yonder dingy boarding house there stands a tempted boy—
The devil whispers in his ear: "Come, taste my brimming joy.
Come, sell your soul, what matters it about another world?
This world is here; come, drink my wine with sparkling zest impearled."

Oh! postman, ringing at the door, you're haply just in time;
You hand his mother's letter in, its sweetness cannot chime.
With siren pleading from the pit; let's look upon the page,
And see how mothers meet the foe, when souls are thrown for gaze.

"Dear Ned," she writes, "Old Ponto fails, the dog is growing gray,
I think he misses you, my dear; you've been so long away,
What rambles o'er the hills you two in other days have had,
I pet old Ponto for your sake, my precious, precious lad.

"The little sister grows apace, you'd hardly know her now,
She gets to have a look of you about her open brow,
I tell her, 'Polly, study hard, be just like brother Ned,
Wherever others stood, my dear, he always stood up head.'

"I go to meeting every week, of course, but in the pew,
You wouldn't think, dear boy, how much your mother misses you.
They've got new singers in the choir, a tenor and a bass,
And little Susy Spalding with a voice to match her face.

"She, Susy, is a darling, and she often sits with me.
And puss, though growing wheezy, climbs purring to her knee.
The bird is dead—I'm sorry—but he was ten last May,
One cannot keep canary birds forever and a day.

"Lame Willie always asks for Ned, 'When did you hear and what?'
I wish you would write often, dear, but mind, I say it not
To blame you—men must work in town, and mothers understand;
I always trust the golden heart behind the good right hand!

"God bless you, Ned. Vacation time is speeding fast,
I'll have you when the daisies bloom, ere strawberries are past.
I love you, love you, darling Ned, this stupid letter take
And pardon any errors for your own dear mother's sake."

Oh! Postman, trudging in the dark, an angel went before
And left a blessing on that note you handed in that door.
And, skulking outward on the blast, the devil left his prey,
Apollyon put to flight before a mother's love to-day.

And mother, with your boy away, and so much out of sight,
Do more than love, and more than pray, to shield him in the fight;
Write often of the simple things that hold him to the farm,
And let his childhood round his life weave fast its mystic charm.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

HAND-MADE HOODS

WARM AND ALL WOOL.

These Hoods are hand-made by an experienced woman, who knows exactly what is wanted by our Sisters when it is too cold for the bonnet to be worn. We assure you that they are perfect in every particular. There are no seams and every stitch is made by hand. They fit the head. For neatness, warmth and durability they cannot be equaled anywhere. You will find them exactly as shown in cuts. Read description carefully.

OUR UNLINED HOOD.



No. 21C3000. — We show here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecessary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

THE LINED HOOD.



No. 21C3003. — For a warm and at the same time a pretty hood this number answers splendidly. It is made of a fine Saxony yarn in a fancy stitch finished around the edge with a narrow ruffle of yarn. The lining is of good wool yarn, making the hood as warm as is desired for winter. The cut shows this hood very nicely, and will give you a correct idea as to the style. In black only. Sizes No. 19 to 20. Without ribbon the price for this hood is 98 cents. Postage 6 cents.

AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid satisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you $1.10. Postage 6 cents.

Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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Most respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Miller,
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast anl I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,
Dec. 26, 1905. 64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

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Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

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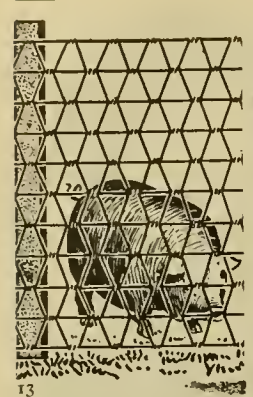
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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

A Reflection.—Walter Swihart.

Be a Sunbeam.—Dora Shank.

Red-headed Woodpecker — Carpenter and Drummer.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Some Famous Workingmen.—D. Z. Angle.

"The Life of Men."—Richard Braunstein.

Home Decoration.—Elizabeth Rosenberger.

A Family Measuring Board.—Jesse D. Mohler.

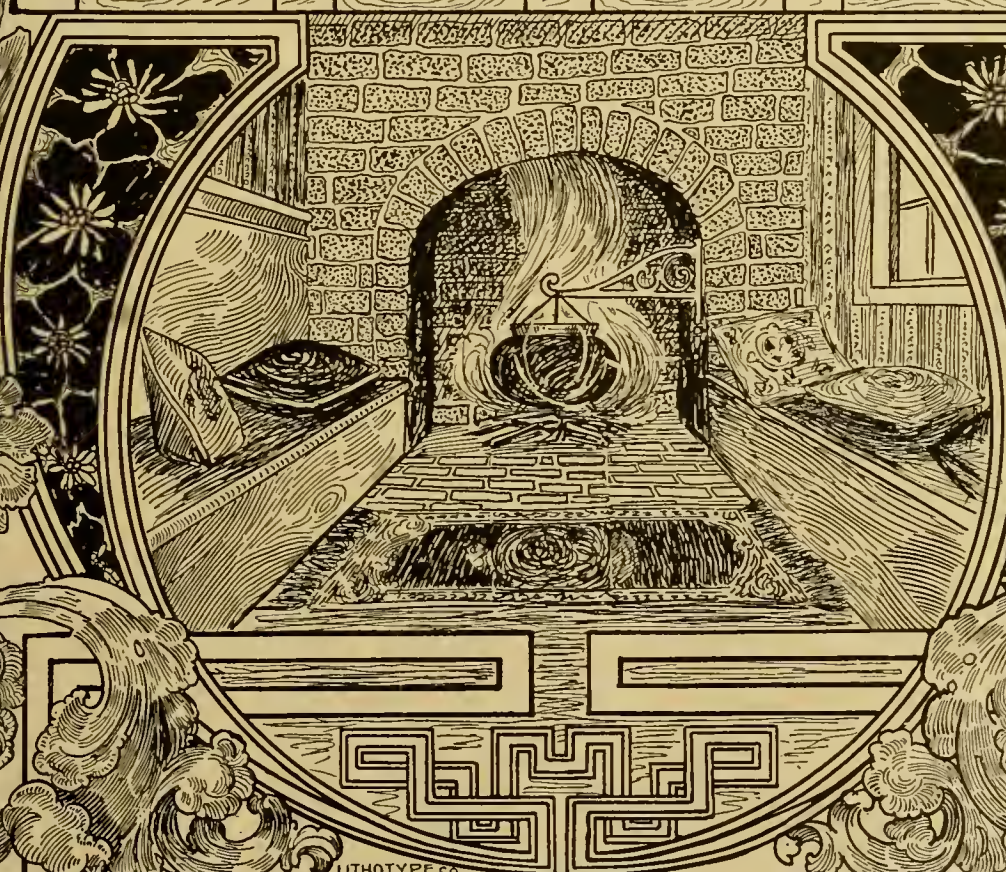
Leather.—John H. Nowlan.

The Fishing Excursion (poem).—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

Catching Frogs.—N. J. Miller.

A Vista of Africa.—E. H. Rydall.

Sermonette.—E. M. Cobb.



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Los Angeles, California, May 16-23, 1907.
NATIONAL ECLECTIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
GRAND LODGE, INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD Ttemplars
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June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.

STOPOVER PRIVILEGES

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RETURN LIMIT—The Joint Agent at destination of ticket (or at any intermediate Pacific Coast point where joint agency may be maintained) will make good ticket for return passage by attaching validation certificate, for which service a fee of 50 cents will be collected. After ticket is validated, stopover may be had at any point enroute within the "Final Return Limit," as shown above. Passengers desiring to stop off, should notify conductors when presenting ticket.

BAGGAGE—The usual free allowance of baggage (150 pounds on full tickets and 75 pounds on half tickets) may be checked going or returning to any point at which stopover is permitted.

FREE SIDE TRIPS

To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

From Denver to Colorado Springs or Pueblo and return. (Apply to Union Depot Ticket Agent or to General Agent, 941 17th St., Denver, Col.)

Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route,** and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Omaha, Neb.

SOME GREAT THINGS AHEAD

The idea of co-operation is fast gaining a foot-hold in the minds of the American public to-day. Mercantile associations have demonstrated the fact that it is the right principle. Even colonization companies find that it is perfectly American in principle and that the people are thoroughly in sympathy with it. The fact that Butte Valley is only a little over a year old and that it now has more than 100 farms selected by a most prosperous class of people, is a late demonstration of how the people appreciate this principle.

The plan of this colony is to establish beet-sugar factories, woolen mills, box factories, tanneries, canning factories, etc., to utilize at least some of the products of the agriculturalists and horticulturists of this section, and dispose of the same as a finished product rather than the raw material, thereby realizing maximum profits for the producer rather than to support a line of middlemen.

Various committees selecting land have taken into consideration climatic conditions for health, fertility of the soil, timber for manufacturing and building purposes, water for power and irrigation, together with a surrounding outside range for stock which can be utilized for all time to come. Volumes are spoken in these simple statements.

So far as transportation facilities are concerned, the possibilities are unexcelled. The main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad is being changed from its present course and is being put through the center of this Valley via Mammoth Falls. The colonist's have established a town-site on this railroad near the center of the Valley and business houses, churches, etc., are to be completed this summer, and by the looks of the tents on the town-site, it appears as if a thriving business center, would spring up in a few months. The colonists have a special reservation and all of their deeds to property, positively prohibiting the sale, purchase, manufacture or use of intoxicating liquors under penalty of forfeiture.

The above plans are unique, progressive and ideal, and are being watched with more than ordinary interest by the general public. No one can afford to visit the great State of California without seeing this locality and investigating it for himself. Low round trip rates can be had almost all summer on account of three different meetings at Los Angeles.

There were only 33,000 acres in the Butte Valley tract in the beginning and it is going very rapidly. Please let us hear from you soon, as to when we may expect a visit from you before it is too late.

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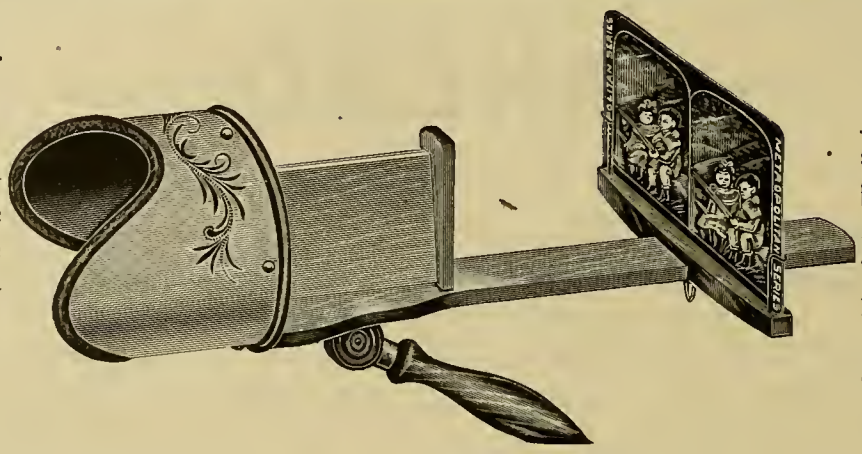
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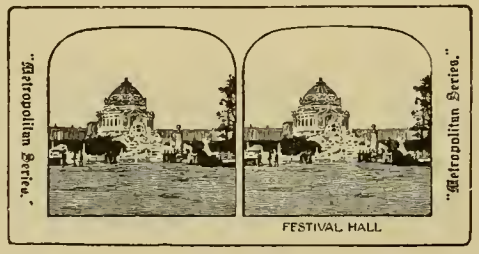


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ALUMINUM SCOPE.

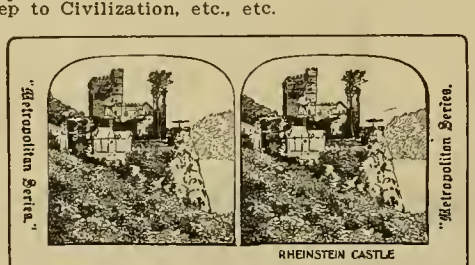
This very handsome Stereoscope is made with a specially constructed aluminum hood, fitted closely to cover the eyes with a soft binding of velvet. The aluminum is satin finished with beautiful hand-engraved designs. The frame is of fine-grained cherry, polished, oiled and varnished. The partition is mathematically adjusted, the handle folds in a firm socket, and the slide may be firmly fixed at any point. The lenses are of the best magnifying quality, 1¼ inches square, set for a focus of any range of eyesight. This elegant instrument is a popular favorite. Its sterling qualities are unsurpassed as a pretty, entertaining and useful article for any parlor or library. Price of scope, $1.00.



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No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

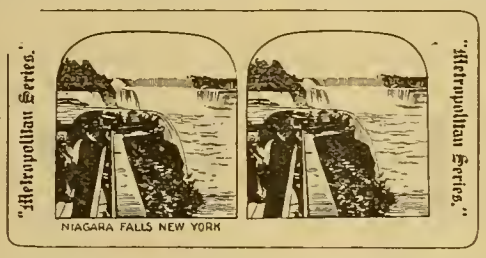
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will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MAY 14, 1907 NO. 20.

A Reflection

Walter Swihart

THERE is no discord in the works of creation. Everything shows a designing hand. All things labor together as parts of one harmonious whole. All living objects, animal and vegetable, fill their places; no two classes occupy identically the same sphere, no two are alike capable of filling the same exact niche in the plan of creation; every natural condition is suited to the wants of some creature, to some plant. If otherwise, large sections would be overpopulated, one general supplant another and the war of fitness would extend to absolute extinction at this place, while the natural unfitness and likewise lack of adaptability would make vast regions uninhabitable. It is known that nothing is complete without including within itself all its component parts and as all these are parts of one great design, how absolutely wonderful is that design—all this fabric knit into one harmonious whole!

The days of creation, when this great unity was installed, surely were great days. All there is, is the result of a consummate progression. Beyond the beginning—æons of the Great Spirit. The first chapter of Genesis recites how the hand of God wrought out the present symmetry. In the beginning of the first day all was darkness, all chaos. The heavens, the earth had to be called from that unorganized eternity of darkness. And we hear, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." How long-drawn the period, we do not know, but enough is said to assure us that the earth was not as it now is. If it had been as it now is it would not have been "without form and void." It was untenanted and untenantable except for the God-spirit and that moved upon the face of the waters—not the sea, because that did not yet exist, but upon the formless and abysmal earth. Later in the day God called light out of the waste of night. Light came not as the result of some luminary being ushered in upon the void, vaporous earth, but from the certain fact that lumination was called into existence. Darkness had existed but a superior force was called in which dispelled it and light has ever since held domination. God also gave name to the two conditions, "And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night." The first day witnessed no organic creation, life was not yet hinted at, and did not come under consideration until the third day.

This is but little of the vast amount of work spoken into existence in this the beginning day. The other days saw many new things, many, *many*, MANY more than we have any knowledge of. It all shows what an exceedingly wonderful time the week of creation was. True, some people believe those days were not days, of twenty-four hours each but periods of infinite ages. But let that fact be as it is, the works of God are far beyond man's comprehension. We are as mere insects conjecturing at man's most sublime flights of eloquence. We look with awe, with amazement! No wonder; we are but creatures amid creation, placed a little higher in the scale of power but still a creature of God's designing.

What we now have we see, and what we see are parts remaining from preceding ages. Many things have existed that have ceased to exist. None exist that at any time have ceased to exist, for all that we have remain as descendants of those that existed in the far away time of creation. What has existed we find recorded in the earth's repository underneath our feet. Her archives are full, holding in trust the complete history of the ages; unwritten but with a strong appeal to every reasonable mind;—it is not man's record, but God's record in unmistakable figures. Who doubts his senses? Do any? Yes! Who? Those who do not understand the thing producing the sensation. Pursue the rock-history and it demonstrates itself. Things we understand as true, we readily believe. Things we do not understand we are very apt to disbelieve. In Arizona I once saw on the rocks pictures covering a whole hillside. No one had the least idea when the the work was placed there, or by whom the work was done, but no one believed they were placed there by chance. No! But beyond the mist of departed ages, through long days of toil, some high-spirited brave in

whom was the instinct of art, wrought the scenes of conflict in imperishable symbols. He is forgotten, his work is forgotten; every vestige of tradition is gone, yet his silent record lives. Do we doubt it? No! Why doubt it? It is self-evident!

If we can not doubt it, why doubt we the records as seen traced in every rock-eternal hill, in the deposits of every plain? They are in every respect as trustworthy. Let us go to the silent keeper of records and enquire for the reading. The once earth-crust acted upon by the agents of nature, caused a slow but never ending change; the products of which formed deposits. Slow, slow, slow, as the erosion, as the passing of the six days, the record was made, but not too slow to be recordless. Upon the folds of this laborious history were entered the beginnings and endings of every change. The first chapter of Genesis mentions the cardinal facts, but turn the rock-history, page by page, and behold its detail. Genesis merely recapitulates, but this story illustrates. The pictures—leaves, flowers, trees, fruits, shells, insects, fishes, reptiles, mammals—many, many, strange and monstrous, bedded in the strata. They are found succeeding one another as in a book one leaf succeeds another. And we, even we are found—we the result of the last creative act are found on that record; like the sublimest thought in a great discourse, we are found on but the last pages of this great drama of creation.

Churubusco, Ind.

BE A SUNBEAM.

DORA SHANK.

Do you know the world has need of bright, sunny people? People full of sunshine, always ready to cheer the unhappy and heal the broken-hearted?

One smile is worth more than hundreds of sighs. Sighs are weeds that choke out the fair flowers—the smiles.

It is better to laugh than be sighing, when we know how swiftly life's moments are passing. It is better to fill our lives with happy, sunny deeds, rather than gloomy, dreary actions.

You know the sunbeams come from the sun. Christ is likened unto the noonday sun; then let us be one of his beams,—a beam which is always ready and willing to light another's pathway and scatter sunshine along their way.

A feeble, old lady was trying to cross over a slippery pavement, on a cold, frosty winter morning. Along came a newsboy crying his papers. His quick eye caught the cautious steps of the old lady and he said, "Can I help you across, Missus?"

"I would be glad if you would; it is so icy this morning," she answered.

After he had helped her across, she thanked him heartily and as he went on crying his papers, "*New York Herald*," "*Philadelphia Press*," she turned and looked after him, with a smile and said to herself, "What a kind boy."

Now was not the little newsboy a sunbeam, one ready to scatter sunshine?

The old lady went on toward her home with a lighter heart than when she started. Someone had been kind to her.

Many more lives could be brighter, more homes sunnier, if each one would resolve to be brighter and do what he could to help others.

But some say, We cannot always be happy. True, you may meet with many trials on your mission as a sunbeam, and there will be some self-denials by the way, but keep looking above and remember, God is love, while you scatter blessed sunshine by the way.

Quarryville, Pa.

LONGFELLOW'S LAST BIRTHDAY.

SELECTED BY PERRY J. MILLER.

With a glory of winter sunshine
Over his locks of grey,
In the old historic mansion,
He sat on his last birthday.

With his books and his pleasant pictures,
And his household and his kin,
While a sound as of myriads singing
From far and near stole in.

It came from his own fair city,
From the prairie's boundless plain,
From the golden gate of sunset,
And the cedarn woods of Maine.

And his heart grew warm within him,
And his moistening eyes grew dim,
For he knew that his country's children
Were singing the songs of him;

The lays of his life's glad morning,
The psalms of his evening time.
Whose echoes shall float forever
On the winds of every clime.

All their beautiful consolations,
Sent forth like birds of cheer,
Came flocking back to his windows,
And sang in the Poet's ear.

Grateful, but solemn and tender,
The music rose and fell,
With a joy akin to sadness
And a greeting like farewell.

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young;
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.

And waiting a little longer
For the wonderful change to come,
He heard the Summoning Angel
Who calls God's children home!

And to him, in a holier welcome,
Was the mystical meaning given
Of the words of the blessed Master:
"Of such is the kingdom of Heaven!"

—J. G. Whittier.

Red-Headed Woodpecker--Carpenter and Drummer

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

OF all our birds, perhaps, no family of them is more interesting than the woodpecker, of which the red-head is a conspicuous member. There are twenty-five species found in North America. whose range extends from the southern United States north through the States to about the latitude of forty-six degrees, and west to the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains.

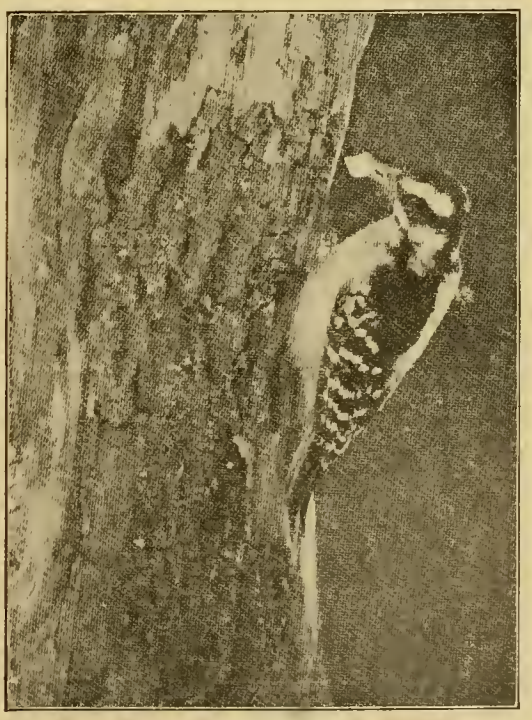


Downy Woodpecker.
Courtesy American Homes and Gardens.

The red-headed woodpecker is an irregular migrant. Those that migrate come north in March and return south in the latter part of October and during November. Its migration depends very much on the supply of food, which formerly, during the winter months consisted largely of beech nuts which have been stored by it in the knot holes of the trees and cracks of fence or stakes. One ornithologist tells us that one autumn when beech nuts were plentiful, he saw the red-heads putting away their hoard of nuts for the winter. He reports one such store which must have contained fully a quart of these nuts.

This bird breeds throughout its range. Its nest is a fine specimen of workmanship and is usually excavated in the trunk or limb of a tree, telegraph pole or fence stake, and ranges in height from six to seventy-five feet from the ground. The red-head has been called the "carpenter of birddom." He makes a true circle for his hole and uses his bill for a chisel and his tail for a support. His bill is long, stout and wedge-shaped, with flattened tip and sides more or less ridged and admirably adapted to making such excavations, and for hunting insects and larvæ which lie hidden under the bark on the trunks and limbs of trees. His tongue is long and provided with horny, barbed filaments which aid him in removing insects from their burrows. It is wonderful how he uses his tail when at work. The tail feathers are short, stiff and spine-like at the ends. He has four toes, two in front and two behind. With these he grips the trunk, then throws himself back on his tail, which he depends upon for support, and then he is ready for work.

The full-grown red-head measures about nine and a half inches in length. In appearance the adult male and female are alike, except that the female is the smaller. The head and neck are crimson red, bordered all around with a narrow crescent of black on the upper part of the breast; the back, wing coverts and tail are black, the lower part of the back and the whole of the underparts, from the breast downwards, white. During the first year of his life he is no red-head at all but a black head, instead, or rather his head and neck are very dark gray. Nearly all the woodpeckers —the downy, the hairy, and the golden-winged—are



Hairy Woodpecker.
Courtesy American Homes and Gardens.

devoid of the red spots on their heads, while young, perhaps to prevent them from becoming vain.

The animal food of the woodpecker consists of ants, wasps, beetles, grasshoppers, moths, crickets, caterpillars and canker-worms. This makes up about half

of his diet. The other half is made up of small seeds and fruit with a little mineral matter.

The red-head is a noisy, sociable fellow as full of fun and frolic as a healthy, wide-awake boy just out of school. He is also as good a drummer as carpenter. For his drum he uses the resonant hole in a dead tree, or a fence stake in the country, or a telegraph or telephone pole in the city. They are very fond of drumming on sheets of tin, and sometimes they make nuisances of themselves from the roofs of buildings, making such a clatter as to almost deafen one.

The red-head has an odd way of taking a bath during a light shower, which he does by clinging lengthwise to an upright or oblique branch, fluffing up his feathers as much as possible, and then flopping his wings slowly back and forth, thus allowing the drops to penetrate and rinse his handsome feathers.

At certain seasons of the year what an active life these woodpeckers are compelled to lead to satisfy hunger! With intervals of scarcely more than a few seconds, they bound out from a perch, seize on an insect and wheel back again. For hours this half work, and half play is kept up. By the way, almost all kinds of birds, at times, engage in this flycatching style of taking their food on the wing.

Spiceland, Ind.

SOME FAMOUS WORKINGMEN.

D. Z. ANGLE.

Most of the men and women whom the world has called great and who were held in highest esteem by their fellows, were men and women who were of humble birth, and rose by their own unaided efforts (in developing and exercising their talents), to fame and fortune. To positions of trust, confidence and profit, tendered only to those whose character and work, tried as by fire, has proven of the highest intrinsic value, and exalted worth.

Of course some of our great men came from the aristocratic or wealthy class, but even though they did, they must have previously distinguished themselves by meritorious work to have gained the confidence and trust of the masses or their representatives. "A tree is known by its fruits," is an old, true saying, also, "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?" By their works ye shall know them is as true now as it was nineteen hundred years ago in our Savior's day.

Work in itself is elevating and ennobling, though some don't seem to think so. It is one of the chief aids to perfect health and what can man or woman do without health? The various situations of life and society are full of troubles and vexations; work serves as a balance wheel to keep the mind occupied, and prevent it in a measure from centering upon unpleasant or unwholesome thoughts, which might have a destructive or demoralizing power. Thus the proper exercise of mind and body tires, and refreshing sleep after the day's close, is the result.

Really we think it is better for a man to work if only for a bare living, than to spend his days in luxurious idleness. Millions have lived and toiled through a long lifetime each scarcely succeeding above his fellows.

Of course all men cannot be generals or college presidents. Probably a comparatively few have the gifts of genius which may enable them to outdistance and tower above their countrymen, many of whom have the same gifts of nature except lacking in the persevering spirit and developing energy.

The past two hundred years abound with the names of men of great talents who did not hide those talents in a napkin and lay them away for safekeeping. We here name a few: James Watt who after many years of the hardest and most discouraging labor and experiments, amid untold hardships and struggles in supporting himself and family, finally perfected to a wonderful degree the greatest machine of his century, the steam engine. In like manner George Stephenson worked fifteen years in perfecting the locomotive engine. His advice to young men was, "Do as I have done, persevere." Jacquard, the inventor of the loom, which he invented and introduced only under extreme difficulties and opposition shown him by his countrymen, lived to see his invention adopted and himself received in 1820 the decoration of the Legion of Honor from Louis XVIII of France, but though thus much honored, he profited but in modest degree financially, from one of the greatest inventions of the age. Barnard Pallissy, born 1510 in France, was an inventor of pottery ware, as was also John Bottgher a German born 1685 who after many costly experiments and much poverty invented hard porcelain manufacture. History says both these men unfortunately reaped little but sorrow as the reward for their labor. But an Englishman, Josiah Wedgwood, was more fortunate as a potter; he was born in 1730, lived sixty-four years and in that time 'tis said he "converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture, into an elegant art and an important branch of national commerce. This he did by his energy, skill and genius, thereby acquiring wealth and position among men. Wedgewood when about eleven years old had the smallpox, the effect of which caused a lameness in his right knee and finally amputation of the right leg resulted, which affliction, preventing him from working as other men, was thought to have caused him to use his mind instead, to improve his trade, and thus his weakness brought out his greatest strength and finally great ultimate success, an instance encouraging to those who suffer from similar misfortunes. Sir Isaac Newton, when asked by what

means he had worked out his wonderful scientific discoveries replied, "by always thinking unto them." His concentration of mind upon a subject continuously enabled him to work out great problems successfully. Sir Humphrey Davy became an eminent scientist. When about twenty years of age he wrote in his note book the words, "I have neither riches, nor power, nor birth to recommend me; yet if I live I trust I shall not be of less service to mankind and my friends, than if I had been born with all these advantages." He lived to fulfill his expectations, and probably to realize the great benefits he was able to bestow upon his fellowmen. Harvey, who discovered facts concerning the circulation of the blood, and Dr. Jenner, the discoverer and promulgator of vaccination as a preventive of smallpox, both encountered vast difficulties and mountains of opposition before they were able to convince the world of the soundness of their views and the certain benefits their adoption would bring to mankind. These are but a few instances of success attained by men through the power of stubborn, continuous effort. Genius, as some have said, is largely the ability to work continuously, intelligently and earnestly with a definite and exalted aim or object in view. And encouraged thereby, many may press onward in developing talents and abilities they have scarcely dreamed of, but the fruits of which, would bring happiness and prosperity, blessings and benefits to countless thousands.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.



The Fishing Excursion

Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

In nowise I ain't no poet;
But I want ter tell you, boys,
Of the blessin' and the pleasures
Uv obedience's joys.
'Twere a feller an' his sister—
You ken guess it if you're wise—
And the maiden were a treasure,
And the chap were jest my size.

'Twere a patch of corn and 'taters
Jest fernenst the middle field;
Sez his father to this feller,
That to make a gushin' yield
It 'ud take some faithful grubbin',
Which alone the weeds could cure;
"Then," sez he, "my boy, to-morrow
We will take a fishin' tour."

But, dear Muse, how hot an' scorchin'
Beat the sun that summer day!
An' instead uv grubbin' 'taters,
Down among the fresh-mowed hay
Lay this youngster weavin' fancies
Whilst his sister took the hoe,
Speakin' not a word uv chidin'
As she trudged from row to row.

Oh, them brightest dreams uv fishin'
Which his plannin' did afford!
Oh, them sweet an' golden visions
Hist'ry never ken record!
An' the corn looked pretty middlin'
An' the 'taters looked fust rate
As the supper hour wuz nearin'
An' the father reached the gate.

But, boys, fathers hev a power
Fer to know or pry in things;
An' this feller's golden fancies
Very shortly took their wings
W'en he heard these words so solemn:
"Since uv dreamin' you are fond,
You may take your fill to-morrow,
Jane an' I will fish the pond."

Oh, dear Muse, I wish you'd help me
Picter uv them rambles gay,
Uv that maiden with her father
An' the fish they caught that day,
And uv how that sorry dreamer,
With the bed-post fer his chum,
L'arnt to be a wise feller
By that summer's day to hum!

Johnstown, Pa.

Catching Frogs

N. J. Miller

IT is now about "frog-time." The resonant bass chorus, "zoom, zoom, zoom, zoom!" makes one certain of it. This booming sound of the bull-frog, or the less deep "chung," "chung" of the green frog, has helped many a boy to be successful "a-frogging." However, the green and brown colors of the upper parts harmonize so well with the water-plants, grass and weed fringing a stream or pond that one very easily fails to see the frog, especially should it remain quiet. So its coloration affords considerable protection from enemies. Another characteristic, giving it the advantage, is that the eyes are projecting well on the top of the head, thus affording a large range of vision. Therefore capturing a frog by stealthily approaching and reaching the hand over it is a difficult, though more or less, exciting task. Usually the green animal is alert enough to jump away out of reach or into water. A few swift strokes of the hind legs puts it into a place of safe retreat. Besides, the splash, "ku-chug," is a tell-tale to the rest of the tribe to be on the lookout or seek a hiding place. Should you be fortunate enough to get your hand on one of them, it, being so slimy, may slip through your fingers. Should you grasp it by the hinder parts of the body it will attempt to jump and perhaps get away, but by the anterior parts it will either remain quiet or butt its nose into the mud and puff out its sides. Taking advantage of the latter helps one, using this method of capture, to be fairly successful.

There are many deviations from this method. Some use a club to strike the animal, but this injures or kills it outright and, what is more, borders on cruelty to such an extent as not to be tolerated. Others use a small dip-net hung on a circular wire attached to a pole. This may be used to capture frogs sitting on the mud or bare ground near the margin of a stream or even those swimming in the water. It also may serve as a dredge to capture those hiding in the mud at the bottom or sides of a pond. Others are successful by taking a hook having attached to it a bit of red cloth. This is dangled before the frog which usually catches on the hook with open mouth. It has been determined that though the frog is well fed it cannot resist seizing the red cloth.

To make large catches for the market or laboratory, one should visit the ponds and streams the earlier part of the night. A row-boat and head-light or lantern are all that is needed. One man can operate quietly the boat where the frogs are croaking and "singing," while another can attend to the croaking individuals. The light blinds the frogs which at once cease to croak and do not move, as though enchanted. Then the excitement really begins. A spear is often used to impale them, but the better way is to get into the water and pick up the frogs as though they were so many flowers. Hundreds of them may be caught in this way in a few hours.

Once I had the fortune to room with an instructor in zoölogy. One evening in the springtime he caught by the head-light method bull-frogs by the score, several pails and pans full of them. After bringing them to our room the croaking and deep bass choruses didn't cease, not even through the still hours of the night. At least there was a great deal of croaking when we fell asleep and plenty when we awoke. On



Where one goes to hear deep-booming choruses.

rising we noticed frogs perched here and there, under the bed, on the study table, couch, in the dresser,—frogs everywhere, reminding us of the frog-plague in the time of Pharaoh. Had we been girls, I suppose it had been proper to scream. We didn't. There simply was an exciting chase until the perspiration stood out on our foreheads. Finally the last frog found its place in the buckets and we took care that the lids couldn't come off.

A VISTA OF AFRICA.

E. H. RYDALL.

STANDING on the balustrade at the top of one of those twelve story blocks in Los Angeles, an individual may observe to the south the mountains of Old Mexico; to the west, the limitless Pacific interrupted by a dark cloud, the Island of Santa Catalina; to the east, the rugged mountains that border the State and separate it from the rolling mesas of Arizona; to the north, some strange objects beneath the shadow of the Sierra Madre Mountains; these are ostriches, descendants of compulsory emigrants brought here from Africa some twenty-five years ago. Such a picture is furnished by the British in Africa, for there is the home of the domesticated ostrich. Small are the Ameri-

can ostrich farms compared with those vast areas of the African veldt, some of the African ostrich farms containing ten thousand acres, but they are complete, for there are to be seen all ages of ostrich life, so placed by the enterprising proprietors as to be convenient for the inspection of tourists. Taking the electric car which leaves the metropolis, Los Angeles, every fifteen minutes, we are soon passing the entrance to Elysian Park, made beautiful by the labor of ten thousand indigent men who labored during the year of a California drouth at a dollar a day to add this ornament to the city; past the beautiful suburb of Highland Park to the bridge over the Arroyo Seco, where, riding over the tops of trees, we behold the magnificent panorama furnished by nature in the entrance to the great San Gabriel Valley; in all directions arise the everlasting heights, encircled in purple bloom, over which, like sentinels, stand the snow-capped summits of the lofty mountains. Perhaps this is the most charming trip out of the City of the Angels.

Arrived at the entrance to the farm we pass through a hundred thousand dollars worth of ostrich feather finery guarded by a dozen attractive women, whose business it is to supply the feminine tourist with this seductive finery. Emerging into the farm we behold a floral park, created by the magic hand of almost unlimited capital, ever delighting the botanist, artist or lover of the beautiful. Fountains ever flow with real water, pond lilies keep their faces to the sun, while over miniature cataracts the precious liquid flows with an abandon and regularity not often seen in this New Palestine; sand-covered walks shaded by evergreen arbors invite to rest and quietness, while beds of strange cacti and ostriches in the perspective tell the traveler he is enjoying a view of Africa, familiar to the prophets since the days of Moses.

The first object of interest will be an immense building containing upwards of a hundred industrious women who toil from dawn to dark manufacturing ostrich feathers, for the crude feather of the ostrich, beautiful as it is, must be so combined with other feathers, so twisted and curled, before it is ready for the critical eye of Dame Fashion. The Japanese contingent drying the long string of feathers in the sun may be observed. Then we come to the corrals of the young ostriches, not quite matured and prepared to multiply; a little dog will cause this battalion of ostriches to rush like the wind to the further extremity of the corral, and yet a lady tourist may feed each of these creatures with decayed oranges furnished by the management for the purpose. Now we arrive at the incubator where in a dim light the monstrous eggs that have been collected from the various ostrich nests are awaiting the fullness of time. Haply upon the noise occasioned by our appearance, several of these creatures may burst their monstrous shells and emerge into the glorious climate of California, for the California climate has been found so suitable to the African ostrich that the creatures hatch all the time, instead of, as in Africa, in the months of February and September. This, perhaps, is the most interesting sight in California, for here are the quick and the dead. The antics of the newly-arrived ostrich rivals the lugubrious performances of the completely intoxicated; the creature will rear up proudly and take a few steps, then fall flat on its face; then it will revive, blink at the visitors and try again. The groups of young chicks on the evergreen sward is most beautiful to see.

Now we come to the pens of the patriarch, where this gigantic centaur of the desert can be seen fully developed, of immense size and proudly perambulating his confined space, watchful of the happiness of his silent and faithful hen, who spends most of her time in turning over the eggs in her nest. At night he takes his place over the nest, while the female seeks that rest and recreation to which she is well entitled. Sometimes boys may be seen riding the ostriches, but this is generally at what is termed a plucking, when each ostrich is escorted blindfold to a corner of the fence and deprived of all those large plumes that so ornament the creature, and which, if not so removed, would fall to the ground and be trodden upon. The rides of these boys begin with the blindfolded ostrich, when no progress is made; an attendant, however, snatches the hood from the head of the ostrich and the interesting or exciting, as the case may be, begins to happen. The creature darts from side to side, rubbing against trees or fences, in its endeavor to dislodge the boy, who, the stronger he is, the longer he can stay on the back of the creature; for a hundred years this wild, exciting natural circus performance continues until one of two things happen; either the boy is thrown into the atmosphere in front of the bird, or he slides off the posterior section with some loss of dignity; appreciative applause from the assembled crowd attends both performances.

Finally we come to the pens containing the real wild ostriches, or those that have wild heredity; these creatures are from Abyssinia and are detected by their salmon color, instead of the lead color, the mark of the South African domesticated ostriches. These were brought at great expense to the management from the Desert of Sahara, near the head waters of the Nile, and are therefore, except the arriving chicks, the most interesting feature of the exhibit. Beyond are the corrals of the mating ostriches.

Returning to the immense show room we pass the aviary where the small feathered songsters are contained, ever a stopping place for all tourists. Here are chaffinches, bullfinches, linnets from England; canaries from Germany, tufted quail from the wilds of California and magnificent Japanese pheasants and Mandarin ducks. A great New York paper has called this "the strangest sight in America," and as we take

the electric cars back to town after this enjoyable visit, we have concluded that in this laudatory statement no mistake has been made.

LITTLE THOUGHTS ON BIG THEMES.

Experience is the germ of power.

The problem of civilization is to eliminate the parasite.

It is quality that makes a man great, and not knowledge.

Calm, patient, persistent pressure wins. Violence is transient.

The man who consumes and wastes and does not produce is a burden like the grasshopper.

A workingman thrives best by considering and working for the best interests of his employer.

Mother nature in giving out energy gives each man about an equal proportion—the difference is in the way you use it.

The alternating current gives power; only an obstructed current gives either heat or light; all things require differently.

The fact is that life lies in mutual service—any other course is merely existence. Those who do most for others enjoy most.

Mental work of a congenial kind is a great stimulus to bodily vigor—to think good thoughts, working them out like nuggets of gold, and then to coin them into words, is a splendid joy.—*Elbert Hubbard in May Lippincott's.*

SOME RARE BOOKS.

Of all the rare and costly books in the world, perhaps the most expensive are certain copies of religious books. A copy of the Koran, now in the possession of the Shah of Persia, is said to be worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Its parchment sheets are bound in a solid gold cover an eighth of an inch in thickness, with a silver lining equally thick. The gold cover is decorated with precious stones in the form of a crescent. One hundred and nine diamonds, one hundred and sixty-seven pearls, and one hundred and twenty-two rubies make up the brilliant decoration.

By the side of this book may be placed a copy of the Bible, as one of the costliest books in the world. At the present time it has no price, for money would not buy it. It is a Hebrew version now in the Vatican. As long ago as 1512 Pope Julius II. refused to part from it for its weight in gold.

There is in the library at Göttingen a novel Bible written on five thousand three hundred and seventy-three palm leaves.

Among uncommon religious books must be classed an edition of the Bible issued by the Oxford University Press. It is only one and three-quarters inches in length and one and seven-eighths in breadth. It has to be read by means of a magnifying glass—and one is given with this tiny Bible for fifty-five cents.

The Marquis of Dufferin possessed a volume half the size of a postage stamp. It is an edition of the sacred book of the Sikhs.

LUXURY IN FORESTS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, whose essays contain more genuine poetry than many volumes of measured lines that are called poetry, saw more in Nature than the mere sensuous objects, to him there was behind all a something that spoke to and sought to teach man. Herewith is given an extract from his essay on Nature, written less in the transcendental style that prohibits his being read by many:

At the gates of the forest the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. The knapsack of custom falls off his back with the first step he takes into these precincts. . . . Here we find Nature to be the circumstance which dwarfs every other circumstance, and judges like a god all men that come to her. We have crept out of our close and crowded houses into the night and morning, and we see what majestic beauties daily wrap us in their bosom. . . The tempered light of the woods is like a perpetual morning, and is stimulating and heroic. The ancieritly reported spells of these places creep on us. The stems of pines, hemlocks, and oaks almost gleam like iron in the excited eye. The incommunicable trees begin to persuade us to live with them, and quit our life of solemn trifles.

These enchantments are medicinal; they sober and heal us. These are plain pleasures, kindly and native to us. We come to our own. . . . We never can part with it; the mind loves its old home; as water to our thirst, so is the rock, the ground, to our eyes and hands and feet. It is firm water; it is cold flame; what health, what affinity! Ever an old friend, ever like a dear friend and brother when we chat affectedly with strangers, comes in this honest face, and takes a grave liberty with us, and shames us out of our nonsense. Cities give not the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much scope, just as we need water for our bath. There are all degrees of natural influences, from these quarantine powers of Nature, up to her dearest and gravest ministrations to the imagination and soul. There is the bucket of water from the spring, the wood fire to which the chilled traveler rushes for safety—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and noon. We nestle in Nature, and draw our living as parasites from her roots and grains. . . .

It seems as if the day was not wholly profane in which we have given heed to some natural object. The fall of snowflakes in a still air, preserving to each crystal its perfect form; blowing of sleet over a wide sheet of water, and over plains; the waving of acres of Houstonia, whose innumerable florets whiten and ripple before the eye; the reflections of trees and flowers in grassy lakes; the musical, steaming, odorous south wind, which converts all trees to wind-harps; the crackling and spurting of hemlock in the flames, or of pine logs, which yield glory to the walls and faces in the sitting room;—these are the music and pictures of the most ancient religion. . . . We penetrate bodily this incredible beauty; we dip our hands in the painted element; our eyes are bathed in these lights. . . . I can no longer live without elegance; but a countryman shall be my master of revels. He who knows what sweets and virtues are in the ground, the waters, the plants, the heavens, is the rich and royal man.—*The Pathfinder.*

AMERICANITIS.

It is that disease vich I do not before know. It is called "Americanitis," said a famous German physician newly come to this country.

The good doctor was aghast at the number of nervous cases brought before him. The very children of the land were suffering from a malady for which his art could do little.

"Is it that none of them, great or small, know how to lif," he pondered aloud as his thoughts strayed to the chubby, rosy-cheeked children of his beloved fatherland. "We know not that our Carls and Gretchens haf nerves."

He shook his head gravely over Elsie, who, as her mother said, "talked all over." Every part of her little body, head, hands and feet moved in sympathy with her speech. Her voice was high and raspy, her words so rapidly articulated as to be almost unintelligible.

"Count me the numbers from one to elefen, my child," he said, blinking kindly at her through his spectacles.

As Elsie repeated the numbers he watched her attentively. Each sound she made was accompanied by a series of nervous twitches and tremors, in which every muscle of her body seemed to take part. As she counted the child watched herself for the first time. "Isn't it funny," she said jerkily, "I can't even think without moving all over."

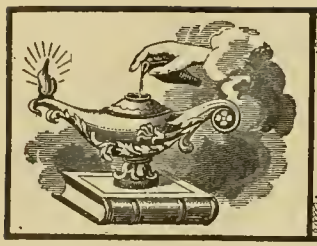
To which the physician made answer to himself, "I think it not at all 'funny,' as she calls it. She cannot use her mind without straining her body, she cannot use her body unless the brain it work too. It is bad and sad and if they haf not wisdom it will be worse. The little one has already the Americanitis.'"

All about us are the victims of this disease, harassed looking men, nervous, overwrought women. Many of them are fine and intelligent people, yet nevertheless they are paying the penalty of ignorance—ignorance of the care of their bodies. These are the people who have wasted their strength in worrying, in foreboding, in downright yet often causeless fear. These are the people who beat tattoos with their fingers, or tap on the floor with their toes, keeping time to imaginary tunes—people who have such a fear of wasting moments that they try to do two things at once and end in doing both badly. People who have discordant voices, poor judgment, quick tempers—people perhaps even of violent actions. To those who are thus afflicted we should extend pity and all possible help, but I beg of you as you value health and happiness and usefulness to avoid for yourselves the approach of the disease which so alarmed the German scientist—the dread disease of Americanitis.—*Youth's World.*

"MONTEZUMA'S WELL."

About twelve miles from Camp Verde, Arizona, there is a strange depression in the earth which has been named "Montezuma's Well." The basin is five hundred or six hundred feet across, and nearly circular. The inside walls go down pretty steeply for forty feet more, and then there is a sloping mass of broken stone such as one sees at the foot of many cliffs. This, in turn, dips into a pool of water, which at its center is said to be extremely deep. A writer for *Science* declares that the bowl was formed by the falling in of the roof of a cavern previously excavated in the limestone by water.

The Coon Butte Crater of Arizona is a similar hollow, but it differs from the one just mentioned in having a ridge around it. Besides there is no water in the hollow now, though there may have been in the past. Geologists have been puzzled to account for it, because there are few or no indications of volcanic actions in the vicinity, and the resemblance to an enormous crater in a low elevation may prove deceptive. Another theory, advanced by Professor G. K. Gilbert of Washington is that the earth was hit by a colossal meteorite, which was completely buried, but which raised a ridge around the hole it made. That view has not much to sustain it, except the discovery of some small fragments of a meteor within a few miles of the spot. The man who brought the subject up in *Science* (William P. Blake) suggests that perhaps the so-called crater was not produced by a volcanic outburst or a blow from some celestial body, but by the same undermining action which accounts for "Montezuma's Well." He puts the case cautiously, for he has not visited Coon Butte, and does not know whether the rocks are of the right character to make the theory credible.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

E. M. COBB.

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses."

THE verse referred to in this wonderful chapter is repeated in verses 19 and 28. This is one of the most beautiful Psalms of David. The great musician, poet, warrior and king of Israel must also have been a mariner. No one but a mariner could have written such a beautiful description of a storm at sea as is described here in verses 23-30. It is par excellence. I have known men of no average ability try to insert or eliminate certain parts of sentences and paragraphs in this description to make it more complete. In either case the result was a failure. The description is complete within itself.

On the 9th day of December, 1902, I stood on the deck of an ocean liner on the Atlantic, in a storm which the engineer said was one of the worst in fifteen years. And with these verses before my eyes I was unable to add a word that would more fitly describe the fury of the great deep, as it was lashed out before the angry storm.

There are three paintings in this chapter suggested by the Divine Artist, and executed by the pen of the author of which this storm at sea is the first. It has the literal painting as a background. The other two paintings are side-lights and fillings for the great panoramic scene. The second paragraph which is in the context preceding this text, leading up to the thirteenth, is a most vivid description of the life of Israel and her doings and sayings while under the direct, though theocratic administration of God. The people were imprisoned, were enslaved, were despised; they hungered, were fatigued and even died. They cried unto Jehovah and he gave them deliverance. The plagues were used for persuasion toward liberty; the seas were opened to make pathways for Israel; crowds and bushes were set on fire as guideboards; the mountain tops were illuminated by electrical lights of God; the rocks gave birth to living fountains; the heavens rained bread, and the rivers parted in order that the Lord might deliver them out of their distresses. The machinery of the universe and the potency of the Creator are all turned to account when he blesses his children. His power is limitless. His heart is open to all men and his enemies are nothing in his sight.

The third great picture is the foreground of the painting and is the application of the Way of Life. In the last paragraph of the chapter the character of the followers of Christ is beautifully portrayed. Their difficulties and obstacles are hinted at and their delivery assured. Such a beautiful plan is here outlined, showing how the Lord is able to deliver and that he possesses such a willingness to deliver all men out of their distresses. If you have never been rescued from a storm at sea, you probably lack one glimpse of the great picture of how the soul feels when he is delivered from his sins and his distresses by the hand of the Lord.

Surely this is a beautiful text and a beautiful chapter. It is a wonderful Psalm, sung by the sweet singer of the golden age of Israel. As the Lord brings those at the mercy of the sea unto their desired haven, so also will he bring those upon the sea of life, who are battling with the waves therof unto the banks of eternal deliverance. Through the merits of his Son he will stand at the pearly gates to welcome home those who have been loyal to his Son.

"THE LIFE OF MEN."

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

I am come that they may have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.—John 10: 10.

ONE of the great benefits which comes from citizenship in the kingdom of God is forgiveness of sins. Another great blessing is the bestowing of life. In the first three gospels Jesus has much to say about forgiveness, but in the fourth he speaks most often about life. By this he does not mean natural life, the life of animals and man, but spiritual life, the life of the soul. The natural life is a mystery and as that is a gift to us, it is not strange that the life of our souls should also be a gift of God. The kingdom, also, has other blessings, such as God's discipline which we receive constantly in each day's experience, and answer to prayer when made in the right spirit.

People often think that because they are Christians they have a right to expect all the good things of this life; health and riches and freedom from pain and suffering. etc. The practice of the Christian virtues usually does secure some of these good things, but Jesus did not promise definitely that faithfulness will be rewarded in this way. He seems not to regard

earthly blessings; and his promises for the most part are concerned with those things which he thinks are of the greatest worth.

THE ULTIMATE GOOD.

And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Romans 8: 28.

One of the most difficult tasks to which the true Christian is put is the sincere believing of just what St. Paul expresses in this sentence. It should not be so, but it is, and conditions can only be dealt with as they exist. Hence we must accept what is, and work upon that basis.

Why any professing Christian should ever for a moment doubt that all things do work together for good is hard to understand. Why any person who has lived a spiritual life in any degree should doubt this is likewise strange.

For the common experience of the average man and woman is that no matter how unbearable or even unfair certain burdens and hardships may seem at the time of their imposition, it becomes apparent sooner or later that the purpose behind them was beneficent rather than otherwise.

There is a logical reason for this. It is a reason that may be inferred from many of the most ordinary occurrences of everyday life. For instance, one standing by the side of a mechanic, watching him in the act of producing a certain piece of machinery, may be utterly unable to understand why he does this or that. One move on his part may seem not only useless, but actually idiotic, *until* the assembling of the various component parts is reached.

Then, all the curious moves and preparations are explained one by one, and for each there becomes apparent the best and ofttimes the simplest of reasons which, when they are seen, cause the beholder to wonder why he should ever have questioned the course of the workman.

It is just this way with the life of a man. In a sense, it is a machine made up of many connected parts which we may call days or deeds, according to our desire. The Master Workman, infallible and perfectly skilled, is aware of the use to which this life or that one is to be put. He knows what will best prepare this one for the task it should fulfil; what will best fit that one for the duty which lies before it.

He therefore is like the workman at the bench, and while we in our ignorance may not be able to see clearly why many things come to pass as they do, the day will come when our vision, being that of the more complete whole, will serve us to better and fairer advantage.

Then we will be able to see that the burdens and sorrows and misfortunes were for good purpose, though at the time they may have seemed not only unnecessary but even unjust.

What is the use of saying we have faith in a Father who is all-wise and all-merciful, if we must constantly be fretting and worrying over the things he allows to come into our lives?

What is faith in God, anyway? Is it a something to be said and sung in a church building on Sundays and Wednesday evenings, perhaps, and then laid away against the next occasion of similar nature? Or is it a robust and vital trust, which sees in all that comes to pass the working out of a vast and symmetrical whole; a truth that is content to do the best that is humanly possible, and let God take care of the rest; a love that believes absolutely in the goodness and might of the object loved, and therefore wastes no time or strength wondering why this or that should be?

There is a faith that brings with it the greatest measure of peace possible to the mind or heart of man, and that is the faith which is born of full confidence that no matter what happens, "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."—*The North American.*

OUR MEAT AND DRINK.

I know that many of you are puzzled to know in what direction to start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say this to you in that connection: Once I came to a crossroads in the old life, and did not know in which direction God wanted men to help hasten his kingdom. I started to read the Book to find out what the ideal life was, and I found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums; whether it was done in the college or class-room, or on the street, did not matter at all. "My meat and drink," Christ said, "is to do the will of him that sent me," and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work. There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men in every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home, as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.—*Henry Drummond.*

Looking backward is one of our most dangerous and debilitating sins. Men sometimes say: "Oh for the days of Whitefield! Oh for the days of Wesley! Oh for the days of Luther! Oh for the days of the apostles." What we ought to say is: Oh for the belief that the same Jesus who ascended into the heavens has come back again, and that he is here in his invisible representative, the Holy Spirit, as truly as he was in the city of Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost.—*Charles E. Jefferson.*

"No pillow is more downy than a duty well done."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF 1907.

For the first time in the history of the Brethren church, its annual conference is to be held west of the Rocky mountains. The time for the meeting is rapidly approaching, and those who have long looked forward to an Annual Meeting on the Pacific coast will soon see the fruition of their hopes. Already a number of members have left their homes in the East and are on their way to the land of sunshine and flowers, and many more are making the final preparations for the journey.

To those who have never visited sunny California, the trip will be an especially interesting one. The level stretches of prairie, with the homes scattered here and there with their accompanying groves, and with the signs of thrift and prosperity on every hand, will perhaps form the first attraction for the one who comes from the wooded, rolling land of the East. Somehow, under the influence of this boundless open plain, he will begin to breathe deeper than ever before, and he can understand why the westerner feels crowded and smothered when he goes back east. Next, the towering peaks of the Rockies, and the grand scenery of narrow canyon and dizzy, overhanging cliffs, will give rise to new and stranger feelings still. Then will follow the miles on miles of desolate, barren wastes where is born the sense of loneliness and helplessness and dependence. In all the journey thus far one thing is sure to impress itself upon the mind of the easterner, and that is, that we still have plenty of room to grow. But the best is left until the last, and the traveler will no doubt agree that this is so when he enters one of the enchanted valleys on the Pacific coast.

I feel, however, that our traveler ought to have a little warning before he reaches the "City of the Angels" and an admonition to hold with a strong rein a too vivid imagination. Los Angeles has a good many eyesores, just as most all large cities have, and the uncultivated areas in the country districts will not, by any arrangement, fit into the paradise you had pictured. I tell you this for your own good as well as for the good of the people living in that land, that you may not turn on them later and accuse them of misrepresentation when your own imagination has made the trouble. In speaking about Elgin as a desirable place to live, we do not mention the many unpaved streets, the poor sidewalks and few public improvements, and just as naturally the people of Southern California make no mention of the unattractive features of their country. But with this warning, when you reach that country you will say, "Of course I knew it was not a perfect paradise," and then you will proceed to fall in love with the beautiful which is far in the majority, and declare that the half was not told.

Whether the meeting shall give to the work of the church in Southern California the uplift and impetus which the members there have believed that it would, depends much on each individual member who attends the meeting. If each one will make it manifest that the work of the church and her mission in the world are first in importance, the workers there are sure to feel a mighty power behind them and the way before them paved in many places for certain advancement. But if sight-seeing and its attending pleasures are given a place above the conference and its work, the members so advertising themselves will be as so many weights and hindrances to the work.

And then the direct and ultimate success of the meeting depends, in a measure, too, on those of us who remain at home. The effectual, fervent prayer may bring the Holy Spirit who shall put into the mouths of God's people the words they should speak. Each man to his post and may the name of our God and of his Christ be exalted in the world!

GOING FORWARD.

It almost makes one dizzy these days trying to keep track of the flying wheels of progress. Now this, now that, improvement is added, till presently the whole face of things is changed. The failure to watch closely a few turns of the wheels makes one feel like a Rip Van Winkle when he does sit up and take notice. There are people whose sole business it is to bring about these changes, who work in order that they may make changes to better advantage, instead of making changes in order that they may work to better advantage.

And it is right here in connection with this march forward that a very erroneous idea has crept in. No one can measure the harm it has already done, and it promises to do even more in the future since our momentum seems to be on the increase. The idea is, that whatever plan is proposed for the carrying on of some work, the fact that it is new is the only recommendation necessary to place it among the things that

belong to progress and improvement, and secure its adoption. We do not stop, with the Athenians, in hearing and telling new things, but we would incorporate them into our systems of business on their newness alone under the delusion that it must mean going forward.

Not long ago, in speaking to a young man about a certain business meeting and a measure that was discussed there, he said: "Well, of course I wouldn't want to object to it. I don't want to be the one to pull back." Of course not, said I, no one wants to pull back. When I object to anything of that sort it is not because I want to hang back, it is because I want to go forward. It is just as possible to go forward by objecting to a proposed plan as it is to go backward. When a new measure is proposed, each one must decide for himself in the light of the knowledge he possesses which way the thing is headed, and he must take his stand accordingly. Shall I keep still for fear of being accused of pulling back when my own sense of right tells me that the thing is far away from what is needed?

This young man, however, is not the only one who is afraid to "hang back." We must confess that many of the things now holding sway in some particular line of endeavor are hindrances and not helps to the march forward. Instead of being improvements, bringing us nearer the ideal, they have proved to be snares which have taken us in the other direction and we are now farther than ever from the goal. This means that there have been some,—brothers to the Athenians,— who were so infatuated with new things, simply because they were new, that they have not rested till we, who are afraid of being dubbed "old-fashioned" or "behind the times," have adopted them.

As was stated above, it must be allowed that no one really wants to go backward. All, who are not absolutely indifferent to life's duties and possibilities, desire to grow, to get farther away from the crude and imperfect and nearer the ideal, the perfect, as determined by a thorough study of the One in whom is embodied perfection. But this mistaken idea as to what constitutes real progress is the thing that makes the mischief. By all means let us have the new things when they outweigh present plans in the light of the end, perfection, but when they fall short in this point, let us have the courage to turn them down altogether.

THE FAMILY SPIRIT.

We have all had more or less to do with that spirit which aims to bind together more firmly families, societies, and the like, by the fostering and perpetuation of those influences which lend themselves naturally to that end. While it is possible for this family spirit to be exhibited in a way calculated to bore and disgust those not of the family, rightly developed and manifested it is not only a means of strength and inspiration to that family, but it commends itself to others as a source of power.

This spirit has been more or less manifest in the Inglenook family since the appearance of the magazine. While we have aimed never to encourage the selfish, Pharisaical clannishness, we have noted with pleasure the manifestations of loyalty and helpfulness, features of the family spirit that we would gladly lend our efforts to promote.

We trust that these features may continue to be fostered by each individual member of our family and that the spirit of helpfulness may make of each of us a missionary to enlarge our field of service.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Sighs are weeds that choke out the fair flowers—the smiles.—*Dora Shank.*

With a sense of awe he listened
To the voices sweet and young:
The last of earth and the first of heaven
Seemed in the songs they sung.
—Selected by Perry J. Miller.

There is no discord in the works of creation. Everything shows a designing hand.—*Walter Swihart.*

The machinery of the universe and the potency of the Creator are all turned to account when he blesses his children.—*E. M. Cobb.*

Oh, dear Muse, I wish you'd help me
Picter uv them rambles gay,
Uv that maiden with her father
An' the fish they caught that day;
An' uv how that sorry dreamer
With the bed-post for his chum,
Larnt to be a wiser feller
By that summer's day to hum.
—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

Jesus' promises for the most part are concerned with those things which he thinks are of the greatest worth.—*Richard Braunstein.*

It is not only girl's rooms that are crowded beyond the limit of good taste, but our sitting-rooms and living-rooms are well described by some one as "artistic wastes."—*Elizabeth Rosenberger.*

It is better for a man to work, if only for a bare living, than to spend his days in luxurious idleness. —*D. Z. Angle.*

ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE

THE Chattanooga *Tradesman* declares that the Southern states could pay $500 each for 1,000,000 agricultural immigrants with profits on the transaction, and offers figures to support the proposition. It estimates that the annual loss of the South through an insufficient supply of white labor is over a billion dollars.

THE sultan of Turkey is having trouble in Yemen, Turkish Arabia. There was an outbreak there twelve years ago, which has been kept alive ever since, although the Turks have repeatedly announced that it had been crushed. Recently seven battalions of Turkish troops were practically annihilated by the rebels at that place and reinforcements have been called for by the Turkish commander.

THE Springfield, Mass., Board of Education has not only passed resolutions forbidding the official recognition of secret fraternities among students by teachers or school officers, but has defined this recognition to mean active or post-graduate membership in such fraternity or society, or the patronage of it in any other way. This will necessitate the resignation of nearly all the high-school teachers or severance of their connection with the societies.

IN a trial run on the New York, New Haven and Hartford road between Larchmont and New Rochelle a few days ago an electric train on a trial run made a speed of one hundred miles an hour. The motor of the train was of the type called "single phase." The overhead contact system was used on the stretch of track when the test was made, and the officers of the New Haven road say the experiments have shown it to be superior to the third-rail system. It is also declared that the tests show that passenger trains can be run at one hundred miles an hour with perfect safety.

RECENT statistics show that Italy's population for the last five years has been gradually decreasing. In several of the provinces which furnish the largest contingents of immigrants the deaths already outnumber the births, while in others the population is stationary. The lack of laborers is felt everywhere throughout the country. Emigration is considered to be the main cause of the depopulation. Hence, the government, instead of encouraging it as heretofore, intends to adopt restrictive measures.

THE Russian Douma, whose early dissolution was recently feared because of its failure to pass the government recruiting bill, and the attack made on the military regime, has finally passed the bill by a vote of 220 to 194. At the same time it adopted a resolution setting forth the necessity of decreasing next year the number of men to be called to the colors, and passing a law abolishing the custom of providing soldier servants for officers and the use of troops for police purposes. It also passed a law abolishing trials by drumhead courtmartial.

THE Simla correspondent of the London *Daily Mail* says the government of India realizes the seriousness of the present unrest among the people. There has been serious rioting at various places in eastern Bengal. Indian papers commenting gravely on the situation say the disturbances may be a prelude to worse events, owing to the intense feeling between the Hindoo and Mohammedan portions of the population. The former claim that the latter have desecrated their temples, while the Mohammedans assert that the Hindoo boycott of British goods has caused a rise in prices.

A SWISS company has been formed to construct a tram service without rails between Basle and Huningue, a town on the Swiss-German frontier. The motive force will be electricity supplied by aerial wires. An ingenious device allows the cars to be guided 11 feet six inches on each side of the aerial wires without cutting off the current, so that two cars traveling in opposite directions may pass at full speed. The cost of the scheme is stated to be fifty per cent less than if an ordinary tramway line with rails were constructed.

DR. JOHN WATSON, who is known to the reading world as Ian Maclaren, died at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, May 6. Dr. Watson had gone to Mount Pleasant to lecture to the students of the Iowa Wesleyan university and became ill with tonsilitis which later brought on blood poison. Dr. Watson was born in 1850, in England, although his ancestors were Scotch. He first became famous as a preacher; his first literary work

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," appeared in 1894. This book was a success from the first, and since its appearance his pen has never been idle. He had planned to spend the greater part of the year lecturing in the United States, this being his third tour in this country.

Prof. T. J. J. See, U. S. N., has carried out an exhaustive investigation as to the cause of earthquakes, the results of which he has given in a lengthy paper to the Philosophical Society at Philadelphia. He claims "The earthquakes of the world-shaking class are caused by the explosion of lava from beneath the bed of the sea, by the explosive power of steam which develops beneath the earth's crust by the secular leakage of the ocean bottom." Prof. See also advances a new theory as to the formation of mountains, namely, that they, too, are formed by the sea; "when lava is expelled from beneath the sea by earthquakes, the crust is broken and pushed up along the sea coast." Prof. See is in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, Cal., and was in the midst of the great earthquake that destroyed San Francisco.

The Maine legislature at its recent session created the office of state historian. This official is to be appointed by the governor upon the recommendation of the state historical society. He will not receive any salary, but will be reimbursed for actual cash expenditures to the amount of $500. This legislative act further aims to encourage the writing of local history. It is provided that in the town histories to be promoted prominence shall be given to matters of local geography, "which may be suitable for use in the grammer and high school grades of the public schools" in such towns. The manuscript of town histories must be approved by the state historian, and when published by the town "the state treasurer shall pay the town so publishing a sum not exceeding $150, provided the state shall not pay to any town to exceed one-half of the amount paid by said town for printing and binding said histories."

Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, in a recent address before the Americus Club, at Pittsburg, referred at considerable length to the work the department is doing toward the development of the production of alcohol for industrial uses. He said, "No more coal is being made. Our wood fuel is getting scarce, and the supply of mineral oils will some day cease. It is high time we were looking about for sources of light, heat and power. Other countries are doing this. Alcohol meets the requirements, and starchy plants yield alcohol. One of our explorers last year found the Siberians, at Tomsk, growing a large variety of potato for the alcohol it yields. He brought back half a ton of them, which will be distributed this spring among the experiment stations." He made the further statement that corncobs made eleven gallons of alcohol to the ton, and sweet cornstalks seven, and that alcohol could be made from unmarketable fruit and vegetable matter and many refused plants, and he thought the time was surely coming when the people remote from wood, coal or oil would arrange to grow plants rich in starch for their supply of light, heat and power.

Notwithstanding the recent announcement that the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching had decided not to admit state universities to the list of beneficiaries of the pension system, the president of the board has now made the statement that on account of distinguished academic services exceptions have been made so as to permit of pensions being accorded to Dr. E. Benjamin Andrews, chancellor of the University of Nebraska; Francis H. Smith, for more than fifty years professor of natural philosophy at the University of Virginia; William F. Folwell, ex-president of the University of Minnesota, and Amos N. Currier, for forty years, professor of Latin and Greek in the University of Iowa. It is understood that the annual sum bestowed is between $2500 and $3500. In speaking of their actions, the officials say that this step indicates no change of policy by the trustees of the foundation: that the ordinary college professor in state universities will not participate in the benefits of the fund, although an exception will occasionally be made in the case of really distinguished service.

Professor Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone, in a London interview, said that the problem of aerial navigation had been solved, and that America was ahead of the rest of the world in the development of flying machines heavier than air. Professor Bell gives first credit to Octave Chanute, of Chicago, to whose efforts much of the progress in America is due. The only question that is left, said Professor Bell, is that of improving the machine created by the Wright brothers. Incidentally, he let out the fact that the aeroplane constructed by the late Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, is to be tried again by his assistant, Mr. Manley, who risked his life in the first experiment, when machine and man were plunged into the Potomac river after a short flight. Professor Bell went to England to receive the degree of doctor of science, which was conferred upon him by Oxford May 2. The professor will continue his experiments at Cape Brenton Island this summer, and will propel his kites with a specially constructed engine of 15 horsepower, weighing 210 pounds. He expects to get a machine that will support a man and the necessary equipment at low velocity.



"EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE"

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  There is ever a something that sings alway;
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray;
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear—
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—
  There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black or the midday blue;
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through;
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere;
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Home Decoration

Elizabeth D. Rosenberger

FRANCES was getting ready to move. Her father had taken another house, at the end of Clark street close to the country and the children were happy. After helping her mother to pack dishes, pictures and many other things, Frances went to her own bedroom in which she had arranged the furniture, and all the belongings dear to the heart of a fifteen-year-old girl, according to her own ideas. It took a long while to put away the photographs and the many souvenirs and bits of bric-a-bac. Supper was ready before she was through, though several boxes well-filled attested to the fact that many things were packed, and ready for the moving.

As usual, Frances slept in her room that night. She awoke next morning with a curious sense of quiet and restfulness for which she could not account. And as she looked about the room, she questioned herself, "Is it possible that I have had too many pictures in this room?" The night before she had taken down a great many little pictures framed in passe-partout frames. Her photographs had been grouped in a number of ways which her friend Rose had pronounced, "just too cute for anything." A Japanese parasol had been suspended from the center of the ceiling, and from the middle of the parasol was suspended a miniature potato masher, gilded or bronzed which swung to and fro like a pendulum. On her dressing-table was a handkerchief case made of green tissue paper, tied not with a bow of orange ribbon but with a purple ribbon because it was a fad of the moment to make such grotesque combinations. A miniature dustpan, also bronzed, hung upon the wall. Indeed there were scarcely any plain spaces because Frances possessed some original ideas, and the girls always thought that whatever she tacked on the wall looked cute and cunning; the room looked more like a museum for the preservation of original specimens, than a girl's bedroom.

Every morning's airing dislodged, a "Merry Christmas" or a "Happy New Year," and the weekly tornado of sweeping left every card at an angle that did violence to artistic taste. With so many trifles accumulating dust, her room never looked clean. There were too many boxes covered with pillows, white, red yellow, blue; made of silk, of denim, of gingham, filling every available space. So on this morning Frances gazed about her, gravely and reflectively; and the result of her cogitations was that her room in the new home bore no manner of resemblance to the old. Rooms filled with cheap bric-a-brac and "clutter" are dear to the hearts of nine girls out of ten, so it will be some time before many girls will be content with simple furnishings as Frances was.

It is not only girl's rooms that are crowded beyond the limits of good taste, but our sittingrooms and living rooms are well described by some one as "artistic wastes," because of the tendency to make of them a storehouse for almost anything that any member of the family happens to bring in. Also, we may have two or three times as many stools and chairs as are necessary.

One physician said, "The furnishing of American homes is a reflection of American nervousness, and conversely, American nervousness is aggravated by the furnishings of their homes." The dullest human being is influenced to some degree by environment. If a tired mother sits down to rest in a room where there is not a single reposeful spot upon which to turn the eye there must be a constant, though perhaps unconscious strain upon the nerves.

Let us do away with some of these things that fill up our rooms but add not a whit to their comfort or beauty. You want sofa pillows! Yes, but why have such a quantity? Why not take time to make only a few, using good materials and well chosen tints. Men seldom notice these various forms of decoration made by needle and brush. If the man of the house has a room, you will usually find it to be one in which you feel at ease. He is troubled by no fear of mussing things, no need to thread his way anxiously through a maze of furniture and various decorative obstructions, trembling lest something be overturned or broken.

In this beauty-loving age it seems to me that we want to keep our homes free from things that detract or make less the feeling, that no matter how humble there is no place like our home. It is wrong to have some showy mantel ornaments, and insufficient toweling in the kitchen. The homely arts, housewifery, and the capable management of domestic affairs, are of great importance in creating the home feeling. A neat, clean, well-ordered home is a delight to the eye, it gives that feeling of restfulness and peace which is so desirable in cottage or palace.

A FAMILY MEASURING BOARD.

JESSE D. MOHLER.

THE writer once read of a father who presented each of his married children with a measuring board. This was a smooth board lined and arranged for recording the growth of their children.

This came to mind one stormy day, and I proceeded to make a measuring board for use in our own family. It was a success with the children from the start, and the four years' record now shown is so interesting that the idea is passed along for the benefit of others. Had we realized the interest of such a record, it is probable that weights would have been included with the memoranda.

Any one who remembers his own pleasure in backing up to the kitchen door post, throwing out his chest, stretching the joints of his spinal column, and the light touch of the heel to the floor, can realize some of the pleasure in measuring one's own children. Few things delight the children more than to see how much they have grown. Their delight in repeating the mysterious data is equal to that of the older boy quoting unintelligible phrases pertaining to his bicycle, of the full-grown man repeating the incomprehensible pedigree of his live stock.

Our first records had been made on the usual door casing, but house cleaning knew nothing of sentiment, so we made a portable record that could be put in the closet. This is made on a smooth piece of house siding. Along one edge is a three-fourths inch space marked off in feet, inches, and quarter inches. Next to this space are lined half inch spaces for the children's measure. Each child is given a space with his or her name at the top.

About once in six months a new record is made in each child's column. It is great fun for the children to back up to the board and get a new mark put in their record. Each mark is dated; and the board is becoming an interesting record of child growth.

Our first was a boy. We have no record of his growth prior to nearly three years of age. From that time he grew three and three-fourths inches in fifteen months; two and seven-eighths inches in the next fourteen months; one and seven-eighths inches in the next six months. During the past year we have noticed a widening of his form, and he has been as healthy as could be, but has gained a trifle less than two inches in height.

The most surprising record is that of our second child, a girl, small for her age during her first year. At one year she measured only twenty-six and one-half inches. Thirteen months later she had gained six inches. The next ten months showed almost three and one-half inches gain. The past thirteen months show not quite three inches growth.

Our third was an unusually strong-bodied girl from birth, but has shown no great deviation from records of the others. There seem to be periods of rapid growth with each child.

Last October a new record was started. A little girl, nine days old, was laid on the board and a mark made at nineteen and one-half inches. This morning she was supported on her feet, and the mark made above her head shows a growth of four and three-fourths inches in exactly six months. With even such gain we have considered her growth slow.

A part of this article has been given as a study in child-growth. Add to that the pleasure of studying your own child and it becomes decidedly interesting. Not only that, but think of the child's future pleasure in watching, in imagination, its own growth from babyhood to maturity.

We have thought of recording stages of mental development; but have refrained from doing so as there are so many phases to be considered. The mind, in the depths of its delving, the height of its soaring, the swiftness of its sweeping and the breadth of its span is not subject to the measure of man. God alone knows the movements made, the actions and counter-

actions, and the comparative progress of all the faculties of the mind. They can not be measured.

Warrensburg, Mo.

THE SINGULAR PERSON.

Blessed is the woman who dares to be singular when singularity means peace of mind and simplicity of life. It may be that in her own set or in her own neighborhood she will stand in a class by herself, but nevertheless will she be blessed, and the peace and the serenity of her will oftentimes cast its spell over others with whom she may be brought into contact until her singular personality may be multiplied into many plurals to the peace and contentment of many hearts.

But to be singular. To stand alone in wide, happy spaces with one's best self and one's own definite purpose is far better than to run with the rabble or to clutter one's life with worthless impedimenta.

Great souls have always stood alone and been thought "singular." The frivolous and the commonplace flock together in crowded pathways, each doing the things that others do, and for no other reason but that others do them. Their lives are too full of impulses, to be harried with ever-changing customs and fashions and conventions to have one high ideal or one purposeful object or aim. To be simple and plain and quiet in one's home life is to be singular. The Japanese are singular in this respect, but oh, the blessedness and peace of the simple, quiet life in the Japanese home.

No vulgar and unlovely clutter to distract one's mind and harrow one's nerves. No endless dusting and cleaning and keeping in order of countless possessions, but a quaint and beautiful simplicity, a "singular" individuality and an infinite peace and contentment.

To dare to be singular is to have time for the higher and better things of life. To stand in unoccupied spaces is to have room to grow, and time for development and for service, to be purposeful and helpful and magnetic and to have "a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize."—*Selected.*

LOVING MOTHER.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face.

"Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world.

"She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast.

"Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—*Selected.*

SELECTED RHUBARB WAYS.

Rhubarb Pie.—Cut the stalk without peeling into half-inch pieces, pour over boiling water to cover and let stand twenty minutes; pour off and again cover with boiling water. Drain, fill the crust, mix two-thirds tablespoonful of cornstarch with scant teacupful of sugar, sprinkle over the top. Cover and bake until the crust is lightly browned. This process partly cooks the rhubarb and extracts a large proportion of the oxalic acid which many deem objectionable.

Butter.—Peel and chop the stalks; to each pound allow two teacupfuls of sugar. Add a very little water to the rhubarb until it softens, over the fire, then put in sugar and cook slowly until of the right consistency. About fifteen minutes before removing from the fire add a few pieces of fresh lemon peel; take out when putting the butter into glasses. If an equal quantity of stewed rhubarb is mixed with any canned sweet fruit, like raspberries, pears, huckleberries, etc., the flavor of the result will be very gratifying.

Puffed Pudding.—Make a batter of two teacupfuls of flour sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a teaspoonful of salt. For the melting use a tablespoonful of thick cream and enough sweet milk to make a thick batter. Put a layer of batter in a deep pie dish or shallow basin, well buttered, then a layer of cooked, well-sweetened rhubarb, another layer of batter for the top. Serve with an egg sauce. Into a teacupful of boiling water stir a teacupful of sugar, two eggs beaten with four level tablespoonfuls of melted butter, cook until thick. The eggs may be omitted, using a heaping tablespoonful of corn starch, or a little more if a thicker sauce is preferred.

Rhubarb Shortcake No 1.—Make a rich shortcake; split it open, butter and spread with sweetened rhubarb stewed in a double boiler without a drop of water added. Garnish with whipped cream and serve warm.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE No. 2.—While no shortcake quite equals—at least in sentiment—that made with fresh strawberries, there are many agreeable substitutes, and none, perhaps, is better or less common than that which is compounded with rhubarb. The fresh ruby stalks should be cut small, without peeling, and cooked in the oven, in a covered earthen dish, with very little water, and sugar to taste. Cool before using. A good recipe for the cake is as follows: Sift a pint of flour twice with half a teaspoonful of salt, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one tablespoonful of sugar. Rub in a quarter of a cupful of softened butter. Beat one egg very light, put in a cup and fill up the cup with milk. Stir this into the flour, divide into two parts, roll out lightly to the size of a teaplate, spread liberally with butter, lay one on the other, and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. Pull apart, and finish as usual, with the prepared rhubarb.

BAKED.—Slice without peeling, using a very sharp knife, that the slices may be without fibers, put in an earthen baking-dish, add sugar until very sweet, pour over boiling water and bake until tender.

STEWED.—A nice dish for dessert. Slice the peel of one large orange into thin strips and cook until tender in a rich syrup. Remove them and put in one layer of rhubarb cut into three-inch lengths and stew gently until soft, but not to break. When clear, skim out and cook another layer; do this until all the rhubarb is cooked. Put into a shallow, clear glass dish and garnish with puff paste, cut in fanciful shape.

FIG AND RHUBARB PRESERVE.—For ten glasses use four pounds of rhubarb, two pounds of dried figs and two pounds of sugar. Chop figs and rhubarb into small pieces and stew for one hour and a half or two hours until soft, add sugar and boil slowly until all moisture is gone, which will probably be three or four hours. When the bubbles are thin, showing no juice, the preserve will be done. Care must be taken not to burn, particularly at the last. Served with boiled rice and eaten with cream, this makes a pleasing and simple dessert.

The easiest way to can rhubarb is to fill a clean jar with it and stand the jar under a cold water faucet, where the water will slowly run in and out for half an hour. Screw on the cover under water so that no air can get in, and keep in a cool, dark place.

For the Children

THE LAZY WORM.

A youthful worm lay sleeping fast
  Within his cozy bed,
And, as the hour grew late, at last
  His mother came and said:

"Get up, my dear, it's very late,
  And such a lovely day;
I hear a clock just striking eight,
  Get up at once, I say!"
In fear the lazy little worm
  Unto his mother said,
As he began to writhe and squirm
  And wriggle out of bed,
"I dare not rise till it is late,
  Or else, upon my word,
I know that it would be my fate
  To meet that Early Bird!"

—Constance M. Lowe.

ASSISTANT FARMERS.

"ONIONS, turnips, beets, tomatoes, peas, celery—any! I guess I'll have as grown-up a garden as grandfather's is!" exclaimed Willis, happily, as he named over the different seeds he was going to plant, as soon as he got the "corner lot" ready for the beds.

Suddenly he stopped digging and began striking his hoe vigorously into the soft soil.

"What's the matter, Willis?" called grandfather, from the onion-bed; "what have you found?"

"One, two, ten, twenty—why, hundreds of them, grandfather, and they'll eat every seed I plant!" exclaimed Willis, excitedly, as he began to cut the soil with his hoe more vigorously than ever.

"Hundreds of what?" and grandfather raised himself from his knees.

"Worms, grandfather; and not a single thing will come up."

The little fellow's face looked the very picture of despair, as visions of early vegetables, a surprise for father, that he had planted to take back to his city home, suddenly disappeared.

"Why, I never call them worms."

"But they are worms, angle-worms, grandfather."

"Yes, but I never call them so," laughed grandfather at the serious little face. "I call them farmers—my assistant farmers—and the more work I have for them, the better I like it."

"Farmers, worms farmers—and work? Why, grandfather, all they do is squirm and wriggle."

"Certainly, that's their work. Don't you see they angle their way through the soil, and so make it light and loose? They are regular little plows, fertilizing the soil, too, as they plow, so to speak."

"But—but, grandfather, don't they eat the seeds while they are resting?"

"No, indeed; my little assistants don't destroy, they only aid in my crop raising."

"I did not know I was going to have some hired help this summer, when you gave me my garden," laughed Willis.

"You're not going to," rejoined grandfather, as he returned to his onion-bed; "they work for nothing."

—*Unidentified.*



THE RURAL LIFE

A MODERN HEGIRA.

"I'm ready to go," said a plump young bug,
As he kicked the earth where he'd been a slug;
"I'm tired to death of Paris green
Which covers all that's to be seen;
It smarts my stomach, and hurts my head;
My brothers, one and all, are dead."
"I chose my home," said the Cabbage Worm,
"Deep in the young plant's tender germ.
Alas! the farmer has found me out,
With powder and poison he put me to rout,
And now I'm a homeless wanderer,
Exiled from house and provender."
"On the orchard's bough I pitched my tent,
Where the twigs by the passing winds are bent,
But the farmer came with flaming torch,
Driving me out to escape a scorch,"
Said Caterpillar. "My silver tent
With a mass of smoke and flame was blent."
Said the Henhouse Mite, "I'm very small,
I thought he'd never see me at all,
But 'twas not long 'till kerosene
Came ponring in; I think it's mean
To pester us Lice with pyrethrum,
And the end of it all is yet to come."
"Who never has heard of hellebore,"
Cried the Currant Worm, with a voice that tore
To the very heart of the soft Rose Slug
Who exclaimed, "Aye, aye; 'tis a dreadful drug!
It gives convulsions and makes us squirm
In a way that's repulsive to every worm."
Then out spoke the Weevil in angry turn,
"I'd like to know when the end's to come?
Bisulphate of carbon is death to me,
The farmer knows it, and I must flee.
Who will go with me? We'll emigrate,
Whoever remains deserves his fate."

—G. H., in Vick's Magazine.

LEATHER.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

LEATHER, as you are doubtless aware, is made from the skins of animals. That the process of tanning is one with which you can easily become acquainted may not be so clear to you.

The skin, your physiology will tell you, is composed to two layers—the derma, or true skin, and the epidermis, or scarf skin. The dermis is made up of closely interwoven fibers called connective tissue. These fibers contain a large amount of gelatin. Long ago it was discovered that the bark of certain trees, as the oak and the hemlock, and the leaves of some plants, as the sumac, contain substances which will unite with the gelatin in the fiber of the skin and change it into a tough substance. Certain minerals will also produce this result.

When the hides reach the tannery they are soaked for several days to remove the salt in which they have been packed to prevent decay. They are then placed in a solution of lime to loosen the hair.

When the hair becomes loose it is removed by a process called beaming. The hide is placed on a bench having a rounded upper surface, one end of the bench having legs about three feet long, the other resting on the floor. With a dull, curved knife the tanner scrapes off the hair, and after washing the hides they are placed in a solution known as the "bate," to prepare them for tanning.

The bark is ground and the hides soaked in a liquor prepared by steeping, or they are packed in the vats with layers of the bark between them.

There are three kinds of leather, each named from the manner of its manufacture.

Tanned leather is made by uniting the gelatin of the hides with the tannin of bark or leaves. Tawed leather is made by using the salts of certain minerals. Shamoyed leather is made by combining the gelatin with certain oils. In common conversation all are referred to as tanned.

If you wish to tan a hide with the fur on, the following is the process I would recommend:

Mix equal parts of salt and pulverized alum and spread the mixture liberally over the flesh side as you would to preserve it. If you put on more than the hide will absorb it can be shaken off and saved. Fold the hide flesh side together and lay away for a few days. When the moisture seems to be about all out of the hide, shake out the composition and make the hide pliable by rubbing. Hides thus treated make excellent robes, and will not stretch much on becoming wet. A preparation of equal parts of saltpetre and alum is preferred by some.

If instead of fur the hides are wanted for thongs, just place them in a vessel and cover with hard wood ashes, and pour on enough water to cover. In a few days the lye thus formed will loosen the hair. Remove the hair, and wash the hide till it loses most or all of its slimy feeling. This will require several

waters. When clean immerse in soft soap for about a week.

Remove the soap by scraping and washing, then rub the hide in the hands till pliable.

This process makes a good, serviceable leather, provided of course you have the proper kind of hides. Squirrel skins for light work and ground-hog (wood chuck) for heavy I have found excellent. You will find that this leather will stretch when wet.

An old Indian method of tanning buckskin was to soak the hide in a pool of water until the hair pulled out easily. When the hair was removed the skin was scraped and cleansed of all particles of flesh or fat. The brains were saved and thoroughly rubbed into the flesh side. After rubbing in the brains the hide was alternately smoked, rubbed and stretched until dry and pliable.

If the operation was performed without soaking the hide the fur was retained.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

TO CURE CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Those who keep chickens ought to know that Venetian Red (a paint in dry form) will cure cholera. After losing sixty one year and forty the next and after using many remedies and disinfectants, all to no purpose, we stopped it with a few cents worth of the paint. Dose, one heaping teaspoonful to four or five quarts of soft feed in the morning, before they have eaten anything else. Put it in all their food until cured, then occasionally.—*Selected.*

FARMER VINCENT'S WISE SAYINGS.

When a hen's comb turns a pale red and she dumps around, a job of surgery is close at hand. Better not let it run long, either.

It takes grit to grind feed. The hens know it, too. Get some.

If a hen lays lots of eggs, and good eggs, too, don't cut off her head just because she has a stray mongrel feather in her tail. An egg in the nest is worth more than one or two pure-bred feathers.

As a rule you can not look for thoroughbred results from a scrub stock.

Don't keep your hens the year around on soft mashes. You like pudding and milk for a change, but it would get to be an old story to find it on the table three times a day as long as you live.

There is such a thing as being overparticular with your hens. Don't think it a kindness to keep them shut up all the time in a little bit of a pen, feeding them all they can stuff. Let them out to skirmish around for themselves. They will enjoy it and do all the better for it.

Did you ever watch a hen just after you had put in some nice clean straw in the nest boxes? Hear her talk about it when she climbs in to lay her egg! She knows the difference. She is a happier hen than she was when the straw was all mussed up, and it is the happy hen that makes the money.

Some men say that it does not pay to clean the hen house oftener than once a year. They are the ones that want "every hen on the farm killed." They know hens do not pay; and they do not, and can not where they are treated that way.

Hens and men are all alike about one thing; they like to have all the world know it when they have done a good thing.

Just now, before there is any dust in the road for the hens to roll in, see to it that they do not miss their squabble in the house. Keep the box well supplied and keep it clean, too. When it gets mixed with cobs and feathers and other foul stuff the hens don't like to get into it. You wouldn't yourself.

Don't find so much fault about the eggs not being clean. Hens can't very well clean out the boxes. They would if they could; they do their best at it; but it takes a man's hand. Be the man yourself.

If you weighed 300 pounds you would not like to jump down, kerplunk, even five or six feet. Heavy hens don't either. It hurts them as much as it would you. So make their roosts nearer to the floor, than you do those of the lighter hens. Watch and see if they do not patronize such roosts. Hens like to keep busy. This means plenty of range, something to work at and lots of sunshine.

Mostly dry food is best for the biddies. To have the gizzard all the time full of a wet, soggy mass is not according to the hen's internal economy. Give them something to grind, and furnish the tools to grind with (in the form of shells and grit) and the hens will be healthier and happier, and that will mean more eggs.

Don't kill off the old hens just after you have wintered them. They will lay some more this spring. Wait till they get this litter laid out, and then along in July or August let them go. They will bring a good price then.—*Selected.*

HIGH FARMING AT ELMWOOD.

We have lately had a real tragedy in our neighborhood, a calamity that has had the effect of somewhat obscuring the sunshine of these bright May days. One of my near neighbors and good friends has been sold out, root and branch, and has been obliged to move away from the neighborhood. Less than two years ago he owned one of the best farms in this locality, a herd of Jerseys which were his pride and my envy, and a completely stocked property which afforded a handsome living and something over, every year, for himself and his good wife and three young children. If last May I had been asked to name one of

the happiest and most contented households in all this locality, I should have had no hesitancy in pointing out that of my generous and intelligent neighbor.

What has wrought the great change? The whole calamity is explained in the single word, "speculation." My neighbor, for several years before his failure, sold his milk at a creamery in the adjacent town. Something like two years ago, a stock broker set up a shop in the place, and I may say, by way of digression, that the word "broker" is apt, seeing that so many customers are broken. It was not long before the man was doing a flourishing business, selling thousands of bushels of wheat and hundreds of shares of copper mines or railroad stocks to men who could not at any time raise a hundred dollars to save their necks. Men with a few cents or a few dollars bet so much on the price of wheat or oats or hay or copper or Union Pacific or what-not. This game is called, I believe "buying on margin." If prices advance, the buyer makes a few dollars; if they drop his margins are wiped out and he loses every cent he has put up. In no case is there a bonafide purchase and delivery of the goods. In brief it is the old game of "heads I win and tails you lose," and the offices in which these transactions take place are commonly known as "bucket shops."

My friend, one morning while awaiting his turn at the creamery, became interested in the conversation of some of his neighbors concerning the good luck of a man who had made two hundred dollars at the broker shop the day before by a turn in the market. It did not particularly impress him, but soon he began to turn a receptive ear in the direction of stock-board news, and his next move was to visit the place, merely as a curious spectator. At the beginning of the month, when he received his milk check, he paid a visit to the broker's office. Rather shamefacedly he put $25 on a stock, and by the next morning he had won $20. It looked as the boys say, "like finding money," and the inevitable followed. The $25 and its $20 "unearned increment" were reinvested, and a small gain made. A third venture left the player about even with the game, but with the gambling appetite thoroughly aroused. A larger sum was invested and lost; other losses followed vain efforts to recoup, until the entire property of my neighbor was swept away and the foreclosure sale, with all its attendant misery, followed.

I do not know when my sympathies have been so aroused as they have been by this incident, and I make no mistake in calling it a tragedy. The pent-up grief of the good wife who was struck a wholly unexpected blow, and the wondering sorrow of the children, have made such an impression upon me that I find myself quite unable to sleep for thinking of them. But the most pitiable figure in the entire picture of misery is the husband and father who brought all this ruin upon himself and family; for not only has he lost all his property, but something vastly more precious—his moral fiber. I can plainly see in his face the evidence of a loss of manhood and integrity, and there is that in his furtive glance and feverish look suggestive of the gambler. I am pretty sure that with the first money he gets he will seek the "bucket shop" for the repair of his fortunes.

I had intended my May letter to be an account of the strenuous planting time at Elmwood, but Harriet and I have been so affected by the tragedy I have just described, that we both feel that we simply had to get it off our minds by telling it to somebody, and thus not only get relief ourselves, but, if possible, sound a warning to any who may be tempted to undertake the impossible feat of getting rich in a few days by way of the "bucket shop." As well try to hoist yourself over the fence by the straps of your boots. —*Jacob Biggle, in Farm Journal.*

THE BOY WITH THE HOE.

Say, how do you hoe your row, young chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it fair,
Do you hoe it square,
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working it on the square?
Are you killing the noxious weeds, young chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait?
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

—Unidentified.

THE SECRECY OF THE TERRORISTS.

To the vast Russian army of spies, gendarmes, police, that scrutinizes every man, that tries to scrutinize his soul, the terrorists are the chiefest prey—their capture highest honored, highest paid for. So the closest, most secret organization is necessary if the terrorists are to live out even their few uncertain years—necessary, too, for the execution of their plans. There are three main terrorist leagues: the Polish terrorists, the terrorists of the Social Revolutionary Party in Russia proper, and the Maximalists, now practically extinct, a split from the second party, having for their aim, instead of assassination, the seizure of government funds. The fundamental idea of organization in all is roughly the same—to reduce to the minimum the number of comrades that each terrorist knows. Let us say, to illustrate, that there are twenty-five terrorists in each of five principal cities or dis-

tricts. These twenty-five would be divided into, say, five groups. Each group sends out one delegate to an inner group of delegates, which constitutes a local executive committee. These committees each send a delegate to an innermost group, which forms the central committee for Russia. The delegates, usually long-tried members, are sworn not to reveal the members of one circle to the members of another, and the acquaintance of an ordinary member is limited to his own group. Thus a private terrorist would know but four of his fellows, and a member of the central committee but twelve besides himself. Consequently a tortured member, or a spy who had penetrated a group, could betray only a few persons. In actual practice, of course, organization is less rigid, and acquaintance much wider.—*"The Terrorists," by Leroy Scott, in the May Everybody's.*

HOW TO BREATHE.

Do you ever observe whether you breathe through the mouth or nostrils? It makes a wonderful difference. When we talk we are forced to breathe through the mouth. When not speaking the lips should be well closed, and the breathing should be entirely by the nostrils, but this is not all.

The habit of slow, measured, deep breathing, that covers the entire lung surface, is of more value and importance than you will ever believe until you have tried it, and when you have established the habit of breathing in this manner you will say some remarkable things in its favor. It will reach all points of your physical system. All the benefits that occur from a healthy condition of the blood will in a greater or less degree, be yours, for the manner and completeness with which the inspired air comes in contact with the blood in the lungs is of the utmost importance to every vital process.

The lungs are a kind of furnace in which the oxygen of the air is consumed and combined with other elements, a process necessary to life, the perfection of which depends upon the purity of the air and the manner of inhaling it.—*Press.*

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCIES

Items of Interest.

It is estimated that the total area for farming purposes in the United States is 841,000,000 acres—an area larger than England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, France, Germany, Austria, Spain, Japan and the Transvaal. There are 10,439,000 persons engaged in agricultural pursuits, while all other industries employ but 18,845,000. One-third of the people, therefore, are devoted to farming.

The manufacture of real diamonds, as recently claimed by a French chemist, consists of packing pure iron and pure charcoal in a carbon crucible, heating it in an electric furnace to 700 degrees F., then plunging the crucible into cold water. The outer surface of the mass solidifies first, and by the process of solidification of the liquid iron within the carbon is squeezed out like water and crystallizes into diamonds.

The largest official flag of the United States is 19 by 36 feet, and costs the government about $40; this being much less than what is paid for some of the special flags, such as the President's. The President's flag is a simple blue field, with the coat-of-arms of the United States embroidered upon it, but the work must all be done by hand, with the finest silk, and to complete one a woman must work a full month.

What the Ailment Was.

When Senator Hoar learned that a friend who they thought had appendicitis was in reality suffering from acute indigestion, he smiled genially. "Really," said he, "that's good news. I rejoice for my friend that the trouble lies in the table of contents rather than in the appendix."—May Lippincott's.

Absent-Minded Farmer.

A Canadian farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started back on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something—what it was he could not recall, try how he would. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home, and was met by his daughter, who exclaimed in surprise, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

She—Why do you suppose the dog howls so when I play the organ, Mr. Jinx?

He—A dog cannot be taught to conceal his feelings.

Cokeley—My! what a lot of gold mines are being exploited now.

Jokeley—Yes, and there's one mine that's bound to go to the wall.

Cokeley—What's that?

Jokeley—Calcimine.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Stop Your Frettin'.

When things don't come along your way,
  Can't hurry 'em by frettin';
If clouds o' care obscure your day,
  Can't chase 'em off by frettin'.
Your tears just irrigate your woe
An' freshen up an' help it grow—
Don't wash it out o' sight, an' so
  There ain't no use in frettin'.
The heavy load you have to bear
  Ain't lightened up by frettin';
The sorrow vultures in the air
  Ain't skeered away by frettin'.
If debt is crowdin', rent is due,
No cash in hand, an' you are blue,
Brace up an' be a man, for you
  Can't square yourself by frettin'.
No matter what your cares an' woes,
  Don't humor 'em by frettin';
If hard luck aims her heavy blows,
  Strike back,—don't go to frettin'.
Screw up your nerve an' hold your grip,
An' keep a frozen upper lip,
Fur anything on earth can whip
  The man who gits to frettin'.

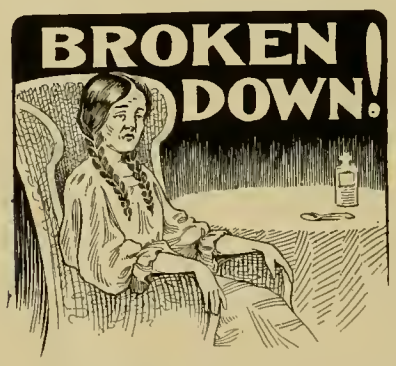
—James Barton Adams, in the Denver Post.

Neff's Corner

I've just been thinking about how our plans are often changed for us and how we ourselves may be the undoing of them. For instance, about a year ago I filed on a homestead nine miles from Lake Arthur and planned to come out on the wide, open plains and live the simple life with the prairie dogs and gophers. And I opened this corner in the Inglenook without the least idea that it might alter my plans; but my! how this Neff's Corner has turned plans upside down for me! Now its houses to build and houses to rent and rent to collect and more houses to build, and I've driven back and forth from town to the ranch and from the ranch to town till I'm tired of the road. Now in a few weeks we expect to "prove up" and move back near town where I can look after the interests of my patrons to the best possible advantage. And I find, too, that by being near the railroad I can get to my preaching appointments often with less inconvenience. And the demand for houses keeps right up. I rented another house this week to an artesian well driller, and he could'nt wait till the house was finished. About one more day's work would have finished it complete, but he wanted it "right away." And the more wells are drilled, the more farmers we will need, the greater the amount of products of this wonderful valley, the bigger the towns will grow, the greater the demand for houses to rent, and the gladder you'll be that you own property in Lake Arthur.

James M. Neff

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

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WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living,I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

CAP GOODS

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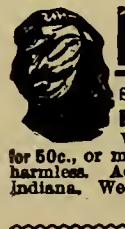
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THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

Stop! for thy tread is on an empire's dust;
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below;
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied, for triumphal show?
None; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields, king-making victory?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone on fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar.

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost, fighting fell.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose!
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard; and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes wave above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which, now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
The morn, the marshaling in arms; the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunderclouds close o'er it which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent!

Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine;
Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
Partly because they blend me with his line,
And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
And partly that bright names will hallow song!
And his was of the bravest, and when showered
The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
Even where the thickest of war's tempest lowered,
They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard!

There have been tears and breaking hearts for thee,
And mine were nothing, had I such to give;
But when I stood beneath the fresh green tree,
Which living waves where thou didst cease to live,
And saw around me the wide field revive
With fruits and fertile promise, and the Spring
Come forth her work of gladness to contrive,
With all her reckless birds upon the wing,
I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

I turned to thee, to thousands, of whom each
And one as all a ghastly gap did make
In his own kind and kindred, whom to teach
Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;
The Archangel's trump, not glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment soothe, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honored but assumes stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn;
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthrall;
The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, though brokenly live on;

Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign, for such things are untold.

—Lord Byron.

Fifty acres of the best corn land in Iowa or Illinois.

An absolutely certain yield from it every year of 60 bushels per acre (supposing some yet undiscovered fertilizer were applied which would make this yield certain.)

A price guaranteed by government of 40c a bushel, paid right on the farm.

This would make an income of $24.00 per acre, or $1200 on the 50 acres.

Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

This income of $1200 is the very highest that could possibly be expected. It is several shades above the average, especially when considering occasional poor crops, freight charges, etc. And yet, even considering these things, this corn land is among the best land in the world and millions of dollars are made on it every year. If a man has a good corn farm in Iowa or Illinois he thinks he is pretty well fixed.

OR

20 acres of Hazelwood irrigated land.

An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

A price of from $10 to $12 per ton in the stack, owing to its being only a two hours' wagon haul to Spokane (It has never been less and often more. Alfalfa is retailing now in Spokane for $15 to $17 per ton.)

Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

Price $250 per acre, or 20 acres for $5000.

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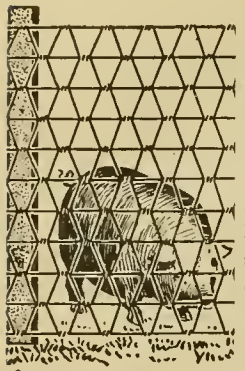
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20-22

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A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Gold.—Claude H. Murray.

Lessons from the Inglenook Front Cover.—Walter C. Frick.

Spelling with Flowers (poem).—Adaline Hohf Beery.

Lowly but Crowned.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums.—Hattie Preston Rider.

The Reformation of Jane Anne.—Ida Helm.

Luther Burbank.—John H. Nowlan.

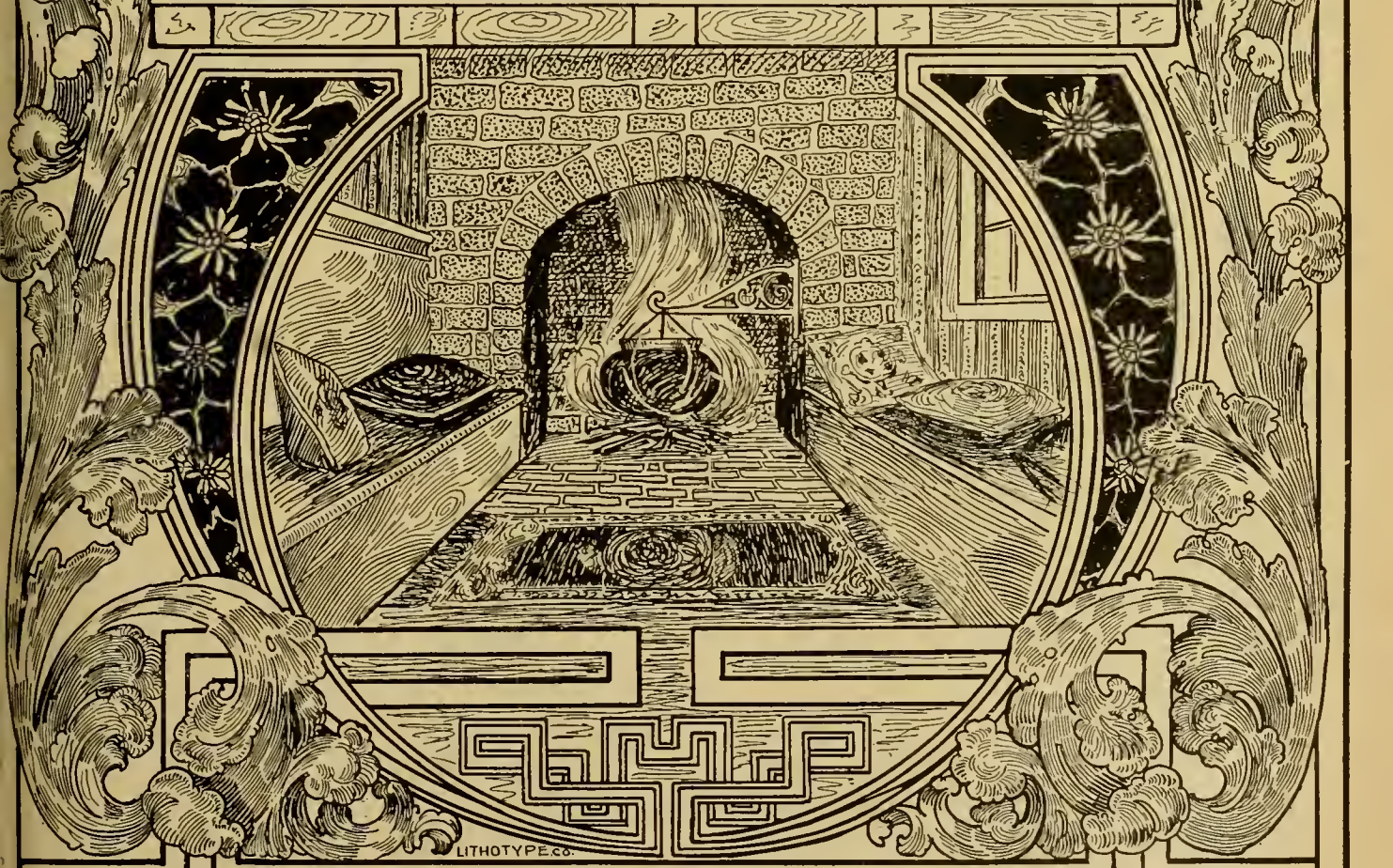
A Famous House.—O. H. Kimmel.

The Lofty (poem).—Richard Braunstein.

More About Frogs.—N. J. Miller.

My First and Last Drink.—Arranged by C. D. Hylton.

"Life."—Zack Neher.



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CONFERENCE OF GERMAN BAPTIST BRETHREN
Los Angeles, California, May 16-23, 1907.
NATIONAL ECLECTIC MEDICAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
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DESTINATIONS	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	San Francisco and Los Angeles, Cal.	‡For tickets sold June 22 to July 5, incl. account N. E. A. rate will be $2.00 higher San Francisco, Cal.		Portland, Ore., Tacoma, Seattle Bellingham, Everett, Washington Vancouver, Victoria & New Westminister, B. C.	Portland, Oregon	Spokane Wash.	
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June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	Ssptember 10th.	September 15, 1907.

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Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

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Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route,** and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

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Colonization Agent
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Better Write Them To-day

The best information we can receive from the different railroads indicates that about seventy-five per cent of the Brethren and Sisters attending the Los Angeles Conference will return via Butte Valley. There is a reason for this, in fact more than one reason:

1. Congested centers suggest immigration of late years.

2. Butte Valley is known to be an ideal spot.

3. Brethren living there have written their friends and neighbors about it.

4. It is an opportunity of a lifetime to many to see the Pacific Coast.

Bro. M. D. Early and family have moved to the Valley to assist those coming in to investigate conditions, and has with him Bro. Isaiah Wheeler, formerly of Cerrogordo, Ill., who will give his services during the stay of the Annual Meeting people, in Butte Valley. In case you want to write to any of your friends, who are passing through the Valley, you may address letter to them at Mt. Hebron, Siskiyou county, Cal., % M. D. Early. A great many tents have been erected in the town of Somerset, but no post office has been granted by the government, so you better write your friends as directed above. It would be a good thing for you to write them while they are there and get them to,

1. Select you a town lot, or

2. Buy you a small farm and save the expense of your going to see it, or

3. If you have your farm already bought have them arrange with some one to set out ten or fifteen acres of walnuts, or

4. If your friend is a good judge of fruit trees, tell them to get an orchard started on your land this spring and it will be gaining that much time when you get ready to move.

Please don't hold any ill feeling toward the Butte Valley Land Co., when out reserving a farm for you, unless you have some one select it for you, for we must deal fair and impartial with all, and the "first-come-first-served" plan is the only one that will work in such cases. In all probability several thousand acres will be selected by the people returning from Annual Conference; for many of the Brethren realize that their sons and daughters can earn a home much quicker there than in the East. Better sit right down and write a letter or it will not reach them in time.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

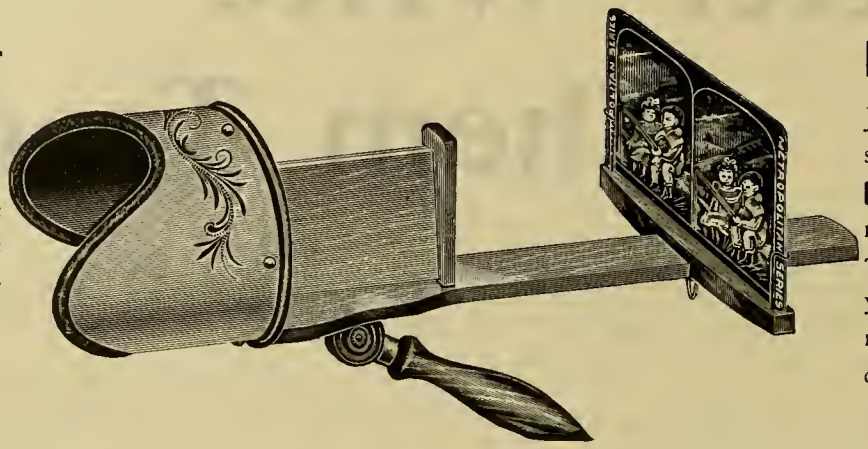
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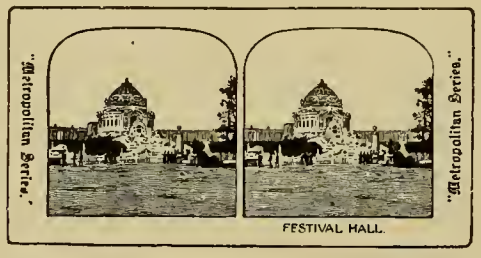


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ALUMINUM SCOPE.

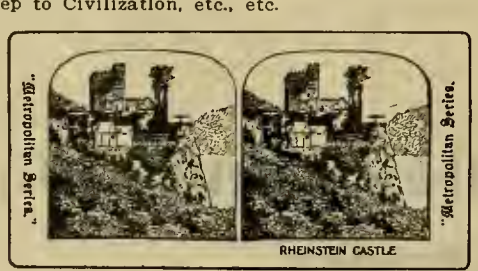
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Market Place, Mexico, etc., etc.



No. 5. ROCKY MOUNTAIN AND PACIFIC COAST VIEWS.

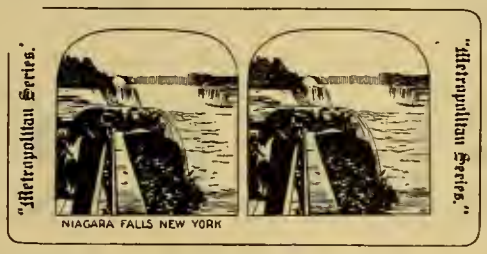
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will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MAY 21, 1907. No. 21.

GOLD

Claude H. Murray

FROM the earliest history of mankind down to the present time, the "precious metal" has held an important place in man's regard. The first Biblical reference is found in Genesis 2: 11, 12, where, in describing the four rivers that watered the Garden of Eden, the sacred historian states that one of them the "Pishon," encompassed "the whole land of Havilah where there is gold; and the gold of that land is good." There is frequent reference to gold in Hebrew history, especially in connection with the construction and furnishings of the tabernacle, for details of which the interested reader may refer to Exodus, 25th, 26th and 27th chapters. Another notable reference to gold in Holy Writ was made at the time when Moses ascended into the holy mountain to receive the tables of the law; his absence having become somewhat prolonged, the Israelites became impatient and began murmuring to Aaron, saying that they knew not what had become of Moses, and demanded of Aaron that he make them a god as the Egyptians had; Aaron, to appease them, gave orders that all the golden earrings should be brought together; and this being done he formed a mould and having melted up the golden ornaments and made them into a golden calf, the people fell down and worshiped this; but they afterward paid dearly for this act of simple folly. A second instance of worshiping a golden calf occurred during the reign of the wicked Jeroboam, just shortly after the division of the kingdom.

And the last reference in the Book (perhaps the most notable and certainly the most interesting to twentieth-century Christians), is found in Revelation 21: 21, where John, in describing his wonderful vision of the New Jerusalem, states that the streets of that city are paved with pure gold. So throughout the Bible, gold is held to be the symbol of purity and holiness:—alas, how different is man's conception of its use! And yet another Bible passage I refer to, one so full of wise counsel and advice for life's guidance, that it has become known universally as the "Golden Rule": "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." And I am sure that every one who gives the subject thought will acknowledge that the world would be very much better, and many sorrowing and discouraged human beings be made much happier if this simple precept were but carried into practice in modern business and social life.

There is a period of uncertainty and doubt in the early history of all nations, when but little is known and less can be proven concerning the beginnings of that country's history; this period is known as the mythological or mythical age; and it is to this period of Greek history that the story of the "Golden Fleece" belongs. A band of Greek heroes under the leadership of Jason, built themselves a ship, the *"Argo,"* set sail o'er unknown seas, and braved every hardship, in order to obtain the coveted golden fleece which was hidden in another land and guarded by a fiery monster. This tale is purely mythical yet it has its moral if we look for it. Even so in these latter days, men will deny themselves of pleasures, and often of honor and honest purpose, in order to gather together a little pile of yellow gold.

Another period in a Nation's history is when that nation has reached, or is thought to have arrived at, the zenith of its literary glory, or of military prowess, because of the grandeur of political or artistic achievements of whatever nature. This period comes down to posterity as the "Golden Age." Thus we have the Golden Age of English Literature, referring to the time when Shakespeare, Milton, and other noted authors were living and producing their writings; the Golden Age of Greece when art, literature and philosophy were at their best in the persons of Demosthenes, Socrates, Pericles, and others.

Even in the calendar gold is not forgotten, for we have the "Golden Number," so called because of its formerly having been written in letters of gold; this was done on account of its usefulness in calculating the time of church festivals, particularly of Easter.

The method of finding the Golden Number for any year is as follows: to the number of the year add one; divide this sum by 19 (because every nineteen years the time of the new moon and the full moon falls upon the same dates)—the remainder, if any, will be the Golden Number; if no remainder, the Golden Number is 19. For example take this year, 1907; add one, making 1908; dividing by 19 leaves a remainder of 8, which is the Golden Number, as you may verify by referring to the almanac.

But returning again to history, there was a time within the remembrance of the older readers of the Nook, when it became known that gold had been found beyond the Rockies. Then men grew feverish with excitement; over the Western plains, then wild and unsettled, peopled by the Indian and the buffalo, —and across whose vast expanse no daring hand had as yet stretched the twin ribbons of steel,—went long pack trains and great canvas covered "prairie schooners," with men on foot and on horseback, all eagerly intent upon reaching the new Eldorado and enriching themselves in the mines. Many never reached California; the hunting knife of the Indian, could it speak, might unfold many a tale of death; and hunger and privation overcame many another who escaped the clutches of the Red Man. I have preserved a pen and ink drawing which appeared in Success in August, 1902, and which is illustrative of this period. The picture shows an old man, now a prosperous merchant, sitting day-dreaming at his office desk; in retrospect he sees himself with gun slung across his shoulder, marching across the plains with the emigrant wagons; and below the picture is the following poem, entitled "Fifty Years After."

"O days of youth, of love and truth, of labor in the mine,
O vanished days in Time's dim haze,—O days of Forty-nine!
How feeling burns as memory turns to those dear scenes of old,
When, pick in hand, a fearless band, we roamed the West for gold.

"From the solemn, snow-crowned Rockies to the hills of Santa Fe,
From the Colorado, leaping down its cactus-bordered way,
To the poppy-glowing valleys by the bay St. Francis blessed,
Every hill and dale bears witness to the "men who went out West."

"O'er the thirsty, sun-parched desert toiled these stalwart men and true,
Beaconed by the Star of Empire smiling downward from the blue,
Westward, westward, ever westward, till each hillside and ravine
Opened to them as the heavens opened to the Florentine.

"Long years have fled; those days are dead; but still their wealth is ours;
The golden grain on many a plain, the orchards and the bowers,
The lowing herds, the bright-plumed birds, the homes of peaceful rest
That crown the soil won by the toil of those who "went out West."

Other golden stories are plentiful, as the "Golden Legend" on which Longfellow's poem of the same name is based; the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," so named because of the magnificence of those in attendance there; and the "Touch of Gold," the story of an avaricious king named Midas, who desired that everything he touched should be changed into gold; and this desire being granted, he went about touching objects and accumulating golden wealth. But his joy suddenly became turned to grief when he discovered upon touching his little daughter in play that she had instantly become a golden statue; and whatever he wished to eat was transformed into gold the moment it touched his lips, so that the disappointed man came into great danger of starving to death. This story, while mythical, shows us that even a good thing indulged to excess or made to serve a wrong purpose, becomes a curse instead of a blessing to its user.

Then, gentle reader, these are the lessons I would teach by this study of gold: Make no vain display of what wealth thou holdest in trust as the steward of thy Master, be that little or much; hide not thy treasure in the earth against the day thy Lord returneth to require account of thee, neither spend it upon thine own selfish desires; rather use a portion of it in the improvement of thy mind, and a yet goodlier portion in relieving suffering and distress of thy fellows about thee, and in spreading the Gospel thy Master died to establish. Beware, lest after thou hast gathered a small competence, it should tempt thee to sell thy soul for the sake of greater gain; and last but not least, let not thy financial success awaken in thee a vain feeling of superiority over the less fortunate fellowbeings; but rather may it awaken a feeling of humility with a sense of gladness that thy Master has found thee sufficiently faithful with a little that he feareth not to entrust greater treasure into thy keeping.

LESSONS FROM THE INGLENOOK'S FRONT COVER.

WALTER C. FRICK.

Be strictly honest with me now, readers of the Inglenook. Try an experiment with me, using your "ability to observe" as its object. Of course when you read this article you have the Nook before you. Probably more than fifty per cent of you neglected to read the "table of contents" on the cover, so of course you didn't stop to look at anything else there. Now once again, I ask you to be strictly honest in this one particular small thing.

Close your paper and lay it on the table, front cover

downward. Secure pencil and paper and without looking at the cover of the paper, enumerate every separate, distinct object that appears upon it. Now turn over your cover and on a second sheet enumerate all the articles that you now see. Balance the two columns. I dare say your first sheet doesn't contain thirty per cent of the number the second one does. Now why is this? Simply because you never before observed this page closely. And why haven't you? Again, simply because you never before "took time" to observe closely.

In a late number the editor writes about, "Reading between The Lines." That's the reason people don't get out of an article what its author put into it. They don't go to the trouble to read between the lines.

Now we reserve the right to criticise and commend just as we please. We do it kindly and with no intention to cause any change in the editing of the paper, and remember we propose to "read between the lines."

When you pick up a magazine, about the first thing for which you look is its name. You invariably find it on the outside page of the front cover and as far as "you" are concerned that's about the only thing you do find there. In our case we find the name "INGLENOOK." Take your scissors, cut out the first letter of the word as it appears there and when you meet someone who never saw the magazine, present the detached letter to him and ask him what letter it is. He will invariably reply it is the letter, "F." Incidentally hand him the entire paper and urge him to read it. It won't be long before the magazine will have a new subscriber.

If the paper didn't arrive once every week you probably wouldn't observe that it is a weekly, a number of you, yet it's the next thing you ought to see after learning its name. Sometimes, however, the addressed sticker covers up the word, "weekly," then the editor wouldn't blame us if we didn't know how often it is published.

And that "sticker"! What could the editor and his readers do without it? We never would get our papers if the sticker and address were left off. Incidentally there is something on each sticker which often advises us that the editor is looking for his well-earned dollar again. Fortunately for us readers the paper stops coming when it isn't paid for. Then we have an opportunity to show how prompt we are by remitting our next year's subscription price. Just about that time there is an intensely interesting series of articles in print which tempts us to subscribe another year.

I go down the page a bit further and I generally find the "table of contents." Hear the experience of one who has written only his first series of articles for the paper. He is naturally anxious each week to see if his next article is in print. He takes the most round-about way of finding out. Forgetting the table of contents on the front cover he perhaps searches the entire paper, at last to find his article on the very last page.

Just one thing more. Upon the front cover of most every magazine published is a symbol of wisdom and learning, in our case books and a candle. We are reminded of the difficulties under which our forefathers secured their education. What could a magazine be without the products of wisdom and learning? The INGLENOOK is a practical demonstration of what is accomplished when wisdom and learning do their best.

Chicago, Ill.

(Concluded next week).

Spelling With Flowers

Adaline Hohf Beery

As the limited went flying
Through the blooming countryside,
Dashing by a wee way-station,
Such a miracle I spied;
Growing in gay loops of color,
Swift I spelled the agent's name;
Pansies, roses, and carnations,—
What a scroll of fragrant fame!

Far into the plains I pondered
On that beautiful conceit;
On the oddly-planned ambition
Thus to make his memory sweet;
And I thought what scenes of beauty
Might adorn the line to-day
If our names were spelled with flowers
In the hearts along the way!

There's a catalogue of posies—
(In my grip it's always packed)
Such a bunch of shy, sweet blossoms
Hardened humans would attract;



Love that never will dissemble;
Thoughts that would your friends prefer;
Hopes all diligence may compass;
Moods no plans of vengeance stir.

Patience when by trials cornered;
Soft reply to taunting tongue;
Simple tear for humble weepers,
Joy when comrade's praise is sung;
Modesty in gay environs,
Graciousness in want's appeal;
Coals of fire for evil mongers,
Fervency for neighbor's weal.

Is our name with glad lips spoken
As all graces' synonym?
Like the flowers of a garden
Full of fragrance to the brim?
Happy soul, through wide wastes walking,
Spelling joy in warm, bright bloom;
Some to-morrow 'twill be bringing
Paradise a new perfume.

Huntingdon, Pa.

A Famous House

O. H. Kimmel

STANDING modestly on the northeast corner of Eighth and Jackson streets in Springfield, Illinois, is one of America's famous houses. Famous, not because of its grandeur, its artistic beauty nor its stateliness, for of these qualities it is in the main lacking, but famous because of the illustrious man who owned it when he was called to take up the reins of state when our country was passing through the crisis of civil strife.

The building is a modest, two-story structure, just such as met the requirements of a thrifty attorney and his family in a small city a half century ago. It is a



Home of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.

frame structure, as were most of the residence houses in the city in which it is located, at that time. In shape and proportions, the structure would not look out of place on a thrifty farm, and in fact, in the vicinity of Springfield may be seen quite a number of farmhouses which resemble this one in many respects.

But let us imagine ourselves walking along Eighth street approaching Jackson, in Springfield. We are not struck by the beauty of the surroundings. In fact we notice the oldness of the immediate community. But standing on the street corner, looking over into the little yard, we see the old cannon, we notice the picket fence and the large frame posts, then we glance at the house, which is so old, yet so neat in appearance, and we wonder when we have seen this place before.

"Admiring Lincoln's home, are you?" says a stranger, rushing past,—and then the truth dawns upon us. This is the home of Abraham Lincoln. And I have seen its picture so often before in books and magazines. Yes, this is the home of Lincoln, the man who went from the bottom of the Sangamon to the city of Washington, to do the greatest work that any American has yet done.

We climb the little steps, ring the bell and the custodian, Mrs. B. S. Edwards, a niece of Mrs. Lincoln admits us and in a very graceful manner takes us through the house and tells us of the place. We find the house to be just as the Lincoln's left it to take up their abode in Washington. The same furniture, wallpaper, just the same in every way is the entire place. Here one may see Lincoln's desk, and sit in Lincoln's favorite chair. While sitting here we may register our name with Lincoln's pen. After we have done this we may glance around the room and see the pictures on the walls that Lincoln used to see, and on the table we may see a few of his favorite books. A strange feeling comes over us, for we seem to be in almost spiritual communication with this great mind. But by this time we feel that we have remained as long in the house as we should and we take our leave.

This property is now owned by the State of Illinois and it is kept, in every respect, just as it was when the distinguished American and his family resided in it. When it is found necessary to repair any part of the house or premises great care is taken that the work of repairing does not change the original design.

Mr. Lincoln came into possession of this property in 1844 by purchase. This was soon after his marriage. The house at that time was a modest one-story structure, and the premises were equally modest in design. Lincoln was as unassuming in his private life as he was in his public career and for this reason the place retained its modest appearance and proportions a good many years after the owner's reputation and popularity justified its enlargement and beautifying, and it may be added that this fact was the cause of much discomfort on the part of the good Mrs. Lincoln, who was much more assuming than her husband.

No very perceptible change was made in the prop-

erty until the year 1854-55. Mr. Lincoln at this time was absent from his home for many weeks, probably campaigning the State. When he returned he walked down Eighth street, toward his home and as he approached his premises he found them altered beyond recognition. He, in his usual good humor, and with great deliberation in his movements slowly crossed the street to the neighbor Mr. Hofferkamp, who resided on the opposite side of the street, and asked if he knew where "Abe Lincoln" lived. Mr. Hofferkamp laughingly told the jesting gentleman that he lived just across the street in the "first story." Mr. Lincoln, then slowly turned homeward and we leave the good-humored scene that follows as a private



Lincoln Monument, Springfield, Ill.

affair as it was a family affair and of no consequence to us.

In order that we may fully understand the situation, however, it may be well to add that Mrs. Lincoln took advantage of The Old Rail Splitter's absence and had had the premises remodeled, had added another story to the house, had had a fresh coat of paint put on the building, and the structure that stood out on the Lincoln lot that day and smiled a glad welcome to a larger and more pretentious home, was a wide contrast to the dingy, little cottage that Lincoln had left a few weeks before, and this fact caused the future president to play the joke upon himself that has now gone down in history.

The cannon that we noticed in the yard was probably added to the estate after it became state property, though one report says that Mr. Lincoln owned it and loaned it to friends and political adherents in campaigns in which Mr. Lincoln was interested. At any rate it is now a part of the property which never fails to draw its due attention.

It is impossible to view the Lincoln home, or to pass through it without having a greater reverence for the great man who gave his life that this nation might live. The humbleness of the surroundings brings forcibly to our minds the fact that great men, Americans who do things, may come from the humble homes. It revives again the idea that "we live in deeds not years," and that the deeds of a noble person stand as a superstructure of dwellings, and make even the commonest haunt into a house of fame.

The place is visited by people of all lands, and the register shows that thousands of people annually step over the threshold. Even the monument which towers up so majestically over the many massive monuments in beautiful Oak Ridge Cemetery, over on the other side of the city, is scarcely more visited than this place, though it is seen by more because of its location. The house is known by the world because of the man who owned it, and who peacefully resided in it for so many years.

But Lincoln is dead. His colleagues have also about all passed from us. But his works shall live and every spot which may be called his abiding place while he lived and walked with men will be marked and designated as almost hallowed ground as the subsequent ages of our civilization come, because of the fuller appreciation and understanding of his greatness.

THE LOFTY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

All that is lofty springs from sore travail.
Yon rugged peak that in its granite breast
Locks the unfathomed secrets of all time,
That, scorning sea-mists, rears its Titan head
To ample airs and comradeship of stars,
Sprung in the dusk of some primeval dawn
From wild upheaval while the anguished earth
Groaned awful thunders at each rending pain
Of keen deliverance.

Yon sovereign pine
That stands, a sentry, where the topmost crest
Blends with the blueness of the skies,
Owes its proud being to the mother seed,
Whose loins were rent with clammy agonies,
And nameless deaths to win her offspring life.

And higher yet than any peak or pine
All kingly thoughts that lift aloft and sheer
Above their pigmy fellows and withstand
The scathing tempests of relentless Time.
Upsprung from inmost travail fierce and wild,
From throes tumultuous and throbbings keen
Of pregnant souls whose best and truest blood
Gave form and shape and color to the theme!

More About Frogs

N. J. Miller

IN April and May frogs and toads deposit their eggs in the shallow water of ditches, ponds and streams. The eggs of the latter are embedded in long, gelatinous and transparent strings and the former in gelatinous masses, each egg being spherical with a spot in the center (a). They sometimes float on the surface of the water but the more often are beneath, attached to grass, wood or weeds. These great masses of eggs look like so many bullets, though not hard and resistant to the touch. If the sun warms the water enough the eggs begin to develop into embryos. At first the black body in each egg becomes comma-like (b) and in a week or more the young tadpole breaks from his cell to swim free in a larger world.

The small form, shaped somewhat like a dahlia tuber (c), continues to grow and swim about in a dark world. He attaches himself with a crowd of others to a leaf or weed and occasionally takes a swim here and there, the movements being accomplished by minute, hair-like processes on the body and the action of the tail. Gradually his world becomes less dark. More and more does he appreciate objects about him as his eyes develop. Awfully is he frightened when he sees many of his brothers, sisters and more distant kin swallowed by hungry fish and other scavengers of the water. Even his parents, uncles, aunts, other grown-ups, all cannibals, gulp down his fellow-tadpoles whole. His elders feel their gorged stomachs with their "akimbo arms," blink their eyes and move their chins as if to indicate they wanted him for the next morsel. He is really a poor urchin. The last concern his parents had for him was the day of depositing the egg from which he came. He must always shift for himself in this world of fears and hopes, ever being on the look-out to escape his cannibal parents. Upon his alertness, ability to dive and dodge he begins to rely to outwit fish, parents and other grown-ups.

But eating is not all on the part of his enemies. His own stomach craves for and becomes gorged with bits of leaves and weeds. The long, coiled intestine, easily seen through the skin of his abdomen, tells everybody his food is vegetable. He is much like one of his enemies, the fish, in that he cannot live out of the water, breathes by means of gills (d) and has a two chambered heart, while his main business is to bask, swim and dodge in the sunlit water, to keep from being eaten and to eat.



What I Was and Have Come to Be.

However, the tadpole is bound to outgrow his fish-environment and fish-like stage (e). He strives for a higher life, a higher world. Gradually a fold of skin grows over his gills. They begin to disappear while lungs develop. These he tries by sticking his nose above the surface of the water to take a fresh draught of air, even before the last external sign of a gill, a small opening on the left side soon to grow over, is gone. Other characters of the higher life and form develop during the time the lungs are forming. First the hinder pair of legs appear: when these become about an inch long the fore-pair breaks through the skin very suddenly. The legs are so weak he must depend upon his big flat tail to dodge and dive a while longer. As the legs strengthen and develop this tail grows smaller. It doesn't fall off: it is gradually absorbed (f). The tail shortens more and more, the heart becomes three-chambered, the mouth enlarges and the bony rim in the mouth is displaced with small teeth, and the intestines become short. The animal has gone beyond the Pisces life into the higher, Amphibia (g). Its diet is now largely animal; it has now turned cannibal, and is well on in the life and habits of froghood.

If a bull-frog polliwog, two years are required

to undergo the entire metamorphosis; if one of the smaller frogs, one season is sufficient as in the case of the toad. When through the metamorphosis the cool autumn temperature puts a stop to his alertness. Then he buries himself in the mud, and enters into a long state of inactivity, hibernation. When the sun warms long enough in the spring time he pushes out of the mud, slowly stretches his legs, opens his eyes, and waits a few minutes, as if trying to take in the situation, before off he hops or swims with the rest of the grown-ups for the season.

MY FIRST AND LAST DRINK.

ARRANGED BY C. D. HYLTON.

O JOHN, put it down. Touch it no more. Flee from it as you would from a lion. It will make you more a brute than a man, and destroy both soul and body.

Come, listen to my story. I was reared by pious parents and trained to sober habits. I knew not the power of whiskey. I selected for my comrades young men of sterling character free from the tobacco and drink habit. I soon realized that I was respected by the better class of society.

Well, one day I found myself deeply in love with a young lady whose moral training had been similar to my own. She was a real southern beauty, with red lips, pearly teeth, rosy cheeks, black eyes and waving hair. She had an angelic disposition, and we decided we could make a congenial home together. Our decision was put into execution and if there ever was a happy union ours was one.

In process of time a little girl, a tiny little one, came to live with us. We called her Minnie and when she grew to be old enough she called us papa and mama. Our home was now an earthly paradise and Minnie was a dear, sweet little angel.

I was employed as engineer to run a vestibule train over the S. R. from H—— to Morgan City. Our home was at the latter city one mile from the depot on the banks of the Mermentau. Over the river was a long bridge and I had orders to "slow up" in crossing this bridge.

When Minnie was about three years old she would often get near the track when I would "slow up" so that I could reach out and take her in.

One day at H—— my fireman secured some whiskey and on our run he insisted that I should drink with him. I told him I had never tasted whiskey. He then urged me to take *one* drink, assuring me that one drink would do no harm. I yielded, I lost control of myself, it was my first drink, but I drank again, I became powerless to act, I could see and think but could not move. We were making sixty miles an hour and now we were approaching the bridge, I thought, How can I stop? How can I stop at the station and what will my wife think to see the train go madly rushing over the bridge? Only five minutes more and we will be at the bridge. I tried to move but could not, I could see ahead; finally I saw the bridge. Just beyond the bridge one-half mile a freight had wrecked and the track was not cleared, which meant death if we rushed into it. Signals were up but what were they to a drunken man? Now we approach the bridge. My eyes fell on a little red flag at the opposite end of the bridge. I looked again and there on the track stood my dear little Minnie bravely waving the signal to save her papa's life. I vainly tried to reach the throttle, I cried, "Oh God, save my child, save my precious little Minnie!" But the train dashed madly on and Minnie, oh my darling child, was hurled into eternity. I felt the engine strike her, I sprang to my feet, clinched the lever, cut off the steam and saved the lives of all on board. But Minnie, my dear precious little Minnie, sacrificed her life to save mine.

That was my first drink and it has been and shall forever be my last drink.

Troutville, Va.

"LIFE."

ZACK NEHER.

IN an article on "Life," recently published in the NOOK, I made this statement: "We see life or the means of life in every thing," upon which was asked this question: If there is life or means of life in *everything*, what is the function of the devil? I will attempt to answer here.

The function of the devil is twofold; first as means of life and as a means of death. I will illustrate the truth of this statement: fire is a means of life and means of death. As we all well know, fire has a purifying as well as destructive element. That which comes in contact with fire that can be destroyed is destroyed. That which can not be destroyed is purified by it. In building character, those who build of wood, hay and stubble (using a Bible figure), will be destroyed when attacked by the forces of the devil. Those who are building Christian character of gold, silver, and precious stone, when attacked by the fiery darts of Satan will be purified.

Avilla, Mo.

THINK seldom of yourself, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; spend as much time as you can, with body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors—these are little guideposts on the footpath to peace. —*H. Vandyke.*

HE who talketh much retardeth not only his own unfoldment, but also that of everyone within sound of his prattle.—*Corning Edwards.*

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter I. The Dunker Evangel.

SOFTLY fell the twilight shadows throughout the fashionable thoroughfares, the by-streets and the wretched alleys of a vast city. Just as softly fell the pure, white snowflakes over all,—a strange combination of light and darkness it might have seemed to an observant eye. It had surely seemed a fitting emblem of the city itself, where purity and unrighteousness met and blended. for sinful as the city seemed, and black as were its streets with scenes and slums of crime, still scattered here and there, like God's pure snowflakes, were holy men and women and happy little children on whose brows rested the diadem,—not such as kings and rulers mostly wear, whose heads are often pricked and fretted by the jewels they have won; but the more beautiful, the altogether peaceful, the infinitely sublime diadem of innocence.

Ah! blessed childhood, through whose portals we can but enter once, and if beyond the enchanted limits of whose fair land we set our foot, its beauties we can behold no more; ah! rapturous childhood, for whose glories we would fain exchange the fame and honors of maturer years; ah! *holy* childhood, without the simplicity and pardoning love of which, the more perfect holiness of the spirit world our eyes can never see, how oft we turn us from the perplexity, the cares, the pain of life and seek sweet memories of thee, whereby our sinful eyes and heavy-laden hearts are lifted unto heaven!

Oh! wondrous childhood, without whose pales we pause and gaze and strain our eyes that we may better view the marvels which are only half revealed! We hear thy merry laughter like silvery ripples fall; we listen to the murmur of thy gentle voice; we seek to bathe our chilly hearts within the sunlight of thy smiles; we cry out for thy love so holy and so strong; then faint with yearnings vain, we turn from thee to battle with the sins, the woe, the crimes of men and women weary-worn, who once were guileless denizens secluded in thy happy world!

Alas, that humanity should be so depraved with this Eden in its midst! Alas that man should wander farther and still farther from its joys, nor let its guilelessness melt through the calloused hardness of his heart, nor touch its chords! Doutbless angels weep o'er mortals such as this; and well they may.

Even so, children as fair and holy, as glad and blessed, as pure as God's white snowflakes which touched the city streets that night, were sheltered there, albeit the walls of sin loomed like an odious tower and hid their shining innocence from the poor sight of men.

Still softly the snowflakes fall and darkness o'er the city deepens. The busy streets clash loud with the eddy of human feet. Amongst the multitude a woman threads her way. Her brow is thoughtful and she carries a roll of papers in her hand. A long, plain cape protects her shoulders; and the quaint bonnet which shades her eyes from the glaring light of the street lamps denotes that she is a Dunker. She hurries on till the sound of feet grows faint and fainter. At last she pauses, nor is she in a fashionable thoroughfare of the city now. The flickering light of a lone street lamp shows that she halts at a door in a wretched alley. She looks about her as though in quest of a mat; but whatever the object for which she searches, her quest is vain. Removing her outer sandals, she adjusts her bonnet a trifle and draws the roll of papers closer beneath her arm.

There is no bell to ring,—bells are rarely attached to doors such as the one before which the lady pauses. After a few low raps the door is pulled ajar, and an old woman with red eyes bids the Dunker evangel enter.

Chapter II. The Red Eyes.

THEY glared so fierce upon her—those wild, evil-looking eyes—that the lady almost quailed beneath their scrutiny. They seemed to be kindled with a hungry light, and were riveted so closely upon the visitor that her heart recoiled and she drew instinctively away as a canny gesture brought the old woman's hand upon her arm. "I am so hungry, ma'am," croaked the voice," and my feet are well-nigh shoeless. Have you come to give me assistance, ma'am?"

"I am come to seek the needy," replied the other, "and to such I am willing to render any assistance that lies within my power. What are you needing most?"

"Gold—gold that will buy me bread to eat and

clothes to wear. Ay, that I need the most, dear lady."

The visitor deposited a coin within the outstretched hand, and drawing a card from her pocket said:

"Here is my address. I shall call again soon. Should you need anything in the meantime, send to me. My pastor gave me the number of your street and asked me to call upon you in my visits among the poor. There are other homes which I must visit yet to-night; so asking you to read a few good tracts which I leave with you, I bid you good-night. God bless you!"

The lady departed and the old woman, still clutching the coin within her hand drew forth the card and read: "Mrs. Benjamin Chester, Shady Brook."

In the meantime Mrs. Chester was seeking out the needy homes, now quenching the clamoring demon, want, in some poor breast, now kneeling by some sufferer's bedside, speaking sweet words of peace to the troubled heart; and anon striving to do the will of her Master, whom she had gone forth to serve.

But, do what she would, she was haunted by the wild, evil look of those red eyes. She closed her own, but they were still upon her and seemed to burn like living coals into her soul. She wondered what made them look so red, and why they had stared so hard at her.

Worn out with the cares of the day, which was spent in toiling for others, she turned her face toward Shady Brook. There peace and rest awaited her. Thank God for that!

(To be Continued.)

SOME OF THE LARGE THINGS.

The largest theater in the world is the opera house in Paris. It covers three acres of ground; its cubic mass is four million two hundred eighty-seven thousand feet; and it cost one hundred million francs.

The highest active volcano in Popocatepetl, near Pueblo, Mexico. It is seventeen thousand five hundred fifty feet above sea level, and has a crater two thousand feet wide.

Gibraltar, from a strategical point of view, is the greatest fortress in the world. It occupies a rocky peninsula three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which juts abruptly into the sea. Its highest point is fourteen hundred thirty-nine feet above sea level and its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of steep, impassable precipices. It is considered impregnable.

The Chinese wall is the greatest on earth. It was completed 204 B. C. as a protection against the Tartars. This wall traverses a rough stretch of country, passing over mountains and valleys and across rivers. It is fifteen hundred miles long, twenty feet high, twenty-five feet thick at its base, and fifteen feet at its top.

The deepest mine is the Lambert coal mine in Belgium, which extends thirty-four hundred ninety feet into the earth.

The biggest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Edmonson County, Kentucky. It consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are traversed by the Echo River.

The longest railway tunnel in the world aside from the New York subway, is that of the Saint Gotthard, on the line of the road between Lucerne and Milan. It is twenty-six and a half feet wide, nineteen feet from the floor to the roof and nine and a quarter miles long.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris.

The largest desert is the Sahara in Africa. This barren waste has a length of three thousand miles and an average width of nine hundred miles. Rain falls in torrents at intervals of five, ten, and twenty years. It is hot in summer; but in winter the temperature often goes as low as zero.

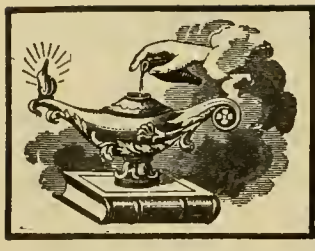
The greatest pyramid in the world is that of Cheops of the Gizeh group. It contains eighty-nine million cubic feet of masonry, is four hundred and fifty-one feet high, and the total weight of the stone in this mammoth monument has been estimated as over six million tons.

The largest bell is the great bell at Moscow, which is eighty-six feet in circumference at the bottom, over twenty-one feet high, and twenty-three inches thick at the top. Its weight has been computed as two hundred and seventeen tons. It has never been hung.

The highest lighthouses are the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty in New York harbor which is one hundred and fifty-one feet, besides a pedestal of one hundred and fifty-five feet; one at Genoa, Italy, two hundred and eighteen feet in height; and Cape Hatteras light, which is one hundred and eighty-nine feet.

The largest trees in the world are the giant redwoods of California. One of these in a grove in Tulare county is one hundred and eight feet in circumference at the base and seventy-six at a point twelve feet from the ground.—*Exchange.*

"LIMITED opportunities" is a common phrase. Many young people sigh pathetically over its application to their lives. But how is opportunity limited, in most cases? By the limits of the person who has it. A great man finds his opportunities great; a small man finds them small. Shakespeare had exceedingly limited opportunities, in an outward sense; so had Lincoln; but, somehow, they became unlimited opportunities in each case. Self-pity is a foolish thing, and it always makes a mistake on such points as these. —*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR

ARE WE PAGANS YET?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Look conditions in the face:
Mars the god whom still we worship? Mammon in our ruler's place?
After all our boasted progress, have we reached the nobler race?

Are we pagan yet or Christian? Do we use as shibboleth
The old watchword of the Roman, or of Him of Nazareth?
Do we preach love's law of mercy or the leaden law of death?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Do we by the higher light;
Let the test be by the standards of unchanging truth and right.
Do we worship toward the morning, or the past's war-clouded night?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Answer, rob and over-reach?
Do we wrong and slay our brothers 'neath the mask of godly speech?
Sow we seeds of love or hatred? Do we practice what we preach?

Are we pagan yet, or Christian? Tell the truth, what'er betide.
By our lust, our greed, our conquest, is our Savior still denied?
By the murder of his brethren is our Lord yet crucified?

—The Denver News.

DO WE BELIEVE IN GOD?

Our Father which art in heaven.—Matt. 6:9.

EACH day millions of us pray to "our Father which art in heaven." Each day we ask that Father to guide and guard us. We ask this as men and women who, at least, profess a belief in his power to do so.

But do we believe in this God to whom we pray; before whom we kneel, and of whom we implore the greatest of gifts, guidance and guard?

Do we feel in our hearts, as we make the request, that he is able to grant what we ask: that he will grant it?

If so, why then do we allow the things that are in his control to give rise to fear, hesitation, anxiety, distress and grief?

We are guilty of this—every one of us. We are guilty of going through a form, and forsaking the substance of that form.

What would we think of a man who said he had implicit faith in another man, and who, despite this avowal, had a detective shadowing that other man in his every act of responsibility? Would that be faith? Would it be trust? Is that belief?

Yet not a day passes wherein some or all of us do not prove false to our confessed belief in a Father whose omnipotence and omniscience we acknowledge. Not a day passes but some or all of us hold back in fear from the execution of duty, despite our pretended belief in the power of an infinite God to so order things that they will revert finally to the greatest good for all. Not a day but many tremble over possibilities which rest wholly in his keeping.

It is forcibly shown in the minor as well as the major affairs of life. We say we have faith in a God who loves us as a father, yet we grow anxious over the outcome of matters that are in his care. We worry about those who are away from us, all the time proclaiming the comfort that is born of a knowledge that the Master Mind of the universe is so solicitous of this mere speck in the sky as to note the fall of every sparrow.

We dream dreams of the terrible things that may happen to us or others in spite of our boasted confidence in him and his goodness. We say that when we have done the best that lies within our power the outcome rests with God. And having so said, we at once proceed to grow anxious over the outcome!

Is this "believing" in God?

Is this trusting God?

Alas! our belief and our trust are largely matters of the mouth instead of the heart and spirit. If not, why should there exist such a thing as fear; such a stalking ghost as doubt?

There is only one way to believe and that is to trust implicitly. That is the only way we can believe in God. The question which now arises is this: Is God worthy of our trust?

Humanity through centuries answers, Yes. The wide world of to-day answers, Yes. Even among those people who give him another name and clothe him with other attributes, the answer is the same. Shall we who thus speak with our lips lie in our deeds! Shall we profess faith and practice distrust!

Or shall we live up to our words, and tune our hearts to them, trusting God as a young child trusts a kind and loving father; being so sure of his goodness and mercy that we cannot for a moment doubt the wisdom of whatever comes to pass, and therefore cannot fear anything?

This, indeed, is the only right way to live. Any other is a mere imitation of life. And this is the way each one of us may live if it is so desired. The Rock of Ages stands as firm to-day as ever—even more firm than ever in the sight of men, for each succeeding year adds new proof of its strength and solidity. But if it is to be a cleft for you and me, we must be sure in our hearts that it shields us from all that should not reach or harm us; and resting in this faith as a babe in its mother's arms, we must do what we can and then, sure of the outcome, leave to God the balance.

He will not fail us if we do thus believe, and life will become a different thing—a joy beyond words. —*The North American.*

TRUE TO ITS CALLING.

A woman was looking over her little lawn when she saw some tiny leaves. She was about to cut them out when she discovered a little flower, the sorriest pansy that had ever struggled into existence; a stray seed had fallen into the turf and had succeeded in this small way; with little to help it, and much to hinder it. Still it did its best; it was true to its calling; it was still a pansy. "It shall live," she said. "It shall have its chance." So she set it in the rich soil of her rose garden, and before the summer was over not one of all her most favored pansies equalled this.

"'When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little that I can
And leave the rest to Thee.'"

The Lord will never overlook or cut out any of his faithful ones trying to do their very best. Doing our best under difficulties, some day he will transplant us into the rose garden of paradise.—*The Ram's Horn.*

WAITING ON THE BANK.

"When I was a little fellow I was a trifle inclined to hold back and wait to be coaxed," said Uncle Eben. "I remember sitting beside the brook one day, while the other children were building a dam. They were wading, carrying stones, splashing the mud, and shouting orders, but none of them paying any attention to me. I began to feel abused and lonely, and was blubbering over my neglected condition, when Aunt Nancy came down the road.

"'What's the matter, sonny? Why ain't you playin' with the rest?'

"'They don't want me,' I said, digging my fists into my eyes. 'They never asked me to come.'

"I expected sympathy, but she gave me an impatient shake and push.

"'Is that all, you little ninny? Nobody wants folks that'll sit around on a bank and wait to be asked!' she cried. 'Run along with the rest, and make yourself wanted.'

"That shake and push did the work. Before I had time to recover from my indignant surprise, I was in the middle of the stream, and soon as busy as the others.

"I often feel that I would like to try the same plan on some of the strangers who come into our churches. Some make friends at once. They go into the prayer meeting, the mission work, the Sunday school—wherever there is work—and they are at home at once; but there are many others who wait to be noticed and invited here and there. They complain of coldness and lack of attention, and, maybe, decide that their coming is not desired. They need Aunt Nancy's advice: 'Stop sitting round on the bank, and go in and make yourself wanted.'"—*Forward.*

Blessed also are they that mourn, for he who never mourns never mends. Compunction of a godly sort, dissatisfaction with all past attainments, and honest grief at falling short of Christ's high standard of holiness, all tend to growth in grace. There are too many dry-eyed Christians in this world. Gloomy, God-distrusting unbelief we have no apologies for; but there ought to be more tears of penitence over neglects of duty and woundings of Christ, more tears of sympathy with the wronged and suffering, and then we would have more gracious bursts of sunshine from Christ's countenance. Rainbows are never painted except upon raindrops. They that sow in tears of contrition, reap in the joys of pardon and peace. Such tears water the roots of grace. Blessed are they that mourn and mend. The ladder of the highest Christian life starts from the dust of self-abasement; but for every round we need a fresh grasp on Jesus and a new lift by his loving hand.—*Cuyler.*

Sin is a sword that cuts in two directions. It wrongs the sinner more than the one sinned against. If I lie about you, I wrong myself more than I do you. If a merchant cheats me, he wrongs himself more than he does me. If you cheat your neighbor in trade, you wrong yourself, no matter how sharp the bargain you drive. Every sin is a boomerang that comes back upon the head of the transgressor. The law of reflex action is found to rest upon the profoundest philosophy. Wrong-doing robs the soul of self-respect, makes it a stranger to the highest joys, fills the soul with bitter memories, and cheats it of its most glorious birthright. Nobody can wrong you as you can wrong yourself. You are a traitor to your highest destiny if you do not turn your back upon sin. "He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul." —*Rev. Polhemus H. Swift.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

THE FAILURE.

It is frequently the case that when a man finds himself facing failure he flutters the flag of defeat and says, "O, well, it's my own affair." This is indeed true, but it is not all the truth. A failure is a twofold misfortune.

Every individual's life is closely interwoven with that of others, not only in his immediate surroundings, but extending to remote corners of the earth. He cannot do anything that will not in some way affect some one else.

Every created thing, if it fulfill the purpose of its creation, exists for a good end and must therefore wield an influence of the same nature. To fall short means that the good is defeated by so much not only in the one failing but in every one within the range of its influence. If the fig tree does not bear fruit, it not only loses its value as a fig tree, but it cumbers the ground and in other ways makes its deficiency felt. The man who fails throws himself out of line and in addition sets in motion a long train of influences of like untoward nature. "No man liveth to himself," and this is just as true of the failure as of the one who makes good.

GETTING THE COMBINATION.

The May and December weather that have come to us this spring in rapid and almost regular turn remind us of one trying to work a combination lock by chance. Now there is a turn which seems to indicate that it is "coming," but the next move proves that the combination is as far off as ever. Just as in the lock, there are several elements in the weather that must be brought into a certain relation to produce the ideal month of May.

And this is true of other things than the seasons and combination locks. For one, in the making of character a number of attributes are essential, and they must bear a certain relation to produce the best effect. While we may be running over with commendable traits in one direction, we may be wholly lacking in others and the effect altogether is that we are wanting in character. Just as vegetation needs a combination of several agents for healthy growth, so the graces of character are dependent on a number of qualities for their development. But there is no luck or accident in our striking the combination in this case; we work in the light and choose as we wish.

SOCIALISM AND CHARITY.

We continue to have set before us in the various publications the merits and demerits of socialism as it is now understood. Generally these discussions are confined to a few points which are gone over again and again, very little being added with the multiplicity of papers. An article in a late number of *Charities and the Commons,* by Charles J. Bonaparte, Attorney General of the United States, may be said to be an exception to the rule in that it brings out a point on the subject of socialism mentioned but by few and not even thought of by many. The point is this, that were socialism to reign, there would be no opportunity to receive the blessing attending cheerful giving since the will would never be consulted in the matter. We quote from this article the parts concerned with this point:

"In a little address which I delivered some years ago at an Annual Meeting of the Baltimore Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor, and for which I used the well-known motto of that Society: 'The Lord loveth the cheerful giver,' I pointed out that, according to the text the Lord loved a giver, not a payer of debts or taxes. To be meritorious, any act must be voluntary; what one does under compulsion, he cannot be ethically said to 'do' at all; but win affection from the Deity, or even, I may add from creatures made in his likeness, an act must be voluntary in the highest possible sense, it must be a gift. A European is said to have expressed to an educated Hindoo his surprise that, notwithstanding the immense benefits conferred upon India by its English conquerors, he found the latter unmistakably unpopular there. The Hindoo replied: 'We know the English are just to us, but they are not kind to us.' I do not vouch for the truth of this story, but there is a great deal of human nature in the Hindoo's alleged reply: those who deal justly by all under them, but make each individual feel that, for them, he is a mere unit in the undistinguished mass, treated fairly, as everybody else is treated fairly, but regarded, as are all like him, with, in last resort, an impartial indifference, such rulers as these may be respected and feared, they will never be beloved. On the other hand, men have often repaid with an enthusiastic loyalty no small measure of oppres-

sion from a sovereign who, whilst he ill-treated them, yet showed that he felt himself one of them, that, although he might be a very bad father to his people, still he was their father, their own flesh and blood, and not a stepfather or a guardian; they may forgive a failure in duty, but they will never overlook a lack of sympathy. This great truth is expressed in the text I have quoted, for the one thing which must be given, which cannot be earned or bartered or bought, is affection; a man may sell his skill, his time, his labor, even his body and his soul, but he cannot sell his heart.

"To do our full duty, to earn the reward promised in the text I have quoted, it is not enough that we hand over to others, no matter how well fitted to act for us, so many dollars and cents to make the world better; the enlightened public opinion of to-day recognizes what true philanthropy in all ages has instinctively felt, that nothing can replace personal contact and influence in the work of beneficence. It has been said on high authority that the poor need 'not alms but a friend'; I should say rather that they need both; alms to do good must come, and be felt to come, from a friend.

"Unless then charity be free, it is not charity; if what we give, we might not also withhold, we make no gift; and in a society where private property was unknown, charity, at least in the form the Lord loveth, would be unknown also. Indeed, in such a society, could one exist, any form of charity would be, or soon become, impossible, for its continued existence would imply the complete loss of personal liberty in its members.

"The root of Socialism is the doctrine that all men of right ought to be, and should therefore be made and kept, precisely equal. This doctrine is really a wholly arbitrary dogma, a pure assumption, justified neither by reason nor by history, and, in fact, contradicted by the daily experience of all mankind. A southern plantation before the war constituted, so far as the Negroes were concerned, very nearly a socialistic community; and they were probably as nearly equal *inter sese* as human beings can be permanently kept. In this community a socialist merely substitutes for the omnipotent, omniscient master an omnipotent, omniscient corporation made up of the slaves themselves, enslaves each one of them, as an individual, to all, in their corporate capacity, and names this corporation "the state"; and, in fact, only a people in chains, working under the lash of task-masters would be and remain so nearly and hopelessly equal as to leave no room for any one of them to grow richer or happier than his fellows. But charity would die out long before this stage of social degradation were reached, for nothing is so fatal to charity as a sense of insecurity."

Every unprejudiced reader cannot fail to see the weight of the reason in the writer's argument. Further study of the subject of socialism will reveal the fact that it would deprive us of our liberty in other directions also. In fact it seems impossible to solve the social problem by any extreme methods. The golden mean in this, as in many other things, is the only safe course.

EXPLANATIONS.

On account of sickness the sermonette intended for the Quiet Hour department of this number could not be prepared.

In Inglenook of May 7, page 453, under "Tempering Tools," third paragraph from end, read "faint yellow" instead of "paint yellow."

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

And higher yet than any peak or pine
All kingly thoughts that lift aloft and sheer
Above their pigmy fellows and withstand
The scathing tempests of relentless Time,
Upsprung from inmost travail, fierce and wild,
From throes tumultuous and throbbings keen
Of pregnant souls whose best and truest blood
Gave form and shape and color to the theme!
—Richard Braunstein.

It revives again the idea that "we live in deeds not years," and that the deeds of a noble person stand as a superstructure of dwellings, and makes even the commonest haunt into a house of fame.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

Let not thy financial success awaken in thee a vain feeling of superiority over thy less fortunate fellow-beings; but rather may it awaken a feeling of humility with a sense of gladness that thy Master has found thee sufficiently faithful with a little that he feareth not to entrust greater treasure into thy keeping.—*Claude H. Murray.*

Is your name with glad lips spoken
As all graces' synonym?
Like the flowers of a garden
Full of fragrance to the brim?
—Adaline Hohf Beery.

Ah holy childhood, without the simplicity and pardoning love of which, the mere perfect holiness of the spirit world our eyes can never see.—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

That evening Jane Anne concluded that it is possible to go to extremes in keeping one's house neat and clean, as well as in neglecting it, and from that time she always tried to have her rooms arranged so people could be comfortable in them.—*Ida M. Helm.*

Happiness is just like a mischievous puppy. You chase him, and you never can catch him; but go on doing cheerfully whatever you have to do, either resting, playing or working, and the rogue is right under your feet.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

The highest aim a man can have is to be useful.—*John H. Nowlan.*



DICKINSON college, at Carlisle, Pa., in celebration of William Penn Memorial day announced the intention to establish a department of peace and public service in the near future. It will make a comparative study of methods proposed for the establishment of peace as the fundamental law of civilization.

THE Fifth International Sunday School Convention began its session at Rome, Italy, May 11, about one thousand delegates being in attendance, representing thirty million people throughout the world. At the opening session messages of congratulation from nearly all of the rulers and chief executives of different nations were received.

THE pipe line, conveying petroleum from Baku, Russia, to the Black Sea, has been completed. It is five hundred and fifty miles long and is capable of conveying four hundred million gallons of oil yearly. Another important oil pipe line has been built for transporting Texas and California petroleum across the isthmus of Panama. The pipe line is eight inches in diameter and fifty-one miles long.

THE Philippine government has recently adopted for the use of its postal service a distinctive series of postage stamps which were prepared by the bureau of engraving and printing. The values and colors of these stamps correspond to those of the United States postal service and there are the same number of stamps in the series, but the denominations are expressed in pesos and centavos to conform to the new currency system of the islands. The designs including the portraits are also different.

A SPECIAL stamp-selling machine, the invention of a German, is to be adopted for general use in the German post-office. It is entirely automatic, the only manipulation required being the dropping of a coin in a slot. A continuous band of stamps is placed in the machine wound on a drum, and a special process prevents any error in separating them. A blunt knife cuts them apart accurately at the perforated points, little force being required as the band is stretched tight. When the coin is dropped into the slot the stamp is automatically separated from the band and drops down where the purchaser can get it. The whole apparatus is so constructed that changes in atmosphere have no effect on the inside of the machine.

NEXT month when the planet Mars is comparatively "close" to the earth, Prof. Todd, of Amherst college, expects to make it the opportunity to solve some of that planet's riddles; especially does he hope to secure certain answers to the questions, Is Mars inhabited? and are the strange lines which radiate from the poles natural phenomena or great canals built by the Martians? Prof. Todd is now on his way to South America and will make his observations from some high point in the Andes mountains.

DR. KENNETH MCDONALD, of London, has become the first minister of a new religion calling itself Simplicitarianism, the advocates of which seek to spread the doctrines of the simple life and to found simple-life colonies in rural districts. Dr. McDonald says they are opposed to the practice of city life, and want to get the people settled back on the land in the garden city communities. They oppose vaccination and every movement interfering with the liberty of the individual, and are pledged vegetarians.

EUROPE now understands that Germany in the preliminary interchanges on the coming Hague conference has definitely refused to discuss any proposal for the limitation of armaments, and this, if true, will deprive the conference of its chief significance. Chancellor von Bülow, however, holds England to blame, referring to the recent unofficial announcement in a British government organ that Germany would have to fall in line. This has greatly angered the German press.

EVERYONE has noticed the great number of trunks that can be piled upon a baggage truck and the expenditure of strength required to move it. But this is beginning to be done away with in part by the attachment to the trucks of a motor; an electric motor drives the trucks and a man holds the tongue and does the guiding. The speed is controlled from a small lever fastened on the tongue by which the truck is steered, and it is further arranged so that if this tongue

is dropped or let down the current is shut off and the brakes are put on. A catch is also provided, so that the tongue can be fastened up against the front of the truck, in which position the current is also shut off and the brakes are held on the same as when it is on the ground.

THE United States government is setting an example that may come to be followed extensively in the purchase of coal. It has decided to buy this fuel upon a basis not of weight but of heating quality. In speaking of this new departure a few days ago one official said that "the day is not far distant when the price paid for coal will be set by the heat obtainable therefrom, as this is the only safe and rational system to follow in the purchase of coal. The government specifications appear to be eminently wise in declaring a standard and then allowing a premium where this standard is exceeded and exacting a forfeit where it is not attained. As the government is a large user of coal, the effect of these specifications will probably in time be to fix exactly their relative money value of different grades of coal which is now only very roughly recognized."

THE Interstate Commerce Commission has rendered its first decision on the reasonableness of an express company rate in a case brought by the Society of American Florists, who claimed that the rate on cut flowers from New Jersey points to New York city was excessive and unjust. This rate was raised last year from fifty cents a hundred pounds to $1 a hundred. Commissioner Franklin Lane, who delivers the opinion of the commission, holds that the rate should not be over sixty cents. He finds that the railroad, under contract, gets forty-five per cent of the gross receipts of the express company, and that by its own tables it would appear that there is no real profit, even at the $1 rate, and says: "An express company cannot justify a rate by showing that it gives a service that is exceptionally expensive, where the burden of the rate charged increases an already sufficient return to the railroad." The 60-cent rate is ordered to be put into effect from June 15.

THE biological survey of the Department of Agriculture while investigating the boll weevil pest in Texas, where the cotton crop has been damaged many millions of dollars annually, has discovered that no less than thirty-eight species of birds feed upon the troublesome insect. It is not asserted that the birds alone can check the spread of the weevil, but it has been demonstrated that they are an important help, hence an appeal is made to the northern farmer to aid in the work on the ground that the insect enemy of the farmer of every district is the common enemy of the country. Swallows are the foremost of the allies against the boll weevil, and they have been described as "the light cavalry of the avian army." They have no rivals in the art of capturing insects in midair, and it is to this fact that their peculiar value to the cotton grower is due. Other useful birds of prey are the orioles, blackbirds, wrens and fly-catchers. As many as forty bollweevils have been found in the stomach of a single cliff swallow. The plan of the department is to increase the number of swallows, both North and South, by forming nesting colonies. The southern colonies will work during the summer, while in the fall the northern-bred birds, as they pass southward, will keep up the war.

AT Boras, Sweden, the school authorities have built a bathroom in the public schoolhouse where round enameled tubs are supplied. The tubs are sunk in the concrete floor, each large enough for one child. A circular, perforated pipe surrounds each tub and is connected with the hot and cold water tanks. With a child in each tub the attendant turns on the water until the tubs are nearly full. Soap and brush are furnished and the children are given 10 minutes for scrubbing. The bathtubs are then emptied by means of a drain in the bottom and a final shower, beginning at ninety-five degrees and gradually coming down to sixty, is given. About forty-eight children an hour are given a bath in this way. After each relay the tubs are carefully cleansed with brush and scalding water. The tubs entirely remove danger from drowning, a danger which is the objection to the swimming tank.

THE report of the Interstate Commerce Commission, covering the months of October, November and December, 1906, gives the number of collisions and derailments during that period as 3965, of which 501 affected passenger trains. The number of passengers and employes killed was 474, of which 180 were passengers, the largest list on record for any quarter, excepting that ending with September, 1904. The total number of casualities to passengers and employes on duty was 20,944. The compilations of causes of forty noteworthy train accidents showed that in twenty-one cases the disaster was directly traceable to carelessness, error of judgment or negligence on the part of railroad employes. In a surprisingly large number of cases the men responsible for these lapses were either new to their duties or had been worked for a continued period until they were presumably too exhausted to efficiently perform their tasks.



The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

IV. The Habit of Happiness.

THE Lesser Chum was going to an evening party. His mother had issued a cast-iron decree, years before, that no small child over whom she had any control should ever be allowed to attend one of those abominations. But even cast-iron may be broken, when it contains a flaw;—which, in this case, was represented by a sensitive grandmother.

The Lesser Chum came home shamefully near midnight, flushed with the fever of unaccustomed excitement, tired within an inch of his life, but full of jubilant satisfaction.

"Such a splendiferous time! And oh! such nice things to eat! Why don't you cook like that, mother? We had white cake, and black cake, and cake with hearts on, and other cakes, and ice cream, and chicken fried in pats, and—"

The Greater Chum caught her breath.

"In the morning you shall tell me everything, Allan," she said, with gentle firmness. "Now, you need to be in bed."

Before morning, however, the healthy young digestive apparatus rose up in its own righteous self-defense: and when the Greater Chum came down to breakfast she left the small victim sleeping, wanly but in peace.

"Where's your rule about evening parties now?" asked the head of the household, with good-natured banter.

"This is the exception," said the Greater Chum, grimly, "that hereafter is going to prove the rule."

The Lesser Chum was decidedly better, when he awoke, but life had lost all its rosy coloring. He did not feel like playing, yet he was tired of keeping still. The Greater Chum brought forth every suggestion of interest she could devise, but they all fell flat.

"Dear me, I'm just dead of nothing good!" the Lesser Chum whimpered, disconsolately, "It seems as if there wasn't any happy at all, any more!"

His mother looked grave.

"Why wouldn't it be a good thing to make some, then?" she inquired.

"Make some?" he repeated.

She nodded, "I know a boy, just about your age, who has to make nearly every bit he has."

"Who is he, I wonder?" the Lesser Chum asked, incredulously.

"The washerwoman's boy," she answered, "the one you have seen coming with her, sometimes."

The Lesser Chum's astonishment left him speechless. Little Fritz Shafer, with patched knees, shabby coat, and tiny right arm hanging helpless and paralyzed beside him!

"I'm going to drive over this afternoon and take the washing, because her baby isn't well," pursued the Greater Chum, "Would you like to come? The ride will be pleasant, and perhaps you can find out how he makes happiness."

When the two climbed into the phaeton, twenty minutes later, the Lesser Chum had all but forgotten the queer feeling that encircled him like a disagreeable belt. Half-way to their destination, he turned suddenly to his mother:

"Oh! I wish I'd remembered to bring him something!"

"I'll loan you a dime out of my purse," the Greater Chum met his dilemma, cordially, "You can get out here at the little store, and find something. I think."

The Lesser Chum hesitated only the barest instant. A dime to be repaid, cent for cent, is different from some cast-off plaything. But he put the thought behind him and got down opposite the store, returning in a few minutes with much animation and a darling little engine that would run by winding with a key.

"It would go zipping clear across our dining-room, I know!" he told his mother, rapturously; adding with haste, "but of course I wasn't thinking of that!"

They found Fritz amusing the sick baby by spinning three tops at a time on the kitchen table. He could do marvelous things with that one hand of his. The Lesser Chum helped lift in the big basket, and then Mrs. Shafer took the fretting baby out of its high-chair and led the Greater Chum into the tidy front room, leaving the two boys by themselves. The Lesser Chum undid his gift package.

"Do you like Indians?" was his rather startling query.

Fritz stared, reddening with shyness.

"I like to read about 'em; I don't know any real ones," he answered.

"Well," explained the Lesser Chum, "neither do I, only one that was in a show. But I thought what fun it would be to play we were two chiefs, and I was bringing you a present when I came visiting, like they do."

He wound the engine, and sent it spinning across the bare floor. The delighted Fritz took his turn,—which, during all their frolic together, he rigidly insisted should be done in alternation, the giver of the gift sharing the pleasure equally with himself. He showed the Lesser Chum all his little treasures,—poor enough, too—and held the baby unprotestingly while his mother left her guest on some small errand. All that hour the Lesser Chum's keen, bright eyes watched eagerly for a clew to his mother's queer statement, half-expecting some strange process like the weaving of a spider's web or an incantation over a boiling kettle. He had a lovely time, as Fritz appeared to; but at its end he settled himself beside his mother in the phaeton with the mystery still unexplained.

"He never seemed to even think about being happy," was his puzzled comment. "What in the world did you mean, mother?"

The Greater Chum laughed in a satisfied way. She had not trusted in vain.

"That's exactly it, Allan, dear. He has the *habit* of being happy. He takes hold of the nice end of things, and doesn't think about their disagreeableness. Happiness is just like a mischievous puppy. You chase him, and you never can catch him; but go on doing cheerfully whatever you have to do, either resting, playing or working, and the rogue is right under your feet."

The Lesser Chum rode all the rest of the way home in the silence of deep thought, which lasted while he let his mother out at the side door, and himself drove the pony around to the stable. He came back at a run, taking the steps with two leaps, and stuck his head in at the dining-room door.

"Hooray! Getting supper? Whew! but that bread and butter looks good!"

* * *

"The crowning infamy of the tongue is blasphemy, and by this is meant profanity and all speech that impairs men's faith in God or that in anywise detracts from his influence over the lives and hopes of men and his glory in the world."

* * *

"A sunny smile some heart to cheer,
A pleasant word that's fitly said,
A friendly glance, a breath of song,—
And so some heart is comforted!"

THE SUNSET LIMITED.

Oh, Hush-a-by Land is a beautiful place
For sleepy small people to go,
And the Rock-a-bye Route is the favorite one
With a certain wee laddie I know.

The track lies on sleepers of feathers and down,
No accidents ever take place;
Though there's only one track, and there's only one train
But it runs at a wonderful pace.

There are beautiful things to be seen on this route,
If you're good you may take just a peep;
But strange as it seems, they are seen best in dreams;
Be sure that you soon go to sleep.

Say good-night to the Sun, for he's off to bed, too,—
He can't hear you, so just wave your hand;
The Moon and the Stars they will light up the cars
As you travel to Hush-a-bye Land.

So, quick, jump aboard, it is time to be off,
You have nothing to pay, you young elf;
Just think of the luxury laddie, you'll have—
A whole sleeping car to yourself!

—The Booklover's Magazine.

* * *

THE REFORMATION OF JANE ANNE.

IDA M. HELM.

It was a low one story and a half house, painted white and had green shutters. There was a lean-to built at the one side that Jane Anne called a summer kitchen. She said it helped her wonderfully in her work during warm weather. Jane Anne was painfully neat; she fussed and fretted and dusted and scoured and scrubbed almost continually. Her ways were very trying to the household.

One warm summer afternoon she finished her work about three o'clock, then she placed a mat at the foot of the porch steps, hung a large fan outside the kitchen door, put a clean, white spread on the lounge, then went into the library and began reading a book. She had been reading about half an hour when she heard familiar steps coming up the walk and she put her head out of the open window and called, "Hey John, stop and wipe your boots on the mat at the porch steps. You will find a little stick beside the mat; if there is any mud on your boots use the stick to scratch it off. Be sure and take the fan I placed beside the door and chase all the flies away before you come into the kitchen; I caught six flies in the house to-day. Don't lie on the lounge, I just put a clean spread on it." Then she went on with her reading.

"Pshaw, there's no mud on my boots. It has'nt rained for a week. I'm tired," ejaculated John. I've been working hard all day and my back aches, I must rest somewhere, and he turned his steps away from the house.

The clock struck four and Jane Anne laid the book down and prepared supper, then she went to the door and called in a shrill voice, "Su-u-u-pper—su-u-u-pper—supper's ready, John." She supposed he had

gone to the barn to rest on the hay. But John did not hear her voice. She waited fifteen minutes then she repeated the call. Then she waited five minutes more and when he did not come she began to grow uneasy, so she put her bonnet on and started toward the barn. (She never thought of going out without her bonnet on, for she took great pride in her complexion.) When she went out, as she passed the mat at the porch steps her conscience gave a little twinge, but she went on. She searched the barn and all the out-buildings but she did not find him. She went to the shady walnut tree where he sometimes rested, but he was not there. Then she went back to the house with a very heavy heart. She looked at the clock and saw that it was half past five. John always came to the house at half past four. She sat down to try and think what to do next, then she noticed the lounge with its white, unwrinkled spread and her first thought was, I'll never put a clean spread on the lounge again, but she took a second thought and decided that she would fix the lounge so it could be used with comfort when one wished to rest.

She was about to renew her search with fearful dread and tears that could no longer be kept back. He may have gone to the creek and got drowned, or some one may have shot him. I heard some one shooting out in the cornfield just when I commenced supper, thought she. She went out on the front porch and saw John coming in at the gate. He looked half frightened. "I went fishing," he began, "and I went to sleep; I never meant to stay so long. Is it very late, Jane Anne?"

There was no need for John's fears.

"I have been waiting for you awhile," said she, "and I was a little uneasy, but *never* mind; come on in, supper's ready." Then she hurried out to the back porch and took the fan from the kitchen door and put it away. I will take the old mat and put it away till there is mud and *then* I will get it out, thought she, and she laid it away in the woodshed.

When she went back into the kitchen, John said, "It's too bad, Jane Anne, there's two flies, did I leave them in? I'm sorry if I did."

Jane Anne only said, "I don't see any flies, John; sit down to the table and I will pour the tea."

That evening Jane Anne concluded that it is possible to go to extremes in keeping one's house neat and clean as well as in neglecting it, and from that time she always tried to have her rooms arranged so people could be comfortable in them. She struck a medium between the two extremes that she found was far better for herself and those about her than her old way of fussing and worrying and keeping her rooms looking like forbidden places. Costly furniture, rich draperies and beautiful pictures all artistically arranged in faultlessly clean rooms do not alone make a true home. Many people of the poorer classes have happy homes who possess few or none of the ornaments that decorate the homes of the rich. Neither should home be considered only a place to eat and sleep, the home should be well-conducted, the work and all affairs should be turned off in a systematic and not a haphazard way. Contentment and good-will must reign there, contentment will bring with it a great value in comfort. In order to be contented we must make our homes places where love rules and each member respects the wishes of the other and are thoughtful for each other's well being. It must be a place where each one can go for advice, comfort, rest, sympathy or any of the things that can be obtained better in the home than anywhere else and which each one of us desires so much when we are in need. If the sofa pillows are not straightened out to an exact nicety so much the better. When they are rumpled a little they look so inviting, they seem to say you need not fear to come and rest. If one comes home tired and discouraged and the family meets him with looks and words of welcome and sympathy how free he feels to unburden his heart to them. If one of the family is trying in his ways bear with him the best you can. Grumbling and complaining about it will only make things worse.

Did I hear someone say, "Preaching is easier than practicing?" Somebody else said, "If we would find happiness we must look for it in our own hearts." We surely can find more real happiness in our own hearts when we are conscious of having made some one else happy. The very place to begin making people happy is in the home. I do not mean to be selfish and unconcerned for others but start the glow of good will and happiness in each heart in the home; then let it radiate to other homes or penetrate the breasts of those whose homes are under their hats

> "Life is but truly life when it can give
> To heal the wounds another life may know."

Ashland, Ohio, R. R. No. 2.

"TRAIN UP A CHILD."

If you are going to do anything permanent for the average man you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy and not with the man. That applies peculiarly to those boys who tend to drift off into courses which mean that unless they are checked they will be formidable additions to the criminal population when they grow older.

No nation is safe unless in the average family there are healthy, happy children. If these children are not brought up well they are not merely a curse to themselves and their parents, but they mean the ruin of the State in the future.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

Baked Eggs—Break into a buttered dish the eggs, being careful that each one is whole. Put a little butter on each. Salt and pepper. Bake in oven until whites are set. Serve on buttered toast.

Asparagus on Toast—Cook the asparagus in salted, boiling water until the tips are tender. Cut slices of bread half an inch thick, remove the crust and toast it. Lay the toast on a platter, arrange the asparagus on it and pour a litle melted butter over.

Crisp Vegetables—Celery, parsley, lettuce or water cress can be kept fresh and green an indefinite length of time by being thoroughly sprinkled with water each day, put into a brown paper bag to keep it from the air and placed on ice. Celery, especially, grows mellower under this treatment.

Crumb Cakes—Three cupfuls of toasted bread crumbs. Soften with hot water and add an unbeaten egg. Mix thin to a batter with more water. Milk will make them tough. Add enough flour to hold the bread in a smooth batter. Fry in a greased frying pan and serve with salt, pepper and butter.

Potato Salad—This is a real German potato salad. Cut one-quarter of a pound of bacon in small dice and fry to a light brown. Have ready cold boiled potatoes, which you will slice and mix with two small chopped or sliced onions, and a little chopped parsley. Mix with French dressing, and pour into the salad the fried bacon, fat and all. Toss thoroughly, and serve on lettuce leaves. Let it be well chilled before serving.

IN the spring season nothing is so refreshing on the dining table as a pretty jar of wild flowers. Violets arranged with plenty of green leaves, anemones and adders' tongues are among the most delicate of the woodland blossoms for centerpieces.

Sweet is the thought that some one cares,
That some one hath a wish to know
How through the long night watches fares
The sleeper, tossing to and fro.
Time in its flight so little spares—
Sweet is the thought that some one cares.

For the Children

WHEN MAMMA WAS LITTLE.

When mamma was a little girl,
(Or so they say to me),
She neither used to romp and run
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree;
She always kept her hair in curl,
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
It seems to her, you see,
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll nor tear her gown
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit "Plain," "Seam" and "Purl,"
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true,—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma dear, was just like you.
When she was grandma's little girl."
—Credit Lost.

A SPELLING LESSON.

"POOR, very poor!" sighed mamma. "Queer, isn't it, that that child cannot learn to spell? Can't you help her, Katherine?"

Katherine was Lotta's oldest sister. She was in the high school, and was going to be graduated in June. You may think she had very little time to give to a little sister in the third grade who could not spell, yet she answered mamma's question cheerfully: "I'll try, mamma dear. Where is Lotta?"

Soon two heads were bending over a book. "Spell 'pieces,'" said Katherine.

"P-e-i"—began Lotta.

"How do you spell 'pie'?" interrupted Katherine.

"Why, 'p-i-e,' of course," said Lotta, promptly.

"Now, would you like a piece of pie?" asked Katherine. "Think of the pie."

"P-i-e-c-e-s!" spelled Lotta.

"Can you spell 'wasp'?"

"W-a-p-s."

"Try 'was' first," suggested Katherine.

"That's easy. 'W-a-s.'"

"Now 'wasp.'"

"O! 'W-a-s-p.' Katherine, you are so good to help me spell!" said Lotta, earnestly.

One day Miss Lane heard Lotta and some of her little friends talking together very earnestly.

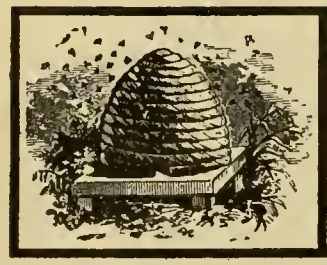
"You used to miss every day, Lotta," said one. "How is it you never do now?"

"Why, you just want to think of some word you know already that is like the one you want to learn. Take these words in to-morrow's lesson. 'Nothing' is 'no thing,' and anyone can spell both of those words, and then put them together. 'Father' is 'fat-her.' 'Many' is 'man-y.' And so on. I just love to spell now!"—*Exchange.*

THE CALL OF THE GARDEN.

It must be most vacation time
I think, because you know
The birdies and the butterflies
And flowers call me so.

It seems I just can't get my lessons,
I want to go and stay
Within my own dear garden
Through all the pretty day!
—Charlotte Williams Hazlewood.



THE RURAL LIFE

LUTHER BURBANK.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

If he is a benefactor of the human race who causes two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, where shall we class the man who causes fruits to grow that did not grow before, and changes useless plants to useful ones?

Such has been the work of Luther Burbank. Here is a study for the adherents to the belief of the influence of heredity.

His father's people were of a mechanical turn of mind, and among his mother's people were such famous horticulturists as Ross and Burpee.

He was born in Lancaster, Mass., and at sixteen went to work in the Ames Plow Shops where his uncle, Luther Ross, had a position.

Though he invented a labor-saving device in the wood-working department and was offered special inducements to remain with the firm, he was first of all a horticulturist, and close work in the shop did not agree with him.

His first attempt was to develop the potato, for which handsome prizes were offered. As a result you and I have often planted the Burbank potato, still a standard variety. He sold the entire product to a seed house, keeping only ten potatoes for his own use.

He found the climate of Massachusetts trying on his health, and for that reason, also to secure a longer growing season, he determined to remove to the Pacific coast. He located in the Sonoma valley, near Santa Rosa, where he established two experimental gardens, and there he is to-day.

His first work was with his ten potatoes. The high quality of the Pacific slope potatoes is in a measure due to his labors.

Next he took up the plum, and produced the one that now bears his name. It is a hybrid—a combination of Japanese and American varieties. This plum is known wherever plums may be grown—Cecil Rhodes planted ten thousand of them in South Africa.

He took the small German prune grown by the California orchardist, and from a fruit principally pit and skin he has evolved one that is four times as large as the French prune of commerce. Santa Clara prunes are so rich in sugar that when stewed slowly they need no sugar.

It is estimated that this plum alone has added several millions yearly to the revenues of the California growers. He is now striving to eliminate the pit and, though not yet successful, he is confident of final success.

By crossing blackberries like Cuthbert, Shaffter's Colossal, and the Lawson with the thimble berry, salmon berry, and wild dewberry, he has produced some wonderful fruits, among them the Logan berry.

A cross between the Cuthbert and the blackcap has produced a thornless raspberry.

He has a thornless cactus. On the desert, plainsmen sometimes tap the store of water in the plant and escape death from thirst; but not many know how to avoid the awful thorns, even the hardy burro being unable to escape them. Should the thornless cactus be introduced into the Mohave and other western deserts and displace the present species, it would afford forage all the year in localities where water for irrigation can never be obtained.

He has a sugar cane, smaller, but much richer in sugar than that now grown in the Hawaiian Islands.

He is looking toward the introduction of bamboo to the Coast, to help supply building material.

Since 1870 he has produced eight new roses, two new cannas, a double daisy, several lilies, and has changed the California poppy from gold to red.

By crossing nicotinas with petunias he has given us the nicotunia.

His latest creation is the everlasting Australian flower. This is a large pink flower which does not shed its leaves either on the tree or when cut. One in his study has retained its petals, color, and fragrance for almost a year without being in water.

With all his success he is a modest, unassuming person, seldom leaving home and never figuring as a speaker in conventions.

The Carnegie institute recognized his worth and at the meeting of its directors last year voted him $10,000 per year for ten years to be used to defray expenses of experiments.

The highest aim a man can have is to be useful, so judge him by his own statement. "My aim in this work is to benefit mankind. If I receive enough

material returns to pay expenses I am satisfied, for I feel that there are so few who can improve our fruits that it is my duty to fulfill my plans."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

LARGEST POULTRY RANCH.

In central Pennsylvania a tract of 107 acres is to be used for a mammoth poultry farm, with a plant intended for ten thousand laying hens. It is claimed this farm will be the largest in the world. Perhaps the next largest is that of Mr. Hayward, of Hancock, N. H., who keeps six to eight thousand laying hens, in small colony houses. Mr. Hayward's farm, however, has been in actual and successful operation for many years, while the Pennsylvania project is as yet a mere outline.

ECONOMY IN BEEF MAKING.

Here are some points in economical beef production that should not be forgotten at any time and that should certainly be remembered at this time, when most of the calves are starting on their careers. It costs much less to put a pound of gain on an animal during its first year than during its fourth year or its third year. Hence in economical beef production the animal must be marketed young. Therefore they must be made to gain rapidly right from the start. Any slack-up in gain means a loss. The gain of the calf at the time depends on the way it is fed and handled. But so does its gain in the future to a considerable extent. Start the calf right and it is easy to keep it going right. Care in handling and feeding the calf during the first months of its life pays big.—*The Religious Telescope.*

A FEW THINGS NOT TO DO.

In his address on "Grass as a Money Maker," George M. Clark, of Higganum, Conn., issues this warning about things which should not be done and things to remember:

"Never dig ditches to fill with rocks in a grass field.

"Never underdrain your grass field until you find it necessary.

"Never pasture or make a roadbed of your grass field, or let animals stand, stamp, or otherwise kill the grass roots.

"Timothy and red top seed sown on an old field will not renew the land.

"Never use coarse manure on grass field after seeding.

"Never undertake to steal anything from the soil.

"Remember that an old field can be reseeded in a month, but it is better to take a year and get one crop of oats for hay.

"Mow your grass just before frost, and rake it clean.

"Fertilize every crop a little more than is needed for each crop.

"Bear in mind your grass will never winter-kill or die, as long as it has something to live for."

BIG PEPPERMINT FARM.

In southwestern Michigan, Albert M. Tood has a mint farm that is one of our country's agricultural wonders. It comprises, in three pieces, more than ten thousand acres of land of which nearly one-half is devoted to the growing of peppermint, the remainder being utilized as pasture for many hundred shorthorn cattle. In the winter these shorthorns are fed "mint hay,"—a by-product which remains after the oil has been distilled from the plants.

So, you see, Mr. Todd makes "two kinds of money" on the one product,—oil of peppermint money, and shorthorn money; and everything is eaten up clean, except his profits! Splendid idea, isn't it? How would our readers like to extract from, say, clover, an oil worth $2 or $3 a pound, and yet have remaining an excellent hay for stock feeding?

When I visited this farm I was greatly impressed by Mr. Todd's personality,—his ability to start in life years ago with $100 borrowed capital, when scarcely twenty years old, and then to rise by his own efforts to his present position in life.

People laughed at him in the beginning, particularly, when he made his first large purchase of 1,400 acres of apparently worthless, stagnant bog, paying $25,000 therefor (a trifle more than $18 an acre), and running heavily in debt. Now the debts are paid; and when he walks into his laboratory in Kalamazoo, or rides over his broad acres, or oversees operations at his distilleries, folks bow politely and say to themselves, "There goes Mr. Todd, the peppermint king!"

Michigan (and that means, to a large extent, Mr. Todd's farm) produces the bulk of the peppermint oil distilled in the United States; the remainder is grown in a few favored spots in Indiana, New York state, etc. Europe produces a little, too, but not enough.

But he isn't running a trust, and he isn't puffed up with pride. I found him to be a very unassuming, kindly, modest gentleman, who takes good care of his employees' interests and health. On his farm he has built model homes, reading and recreation rooms, ice houses, a bath-house, etc. His barns, stills and other buildings are up to date; there are telephones, good roads, running water, mail and railway facilities; in fact, a little town on a farm.

The soil I saw on Mr. Todd's farm is peaty, black, moist,—a mass of decayed vegetable matter. To work it at all necessitated the digging of thirty or forty *miles* of open ditches on his land. And, even now, there are certain seasons of the year when the teams

would be bogged if Mr. Todd hadn't thought of putting on the horses' feet big, rounded, wooden bog-shoes, nearly a foot in diameter, held in place with straps, snow-shoe fashion.

The details of peppermint culture are briefly as follows: Early in spring the ground is plowed and furrows are made two and one-half feet apart. Pieces of roots and runners are dug from an older mint bed, and laid closely together by hand along these furrows, the workmen covering these "sets" by pushing soil over them with the feet. In about two weeks cultivation begins, and continues until late summer, at which time the growth practically covers the ground in long, straight, undulating, pungent-smelling waves that stretch away almost to the horizon.

When the plants are in full bloom the fields are cut with mowing machines, raked with horse rakes, sun-dried and then hauled to the stills. Ordinarily three crops (a year apart) are taken from one planting.

The yield of oil from a ton of cut plants varies greatly, sometimes being as high as eighteen pounds and sometimes much less. Mr. Todd's stills each have a capacity of about 1,000 pounds of oil a day. After the distillation, large cakes of moist "mint hay" are taken from the vats and dried.—*Walter E. Andrews, in the Farm Journal.*

THE ORIGIN OF OUR SPICES.

Probably there is no spice more commonly used than the nutmeg, yet aside from those of Connecticut fame there is little knowledge of the peculiar berry or seed. There are two kinds of trees which bear them, as like, and yet unlike, as our hickory nut and bitternut trees. The long nutmeg trees are indigenous to the Eastern Archipelago, but are now cultivated in India and tropical America. The nutmeg as we know it is really only the kernel of the seed. The next outer covering is known as mace, which is of a little different and decidedly weaker flavor. Mace in its fresh state is fleshy and of a beautiful crimson. In the market it is of peculiar orange brown color in dried chips. Many housekeepers prefer the flavor of mace to that of nutmeg, because so much milder; but why both should be used in one recipe (as we frequently have seen it) passes understanding. It would simply be a waste of the weaker spice. The best nutmegs exude a little oil upon being scraped. If they will not do so, it is an indication that the oil has been extracted and sold for other purposes. Queerly enough the oil from nutmeg takes the name of oil of mace. It is much used in medicine as a stimulant and because of its mildly narcotic properties.

Cloves as we buy them have undergone quite a process since their first appearance as flower-buds on a stately tree in Zanzibar or the Moluccas or some of the other islands of the Dutch East Indies. The name comes from its peculiar resemblance to a nail which is called "clavo" in the Spanish language. The flower-buds which are produced in great profusion are gathered by the natives and smoked and dried with wood fires. The Dutch, to secure to their colonists a monopoly of this spice, once destroyed the trees in the other Molucca islands and confined the cultivation to the Isle of Fernate. Before the discovery of the Spice Islands, which are rich in spice trees of all kinds, merchants brought spices from Arabia, Persia and Egypt to the Mediterranean. There is also an oil obtained from cloves, one that is very strong and pungent. It is useful in medicine to check stomach sickness and griping and as a remedy for toothache.

The history of the Spice Islands or Moluccas is very interesting. They are all of volcanic origin, high, mountainous, and exceedingly fertile. One cannot help wondering how they became wooded with spice trees and other vegetation. The forests which cover the mountains to their very top contain teak, ebony, sandal, iron and satin wood, besides palms, bread-fruit trees and many varieties of the finest fruit trees. Rice, sago, cotton, indigo, coffee and sugar are grown. The original inhabitants were Malays, Arabs, Hindoos and many Chinese as well as the Mestizos (cross between natives and Portuguese, Spanish and Dutch) now inhabit the island. On the islands directly governed by the Dutch the inhabitants are Christians and live in orderly community; but on the islands indirectly governed by the Dutch the inhabitants are Mohammedans and are generally pirates. The Dutch have been in possession since the beginning of the seventeenth century.—*The National Stockman.*

THE LINE FENCE.

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red hot to fight that line-fence question on his own hook.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought, So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the field one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"

"Your fence is over my land two feet at one end and one foot at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "You go ahead and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle, both tooth and nail, but this stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wa'n't nothing in the fight anyway but the principle of the thing."—*Unidentified.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

FARMS FOR SALE.—120 and 109 acres, 1 and 1½ miles, respectively, from town of Leeton, Mo. Two miles from Brethren church. Two R. R's. Both farms well improved. Address, Box 58, Leeton, Mo.

FUNNYGRAPHS

An old South Carolina darky was sent to the hospital of Saint Xavier, in Charleston. One of the gentle, black-robed sisters put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature. Presently, when the doctor made his rounds he said, "Well, Nathan, how do you feel?" "I feel right tol'ble, boss." "Have you had any nourishment?" "Yas-sir." "What did you have?" "A lady done gimme a piece uf glass ter suck, boss."—Lippincott's.

Smithson—We had a sensational case of kidnapping in our house lately.

Wilson—Really! How did it happen?

Smithson—The baby slept the whole night.

He—We must economize. Suppose, darling, that you try your hand at making your own clothes.

She—O George, dear, I never could do that. Suppose I begin by trying to make yours.—Illustrated Bits.

Suburban Patient—Doctor, I am sorry you have had to come so far from your regular practice.

Doctor—Oh, it's all right. I have another patient in the neighborhood, so I can kill two birds with one stone.—Judge.

Tommy—Hello, Jimmy! Where are you going in such a hurry?

Jimmy—I'm going home.

Tommy—Something good going on there?

Jimmy—Well, ma's going to spank me.

Tommy—(in surprise)—But why are you in such a hurry?

Jimmy—Because if I don't get home at once pa will be in, and he'll do it.—Stray Stories.

"I've a good notion," said Plodding Pete, "to join dis forestry association."

"What fur?"

"I want de trees preserved in all deir venerable beauty I wan' to see de monarchs of de wilderness left undisturbed in deir peaceful majesty. It's time dis practice of handin' a man an axe an' tellin' him to chop wood was stopped."—Washington Star.

Harold ran back from the lion in the museum. "Don't be afraid, dear," grandmother said. "That lion is stuffed." "Yes," said Harold, "but mebbe he isn't stuffed so full that he couldn't find room for a little boy like me."—Central Presbyterian.

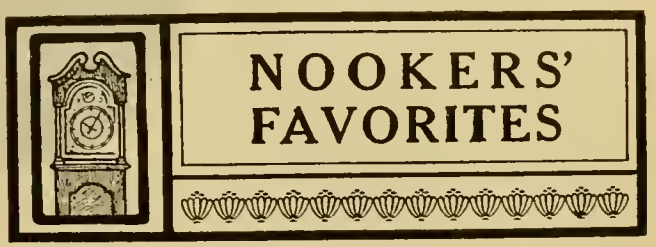
Ten-year-old Fred was going to a party for the first time.

"Here's a half-dollar, Fred," said his father; "if it rains, be sure you take a cab home."

But Fred reached his home drenched through.

"Why didn't you take a cab?" said his father.

"I did, father," said Freddy, "and I sat on the box all the way home. It was just glorious."



THE BLIND BOY.

O say what is that thing called Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy?
What are the blessings of the sight,
O, tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy:
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

—Colley Cibber.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

The autumn winds were blowing cold,
The summer's bloom was o'er,
When Mr. Trott, infirm and old,
Entered his cottage door.
With feeble step and wistful look,
Trembling with cold and age,
He tottered to the chimney's nook,
But heard a voice of rage.

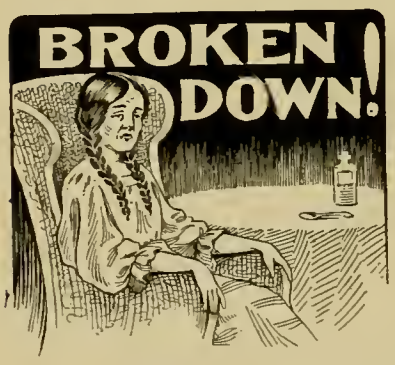
"I hate this mean old elbow chair,
Forever in my way!
Say! do you think I'll bear
To have it here all day?"
The aged man with tears replied,
"My work on earth is done:
Yet, since my presence you despise
Where shall I go, my son?"

"You need not ask," said Asa Trott;
"The poorhouse is in view.

NEFF'S CORNER

Very naturally of course we all dislike to have our plans frustrated, but I, along with the rest of you, now and then suffer the annoyance of seeing mine spoiled. I had employed men this week to finish up the inside work on three houses and had instructed them as to the order in which they were to proceed. They were about ready to begin when I received word that someone wanting to rent a house wished me to call at a certain place in town and leave word as to whether or not I had a house for them. I left my work and called and found they wanted a house "right away." I told them I had no finished houses vacant (they are all rented) but could have one finished by the following evening. So I changed my instructions to my men so as to have a house finished as soon as possible. Next day soon after I reached town the renter came to me and told me he wanted a house near a friend of his, where I had a house inclosed, but neither painted nor papered. He insisted on taking that one, so I went to the trouble to move tools and material and let him in. My wife had not been in town for several days and so the deed to this brother's lot had not been executed promptly, and by the time the deed was ready to mail the renter paid $7.00 rent and deed to a $250.00 property not yet finished and check for first month's rent went out in same mail. Now who thinks it doesn't pay to own property in Lake Arthur? Directly and personally there is not much in renting houses for me. That is, I don't get much pay for renting your houses, and am sometimes put to considerable trouble, as is the case cited, but I certainly do take pleasure in seeing those do well who have invested here and will do anything I can to make it profitable for them. To collect $7.00 for you brings me about as much satisfaction as to receive the $250.00 from you.

James M. Neff,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



Is this your picture Mother, Sister? Is your Nervous System broken down and you can hardly drag along? Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, was made for you as it builds broken down systems, restores appetites, strengthens the digestive organs. If you have tried other tonics don't despair until you try Brawntawns, The Victor Tonic, for it will build you. Thirty days' treatment delivered to your home for 50c.

Address

B, VICTOR REMEDIES CO.
FREDERICK, MD., U. S. A.



WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living, I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

CAP GOODS

Sisters, when in need of **Cap Goods** remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List FREE. I make a discount to the Aid Societies. Mention the Inglenook.

MARY A. BRUBAKER,
Box 331. Virden, Illinois.

Apple Butter

For Pure Apple Butter Write

D. M. HARTZLER, STERLING, OHIO

17-8 **FOR PRICES**



FREE SAMPLE

Send letter or postal for free **SAMPLE**
BINDOO TOBACCO HABIT CURE
We cure you of chewing and smoking or 60c., or money back. Guaranteed perfectly harmless. Address Milford Drug Co., Milford, Indiana. We answer all letters.



DO YOU KNOW
You can get the gennine old-fashioned, pure HOME-MADE
APPLE BUTTER
We make it a specialty. We have hundreds of well-pleased customers. You run no risks We guarantee satisfaction and safe delivery. Write NOW for particulars.
C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Before this time you should have tho't
It was the place for you."
My little reader, think of that!
Poor grandpa said no more;
But, taking up his tattered hat,
He staggered to the door.

Beneath a naked apple tree,
Whose autumn leaves were shed
He sat him down, and on his knee
Reclined his aching head.
But soon he heard a pleasant sound.
And little Tommy said
"Why sits my grandpa on the ground,
And what does ail his head?"

"Alas! my boy, I have no more
A place to call my own;
And I must join the pauper poor,
Supported by the town.
But I am very cold, my dear;
My strength is almost gone,
I must not stay and perish here;
That would be doing wrong.

"Go to my chamber, little son,
(I take it without guilt,
For by my wife those seams were run,)
And bring my patchwork quilt."
With swelling heart poor Tommy ran,
Determined now to know
If his own father was the man
Who treated grandpa so.

Now Asa, in a sullen mood,
Was posting books that day;
And Tommy said: "'Tis very rude!
To send grandpa away.
Pray tell me, now what has he done,
That you should treat him so?"
Said Madam Jenny, "Hold your tongue."
Said Asa, "Let him go."

To grandpa's chamber Tommy went
And there his sorrows found a vent
In bitter tears, at least;
"But grandpa waits," he sobbing said,
Then snatched the quilt from off the bed.
And down the stairway passed.

Then close to father's ear he drew
And whispered: "Cut this quilt in two,"
"Grandpa needs only half;
You'll want the other half, when, poor
And old, I drive you from my door,
And at your sorrows laugh."

The father started with surprise;
"O Tommy! If you e'er despise
And treat your father thus,
May heaven"—he paused with sudden dread,
And felt upon his guilty head
The stern, half-uttered curse.

The boy had held a mirror there,
He saw himself with hoary hair,
His life race nearly run.
Turned out in autumn's chilling air,
Bidden to seek the poorhouse fare,
Scorned by his darling son.

And conscience, too, held high its glass;
O'er it he saw a spectre pass—
Fiend-like ingratitude;
It changed into the deathless worm,
Where festering wounds forever burn,
He saw and understood.

"Oh Tommy! take my hand" he said;
And Tommy to the garden led
Poor Asa, bowed with shame.
And then he fell upon his knees
Beneath the leafless apple-tree,
And called his father's name.

The father raised his head and heard.
"Forgive!" 'twas but a single word;
But on the withered face
A smile proclaimed the pardon won,
He held his loved but long lost son
In close and warm embrace.

'Twas rapture to the little boy.
And angels heard the sound with joy,
When in an humble tone,
Repentant Asa, sad but calm,
Said, "Father, lean upon my arm,
And let us now go home."

Now in the chimney's warmest nook
Sits grandpa with the Holy Book,
His countenance serene:
But dimmer grew his sunken eye,
A cough proclaimed that he would die
Before the grass was green.

And Asa watched him day by day,
And wept alone, and tried to pray
That God his life would save:
Yet still the old man weaker grew,
And nearer still each day he drew
Unto the silent grave.

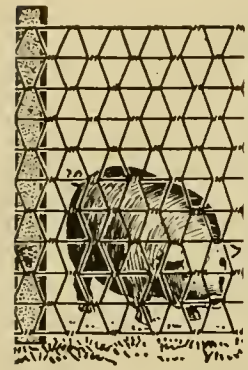
He saw that into Asa's heart
Remorse had sent its keenest dart;
And so he sought to hide
The death-hue on his withered cheek,
And even when extremely weak
To walk he vainly tried.

But grief on that old heart still fed,
Altho' its last, last tear was shed—
Life's sea had been so rough;
The voyage now was almost o'er,
Sweet voices from the other shore
Cried, "Come! it is enough."

But through the long and dreary night,
And through the day, however bright,
Asa was by his bed;
He brushed aside his snowy hair
And bathed his brow with tenderest care,
And propped his sinking head.

'Twas just before dawn one day,
That Asa heard him feebly say:
"Forget what is forgiven:
Remember, 'tis my dying prayer;
Forget the past, and meet me there
In heaven, my son, in heaven."

—Author Unknown.



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No. 21C3000. — We ahow here in this cut a very neat hood made of all wool zephyr. It is crocheted in a close stitch making a lining unnecesary and the edge is finished with a shell scallop giving a very pretty effect to the hood. This is a hand-made hood, made of the best quality wool yarn and comes in three colors: black cardinal and navy. Sizes No. 15 to 18. Without ribbon the price of this hood is 48 cents. Postage 4 cents.

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AN ICE WOOL HOOD.

No. 21C3005.—We also have the same style of hood as the one described above, the top being made of Ice Wool instead of Saxony. A very fancy stitch is used and you will find that this hood will give splendid aatisfaction. In black only Sizes No. 16 to 20. Without ribbon this hood with cost you $1.10. Postage 6 cents.

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19-21

ANNUAL REPORT

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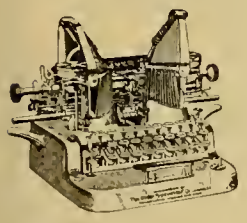
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WRITES ABOUT AN AMERICAN MEDICINE

The well known and popular Norwegian Author, Mr. Lee writes the following article in "Luren and Buskerud's Amtstidende," a paper published in Skien, Norway.

AN AMERICAN MEDICINE

Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer is a medicine, which for over a hundred years, has been famous as a health-giving remedy. I, myself, have tried it so that I can speak from experience. I obtained a few bottles from the manufacturer, Dr. Peter Fahrney, and after using it I felt remarkably invigorated and strengthened in body. My digestion improved; my appetite increased, in short, I felt well and happy. I only wish I could always have it in my house.

I also obtained some of the Oleum Liniment for external use. Myself, as well as others, used it and found it splendid for sprains, bruises and pains in the limbs. I do not think these excellent remedies are to be obtained in Norway. I wish they were.

It is, of course, difficult and costly to get hold of the medicine, yet I would advise the reader to make an effort. Write to Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons Co., 112-118 So. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. If you are so fortunate as to get the medicine you will prize it highly. The Blood Vitalizer is worth its weight in gold." J. Lee, Veum P. O. Skien, Norway.

FROM SWITZERLAND.

Pueterschwiel, Switzerland, July 1st.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

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Yours very truly,
Mrs. Barbara Wager.

FROM HUNGARY.

Budapest, Hungary, 7th gr. Nussbaumstrasse 16.

Dr. Peter Fahrney & Sons, Chicago, Ill.

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Now I desire to inform you in regard to the success I have already achieved with your remedy. I suffered from chronic rheumatism and catarrh of the stomach to such an extent that I was often confined to my bed for two or three days at a time; and, in fact, my family entertained fears for my life. I have taken three bottles of your remedy and feel ever so much better. Dr. Fritz Soma, of this city, can testify to the positive relief of two of his patients by the use of your remedy. Sig. Herzog, Mr. William Robitsck and Mr. Henry Reisner are in ecstasies over the extraordinary results your **Blood Vitalizer** has accomplished.

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The Inglenook

A Weekly Magazine

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

The Law of Good (Poem).—Hattie Preston Rider.

A Few of the Many Superstitions.—William L. Judy.

The Bobolink—Bird of Many Names.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Julius Cæsar.—Elgin S. Moyer.

Thoughts on Things.—Etha E. Beisel.

Suggestions for Young Mothers.—Martha B. Lahman.

Aim High (Poem).—Nannie Blain Underhill.

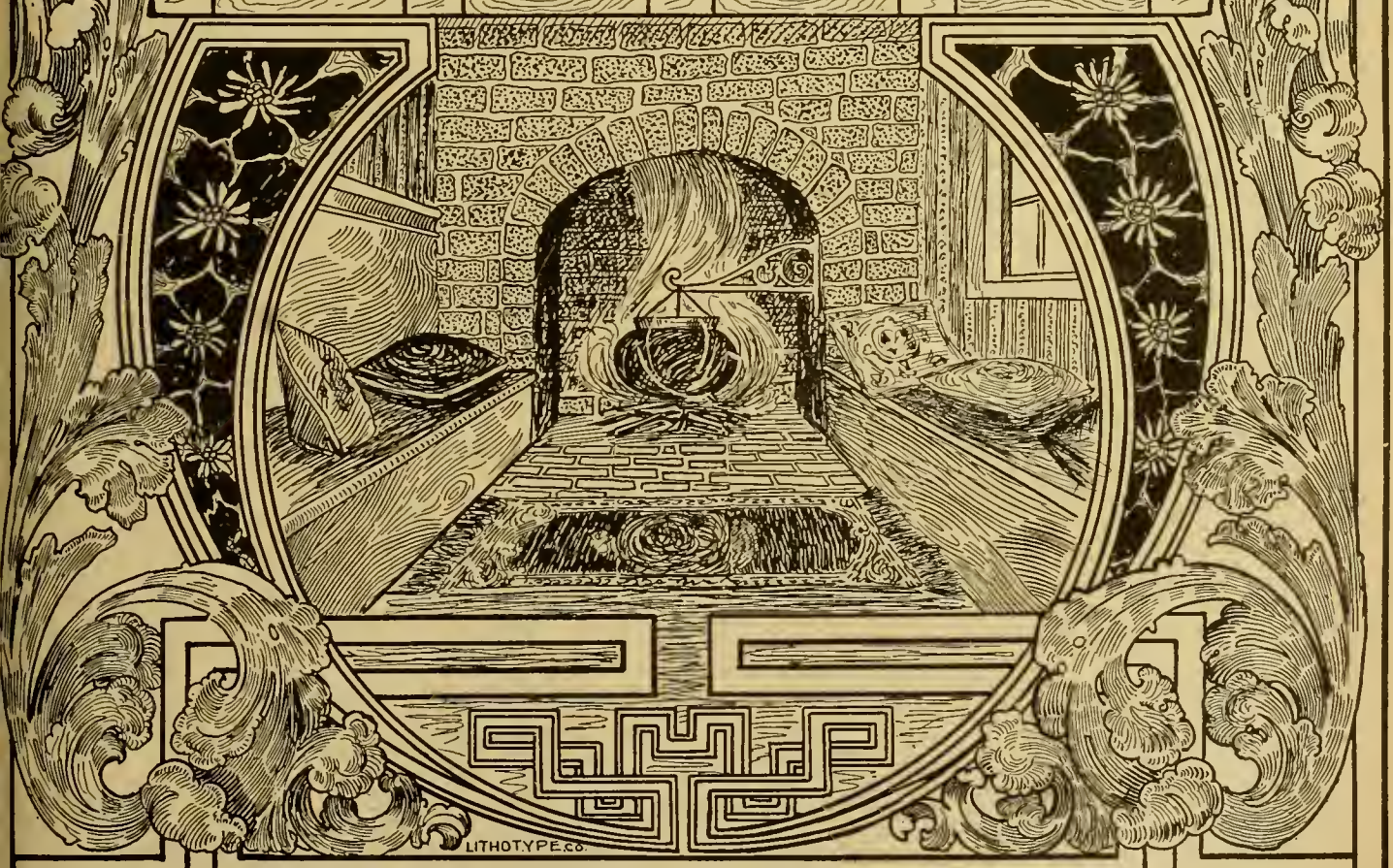
Boots and Shoes.—John H. Nowlan.

Lessons From the Front Page of the Nook.—W. C. Frick.

Lowly but Crowned.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

Memorial Day (Poem).—John H. Nowlan.

The Christian's Duty Toward Intemperance.—Clarence Schrock.



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Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
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To holders of tickets via Union Pacific R. R. to Ogden or Granger, sold at rates named herein, following free side trips will be given:

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Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

YELLOWSTONE PARK SIDE TRIP

Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

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Better Write Them To-day

The best information we can receive from the different railroads indicates that about seventy-five per cent of the Brethren and Sisters attending the Los Angeles Conference will return via Butte Valley. There is a reason for this, in fact more than one reason:

1. Congested centers suggest immigration of late years.

2. Butte Valley is known to be an ideal spot.

3. Brethren living there have written their friends and neighbors about it.

4. It is an opportunity of a lifetime to many to see the Pacific Coast.

Bro. M. D. Early and family have moved to the Valley to assist those coming in to investigate conditions, and has with him Bro. Isaiah Wheeler, formerly of Cerrogordo, Ill., who will give his services during the stay of the Annual Meeting people, in Butte Valley. In case you want to write to any of your friends, who are passing through the Valley, you may address letter to them at Mt. Hebron, Siskiyou county, Cal., % M. D. Early. A great many tents have been erected in the town of Somerset, but no post office has been granted by the government, so you better write your friends as directed above. It would be a good thing for you to write them while they are there and get them to,

1. Select you a town lot, or

2. Buy you a small farm and save the expense of your going to see it, or

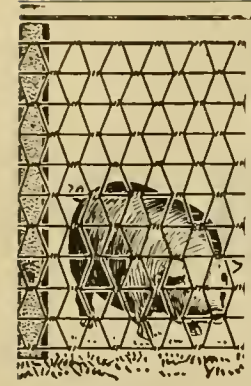
3. If you have your farm already bought have them arrange with some one to set out ten or fifteen acres of walnuts, or

4. If your friend is a good judge of fruit trees, tell them to get an orchard started on your land this spring and it will be gaining that much time when you get ready to move.

Please don't hold any ill feeling toward the Butte Valley Land Co., when out reserving a farm for you, unless you have some one select it for you, for we must deal fair and impartial with all, and the "first-come-first-served" plan is the only one that will work in such cases. In all probability several thousand acres will be selected by the people returning from Annual Conference; for many of the Brethren realize that their sons and daughters can earn a home much quicker there than in the East. Better sit right down and write a letter or it will not reach them in time.

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

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Note Carefully.—We will put two yards of No. 22 taffeta ribbon for bow and ties on each hood for 20 cents extra. The **Best** quality of ribbon.

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20-22

ANNUAL REPORT

The conference of the Missionary and Sunday School Meetings, held at Los Angeles, Cal., May 20-23.

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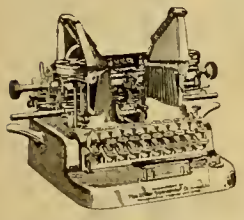
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will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane. Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive.. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & G. S. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

S. BOCK,
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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. MAY 28, 1907. NO. 22.

THE LAW OF GOOD.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

Who fills his soul with light to-day,
Shall find, upon a gloomy morrow,
Full many a stray and jeweled beam
To gild his unexpected sorrow.

No poisoned barb of selfish hate
His armored strength has ever broken,
Who crowds his day with kindly deeds,
And gentle words all fitly spoken,

The mind engrossed with purer things,
With fair ideals shrined and guarded,
Has naught of space for evil thought;
Like unto like is sure awarded.

The light, the living warmth, the true,
Crowd out the dark, the cold, the faithless.
The heaven-sent breath of holy things
Displaces Ill with Good the deathless.

JULIUS CAESAR.

ELGIN S. MOYER.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was born in the year 100 B. C. He was one of the greatest men of the ancient world. He was noted as a general, an orator, a politician, and a statesman. When Cæsar was a boy of eighteen, he was proscribed by Sulla, but at the request of his friends, his life was spared. He was a student of Apollonius Molo. In the years 77 and 76 B. C., he made two attempts at oratory; although he really failed in both, he won a reputation. He then sought the instructions of his former teacher that he might perfect himself in oratory.

Cæsar remained in Rome a number of years using his influence for the good of his country. He began in some of the lesser important offices, and gradually rose until he was the most prominent officer. In the year 62 B. C. he was prætor. The next year, at the age of forty he became proprætor,—his first important military command. Soon after he was candidate for consulship, and was successful in being elected. He then made an alliance with Pompey and Crassus and formed what is known as the First Triumvirate. Pompey then married Julia, the daughter of Cæsar.

Northern Italy, with three legions was given to Cæsar for five years. He defeated the inhabitants in a number of battles. On his first campaign (58 B. C.), Cæsar gained two important victories. Between the years 58 and 50 B. C., he made eight brilliant campaigns into the countries north and west of Italy, of which Cæsar himself wrote an account. In the year 54 B. C., Crassus was slain in a battle against the Parthians, and this left Cæsar and Pompey rulers of the Roman World. Although the Roman possessions included many nations, yet it was not enough for these two ambitious men. From that time on, they were rivals for the mastery of Rome. Pompey joined the Aristocratic party and the senate ordered Cæsar to resign office and disbanded his legions. But Cæsar marched southward with his legions, crossed the Rubicon, a little stream that marked the boundary of his province, and thus declared war. He marched into Italy, and Pompey and the Senate fled to Greece, and Cæsar was soon master of all Italy. He attempted to get control of the wheat-fields of Africa and Sicily and failed; but he did take Spain. Cæsar was then ready to attack Pompey in the east. The rival armies met upon the plains of Pharsalia in Thessaly. The Pompeian army was cut to pieces and Pompey fled to Egypt, but as he was landing there, he was assassinated, and his head was carried to Cæsar. Then Cæsar remembered him not as his rival and enemy, but as his old associate and son-in-law, and ordered the assassins to be executed. Cæsar overthrew Ptolemy in Egypt, gained a battle over the Africans, and then returned to Rome in triumph. He was made perpetual dictator and given the powers of censor, consul and tribune. He was to sit in a golden seat in the Senate house, and the seventh month was changed in his honor to Julius.

Although great as Cæsar was, he had his personal enemies who plotted his downfall. On the Ides of March, 44 B. C., the Senate assembled and as Cæsar took his seat a party of conspirators led by Marcus Brutus and Caius Cassius crowded around him as if to present a petition. Then they attacked him and he defended himself for a while, but when he saw Brutus, whom he supposed to be a friend, having a dagger in his hand, he exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute!" (And thou too, Brutus) and then gave up, covered his face with his toga, and fell pierced with twenty-three wounds at the foot of the statue of Pompey. It is said that only one of the wounds was fatal. Mark

Antony, a friend of Cæsar, delivered the funeral oration, and he moved the people so completely that Brutus and Cassius were compelled to leave Rome for safety.

It is said that Julius Cæsar conquered three hundred nations, took eight hundred cities, killed a million men in his battles, and took prisoner a million more. He is said to have been tall and of good figure. He was brave in battle and encouraged his soldiers by calling them comrades, and thus won their affection to the extent that they were willing to risk themselves in almost any danger for his sake.

A Few of the Many Superstitions

William L. Judy

THE term superstition is loosely used to include all false faith or belief, its distinguishing characteristics being its absurd belief of something whose nature is not clearly understood. Most of the present day superstitions have come down to us from earlier science or religion, especially from the latter. Superstition abounds everywhere and is common beyond belief. Crude and absurd beliefs and practices are very common among savage tribes; but they abound in civilized nations as well. The tendency toward superstition seems to have been implanted in human nature. Few persons are entirely free from its fetters. Every one can recollect superstitions which in childhood were sincerely believed. Of course there is no truth in them—sometimes they hit, and more often they miss. An "occasional success" offsets "many failures." But as science and truth advance, superstition gradually dies out.

A considerable number of superstitions are connected with the heavenly bodies. From very ancient times the observation of the stars and their movements has been considered important, especially the changes in the growth of the lunar crescent or the moon. According to the common process of thought, it was supposed that at the time when the moon increases, the principle of growth must prevail; and on the other hand, that her decrease must be a season of general decay. Hence it has been everywhere inferred that all operations designed to promote increase should be performed at the time of the new moon, and that then potatoes should be planted, hair cut, and so on. But if it is desired to cause shrinking, the work should be done when the moon is at its decrease, and at this time should be cut alders, spruce, and other undergrowth, because the roots will in this case wither without sprouting.

Not less important to the superstitious element of mankind is the part played by the course of the sun. As he moves in a particular direction, so it has been thought that in order to produce beneficial results, a person should proceed in a corresponding manner. Even in the ordinary movements of daily life this order was strictly followed, and traces of it survive to the present day. Thus, in order to make good bread or butter, it is essential that the motion should be in the same uniform direction, for reversal of the direction in which the kneading or churning is done will undo the work accomplished and cause bad bread or butter.

The terror of death has made it the center of numerous superstitious fancies. A great number of actions and experiences are still popularly regarded as signs of approaching death. The principle on which they are explained is the "association of ideas." For instance a ringing in the ears is a sign of death, because the church usually rang a death-bell o'er the departed; carrying a spade through the house has the same significance, because a spade is used to dig graves, a flower blooming out of season foreshows a decease. In like manner, the unusual is a fruitful source of superstition. A considerable number of superstitions relate to the times of the year and are relics of the practices of old religion.

Although most superstitions have come down from antiquity, their invention has not altogether ceased in historical times. We have examples of this in the prejudice against the number thirteen, because the betrayal by Judas caused the number of disciples to be thirteen, and also against Friday as the unlucky day of the week, since Christ's crucifixion occurred on that day. The fear of the evil eye is widespread in Italy and in Oriental countries. The "foolish yet common belief in ghosts" has come down to us from the ancient custom of ancestral worship.

Medicine to a great extent has grown out of magic. Its first professors were sorcerers and priests. Among rude people the physician is always a priest and more often a magician. Owing, perhaps, to the religious factor in its growth, the science of medicine, as understood by many persons today, is still encumbered with numerous fancies and practices. Everywhere can be found persons who believe that disease is a sort of demoniacal possession to be relieved by prayer or by some mysterious remedy. Charms, ofttimes blessed by priests, and so-called electric and galvanic belts, pads, rings, brushes, and other appliances are sold by thousands; and patent panaceas, compounded of drugs, brought from some strange land or discovered in an unusual way, are bought and used by millions of credulous and afflicted persons in all parts of the world.

One occasionally finds a secluded region in the United States, where superstitious medical practices,

handed down from father to son for no one knows how many hundreds of years, still exist. Such a region is the central part of South Carolina, embracing a strip of country about one hundred miles long and from thirty to fifty miles wide, and including parts of the counties of Orangeburg, Lexington, Newberry, and Saluda.

The people are mainly of Germanic ancestry and still retain many customs of the first settlers. Until ninety years ago there were no physicians in this region. The sick had recourse only to a system of "using," which consisted in rubbing the affected part with the hands of the quack-doctor or operator, blowing the breath upon it, and repeating o'er the patient certain ancient charms, in which they had unbounded faith. At the present time physicians are plentiful, but this system of using still has its believers, though their number is rapidly decreasing. Superstitions die hard. There are yet some people in this region who cling tenaciously to the old beliefs, giving them preference over the physician. Whether a cure is thus affected or not, belief in the method is not shaken, for, as Lord Bacon has said, men count the hits but not the misses. Some of the formulas used in these cases follow:

For a Burn or Scald—"O! you hot and burning flame, you are so hot and dark! With God, the Father, I drive you; with God the Son, go you away. In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen." Blow the breath three times upon the burn, pass the hand thrice over it, and say these words three times.

For the Scrofula—"I forewarn you that you shall no longer burn, but be you cold as a dead man's hand. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen." Take the middle finger of your right hand and rub three times around as you say these words. Do this, morning and evening, three times, for three mornings and evenings.

For Stopping Blood—Say the name of the person, then: "Holy is the day and holy is the hour wherein happened the wound. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Say the name of him that has the wound first, and if on the left side is the wound lay your right hand thereon, and if on the right side lay your left hand thereupon. If you know the name of the person you may stop the bleeding though the person be miles away.

For a Boil—"The Boil and the Dragon went over the creek. The Dragon drank, the Boil sank. In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen." Lay your right hand on the boil and say these words. Do it three times and the boil will soon decrease.

A Cure for Bots:

"There was a man
Rode over the land
With three worms in his hand.
One was white, another black, the other red.
And in an hour they were dead."

Stand the horse with his head toward sunrise. Take your right hand and rub from the nose over the head, neck, and back, down to the end of the tail, as you say these words. Do this three times in two or three hours, every time three times.

These are only a few of the formulas. Their use for the cure of disease may be noted in all ages since the dawn of history and among all barbarous and semi-civilized people. The Indian pow-wow is a well-known example.

Other methods than the formulas are used for certain ailments and afflictions. The following is a prescription for rheumatism: Mix together a teacupful of sweet cream, thickened with salt, seven buds of brier, nine of rosemary, and eleven grains of black pepper. When these have been allowed to boil together the mixture is to be skimmed, and with the remaining ointment the rheumatic parts are to be rubbed "downward and outward on three Fridays in the dark of the moon." Some of the simpler remedies for rheumatism are rattle-snake oil; grease fried from toads; and a sharp knife or razor taken to bed by the patient to "cut the pains." To cure cramp it is only necessary to wear garments of eel-skin, or turn the sufferer's shoes upside down under his bed at night.

Warts and corns are everywhere the object of many superstitious practices. In South Carolina, the owner of these abnormal growths may take his choice of several remedies. He may select a broom straw having as many joints as there are warts to be removed, pick the warts until they bleed, and put a drop of blood from each wart upon a joint of the straw, then bury the straw under the eaves of the house. Or he may count the warts and tie in a string the same number of knots, and bury the string. Another method is to rub each wart with a pea, and bury the pea in the same way. Still another is as follows: Tie as many knots in the string as there are warts to be removed. Blindfold the patient and lead him about until he is lost; then give him the string, which he should bury, unobserved by any one. As the string decays the warts will disappear. Corns may be removed by rubbing them with a grain of corn and then feeding the grain to the oldest fowl in the yard.

It is not always easy to explain the philosophy of superstition, but in these cases the thought underlying the treatment is sufficiently evident. The idea seems to be that disease is caused by an evil spirit. The survival in the midst of a high civilization of these Carolina practices, similar to the practices and beliefs of ancient times, is an illustration of the manner in which magical arts cling to life. It is the same with superstitions in general. But they always yield to the advance of sound learning and common sense. And in proportion as the light of learning spreads, so will magic in medicine and superstition in general fade and finally disappear.

The Bobolink--Bird of Many Names

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

THE bobolinks, sometimes called the Maybirds, come north to their nesting grounds in May and find suitable homes in our meadows. They always arrive in the night from their winter home in the far interior of South America, the males in flocks in advance of the females. They are among



A Young Bobolink.
Courtesy American Homes and Gardens.

the latest birds to come north and the first to start back in the autumn.

Coming amid the pomp and fragrance of the joyous springtime, the bobolink's life seems all sensibility and enjoyment, all song and sunshine. The beautiful males with black caps, shoulders and wings, the rest of the body white and buff, are bubbling over with exhilaration and happiness. They are the merriest of all our birds, ever in motion, ever rollicking and frolicking and singing.

The bobolink is said never to sing before sunrise. After the robin has ceased his more earnest, solemn song, which began at the first hint of dawn, the bobolink begins his lively and gleeful strains. Poets and prose writers have tried to describe his song, but have failed because it is utterly indescribable. Perched upon the top of some small weed in the meadow, which bends and rises with the weight of his body, he pours forth such a succession of rich, tinkling notes, crowding one upon another, that one feels his utter inability to describe the impression of such activity and music. Frequently one descends in full song, from the bough of a tree, fluttering to the earth as if almost overcome with the ecstasy of his own music.

The females, the color of whose plumage the males assume after the breeding season, is yellowish-brown streaked with black on the upper parts; below whitish, shaded with buff or olive. She is as quiet as her mate is noisy and rollicking.

"Modest and shy as a wren is she,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings:
Bobolink, bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink."

The nest of the bobolink is hard to find. It is always built on the ground in the open meadow or prairie, without much, if any protection. The eggs, four to six in number, are grayish-white, thickly blotched with chocolate brown and with light, indistinct shell markings. The female constructs the slightly built nest of dry grass, straw and weeds in a depression in the ground without any assistance from her happy-go-lucky mate. She also supports the young birds while in the nest; but this comes to a sudden end when the young are old enough to leave the nest, and parental responsibilities increase. The songs decrease in frequency and in volume, until about the first of July when most of the young birds are large enough to fly, when the songs cease altogether. A sudden change takes place in the appearance as well as in the habits of the males. The mer-



"Testing the Courage of a Bobolink."
Courtesy American Homes and Gardens.

ry players and happy musicians throw off their black hoods and the carnival is over.

The bobolink, with us, is one of the most beneficial birds. Its food from the time of its arrival until its departure consists almost entirely of all kinds of

noxious insects, especially of grasshoppers. The young and old gather into flocks and when by the first of July the grass is mown, they run over the half-dry grass in pursuit of insects. When the grasshoppers, moths, beetles and crickets no longer find food and hiding places in the new-mown meadows, they go to the neighboring grain fields for food, but the bobolinks follow them and greatly reduce their numbers.

The rice growers of the South are not ardent admirers of the bobolinks, for on their journey north, they reach the rice fields in April just in time to pull up the young rice. "Bird minders" are employed to scare away the birds by the noise of musketry and the cracking of whips. This warfare lasts two or three weeks when they suddenly disappear at night. Again on their journey back to South America they swarm in the rice plantations. They become exceedingly fat and immense numbers are killed for food. They are now known as rice or reed birds.

About the last of August they leave their northern home, traveling mostly by night to elude observation. Some still, dark night you may hear from the upper air a faint chink-link-link as the birds fly over head. That is the tinkle of the bell "that rings the curtain down" at the last act of the season.

Spiceland, Ind.

LESSONS FROM THE FRONT PAGE OF THE NOOK.

WALTER C. FRICK.

SUCH a compounding of ideas as is here expressed is rarely seen on the first page of any magazine, yet there is a lesson in every phase of the design.

No doubt the main illustration calls to the minds of many of the older folks times of long ago when stoves were as yet almost unknown. Indeed to us this corner of the old home looks very inviting with its soft glow from the fireplace and the warmth radiating in every direction. And, by the way, what an excellent chimney to accommodate Santa Claus is this particular one! In those days his pack must have been pretty well filled or he would have felt lost in such a large chimney.

In those times of long ago there seems not to have been a scarcity of fancy pillows, though I dare say the women folk then were not so concerned about fancy pillows as to-day. Why I know of one home where one dares hardly look at the pillows on the sofa lest a dent be made in some one or more of them.

Around the main figure is arranged a group of flowers, daisies they appear to be. To me they suggest the fact that the magazine is a *daisy*, a rather vulgar way of saying something is very good.

There is a reference to art enclosed within the excellent piece of art composing the front page, namely the pillars or columns at either side of the contents table. Had you ever noticed those before? And have you ever noticed the reference to power woven into the design? Namely the beast in either top corner? Is it true that a magazine wields power? Certainly its reading matter wields an influence. It is said and truthfully so, that one is known by the books (any reading matter) he reads.

When you bind your year's NOOKS into a book let the date of issue in lower left-hand corner be your guide in placing your copies in order. *Yet show I you a more excellent way.* As soon as you have read your paper send it to some appreciative person who will be glad to read it. It's *one* way to help the missionary effort.

Frequently there is a change in design to suit some special season or event. What a grand picture the late Easter design would have made had it contained the appropriate colors! A frequent change in designs invigorates the paper, yet I am told it is very expensive. Occasionally a beautiful poem takes the place of the table of contents. How very fitting such a change occasionally.

Finally. Do you wish to subscribe for this popular weekly magazine? Address BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL. $1.00 PER ANNUM. (See bottom of page.)

Chicago, Ill.

ACROSS THE YEARS.

Across the years deep martial music comes,
The roar of cannon and the roll of drums,
The saber's clang, the bugle's flute-like call,
Are blent and softened in the distance all,
And tell, to ears that heard them not, the story
Of brave men's deeds and of war's awful glory.

* * * * * *

Across the years the martial music dies;
The blaze of battle fades out of the skies;
The ranks grow thin and tenderer every heart;
Not memory's self can longer brothers part;
Grasses grow tall, and cities spring concealing
Earth's scars, that Blue and Gray have vied in healing.

Grow, grasses green, and towns make haste to cover
Each riven plain and field of battle over!
Whirl, busy wheels, and drown for aye the din
Of ended strifes and discords that have been!
So thickly strew each soldier's grave, O flowers,
We shall not heed which bed the bright bloom showers.

Yet let us keep, aye written large and plain,
These truths, worth to us even war's dread pain:
The lash a part feel, by and by all flays;
One brave deed tyranny itself outweighs;
Who hastens to his brother's aid discovers
God's regnant purpose o'er his prowess hovers.

—Journal of Education.

SOME people can talk Christianity by the yard, but they cannot walk it by the inch.—*Blaisdell.*

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter III. A Discovery.

SOME days elapsed ere Mrs. Chester sought again that home in the wretched alley. Home? That seemed an unfitting word for the place where she now stood, surrounded by confusion. It was not night time now; and the disorder of the shabby kitchen was even more apparent to Mrs. Chester than on the occasion of her former visit. The floor was scarcely visible for dirt; and now a hungry cat was ransacking the open cupboard, while in a remote corner of the room a scuffle was in progress between two angry girls. It seemed vain to attempt to gain audience in the midst of such an uproar. Mrs. Chester felt her heart sink, but nerving herself she touched the arm of the taller girl and gently inquired concerning the old lady whom she had seen there a few nights before.

"She's in the next room layin' down," replied the girl. "She'll be glad to see you ef you'll please an' walk that way. Your presence 'll sort o' rouse her spirits up. She hez one o' her blue spells to-day, ma'am."

"And ef you want to see her spirits rouse," chimed in the other, "give her a dime. A fleeter foot there never wuz thun hers 'll be till she has reached Macdonald's door. A sly 'un is old Granny."

"Be quiet there," rebuked the taller girl. "Can't you speak decent to the lady? Take that for your impudence!" and a sharp slap stung the offender's ear.

During the ceremony Mrs. Chester was gazing through a dirty pane of glass toward Macdonald's door. The picture of a foaming goblet hung out upon a gilded signboard. The Dunker evangel had now discovered the secret of the red eyes, and knew what had become of the money she had given the old woman a few nights before.

Chapter IV. A Hint To The Reader.

SHOULD the reader be disposed to doubt the truthfulness of this narrative let him spend one day amongst the neglected poor in the wretched by-streets of some large city. Let him lend his eyes and ears to observation as he goes from hut to hovel. Let him pause before the agony of the hungry, the distress of the naked, the cries of the discouraged and the utter sinfulness of the depraved. Let him ponder well, and view in their legal light, the combining agencies which have led them to their present crisis. After he has looked at humanity in its most disgusting and repulsive phase, should he like the priest and Levite, be disposed to turn aside, let him remember that Christ came not "to call the righteous but sinners to repentance;" and let him imbibe into his inmost soul this truth: that "he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord."

It is a poor pity, which looks, even through tears, and makes no effort to aid the suffering. It is a poor charity, even though shammed with gilded imitation of the Christian graces, which outwardly bewails the sins and immorality of man, yet struggles not to lift the erring one.

So, we will not blame the Dunker evangel for plodding her way once more to that wretched home, close to the foaming goblet at Macdonald's.

Chapter V. Sibyl.

UPON entering the home this time, Mrs. Chester found but one occupant, the younger of the girls whom she had encountered in the scuffle on her previous visit. This personage was, at present, seated behind a broken mirror, engaged in distorting her face into all sorts of grimaces, preparatory to using them on future occasions. A curious observer might have thought, that in her present attitude she would be immensely valuable to some farmer in corn-planting time. But Mrs. Chester could only feel a throb of pity for the girl, and gently revealing her presence, asked:

"My dear, why do you make such dreadful faces?"

"I am only makin' them fer practice on them as I hate. And here is the very ugliest one for you, because it wuz your fault as Liz slapped me on the car the other day."

Thereupon she opened wide her mouth, so as to reveal the large, uneven teeth, put out her tongue until it reached the middle of her chin and suffered a disdainful look to fall from her angry eyes. Considering that her face was dirty and her cropped hair matted so that it stood almost straight upon end, each unkempt lock seeming to struggle for supremacy, the

reader will doubtless agree with me that she presented a rather uncomely picture.

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Chester. "It is far from my wish that any one should hurt you. But who is Liz, pray?"

"The giraffe what struck me the other day? She's my sister; but I hate her worser as anybody else!"

"Come," said Mrs. Chester, "it is wrong for you to hate any one; most all of your own sister. Will you tell me your name?"

The girl looked startled, as though she feared her questioner was about to deliver her to some police authority; but measured by the lady's smile and the gentle pressure of her hand, she answered almost in a whisper:

"Sibyl. The rich girls call me the outcast."

"Poor child! and who is the old lady who stays with you?"

"She ain't no lady; she's my grandmother; and she scolds and beats me drea'ful."

"Have you no parents?"

"I hev jest my Pap, an' he drinks whiskey too, an' don't care when I'm cold an' hungry an' spends all his money at MacDonald's."

"Do you remember anything about your mother?"

"I 'member she often cried, an' allus gev us her share when we had not enough to eat. I 'member as she got mighty thin an' sick like. Folks said as she died from a broken heart, but I dunno what sort of disease that is."

In making this mention of her mother, the tears sprung to her eyes, the first that she had shed for many long, long days. Evidently a tender chord was touched. After a moment's pause she broke forth with:

"I liked my mother! I never liked nobody else!"

This was said between quiet sobs. Quickly drying her eyes with the skirt of her ragged frock she asked abruptly:

"Do you hev children, Missus?"

"I have one little boy"—and Mrs. Chester's voice grew very low and sad—"but God is keeping him for me that he may never know the sin and sorrow of this world. It is partly because I love him so that I seek to search out and gladden the wretched little ones in these poor streets. Do you love God, Sibyl?"

The girl stared as though this were the most impossible thing to be thought of.

"Why, I never saw him!" she replied.

"Did no one ever tell you about him?"

"Yes, Granny says as he makes people suffer dre'ful when they die. Ef he makes me suffer worser as I suffer in this world, then I don't want to die!" cried Sibyl, "and how ken I love him when he does like that?"

Great tears choked the voice of the Dunker evangel. But though her lips were mute her heart cried out: "Thou good Shepherd! help me to lead this poor, stray lamb to Thee!"



MEMORIAL DAY

John H. Nowlan

On the grave of friend and foeman
Scatter flowers for the brave,
Place a wreath of Nature's beauties
On each fallen soldier's grave.

Do not stop to ask the question
"Did he wear the gray or blue?"
Praise him for his sense of duty.
He was to his conscience true.

'Tis not yours to sit in judgment,
'Tis not yours to bind or free.
Finite knowledge cannot fathom
Truths which God alone can see.

Pass not judgment on your brother,
Rather give to him a tear,
Perhaps God forgives the action
When the motive was sincere.

Let our hearts go out in pity
For the bondsmen of to-day,
For the slaves of rum and evil,
Of King Mammon's cruel sway.

With your prayers and with your bounties
Help to speed the happy day
When the guns of war are silenced
And the right shall rule for aye.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DUTY TOWARD INTEMPERANCE.

CLARENCE SCHROCK.

AS Christians, our first duty towards intemperance is to live a strictly temperate life ourselves. Temperance in its fullest sense, means moderation in the use of all lawful things and total abstinence from what is injurious. The apostle Paul gives us some very plain teaching along these lines. He says, "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit, which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's."

How can anyone, who is a professor of Christianity, in the light of this scripture (knowing that his body is the temple in which the Holy Spirit must dwell if he would do God's will on earth), go on using such degrading things as tobacco or intoxicating liquor?

God has a grand and noble purpose in every life, a holy mission to perform, and if we by using or doing something, weaken our physical and intellectual powers, thereby destroying many of life's possibilities, we commit one of the greatest sins against God it is possible for mankind to commit. Is it not just as criminal to use some vile poison that slowly eats away our physical body, bringing us to a premature grave, as though we took our life by some quick method? Paul also says, "To be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded, is life and peace." And again, he says, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

How many professed Christians, by their carnal thinking and living, have missed the great blessing of attaining to lofty heights in spiritual living, and that close communion with God, which affords the greatest joy possible in life! But to be Christ's fully we must crucify the lusts of the flesh. We must bring our bodies into subjection to our will, which must be guided by the divine will. We must conquer our appetites and develop a will power strong enough to overcome in our lower natures. This cannot be done without a struggle, but by asking God for his help, and doing our best we can conquer. Is it not worth the struggle? Most assuredly it is, for by so doing we reap the greatest joys in this world, and also in the world to come.

When we are once living a purely temperate life ourselves, so that our influence may be the best possible, our next duty toward intemperance is to do all in our power to banish the saloons and other vile places that are gaining such a stronghold in our land.

We quite often hear, even those who claim to be temperance people, say they don't see any harm in letting the saloons run, that those who drink will get liquor anyway, and that the towns are greatly benefited by the high license paid by the saloon-keepers. Dear friends, if you are one of the number, stop for a moment and think seriously what great temptations these places are to the young. Think of the many bright and promising young men, or may be only boys, who took their first step downward by being persuaded to take a drink in a licensed saloon. Many a young man has been invited and persuaded by friends to take a drink, when the temptation would never have come if it had not been for the licensed saloon. Think of the many homes that have been ruined because the husband yielded to take a drink there. Think of the many mothers whose hearts were broken, when their boys, the pride of their lives, were brought home drunken. Think of the many families who have suffered for the necessities of life, and have been forced to endure the abuses of a drunken father, all because of the saloon.

Think of the many murders and crimes of various kinds that have been committed by men while under the influence of liquor. Think of the many and hopeful promising young lives, that have been deprived of their God-given purpose, and destined to fill a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell, all by the influence of a licensed saloon.

Does it pay? Can we afford for the benefit of a few dollars derived from license, to let someone sell something, that breaks up homes, breaks fathers' and mothers' hearts, makes criminals, fills jails and penitentiaries, and destroys many both body and soul? Can we allow such temptations to be placed before the young of our land? No, most assuredly we cannot. Then it is our duty to fight the saloons and put them out of existence as soon as possible. It is our duty to put forth every effort to help all movements that are put forth to rid our land of these evils. It is our duty to use our influence in the election of such officers, in our states and towns that will enact and enforce laws that will rid our cities and towns of these evils. We need laws to-day, and need them vigorously enforced, strictly prohibiting the sale of tobacco and intoxicating liquor to boys.

It is alarming to see the great extent to which these evil habits are practiced by even the very young. We see many boys to-day, some scarcely more than old enough to attend the public schools, using tobacco freely and even liquor in some cases, the two great evils of Satan which can well be called twin brothers.

They are learning to use them at a time when they cannot realize nor comprehend the evil results and utter folly of the habits. They are using them at a time in life when they are extremely harmful to them.

Can we remain idly at ease, and permit the human race at large to degenerate into a mass of impervious and immoral beings? It is high time for us to awaken and work diligently to tear down the strongholds

of Satan that are encircling us upon every hand. It is our duty to uphold the temperate life more strongly. It is our duty to warn the young and rising generation of the evils of intemperance before they are caught in its snares.

We need more temperance meetings, more temperance sermons, more impressive teaching of the evils of intemperance in the Sunday schools, and most of all more people who have not only the courage to say no when tempted, but also use every means possible to rid the earth of these temptations that cause so many to fall. If Christian people at large would unite in a temperance movement, and work as persistently as the liquor men do for their interests, the saloons would be banished from our land in a very short time. Are we doing our duty?

Beattie, Kansas.

"I WONDER IF THEY MEAN IT."

Bobby, cold, damp, miserable, calling papers on the corner, stopped to listen to the song. Its hearty invitation made the shivery world seem a little warmer, a trifle less friendless and hopeless, and he crept nearer to the sound. The door of the church opened to admit a newcomer, and the glimpse of light and comfort tempted the lad to venture in and hide back of the big heater.

Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the sinful ones to Jesus.

sang the people of First Church.

"Say! I wonder if they mean it," thought the boy, as he snuggled nearer the heater. "I wonder if they honest mean it—what they're sayin' in that song—'bout bringin' of 'em in. It's a fine place to be brought ter, and I'd like mighty well to know who Jesus is. Say! I wonder if it could mean folks like dad—if they'd do anything to give him a lift."

On they sang through the five verses—it was a cheery song for a rainy night, and the First Church people liked a hearty, simple refrain:

Bring them in, bring them in,
All who are lost in the ways of sin;
None too vile and none too frail,
His healing power will never fail,
Bring the helpless ones to Jesus.

"They'd never keep it up this long if they didn't mean it fer sure," mused Bobby. "Seein' as the landlord's turned us out, and there ain't any place fer him but jest the saloon—he might get ter be a man agin if he'd half a chance, and a place like this here to get a start. Say—I'm goin' to give it a try."

And out of the door, into the cold, wet night, hurried the boy.

The benediction had been said and the people of First Church were preparing to leave when the door was pushed open and a ragged, rain-soaked boy boldly entered, dragging after him the almost helpless figure of a man much the worse for liquor.

"What's this? What's this?" asked one of the men severely. "Güess you've got into the wrong place, my boy."

Bobby took one quick look around the room, then shook his head decidedly, as he tried with his small strength to brace the wretched man by his side. "No—the place's all right—it's the same; but say, yer ain't agoin' away and closin' it up, are yer—for I've brought him in, as yer said to."

"What is this? Brought who in?" It was the kindly voice of the pastor as he drew near the boy.

"All of yees—in the singin' yer said to bring 'em in, the no 'count folks, who ain't done the straight thing. Anyhow, that's the way it sounded, and so I jest brought him along like yer said to that Jesus as you said in the song would fix him up. Ain't it straight—that there song?" and the boy looked wistfully into the pastor's face.

"Tell us about it, my boy," said the man, gently. "Is he your father?"

"Yes, he is my dad, and someway he got on the wrong track, and ma she tried to set him right till she got tired and died, and then sister Liz she tried till she got hurt—and went to the hospital—pa wasn't hisself when he did it—and then jest I've been tryin', but tain't no kind er use, and there ain't no place now fer to stay, ter get a start—and there ain't nobody what cares, and then I heard folks a singin' ter bring 'em in—folks like him, an' somebody what lives here would take 'em in hand—Jesus was the name, wasn' it—say, don't he live here?"

The stupid man the boy supported, now dropped heavily on the floor. "Tain't no use, Bob," he said, "yer pa can't help it—nobody cares—let's go back to Pete's and get nuther drink—that'll make it all right."

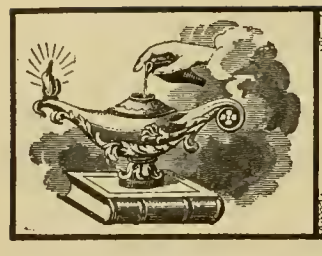
But the pastor's strong arm had lifted the man, and helped him into the cushioned pew. Then he turned to the silent, serious group about him.

"Brothers, sisters, what do you think of the boy's question? 'Doesn't Jesus live here,' in this very place? It comes pretty near home, doesn't it? And if he did live here, what would he do just now, on this rainy, cold night, with this poor fallen father and his faithful son? Men, women, let's help Bobby save his father, no matter what the cost!"

Bobby and Bobby's father never went back to Pete's for another drink, neither that night nor the nights which followed; and their voices may be heard each week, as they mingle with other voices in sending out upon the street the invitation:

Bring them in, bring them in,
Bring the wandering ones to Jesus.

—Union Signal.



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

"And he said, Certainly I will be with thee."

It was a tremendous task that was set for Moses. The most courageous might well have trembled at the thought of it. In our day when the rod of oppression holds sway in some nation, and the work of liberating the oppressed is plainly the cause of right, yet the strongest nation, yes a combination of mighty nations, hesitates to dictate to the oppressor. When we thus bring the work laid out for Moses into the light of the present day, and remember, too, that the bondage of the Israelites was most servile, that there was not an iota of civil liberty in sight, we can get some idea of the conditions which faced this man.

The Lord's assurance, "Certainly I will be with thee," ought to have silenced every fear, we say. That would depend on his acquaintance with the Lord. And we find that his fears did weaken with the manifestations of the Lord's power. When he saw how easily he could become the agent of this power,—by simple obedience,—he ceased to offer excuses.

And now, suppose we apply our judgment of Moses to ourselves and see how we stand. The Lord would still be the deliverer of the oppressed, he is still the champion of right. We have not only had the experience of Moses to strengthen our faith in his power, but the experience of thousands who have served him faithfully since then. Oppression and wrong of almost every nature still curse the earth and their victims cry out for help. All we need to do to feel the almighty current of Jehovah's power working through us to the overthrow of Satan's rule is to put ourselves on the side of right, in full obedience to the Lord's directions. What have we done, what are we doing to prove ourselves one with the Lord in his work?

BREAD UPON THE WATERS CAST.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—Eccl. 11: 1.

"Mid the losses and the gains,
Mid the pleasures and the pains;
Mid the hopings and the fears,
And the restlessness of years,
We repeat this passage o'er—
We believe it more and more—
Bread upon the waters cast.
Shall be gathered at the last.

Gold and silver like, the sands,
Will keep slipping through our hands,
Jewels gleaming like a spark,
Will be hidden in the dark:
Sun and moon and stars will pale,
But these will never fail—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Soon like dust to you and me,
Will our earthly treasure be:
But the loving word and deed
To a soul in bitterest need,
They will unforgotten be,
They will live eternally—
Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last.

Fast the moments slip away,
Soon our mortal powers decay,
Lower and lower sinks the sun,
What we do must soon be done.
Then what rapture if we hear
Thousand voices ringing clear,—
Bread upon the waters cast,
Shall be gathered at the last.

—Anonymous.

SELECTIONS.

BY AUNT MARY.

Yes, something to live for, to work for, to look forward to and to enjoy as we go along. Sad is the home from which the children have grown up and moved out. Sadder the home from which the hand of death has snatched them. Saddest and blankest the home where their footsteps have never been heard. —*C. G. Williams.*

Then give appreciation
Always, when you can.
Many a heart has fainted
In life's toilsome ways,
That might have taken courage
At just a word of praise.

And now the simple story of Backles the gentle, the brave, is finished. You who read, will sigh for him, and forget. But the story of Backles is part of my life—a living memory, sad as only life can be, but beautiful still and pure as the stars.—*Will Levington Comfort, in Ainslee's Magazine.*

You are a regular attendant at Sunday meeting, are

you? You can stand the two-hour service without a murmur, eh? How about your horse? Is he tied in the sun in summer, or in the wind, without a blanket, in the winter? Say, did you leave him checked up so he couldn't bend his head down without yanking his mouth out of shape? What do you suppose he thinks of your religion?

"Sweet is the thought that some one cares.
That some one hath a wish to know
How through the long night watches fares
The sleeper, tossing to and fro.
Time in its flight so little spares—
Sweet is the thought that some one cares."

THIS is God's way. In the darkest hours of the night his tread draws near across the billows. As the day of execution is breaking, the angel comes to Peter's cell. When the scaffold of Mordecai is complete, the royal sleeplessness leads to reaction in favor of the threatened race. Ah, soul, it may have come to the worst with thee ere thou art delivered; but thou wilt be! God may keep thee waiting, but he will ever be mindful of his covenant, and will appear to fulfill his inviolable word.—*F. B. Meyer.*

MIGRATORY birds invisible to the eye have been detected by the telescope crossing the disk of the sun some six miles above the earth. They have found one of the secret places of the Most High; far above the earth, invisible to the human eye, hidden in the light, they were delightfully safe from the fear of evil. Thus it is with the soul that soars into the heavenly places. No arrow can reach it, no fowler betray it, no creature of prey make it afraid; it abides in the shadow of the Almighty.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

WHAT TO DO WITH THE MEANWHILES.

A PLEASANT writer tells a story of a sweet-faced old lady in a railway car. The train had met with several minor mishaps, and finally came to a sudden standstill in a dreary stretch of country, miles from the city for which it was bound. Some accident had befallen the engine, but all the information that the passengers could secure in regard to the extent of the trouble or the probable length of the delay was very indefinite. As with most companies of people under similar circumstances, there was much questioning and hurrying to and fro, blaming the officials, and urgent demands for impossible haste, with useless explanation of the important affairs that made it intolerable to be so hindered. While the others were in a state of restless commotion, the old lady opened her bag, and, drawing out some unfinished work, calmly remarked:

"Well, if we've got to wait here an hour or so, I can put in a good bit of knittin'."

Life's enforced pauses are frequent, its meanwhiles so many, that they are well worth counting and considering, yet few of us are ready with the "good bit of knitting" that might fill them usefully and safely. It is not so much in the spare minutes, which from childhood we have been counseled to improve, that our wasted opportunities lie, as in the longer intervals that make up so much of human existence—times when we are waiting for something to develop, something to change, some new path to open, and in our restless watching we neglect the work that lies at hand.

And these intervals—the unsettled times of uncertainty, of expectation, of trouble—taken altogether, cover a great part of our mortal existence. The times when we are restful, untroubled, peacefully pursuing our chosen way, are comparatively few, so that if we are ever to accomplish much of that which is, after all, life's real work, it must be done in these meanwhiles. We can learn that all our unrest and self-absorption speed us no more swiftly on our course, and in the enforced pauses we can put in many a stitch of helpfulness, strength and cheer for others which shall indeed make a "good bit of knitting" when life's finished web is shown.—*Forward.*

LOVE AND FORGIVENESS.

WHEN one person has wronged another, the unjustly injured person is always, for the time being, on a higher plane than the one who has done the injury. The wronged one has not lost what the other has lost. The only way to make the loss equal is for the injured one to "get even." Then, in addition to his hurt feelings, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is now no better than the other fellow. What an ingenious tempter Satan is, to persuade us to add injury to insult unto ourselves! For that is what "getting even" accomplishes; it is lowering ourselves and our standards to the level of the one who has wronged us. How much better to help the other to "get even" with the higher standards which Christ alone can enable us to hold to: love and forgiveness.—*The Religious Telescope.*

WE can all be servants of God wherever our lot is cast. But he gives us different sorts of work according as he fits us for it. When duty is clear, to put one's self questions about it is to suffer defeat. —*Victor Hugo.*

"THE man who falls back on his old record has reached his full growth and commenced to shrivel."

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of old and young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

In view of our professed belief in immortality, it it is passing strange how we, Christians as well as nonprofessors, have come to look upon death as the terror of all terrors, the thing above all others that may befall man most to be dreaded. Now the infidel, the one who does not believe in God, the one who believes that death ends all, has a very good reason for maintaining such an attitude toward death, but really, in this respect, one cannot draw any line between the infidel and the average Christian. In fact, if there is any difference, the former, possessed perhaps of a certain degree of stoicism, is generally the less moved of the two by this event which comes to all.

As I look at it, it seems impossible to explain this dread of death, in the Christian, in any other way than as a result of unbelief. Nowhere in the Scriptures do we find death referred to as a thing to be feared by any one except the wrong-doer and unbeliever. For the one who has faith in God and in his promises, it is represented as an event to be desired, marking our passage from a world of sin and strife to a land of joy and peace. Paul's belief harmonized with this idea. At one time he said, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ," and again, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" When we can once comprehend, to the degree that our finite minds will allow, what an infinitesimal part of our existence this life really is, it will then be plain to us that the importance of death is due alone to its position as the gateway leading from a life weighed down by limitations and imperfections to a life in which every power and faculty will have perfect freedom and development.

The primary meaning of death is "the cessation of all vital phenomena without capability of resuscitation; total privation or loss; extinction." In this sense, that which we term death is not death at all, but simply a change.

"There is no death; although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

"Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
And say that they are 'dead'—

"They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere."

The only real cause for sorrow that death can bring the Christian is that of physical separation,—just as when our friends move into another neighborhood or another State. It is true that we ofttimes must weep because those who have departed are without faith or hope to light up the way, but even in this case it is the life thus lived that we must mourn and not the passing away.

At this season, when we have set apart a day by which our minds are called especially to those who have preceded us to the fuller life, it is a good time to reconstruct our ideas of death on lines that will accord with eternal truth, and then observe memorial day accordingly. We may visit those little mounds that stand for the departure of our loved ones, we may place thereon some token of our remembrance of their noble lives, but as we do this let us look forward as well with glad anticipation. Let us not think of these places as the *graves* of our loved ones, "for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.

In former articles mention has been made of the wide stretch of Fox river that comes within view of the Inglenook office. The surface of this expanse, "ever changing, yet ever the same," possesses the peculiar element of companionship and sympathy, shared by all such bodies of water, that leads to thoughtful meditation.

The first thought that such a body of water inspires may vary, however, with the seasons and surroundings. Just now in the enchanting month of May the thought of a stream of water of any size at once suggests to many the idea of a fishing excursion which is an ideal means of cultivating the thoughtful meditation referred to. For what fisherman is not likewise a philosopher, or in other words, a thinker, proof of which may be found in his marked individuality?

Down the river and across on the opposite bank, which is at the same time the embankment of the third-rail electric line, a fisherman comes to fish almost every day since the weather is warm and inviting,—inviting alike to man and fish. And sometimes even when some of us would not consider it so inviting, the man is there, and the fish, too, probably, at least the man

ought to have something for his patience and persistence. One day when all outdoors was reveling in the pleasant experience of the warm rain and sun taking their turn at the helm at intervals of only a few minutes, our fisherman was at his post. I am sure by the way he held out when the rain would begin on its turn, that he was very reluctant to leave, but generally the down-pour was such that he was compelled to seek cover. But no sooner had the sun taken charge than he would pop up again, like a mushroom. I was made to wonder whether he would have been so persistent in following any other calling, even a more remunerative one, under such discouraging circumstances. But such thoughts are hardly to one's credit.

The fisherman, no doubt, with half a dozen fish, more or less, for a day's catch, feels amply repaid for his time. He is a philosopher, we must remember, and the result of his long and deep thinking may have made plain to him things that cannot be comprehended by our worldly minds. Perhaps by his deep meditations he has come to be the richest man of Elgin,—if we allow that what Milton says of the mind is true. The hustle and bustle of this busy life, the greed for gold as it is manifested in numberless inhuman and unmanly deeds, the strife for place and power above our fellows,—all these he may look upon as vanity of vanities. And who shall say that he is mistaken, that he has not fished to some purpose?

AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

While for the most part we are satisfied to let our readers find the good things in our magazine as it comes to them each week, now and then we feel to call their attention to good things that are coming. And this not because we would take your mind from present enjoyment, but rather that you may appreciate your blessings the more and as a result prepare yourself to enjoy them to the fullest extent by getting others to enjoy them with you. Doubtless many of you have already learned by experience that the supreme enjoyment of any good thing is to be had only when that thing is shared with others.

In next week's issue will appear the first of a series of articles by J. M. Blough, of Bulsar, India. Many of them will be illustrated articles, and in them the writer will treat subjects connected with his work in that heathen land as well as other subjects of general interest. We hope to have at least one article a month of this series.

Within the next month or two we are also to have several illustrated articles on Cuban life and that island's ability to furnish the wherewiths of existence. The bird series of articles will continue through the summer, the "pair of chums" will still continue to philosophize in that excellent series of articles for the home department, and the serial story now running will extend through a number of issues. Besides these, we will have the usual number of good, single-issue articles. Altogether we feel that our readers are having much valuable information as well as inspiring suggestions offered to them, and that they benefit in a very large way from the gifts of our able writers. And we would not have it otherwise, in fact we are doing all we can to increase the value of the paper to our readers.

THE GRIM REAPER.

"It is appointed unto man once to die," and at this time, just as we are closing up this page, word comes to us of the death of Dr. Howard Miller, familiarly known about the office here as "Uncle Howard," for more than four years editor of the Inglenook, who passed away May 19, at the home of his daughter, a few miles west of Chicago. An extended account of the life of the deceased will appear in these pages in the near future.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

It is a poor pity which looks, even through tears, and makes no effort to aid the suffering.—*Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.*

In proportion as the light of learning spreads, so will magic in medicine and superstition in general fade and finally disappear.—*William L. Judy.*

Who fills his soul with light to-day,
Shall find, upon a gloomy morrow,
Full many a stray and jeweled beam
To gild his unexpected sorrow.

—Hattie Preston Rider.

Do not lavish smiles and pleasantries on friends and acquaintances and bestow frowns and cross words on the loved ones.—*Etha E. Beisel.*

If Christian people at large would unite in a temperance movement, and work as persistently as the liquor men do for their interests the saloons would be banished from our land in a very short time.—*Clarence Schrock.*

Why waste our time and efforts
On things of little worth?
We may attain high Heaven;
Why grovel in the Earth?

—Nannie Blain Underhill.

Would that every mother could say she wished to raise missionaries and workers for Christ. Too many, it is feared, live to raise dollars and cents.—*Martha B. Lahman.*



THE Stromboli volcano continues intermittently active, as it has been since April 28. The vegetation about the mountain has been destroyed. The people continue to leave the island.

A LARGE fisheries company operating along the Atlantic coast keeps track of the shoals of fish by means of wireless telegraphy. The fleet comprises forty vessels; when the coastwise steamships sight the fish they can communicate their movements to the other vessels immediately. Likewise, a part of the fleet finding fish at one point may notify the rest of the fleet and assemble the ships from remote points without delay.

THE Kansas Supreme Court has appointed receivers for the property of all the breweries in the United States doing business in Kansas, holding that the state has a right to confiscate all property of any illegal business. Most of the brewers appear to be making little resistance, but all are giving support to the Anheuser-Busch Company, of St. Louis, which is disposed to fight the order. The receivership rule is based upon the prohibition law which went into effect in 1881.

IT seems that for some years certain express companies, while chartered as common carriers, have been doing a regular banking business. The growth of their business has been so great of late and detrimental to the regular chartered banks that the American Bankers' association has had the matter investigated with the result that a test case may be brought into the courts. The banking business as thus carried on by express companies is a violation of the interstate commerce regulations.

THE beautiful sea gardens at Long Beach, Calif., are famous the world over for their beauty, and in order that visitors may see these beauties at close range, it is announced that a tower resting on the bottom of the ocean thirty feet below the surface and extending up into the open air will be built. The tower will be almost entirely of plate glass with a glass room twelve feet square at the bottom. Visitors will go down on an elevator and look out upon the bed of the ocean.

A FEW days ago a ship left port at New York loaded with scraps of tin collected from the tin shops of the city. It was taken to the smelting works at Perth Amboy, N. J., where the tin and iron in the scraps were to be separated and each remolded for use. Formerly the tinsmith paid to have the refuse carted away. Now a cargo worth about $10,000 is collected and sent to Perth Amboy two or three times a month.

LAST year the municipal authorities of Denver offered 10,000 free trees to property owners, and so satisfactory were the results of this generous policy that 20,000 are to be offered this year. The capital city of Colorado is located in a comparatively arid region, where lawns, flowers and shade trees require constant irrigation, but in spite of this fact the people seem bound to make it a new "city of elms." This year's saplings will consist of 8,000 elms, 8,000 maples, 2,000 sycamores and 2,000 locusts.

WE continue to have the almost daily occurrence of terrible railroad accidents. It has been noted that a large per cent of these are due to defective rails and an investigation has revealed two causes that together may account almost entirely for these defects. One is the use of an inferior ore containing an impurity that cannot be removed by the Bessemer process, and the other is the use of the steel ingot from which the rails are rolled which formerly was considered scrap. The manufacturers lay the blame on the inferior ore and the enormous demand for rails. In the latter argument they seem to overlook the fact that if they would take the time to make the rail properly, the demand would not be so great. During the winter of 1907, 2,899 broken rails were removed from the tracks.

WORK on a camera designed especially to be used by members of the Lowell expedition to the Andes to photograph the canals and polar caps of the planet Mars has been completed in Chicago. The unusual features of the apparatus are a peculiar arrangement of the plate holder by which a large number of exposures may be taken on one plate, and a concave lens, which enlarges the image on the plate, instead of diminishing it, as do the lenses of the ordinary camera. By pressing on a pneumatic bulb the oper-

ator may move the plate so that as many as fifty exposures may be taken, each exposure showing a different phase of the planet. Each image on the negative will be about one-eighth of an inch in diameter.

Fashion in flowers has taken a freak turn in Germany of late and there is great demand in certain circles for blooms of hues not found in nature. The flowers are cut with extra long stalks a few hours before they reach full maturity. Then the stalks are put in water in which aniline dyes have been dissolved. White carnations, lilies and pansies are the easiest to dye and give the most natural results. As the stalks suck up the water the aniline pigment is carried through all the fine vessels of the blossom and deposited in its cells, so that after a few hours its color is completely established. Sometimes strange and even beautiful effects are secured by stopping the coloring process before it is complete. The white petals will then be delicately veined with green or red—these being the colors most successfully used.

The report of a committee at Bowdoin College on the means employed by students who are working their way through college shows sixty-seven different occupations in use. The highest amount earned was that of $700 in a year by one student, as the pastor of a church. Another made $400 by managing a summer camp. A canvasser for stereoscopic views profited $350, and a book agent made $200. One enterprising student got up a local directory and was paid $500 for it. Another organized a touring party and earned $250. Other profitable jobs secured were tutoring, snow shoveling, car conductor, hotel steward, clerk, draughtsman, summer school teacher, chauffeur, butcher, farmer, purser, reporter and caterer. The committee reaches the conclusion that any person blessed with good health and the will can earn half his college expenses if he is not too proud to work.

According to a bulletin just issued by the forest service of the Agricultural Department, every person in this country is using over six times as much wood as the individual consumption in Europe, and the country, as a whole, consumes over three times what the forests of the United States grow during the year. The consequence of this policy is an inevitable timber famine. It is pointed out that the increase in population since 1880 is barely more than half the increase in lumber cut, so that the increase of forest destruction cannot be explained entirely on the theory of increased population. The northeastern states have passed their maximum production, and the southern states are near their maximum, while the state of Washington now ranks first in the volume of timber cut. At present one-fifth of the total forest area is owned by the government. The average age of trees felled for lumber this year is not less than one hundred and fifty years.

Dr. Bullock Workman who with his wife has been exploring in the Himalaya mountains said a few days ago when he reached Paris that they camped at the highest altitude ever attempted by man, 21,300 feet, in the unexplored Munkun range, Kashmir. "At a height of ten thousand feet," said he, "we still found people, probably of Mongolian descent, raising rye, wheat and oats, and at a height of twelve thousand feet we actually discovered a small village of human beings, living under the same roof with their goats, chickens and other animals. These people acted like animals, but they showed some intelligence. They understood scientific irrigation in a crude way. Above fourteen thousand feet there was practically no life. Few know what climbing in these altitudes means. It is a science. It takes years of training. During the last few days of our climb the air was so thin we could not sleep. The thermometer in the night registered forty-six below zero."

The Bureau of Corporations, under Commissioner Smith, now has started in to probe the Lumber Trust with a view to bringing criminal prosecution if evidence can be found. Special agents are already in the field gathering the data on which to proceed and a preliminary inquiry into the prices of lumber shows that the diminishing supply of timber does not account for the jump in price. During 1906 hemlock advanced $2; white pine, $3; yellow, $4; poplar, $5; while in the last ten years the price of maple has gone up 17 per cent; oak, 36 per cent; yellow pine, 65 per cent; poplar, 70 per cent; spruce, 74 per cent, and hemlock, 86 per cent. Complaints received by the bureau are more numerous and more bitter than those against the oil and beef trusts. The Lumber Trust is regarded as the most complete of the great industrial combinations and is operated without a holding company or other outward sign of its monopolistic character. The operations have been under what is known as the "gentlemen's agreement," by means of which any retailer who disregards the prepared price list will be boycotted out of business. The combined capital of the trust is $611,000,000. The actual cost of yellow pine is $10 and the price quoted last year was $45 to $48.



Thoughts on Things

Etha E. Beisel

KINDNESS is a great medicine. It is a tonic for all times of the year, to the giver or the receiver. Most of us need a cheering-up, a tonic of some sort at some time or other. Misfortunes will occur all unforeseen and we find it is so hard to put on a smile with which to greet our acquaintances and friends through the day. We want to allow a mere nothing, perhaps, to pervade our whole being and to crowd all the good in us until we are unable to tell whether there is any good whatever in our make-up.

But, other people too have troubles. They need a little bit of cheering up. A little encouragement sometimes goes a long ways. Once we have given them a boost, we are eager for the next opportunity to do good; it is less difficult to be smiling and, experiencing a thrill of gladness from the pleasure we are able to afford them, our own difficulties become smaller and so much easier to put up with.

If we are well-bred we will never be guilty of impoliteness, no matter where, nor how trying the position. It will not lower our dignity any to assist some wretched human being that we find in need and to give them a pleasant word or two as we pass. No doubt the kindnesses they receive are so few as to not overwhelm them with the sunshine of life. Life may instead be or seem to be all darkness to them, and it is in our power to give them just a glimpse of the sunshine adverse condition will not permit them to enjoy. They are the better creatures for the experience and one kindly spoken word will do wonders toward making their load an easier one to bear.

You remember some one has said, "We are passing this way but once, etc.," and let us try our best to make it a pleasant meeting. One can't do everything, of course, neither is it expected. But there are so many little things that all can do and they should not be allowed to go undone. It is one's duty as a Christian to do as much as possible for one's fellow-creatures and do it whenever the opportunity presents itself.

But do not get the mistaken idea that you alone are called upon to bring about a reform. There are lots of other people who are just as good and God-fearing as you and who are doing their utmost for the salvation of souls. If you have a home, your first duties lie in that direction.

I have seen women neglect their own little ones while they were busy making clothes for little heathens and attending club meetings where they took hours to discuss their duty to the unenlightened foreigners. All unconsciously they were allowing their own little ones, whom they loved devotedly, no doubt, to grow up as untutored in the story of the Blessed One as the majority of the heathen children. They seem content to diligently study foreign affairs and prepare the paper for the next club meeting giving the result of their energies.

It is all right enough to be an energetic and enthusiastic worker along these lines, if it is not interfering with your duties in your role of a successful home-maker. Home first; other affairs after. If you have established a home, make it such in every sense of the word. Make it a place where the children have the proper attention and freedom; a place where the tired husband may be sure he will find rest and tranquillity, also a refreshing smile for greeting.

"Home's not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with charms the heart hath builded.
Home! go watch the faithful dove,
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us,
Home is where there's one to love,
Home is where there's one to love us.

"Home's not merely roof and room,
Needs it something to endear it.
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.
What is home with none to meet
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us."

Do not lavish smiles and pleasantries on friends and acquaintances and bestow frowns and cross words on the loved ones; do not lavish your time on others and use what is left, at home. Do not allow their

hearts to grow hungry for affection and desolate for want of companionship. Rather lavish your time in your home and devote the remainder to missions.

"Happy homes are America's strongest bulwarks against anarchy and dissensions among the people who inhabit our country."

In whatever capacity you are acting make your life a most useful one and serve God to the best of your ability.

Buford, North Dakota.

SUGGESTIONS FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

MARTHA B. LAHMAN.

When studying the life of Jacob let us not censure Rebecca and Jacob too severely.

We are living in an age that has a higher code of morals, and might I say a better standard of religion?

We look upon deception with disdain; but perhaps where the mother of to-day is weak, Rebecca was strong.

Temptation may have come to her at a time she was off her guard. Sometimes, perhaps, we are overtaxed with the cares of this life, and we feel that our lot is almost hard. It is then we should look out for temptation. It is a good plan at such a time to slip away, put on a clean frock, your best shoes, and place a sweet-scented flower at your bosom. It somehow seems to rejuvenate, and it does one good to hear husband and children say: "How bright mama looks!"

A little girl once asked her mother why she was always in such a good humor. The mother said: "Do you ever notice me bite my lips? That is what I do to keep from saying ugly things when I am cross."

This advice was intended only for mothers; but how much better is it for a man to whistle instead of swear when things go zigzag. I know when I hear a certain man whistle that something has gone wrong, for he never whistles at any other time.

In the best regulated homes discussions are avoided.

What a blessing children are to the true parent! They bind husband and wife together; and if there is any friction it is more apt to come in the earlier years of married life.

When a foreign lady was preparing to come to America years ago, she was asked why she wished to come to this country. She replied: "To raise governors for them." And sure enough some of her sons did rise to that distinction. Would that every Christian mother could say she wished to raise missionaries and workers for Christ.

Too many, it is feared, live to raise dollars and cents.

Franklin Grove, Ill.

A SPRING CLEANING.

Yes, clean your house and clean your shed,
And clean your barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from your head,
And sweep the snowbanks from your heart.
Yes, when Spring cleaning comes around,
Bring forth the duster and the broom;
But rake your fogy notions down,
And sweep your dusty soul of gloom.

Sweep old ideas with the dust,
And dress your soul in newer style;
Scrape from your mind its worn-out crust,
And dump it in the rubbish pile.
Sweep out the hates that burn and smart,
Bring in new love, serene and pure;
Around the hearthstone of thy heart
Place modern styles of furniture.

Clean out the brain's deep rubbish hole,
Soak every cranny, great and small,
And in the front room of the soul
Hang prettier pictures on the wall.
Scrub up the windows of the mind,
Clean up, and let the Spring begin:
Swing open wide the dusty blind
And let the Springtime sunshine in.

Plant flowers in the soul's front yard,
Set out new shade and blossom trees,
And let the soul, once frozen hard,
Sprout crocuses of new ideas.
Yes, clean your house, and clean your shed,
And clean your barn in every part;
But brush the cobwebs from your head,
And sweep the snowbanks from your heart.

—S. W. Foss.

THE DEMON OF WORRY.

Worry is one of the most fatal of all transgressions. It is a sin not against one organ of the body, but against the body as a whole. It is a demon whose pressure is felt upon the heart, and there is not a capillary in any gland or tissue which does not shrink under the glance of its gloomy eyes. A man who worries is slowly draining the springs of life. He not only stunts himself, but he makes it harder for others to grow and blossom. Depression is a vice, and like all vices it must be dealt with firmly and with vigor.

What is the effect of your presence in your home? Does your look fall like a sunbeam or a shadow across the breakfast table? Does your conversation lie like a strip of summer sky or a patch of midnight across the family life? Upon what subject do you speak with the largest freedom and keenest relish—your aches and failures, or the things which are beautiful and fine and high? For your own sake and the sake of others you ought to bring your soul into a jubilant mood. All Christian virtues grow best under a sky filled with sun, and the man or woman who persists in being gloomy and sour and moody will have his home filled at last with weeds and brambles and briers.—*Dr. C. E. Jefferson in "The World's Christmas Tree."*

THE PRESIDENT'S VIEWS ON THE SMALL FAMILY.

THERE are countries which, and people in all countries who, need to be warned against a rabbit-like indifference to consequences in raising families. The ordinary American, whether of the old native stock or the self-respecting son or daughter of immigrants, needs no such warning. He or she needs to have impressed upon his or her mind the vital lesson that all schemes about having "doctors in public schools," about kindergartens, civic associations, women's clubs, and training families up in this way or that are preposterous nonsense if there are to be no families to train; and that it is a simple mathematical proposition that, where the average family that has children at all has only three, the race at once diminishes in numbers, and if the tendency is not checked will vanish completely,—in other words, there will be race suicide. Not only the healthiest, but the highest relations in life are those of the man and the woman united on a basis of full and mutually respecting partnership and wise companionship in loving and permanent wedlock. If, through no fault of theirs, they have no children they are entitled to our deepest sympathy. If they refuse to have children sufficient in number to mean that the race goes forward and not back, if they refuse to bring them up healthy in body and mind, then they are criminals.—*From "A Letter from President Roosevelt on Race Suicide," in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.*

FERNS AS HOUSE PLANTS.

THE deciduous ferns—those that come up in the spring and die down in the fall—are used, as they make a finer and fresher show of fronds. The perennial ferns after having grown all summer will go ragged early in the winter. Early in the spring, as soon as the fern-balls begin to unroll, take them up, roots, ball of earth and all, and pot them in the earthenware pan of your fern dish, or, if you have none, use a six-inch bulb pan. Sink the pan in the soil in the home garden, in a cool, moist, shady place, and keep well watered. Let the ferns grow on during the summer, but when the frosts come in the fall, take up the pan and set in the open where it will get the benefit of hard frosts in order to get the sap to the roots as soon as possible. As soon as the fronds are dead, cut them all off carefully, in order not to injure the crown. By the first of December, if there has been freezing weather, you may take the pan into the house. Set it in a moist atmosphere of not more than 55 degrees, in a north window or in a location where it will not get much sunshine, and keep it well watered. By so doing you should have a fine fernery for the Christmas table. Use only soil from the woods for the fern-pan, and keep it always moist.—*Woman's Home Companion.*

AN ICE BOX.

WHERE one does not keep a refrigerator, yet would like to keep ice, here is a home-made ice-chest, described by a farm wife in *The Toledo Blade:* "It was a very primitive affair—simply a small box inside of one that was two sizes larger. The inner box was raised an inch or two at one end, and the lower end fitted with an old piece of hose placed tightly in an auger-hole, this was continued through the outer box, and carried away the water from the melted ice. The space between the two boxes was stuffed as full as could be packed with old newspapers, and a cover made for each box. The ice was put in one end of the inner box, and the articles to be kept cool placed about the ice, the lids closed, and the box kept in a shed adjoining the kitchen. Over the outer end of the piece of hose a fine wire netting, or piece of cheese cloth, was tied to prevent insects crawling inside. The water from the ice was carried away by a piece of tiling, and the box set a few inches above the floor to admit of circulating air under it.

ORDER IN THE HOUSE.

ORDER is a beautiful thing in the house, but as a writer in a recent magazine points out, it is not always understood properly. She says: "The order that makes for restfulness and for comfort is vital. It cannot exist in crowded rooms. Furniture is made to be used and books are made to be read. If the disarranging of a room or the misplacing of a book upsets the order something is wrong and that something is the crowded condition. Get rid of the superfluous. Most rooms have too many pieces of furniture, and all rooms have too many things.

"BETWEEN-TIME DISHES."

IF you have a lot of scraps of boiled ham, carefully trim off the fat, and grate the lean pieces. Heat the lean meat in the middle of the dish, and slice the scraps of fat into nice shape and lay around the edges with the tender hearts of lettuce, and serve for luncheon or supper. A border of pickled beets is an attractive garnish.

FRIED SALT PORK.—Cut in thin slices and let lie in sweet milk or cold water for two hours to freshen. Roll each slice in flour and fry in hot lard until a nice brown. Do not scorch. Take up on a platter; drain nearly all the grease off into a "dripping" cup, leaving two or three tablespoonfuls; stir into this one or two tablespoonfuls of flour, a little pepper and salt, and when thoroughly blended, pour into it, stirring constantly, hot milk enough to make it the consistency of thick cream when it has boiled up once. As soon as it commences to bubble, pour the gravy at once into a dish or over the slices of pork.

PORK IN BATTER.—Make a batter by beating four

eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, three heaping tablespoonfuls of flour and a little salt, until smooth. Have the slices of pork freshened as above, and dip each slice into the batter and fry in hot (not scorching) lard. The lard must be hot enough to cook the batter at once to prevent absorption of the grease.

Salt Pork Pot-pie.—Freshen and parboil a piece of salt pork, cut into small pieces and put in a kettle with water to cover. Add one or two onions, a chopped carrot, and a little pepper. After cooking until nearly done, add peeled potatoes chopped small, and twenty minutes before serving, put in the dumplings, made as follows: The water should not be allowed to boil down too low. For the dumplings, take one pint of flour, a pinch of soda and one of salt, one egg beaten light, and just sour milk enough to make a good drop batter, not too soft. Dip a spoon in cold water, then take up the batter and drop over the stew, dipping the spoon in cold water before dipping it into the dough each time. Cover the pot for ten or twenty minutes, and then serve.

Peach Tapioca.—Take one can peaches, one-fourth cup powdered sugar, one cup tapioca, boiling water, one-half cup sugar, one-half teaspoon of salt. Drain the peaches and then sprinkle with powdered sugar and let them stand for one hour. Soak the tapioca for one hour in cold water to cover. Add enough water to the peach syrup to make three cups. After heating to boiling point add tapioca drained from cold water. Next add sugar and salt. Cook in double boiler until transparent. Take a mould or pudding dish and line with peaches cut in quarters. Fill with tapioca, put in moderate hot oven and bake 30 minutes. Cool slightly, turn on a dish and serve with cream sauce.—*Collected.*

For the Children

THE MEDICINE LETTER.

No little girl finds it easy to stay in the house with a sore throat. Leslie Morton found it especially trying, as the girls of the fifth grade were being drilled to take part in a school cantata. Leslie was to have been the fairy queen, and now she was shut in her room with no one to amuse her. Mamma called her a "little philosopher" because she bore her confinement so good-naturedly. But after a few days, when the headache was better and the throat did not smart so much, Leslie began to miss Jamie and baby Herbert and the schoolgirls.

One morning she lay on her couch, tired of her games and pictures, when she heard the postman's knock. She thought her magazine had come, for mamma came directly up to her room.

"See what a fat letter!" cried mamma, holding out a large envelope directed to Miss Leslie Morton.

"O mamma! whatever do you suppose it is?" exclaimed Leslie.

"I suppose," laughed mamma, "that you would better open it and see."

"It's Miss Lane's writing," said Leslie, as she cut open the envelope. "O, see, mamma! One, two, three—O, a dozen little letters inside, and they are numbered. O, where is number one?"

"Here it is!" And mamma picked up a little envelope that had fallen to the floor.

Excitedly Leslie opened it and read:

"Directions for taking. The contents of envelope number one may be taken as soon as received. That of the others is to be taken in the order of the numbering, one each time when you take the doctor's medicine. If headache results, omit the dose occasionally. A fresh supply will be sent if this proves beneficial. Marian Lane, Prescribing Apothecary."

"That is every bit of number one," Leslie said regretfully, but she brightened when she looked at the clock. "Why, it is time already for that horrid black medicine! Hurry, mamma, do!"

Mamma smiled. Usually Leslie was sure it wasn't quite time for that medicine.

The spoonful was swallowed with only the least bit of a wry face, and Leslie hastened to open envelope number two. The letter was from her chum, Lulu Roberts, and she had written—

"Dear Leslie: Miss Lane had a lovely idea this morning. You know we are studying letter-writing, and this morning we were to write letters to real people and send them, if we wished. Miss Lane spoke of your being absent and wondered if you would like to have us write to you, and of course we knew you would, and we all wanted to. So that is our lesson, and we hope you will like it as well as we do. Miss Lane said she would telephone to your mamma this noon and see if you like our 'medicine letter.' She said to number the different envelopes, and let you take one at a time with your other medicine, for fear too many would give you a headache."

Lulu went on to tell what dress each of the girls was wearing that day, what the drawing lesson was—Leslie could try that at home, she thought—and how much they missed Leslie.

Leslie's eyes were shining with pleasure as she put the letter back in its envelope. Then she arranged the others in their order, and, when mamma left her, she was trying to decide the probable writer of each.

Mamma answered Miss Lane's inquiry with an account of the way in which Leslie asked for "the horrid black medicine," and congratulated her on her success as a "prescribing apothecary."—*A. B. Canfield, in Children's Magazine.*



THE RURAL LIFE

AIM HIGH.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

A boy went out a hunting—
He looked for little game:
He found none worth the taking,
But hunted still the same.
His time at last was wasted,
His precious youth was lost—
Because of worthless effort;
No gain—but great the cost.

A boy went out a searching—
He looked toward the sky:
He spent the time for sleeping
In aiming far and high:
But what could one discover?
Why look away so far?
Before the night was over
This hero found a star.

Why waste our time and efforts
On things of little worth?
We may attain high Heaven:
Why grovel in the Earth?
Why be content with small game
When we may have the best?
Oh, son, just take a high aim—
Gain place among the Blest.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

APROPOS of the production of leather is the discussion of its uses. While they are many, the one use I wish to consider is the manufacture of footwear.

Shoes are beyond doubt among the oldest articles of dress. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention and the human race certainly early saw the necessity for some protection for the foot, whether from the burning sands, cold, or injurious objects, as thorns or stones.

Passing by the sandals of antiquity, the many singular and to us unreasonable fashions of a few centuries ago, let us consider the shoes of the last century.

In many parts of the United States communities of foreign born people are to be found, and there the wooden shoes is met with. This, however, is rapidly giving place to the leather shoe.

The first settlers in America did not care for stylish shoes, but surroundings rendered shoes of some kind imperative. As a consequence, among the earliest craftsmen who came to America we find the shoemaker. So far as I am able to learn the first to come was Thomas Beard who came to Plymouth in 1629. The governor recommended that "lodging and diet" be furnished him. He must have been a welcome addition to the colony, as we learn that he was afterwards presented with fifty acres of land.

The factory system of making shoes had its origin in Lynn, Mass., "The City of Shoes," which is said to be the greatest shoe manufacturing center in the world.

In the early days the shoemaker traveled from place to place, working up the leather supplied by each man into shoes for his family. With the increase in population the shoemaker established himself in a shop where his patrons came to him and he made the boots or shoes according to measurements taken by him.

As such my grandfather came to Illinois eighty years ago, and I distinctly recollect gazing with childish wonder on his lasts, knives, etc., and wondering as to their uses.

The early shoemaker cut the leather in the proper shape for the upper and sewed the pieces by means of a "wax end." This consisted of several strands of linen thread twisted and waxed, a bristle having first been inserted in each end to guide the thread through the opening made by the awl. (Shoemaker's wax is the same as grafting wax with the proportions varied to make it harder.) The upper was then fastened to a last and the sole fastened on by means of small wooden pegs. The shoemaker often made these himself. A block of sugar maple was sawed off just the length desired for pegs and split into sections about one-sixteenth of an inch square. These were pointed, an awl was driven into the sole, withdrawn, and a peg driven in instead. This was repeated till the sole was securely pegged. Under this system a pair of shoes per day was a fair day's work for one man.

Finally observing that some workmen were especially proficient in some special part of the work, some manufacturers conceived the idea of having each do a special part. This led to grouping the men and its advantages being so apparent it soon became general. Much of the lighter work was done at home by women.

This was the beginning of the present factory system. The first machine was the rolling machine for

compacting the leather for soles, and was soon followed by the splitting machine, which made the leather of uniform thickness.

The sewing machine, however, was the greatest revolution in shoe manufacture. Many shoes now have the soles sewed on or fastened with wire or nails—pegged shoes being seldom seen.

Wishing to view the actual work I recently visited a shoe factory and witnessed the various operations.

At a table with a pile of leather before him stands the cutter. He has a full set of patterns and a sharp knife. He plans his work to get the most value from each hide and to have the parts run the right way of the leather when it is necessary in order to have it finished well.

Here, too, the linings are cut—some of cloth and some leather.

Passing to the sewing room may be seen a row of machines each doing one thing only. One sews the vamps to the quarters, another sews the quarters together, and so on till at the end of the line is a finished upper.

In the next room the soles are cut. The leather is cut into strips as wide as a sole, split to secure even thickness, and then fed into a machine that cuts the sole the shape desired. The heels are usually cut by hand dies, utilizing the small pieces, and built up by boys who make them ready for the heeling machine.

The department where the uppers and soles meet requires the greatest skill. A last is placed in the upper and on the bottom the inner sole is placed. The edge of the upper is drawn down and nailed to the inner sole, care being taken not to draw the upper out of shape. Another workman nails the outer sole with a couple of nails and passes the shoe to the sewing machine. The welt machine cuts a groove around the sole and the sewing machine sews the sole to the upper.

Some shoes are fastened with nails or screws instead of sewing. This work is done by a machine said to be equally as ingenious, but I have never seen them.

It is a long distance from the day of one pair per day, to the machine that soles eight hundred pairs per day of ten hours.

The shoe *maker* is passing—almost past. He is following the stage driver and the gunsmith. Behind him comes the sailor who does the feats with ropes, the type setter, the coal miner and many others whose places are being taken by machinery.

Conditions change. Few young men now can cradle grain and many can't make a "double band." Few young women can spin and many can't knit.

Yet we hope these changes are for the best.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*

GARDEN REFORMATION

"THE great value of my little garden to me has not been the fine vegetables it has yielded all summer, and the good time the children have had in the open air, but the glasses of beer and absinthe my husband hasn't taken," observed the mother of a French workingman's rather numerous family to an investigator last autumn.

"Quite right, mother," echoed a man near by; "you will never know the evil we men don't do while we are busy in our little gardens."

This conversation took place in France in one of the workingmen's gardens, a movement for self-help which is growing each year. A similar movement was started in Detroit in 1894 under the name of the Potato Patch Farms; later carried out successfully in New York and other cities in the vacant lot farms, while to-day Philadelphia is beginning her eighth year of successful effort.

Mme. Herviu, a charitable woman in Sedan, tired of aiding the poor by gifts of money, attempted to rouse them to self-help by an offer of doubling any sum of money which they should deposit in the local savings-bank. She rented a small tract of land and said to the poor people, "Now go to work."

They did, and as they worked the taste for it grew; they kept steadily at it, especially as they knew that the fruits of their labor would belong to them, that the vegetables they raised could be taken to their homes or sold.

Such was the humble beginning in 1899, of a little movement, but one so simple and practical that it grew, until last October, in Paris, there was held a congress of workingmen's gardens, attended by seven hundred delegates, under the presidency of M. Aynard, of France. The organizer of the congress was M. l'Abbe Lemire, and the secretary, M. Louis Riviere, a collaborator of the American Institute of Social Service.—*Century.*

HOW FOWLS SEEK FOOD.

To watch the hens on a range, they seem to be eating during the whole day, and the supposition is that they get more than they should. It is true that they can secure more than enough on a range where everything is growing, but they also expend a great deal of energy in so doing. On the range the hens get a little at a time, perhaps a worm here, a seed there, or some delicacy in the shape of green food somewhere else, but they are ever moving from place to place and are as busy as possible. It is a different matter when they are fed by the owner. He throws down the food and they fill their crops full at once. Having done so they are satisfied and "wax and grow fat." There is a lesson to learn from the natural mode of feeding by the hens. Give them their food

in small quantities, if they must be fed, and not all at once. When the crop is overloaded, too much food is passed into the gizzard to be triturated, and the digestive organs are overtaxed, but when the food is eaten gradually and slowly, digestion is also gradual and the system is invigorated by the exercise of securing the food. The study of how best to feed will assist in avoiding mistakes and enable one to feed at the lowest cost.—*Weekly Witness.*

EUCALYPTUS FOR TIMBER.

The wood of eucalyptus has not been extensively used by manufacturers in the United States, because the supply has not been sufficient to establish a market. Blue gum, the most common species in California, has, however, competed with black locust for insulator pins, has given satisfactory service in chisel and hammer handles, and has been used locally for wagon tongues, axles, shafts, spokes, hubs, and felloes. It is hard, strong and tough.

In co-operation with the state of California, the Forest Service recently completed a study of the mechanical and physical properties of the common eucalyptus. The tests, made at the State University at Berkeley, were to determine whether eucalyptus can be substituted for some of the hardwoods that are becoming difficult to obtain.

Blue gum is by far the fastest growing species. An important point in considering the value of commercial plantations of eucalyptus is brought out in a table, which shows that the fastest growing are also strongest. A comparison with Forest Service tests on hickory shows that 30-year-old blue gum is stronger than XXX hickory, and that 15-year-old sugar gum is nearly as strong as black hickory and 91 per cent as strong as second-growth hickory.

The wood of very young and sappy trees is apt to warp, but that from more mature growth can be easily handled to prevent warping. Early seasoning should proceed slowly. Open piling is desirable; the stacks should be high to secure weight, and should be covered.

Several of the eucalyptus grow rapidly in California, and, under forest conditions, form straight, tall boles free from branches. They have, therefore, especial value as timber trees.

CONSOLIDATED RURAL SCHOOLS.

There have been organized in two or three hundred townships, or preferably in districts containing only twenty-five square miles, two or three hundred consolidated rural schools, six to ten isolated rural schools being consolidated into one, and the pupils are carried to and from school at public expense. In some of these schools the attempt to introduce instruction in agriculture and home economics is being successfully made. It is found that while the little rural schools cannot afford teachers trained to instruct in agriculture and home economics, the consolidated school can afford to pay a principal and an assistant principal who are trained to teach these subjects and to give inspiration in country life generally to the rural pupils. It has been demonstrated also that the consolidated rural school can afford to build up a simple laboratory, support a small farm, develop a library, and secure other necessary equipment to use in successfully teaching agriculture and home economics. Further, it is found that teachers with specific training for country-life educational work can co-operate with the parents so that much of the home duties of the rural youth may be made far more educational as well as more interesting than heretofore. There is evident ground for the claim that consolidated rural schools and the work of the home life on the farm can be so developed under co-operation between teacher and parent as to provide far better education for our rural youth than can possibly be devised for youth while living in city homes. In the city primary schools also there is being introduced much instruction in manual training.—*From "Public Industrial Education," by Willet M. Hays, in the American Monthly Review of Reviews for May.*

A COLLEGE FOR OLD PEOPLE.

Because a person is old it need not be inferred that his love of learning and desire for improvement is necessarily impaired. Some years ago the Chicago university admitted to matriculation a man eighty years of age who wished to carry several courses which it had not been convenient for him to take in earlier years. To follow consecutively a course of study in old age ought to do much for a man or woman toward keeping up interest in life and keeping the mind lubricated, as it were. A little study each day keeps the mind straightened out and prevents wrinkles from forming.

In Chicago a home college for persons fifty years old and over has been established and will open in May. Already, the officials of the college report, the likelihood is that five hundred students will be enrolled. The students will pay for their scholarships on a basis similar to that of life insurance and in return will receive a home for life and with intellectual adjuncts. Primarily, it is announced, the college is to be for those who have dropped the ministry because of age or inclination, pedagogy or any other occupation and who wish to have a course of culture. The prospectus announces that the college is not an old people's home; it is not a charity; the members are students, not inmates. A scholarship entitles the holder to board, room and tuition, with all the college privileges, free lectures and such studies as he may desire to pursue

till the end of his or her natural life, with medical care when sick and funeral expenses at death. Sundry life insurance companies are to carry the annuity policies, according to the statement made by the manager. The board of regents is to be selected from the various religious societies which may affiliate with the colleges. Courses in classics, science, the Bible and post-graduate work are to be given. The college is not for men alone and "co-eds" of fifty years and over will be admitted.

"What we may lack in levity will be made up in dignity," said Hamilton White, who is seventy-two and the prime mover in the novel college scheme. "Men and women who have never gone to college and who were thrown on their own resources early in life will be given a chance to take the courses offered without having to be associated with younger people who have had great educational advantages"—*The Pathfinder.*

BEHOLD YOUR BLESSINGS.

THERE is a sense in which we do well to rejoice that we are not as other men. It is well to remember that our lot, which seems so hard, is better than that of many whom we constantly see about us.

The Eastern legend tells us of the wise man who ate garden stuff to appease his hunger. He said to himself, "Surely there is no one in the world more wretched than I." But, as he turned around, he beheld another wise man eating the leaves which he had thrown away.

None of us is so poor that he cannot behold others less favored. It is the part of wisdom to try and behold our blessings rather than our afflictions.—*Selected.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

Urban Rivalry.

"There are two nearby towns in my State," says a Western man, "that daily exhibit a spirit of rivalry as intense as any ever shown by Minneapolis and St. Paul.

"A man from the first town, meeting a man from the second one day, observed: 'Your cemetery is not for a moment to be compared with ours.'

"'Perhaps not,' promptly returned the second man; 'for I understand that the cemetery is the only part of your town offering inducements to permanent residents.'"

It Made Him Wonder.

A Scotchman in search of work was recently given employment as a laborer at Cramp's shipyard. His first job was to carry some heavy planks. After he had been at it for about two hours he went to the foreman and said:

"Did ah tell you ma name when I started to work?"

"Yes," replied the foreman, "you said it was Tomson."

"Oh, then it's a' right," said the Scot, as he looked toward the pile of planks he had yet to carry. "Ah was jist a-wunnerin' if you thocht ah said it was Samson."

Drill Sergeant (at the top of his voice): "When I give the command 'halt!' you will bring the foot which is on the ground to the side of the one which is in the air, and remain motionless."

He Took The Prize.

Johnny came home the other night in great glee, wearing the arithmetic medal. "What is that for?" asked his mother. "That's the prize for doing examples," said Johnny. I did this one: 'If our new baby weighs eleven and a half pounds, and gains an ounce each day—'cause you told Mrs. Smith she did yesterday—'how much will she weigh when she's twenty years old?' And the answer was, four hundred and sixty-eight pounds. And the teacher said I earned the prize."—Selected.

A Pertinent Question.

Senator Rayner of Maryland is in favor of adequate salaries for school-teachers, and at a reception he told a story about a teachers' meeting in a district where the salaries were extremely low.

"A rich, portly banker opened the meeting with an address," he said. "The banker concluded his remarks with an enthusiastic gesture and the words:

"'Long live our school-teachers!'

"'What on?' shouted a thin, pale, seedy man in a black coat slightly smeared with chalk marks."

Teacher: "Mary, make a sentence with 'dogma' as subject."

Mary (after careful thought): "The dogma has three puppies."

A man who is always on the lookout for novelties, says the St. James Budget, recently asked a dealer in automobiles if there was anything new in machines. "There's a patented improvement that has just been put on the market," replied the dealer. "A folding horse that fits under the seat for use in emergencies."

An Irish lad was obliged recently to seek treatment at a dispensary. On his return from the first treatment he was met by this inquiry from his mother:

"An' what did the dochter man say was the mather wid yer eye?"

"He said there was some furrin substance in it."

"Shure!" exclaimed the old woman, with an I-told-you-so air; "now maybe ye'll kape away from thim Eyetalian boys."

Mother has been trying to teach little three-year-old Dorthy to spell her name, but with poor success. At last she said that no one would think her very smart if she couldn't spell her own name. "Well," exclaimed Dorthy, "Why didn't you just call me cat, and then it would be easy to spell! Big names make little girls tired."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FARMS FOR SALE.—120 and 109 acres, 1 and 1½ miles, respectively, from town of Leeton, Mo. Two miles from Brethren church. Two R. R's. Both farms well improved. Address, Box 58, Leeton, Mo.

NEFF'S CORNER

Some of you will be surprised at what I am about to say. I recommend that we build no more houses for rent in Lake Arthur at present. I can make just as much money building houses as ever and expect soon to be situated so I can look after such work better than ever, and I shall have to work yet a long time before I shall be able to have my family situated as comfortably as I would like. But no matter how badly I need the work, I cannot recommend the investment unless I honestly believe it will be profitable to you. A few lots have been bought with a view of putting up houses in the near future, and when these and those now under way are finished, we will have about twenty Neff's Corner houses in Lake Arthur. When our bridge is completed and our cement plaster factory in operation there may be demand for twenty more houses, but in my judgment the wise thing to do now is to wait and see. Those who have invested here may congratulate themselves that they are in, since the door is now shut. They have a good thing in their investments, and I want them to continue to have a good thing. One motive I have in calling this business off now is to protect their interests. Should I go on building houses here till the thing is overdone, it would be an injustice both to those who have invested and those who might invest hereafter.

A number of you have been considering the matter, possibly, of investing some money in New Mexico. To such I would say that I believe there are as good opportunities for profitable investment here as ever. Keep your eye on Neff's Corner. I will probably keep up my quiet noise in this little corner for some time to come. And a good thing for you to do would be to write for particulars to James M. Neff.
Lake Arthur, N. M.

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WHAT I have said to the readers of the Inglenook has brought good results and now I want to say a little more. The people that came out here are so well pleased and are doing so well, that I want others to know more about it. In a small space like this I can not tell you much, so I want you to sit down now while you are thinking about it, and write your name and address on a postal card and send it to me, so I can send you some printed booklets; they are interesting and will help you to form an idea of our country. I will send you a beautiful picture of Wenatchee, suitable to frame free.

I am very anxious to get acquainted with you, and to win your confidence, and to have you know of the opportunities, that the great West and Northwest has in store for you.

I formerly lived in Northern Indiana and the past seven years in North Dakota, near Minot, and understand conditions there. November last I came here. The greater part of my life has been spent on a farm. At present I am engaged in the land business and have in mind a plan by which I hope to be able to do some effectual missionary work, by immigration, and at the same time help many of our brethren and friends to a home where in a very short time they can become independent, and can have practically the same conveniences of city life, with an annual income of from $300 to $1,000 for every acre of fruit land they own. The farms in the fruit growing district range in size from one to twenty acres, and can be bought with small payments down. I am investigating quite a number of large tracts of land, with a view of forming colonies and get our brethren established in new localities, and in time build up strong churches.

I have no land of my own to sell, and am therefore in a position to take up a work of this kind. I sell land exclusively on commission. I have nothing to do with prices, but will be in a position to assure you a good honest and honorable deal.

If you have money that is not earning you what it should, you can make investments through me that will be very satisfactory to you and pay you a high rate of interest. You can do this and remain where you are.

If you are a minister and have an inclination to want to go where you can be of more service to the church, and at the same time enhance your financial interests, I want to correspond with you.

Our coming Annual Meeting will be at Los Angeles, Cal, this coming season and the liberal offer made by the railway companies to have our brethren visit the many points of interest along the lines. We hope to have many take advantage of the opportunity of investigating the statements and the facts I am so very anxious to have you know.

If I could convince you that you could come and buy land at $250 per acre, that would double in value in from one to two years, and at the same time make you a good living,I would have no trouble in interesting you.

What I want you to do is to keep up your investigation, watch my advertisements, write me letters, ask me questions, and do not forget to send for the free printed matter.

Mixed farming is carried on extensively in the Big Bend country on lands with no irrigation that sells for from ten to forty dollars per acre.

Our climate is good, not one sudden change the past winter, eight to twelve below the coldest and no wind to drift snow, good prices for everything you raise, labor high. After reading printed matter, there will be some things you will want to know, write me freely, I will use every effort to get you in possession of the truth, and have no desire to misrepresent a single thing, but want to form your acquaintance and win your confidence. Write me now.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

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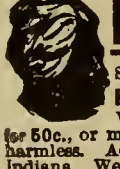
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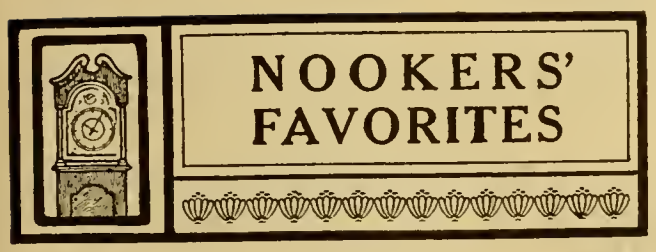


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IF WE UNDERSTOOD.

Could we but draw back the curtains
That surround each other's lives;
See the naked heart and spirit—
Know what spur the action gives,
Often we should find it better—
Purer than we judge we should:
O, we'd love each other better;
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives,
See the good and bad within;
Often we should love the sinner,
All the while we loathe the sin.
Could we know the powers working
To o'erthrow integrity,
We should judge each other's errors,
With more patient charity.

If we knew the cares and trials—
Knew the efforts, all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment—
Understood the loss and gain;
Would the grim, external roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder—
Should we pity where we blame?

O, we judge each other, harshly;
Knowing not Life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action,
Is less turbid at its source:
Seeing not, amid the evil,
All the golden grains of good:
O, we'd love each other better,
If we only understood.

—May Riley Smith.

THE WHITE-FOOTED DEER.

It was a hundred years ago,
When, by the woodland ways,
The traveler saw the wild deer drink,
Or crop the birchen sprays.

Beneath a hill whose rocky side
O'erbrowed a grassy mead,
And fenced a cottage from the wind,
A deer was wont to feed.

She only came when on the cliffs
The evening moonlight lay,
And no man knew the secret haunts
In which she walked by day.

White were her feet, her forehead showed
A spot of silvery white,
That seemed to glimmer like a star
In autumn's hazy night.

And here, when sang the whip-poor-will,
She cropped the sprouting leaves,
And here her rustling steps were heard
On still October eves.

But when the broad midsummer moon
Rose o'er the grassy lawn,
Beside the silver-footed deer
There grazed a spotted fawn.

The cottage dame forbade her son
To aim the rifle here;
"It were a sin," she said, "to harm
Or fright that friendly deer.

"This spot has been my pleasant home
Ten peaceful years and more;
And ever, when the moonlight shines,
She feeds before our door.

"The red men say that here she walked
A thousand moons ago;
They never raise the war whoop here,
And never twang the bow.

"I love to watch her as she feeds,
And think that all is well
While such a gentle creature haunts
The place in which we dwell."

The youth obeyed, and sought for game
In forests far away,
Where deep in silence and in moss
The ancient woodland lay.

But once, in autumn's golden time,
He ranged the wild in vain,
Nor roused the pheasant nor the deer,
And wandered home again.

The crescent moon, and crimson eve,
Shone with a mingled light;
The deer upon a grassy mead
Was feeding full in sight.

He raised the rifle to his eye,
And from the cliffs around
A sudden echo, shrill and sharp,
Gave back its deadly sound.

Away into the neighboring wood
The startled creature flew,
And crimson drops at morning lay
Amid the glimmering dew.

Next evening shone the waxing moon
As brightly as before;
The deer upon the grassy mead
Was seen again no more.

But ere that crescent moon was old,
By night the red men came,
And burnt the cottage to the ground,
And slew the youth and dame.

Now woods have overgrown the mead,
And hid the cliffs from sight,
There shrieks the hovering hawk at noon,
And prowls the fox at night.

—William Cullen Bryant.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence:
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old moustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeons
In the round tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever, and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

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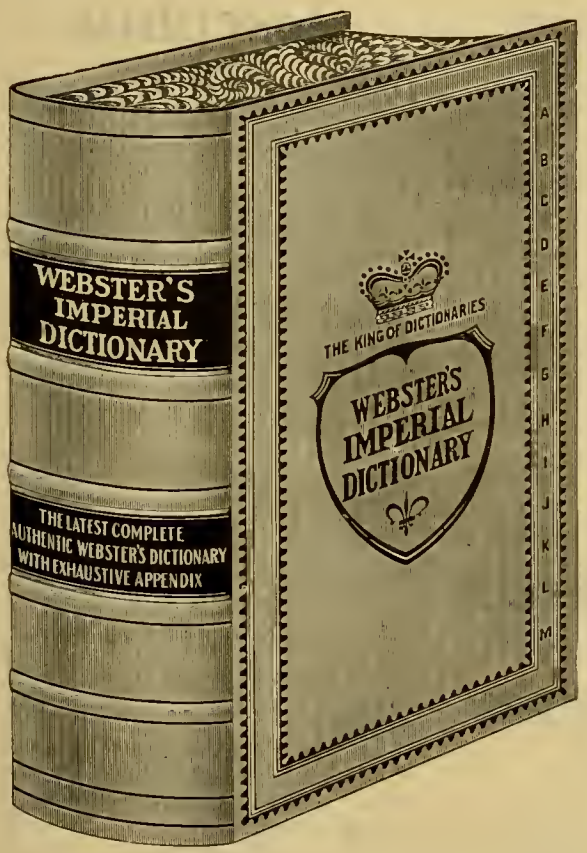
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Shall We Teach Fairy Stories?—O. H. Kimmel.

A Fruitful Lesson.—J. Kurtz Miller.

Concerning Talk and Talkers.—Richard Braunstein.

Our Day Schools.—J. M. Blough.

Lowly hut Crowned.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

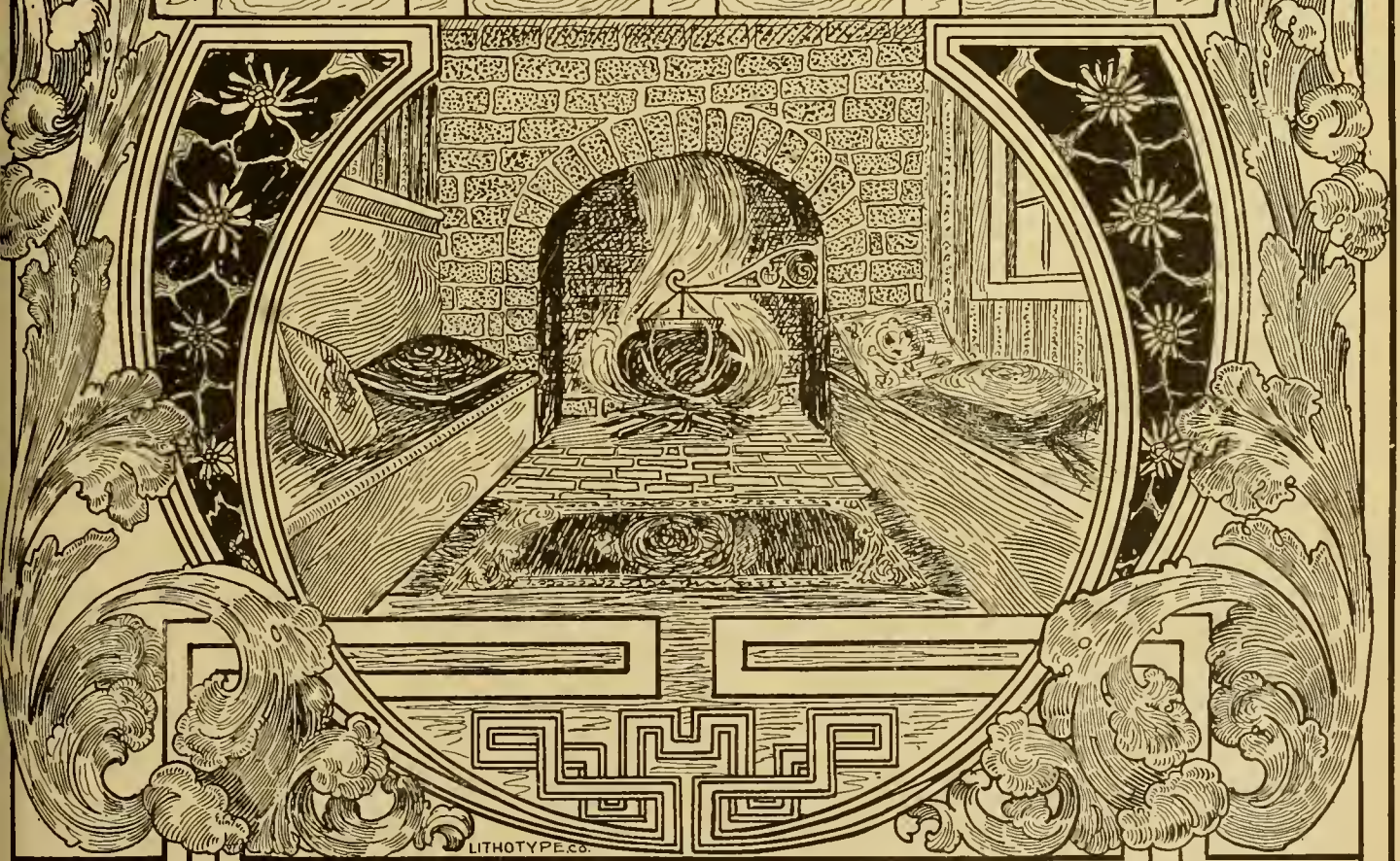
Sermonette.—Wm. K. Conner.

The Good Old Bible (poem).—Agnes Neff.

The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums.—Hattie Preston Rider.

Heavenly Visions.—Lula Goshorn.

Case-hardening and Chilling.—John H. Nowlan.



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Siskiyou is the most northerly county in the State. It measures 125 miles from east to west, and 65 miles from north to south. It contains 6,000 square miles (4,000,000 acres), one-half of which is timber land. The assessed valuation of the property in the county amounts to $12,000,000; the tax rate, $1.50 on the hundred dollars; population, 20,000, and there is room for 80,000 more.

Mt. Shasta, 14,444 feet high, in the eastern part of the county, is the dividing line between the Cascade Mountains on the north and the Sierra Nevadas on the south. The three largest valleys are Shasta, Scott, and Butte Creek; they contain about 1,000 square miles. The elevation ranges from 2,000 to 4,000 feet above sea-level.

There are 900 ranches in the county, many of which are nestled in the mountains, with fine large cattle ranges surrounding them. Many of the ranches are very large, five in the Butte Creek country containing 10,400 acres.

The principal crops raised are wheat, oats, barley, alfalfa, and all kinds of vegetables. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, cherries, English walnuts, and small fruits do well in many parts of the county. Along the Klamath and Salmon rivers they grow to their greatest perfection. Sugar-beets are successfully grown, and when a sugar-beet factory is established here the growing of beets will be an important industry. Hops grown in Scott Valley won a gold medal at the Portland Exposition.

The United States Reclamation Service is at present engaged in the work of draining the Klamath lakes, and marginal swamp-lands, part of which are in this county, and building canals to carry the water, which fills the lakes, to the desert lands of northeastern Siskiyou, a work which, when completed, will give us 300,000 additional acres of farming lands.

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We have six State banks, and an equal number of weekly newspapers. Our many health and summer resorts are visited by thousands of people annually. One of our springs ships 750,000 gallons of mineral water every twelve months.

The principal industry of the county is lumbering. Our sawmills cut 200,000,000 feet of white pine lumber a year, which is worth $3,000,000. There are nine box factories in the county, making one-half of the boxes used in the State.

Immense alfalfa crops are raised in the county (estimated at 75,000 tons), and the cattle and dairying interests are important. The former is valued at $500,000, the latter at $1,000,000.

We are proud of our school system; it is a credit to any county. There are ninety school districts and more than one hundred and twenty teachers employed, the average salary being $70. We have two high schools, the Union High School, in Etna, and the County High School, in Yreka. The latter stands accredited in twenty-four subjects at the State University and the former in almost the same number.

The towns are Yreka, the county seat, Etna, Greenview, Fort Jones, towns of Scott Valley; Hornbrook, Ager, Montague, Edgwood, Upton, Sisson, and Dunsmuir, towns along the railroad; McCloud, eighteen miles inland from Upton, on branch road; Brownell, Picard, and Ruby, towns in Butte Creek Valley. The mining towns are Sawyer's Bar, Snowden, and Cecilville, on the Salmon River; Gottville, Oak Bar, and Happy Camp, on the Klamath River; and Scott Bar, on Scott River.

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Most respectfully,
Mrs. Sarah Miller,
Waupecong, Ind.

Mrs. Sarah Yoder, of Cora, Oklahoma, cured of Cancer of right cheek.

John Slabah, of Conway, Kansas, cured of cancer of the upper lip.

Sherman Hollingsworth, of Russiaville, Ind., cured of cancer of the right cheek.

D. D. Boyd, of Armstrong Ave, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the neck.

Mrs. Henry Reiber, of Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Noah Troyer, Kokomo, Ind., cured of cancer of the back.

Cancer of the Breast Cured.

In behalf of the people who may be afflicted with cancer as I was, and are in need of a real cure by honest physicians, I will say that I had that dreaded disease for about five years. The last year of this time I suffered from a sharp gnawing pain extending from my left breast in all directions and a large lump was formed the size of a half dollar and an inch in thickness.

Words could not express the pain that extended down my arm, but thanks be to God after taking treatment from Drs. Rinehart & Co. for about four months the lump in my breast was entirely gone. The pains also left my breast and I feel so thankful to the Doctors, and the good Lord that I am entirely well. I assure the people and all concerned that this is my true and voluntary statement. I feel that I must tell to those afflicted with Cancer that Drs. Rinehart & Co. cured me without pain or even breaking the skin. This is a true statement of my case and am willing to help anyone to a cure,

Respectfully,
Mrs. Ida C. Dinius,
Dec. 26, 1905. 64 Main St., Huntingdon, Ind.

Michael Troyer, of Twinsburg, Ohio, cured of cancer of the cheek.

Mrs. Rev. Daniel Miller, Greentown, Ind., cured of cancer of the nose.

Mrs. A. R. Rife, of Amboy, Ind., cured of cancer of both sides of the cheek and nose.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JUNE 4, 1907. NO. 23.

Shall We Teach Fairy Stories?

O. H. Kimmel

IN order to know whether or not fairy stories should be taught to children, one must become familiar with the psychological development of the mind of the child. It is impossible to answer truthfully so great a question as this one by appealing to our personal desires and our individual feelings in the matter, but on the other hand, the psychological truths in connection with the stages of child development must be sought out.

There was never a time in the world's history when the science of teaching was so well advanced as it is to-day. The Anglo-Saxon and the Teuton have builded their free schools, and through psychological research and systematic study, have reared to its highest plane the science of disseminating knowledge systematically, through the minds of the growing generation throughout Christendom.

The time has come when, in the working out of educational ideas, method and right devices must be used. Method in education has within the past twenty years changed into a reformed system. It has adjusted itself to the needs and demands brought upon it by the general public. The time is here when the science of teaching may begin to be called a science, and the time is past when any one who is incapacitated for any other kind of work may teach in order to secure such remuneration as will insure the necessities of life.

The ones in contact must put themselves on a common level with the children. Their sympathies must be common with the sympathies of the children, and their general ideas must be fixed on reaching down to the child's mind, instead of pulling the mind of the child up to their intellectual level. We must think of a child as a child, sympathize with its being and its desires, harmonize ourselves with its literal self and environments, and learn to know its mind, and the needs of its mind. We must not attempt to gain mature thoughts from the mind of a child for that is as great an impossibility as picking ripe fruit from the budding peach tree. A child thinks, but not as we think. A child sees, but not as we see. A child hears, but not as we hear. And a child imagines—much more intensely and vividly than we—but yet in a different manner from the way we imagine.

Now before we take up the idea of the development of the child's mind from a psychological point of view, let us take a thing into consideration first, *i. e.*, the instinct of the child. We know from our associations with children whether these young folks have natural instincts towards working out things. This is an inborn disposition to certain activities. The cold, frosty north winds cause the bird to fly to the southward where warmer weather prevails. The duck strikes the water and begins to paddle. The bird builds its nest when "the green gets back in the trees," even the human being seeks his mate to take up domestic duties.

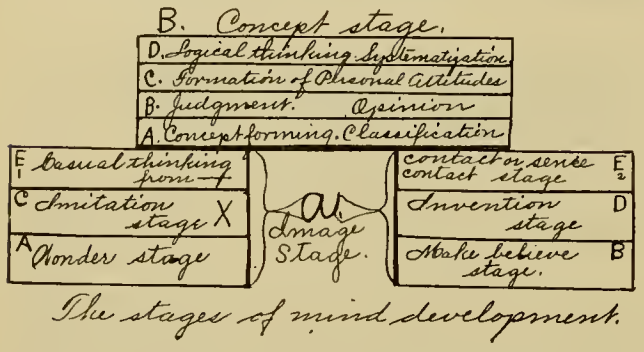
The child's instinct towards enjoyment through play, its impulses to fellowship, its desire for associates of its own age, and many such traits are purely instincts which must be taken into consideration as the mind of the child develops.

The mind develops along natural lines governed by natural laws. At different stages of mind development different materials should be given to the mind in order that it may grow and become normal and well balanced. To show just when these various things should be presented to the mind would make this article too long and then without knowing the child, it would be impossible to state the time. But we all know that, at different stages of development, the child apperceives different kinds of things.

Ideas can not exist in the mind until the external thing has been apperceived by the mind. To illustrate this, let me say that the child may gain much physical nutriment from a loaf of bread. But the loaf will have to be sliced and each slice broken into smaller parts before it may be masticated and swallowed; and the loaf as a whole, without any provision for its being cut into smaller particles, could be of no use whatever to the child. And just so it is with knowledge.

We know that anything presented to the mind must be something that the mind can grasp and can sever into the smaller parts in order that it may be assimilated. Now in order to know just what kind of literature or story work may best be adapted to the mind in its stages of development, we must study the order of the development of the mind.

In the following illustration an idea of the growth of the various faculties of the mind may be traced out in a simple manner. I do not attempt to say that this illustration shows all of the stages and changes and the various things leading up to each change, but it shows the essential ones. It shows the stages that must occur in some order or other in every growing mind. In foundation stone (A) of



The stages of mind development.

part (*a*) we show the first stage of development, the Wonder stage. In foundation stone B, is shown the second stage. And in foundation stone C, is the third stage. In this stage of development is seen an *x*, in the illustration because it is to this stage of development that we desire to attract your attention. It is here that the imagination has reached such a height that it seeks to imitate that with which it may appreciate in contact. The ideas of dramatization, games and imitation of social activities consume about all of the child's own time. While some may object to the names I have given these activities, they exist, no matter by what application they are known. The child is seeking to bring into its mind ideas of things of which it knows very little. It makes no great effort to do this and may make no effort at all to do it, but before it can gain the ideas it must have pre-associated impressions that have come through sensation. I wish at this point to attract your attention again to the instinct of the child. When in the course of the child's life the imaginative powers seem to be acting with great vividness, when it is beginning to awaken to the wonderful mysteries of the external world, when enshrouded in innocence of, and unacquaintance with, so much of the things external that the addition of each new bit of knowledge is like a fairy dream; when the natural desire to solve the mysteries of unknown things around the little person causes the imagination to rise in its development above all the other faculties of the mind, then is the time that the imaginative powers, which are to play a great part in the future world of culture, business and social intelligence of the child, must receive the necessary material for mind development. These natural trends of the mind that have just been enumerated are simply the marks of instinct. Many signs of this stage of development manifest themselves just as they do in all stages of intellectual development. It is at this stage of development that the boy converts the rabbit that he saw in the woods into a bear, or converts the broomstick into a dashing horse. It is at this stage that the dog, the cat, or even pieces of furniture are utilized as animals, as human beings to please the fancy of the child. It is at this stage that the little girl makes the mud pies that so shock the mamma, and it is here that the boy imagines the drain in the back yard to be a broad river over which he builds his great bridges. The imagination is, at this stage running high, and it demands just the things that harmonize with the life and environment of the child. The reasoning and judging faculties have not organized themselves into action.

It is at this stage of development that the fairy Santa Claus is most appreciated, and the stories of The Three Bears, The Four Musicians, Cinderella, Indian Legends, and many other such stories furnish delightful and wholesome food for the child. It is here that the story of Washington and the Cherry Tree, parts of Robinson Crusoe, Æsop's Fables, Hiawatha, etc., may be given to the child as wholesome and strengthening brain food.

These stories strengthen the mind at this time because they help to organize the mind, especially the imaginative faculty of the mind, that now so highly manifests itself; these stories creep into the child's mind because they appeal to its imagination and thereby give it basic ideas on which it may build new and larger ideas. They help to bring order from chaos which is the very essential thing in mind development. Not only do they do this, but they seem to keep in harmonious touch with the miniature world in which the child is living, through which the mind of the child is passing, until a time is reached, when, in the mind, we find cosmos instead of chaos. These stories give the children new ideas of life, teach them obligations and duties and relate their duties to those with whom they associate. They create an incentive to excel, on the part of the child, and they set up ideals of justice and good and righteousness that cannot be blotted out in future years. But above doing all this, they strengthen and guide the imagination into the right channel of growth, upon which the next foundation stones D and E may grow into place, to be developed in their turn in the same appropriate manner in order that the bridging faculties of division B may form into place and build up the mind in a

well rounded up condition from its earliest development to its mature formation.

It will be impossible in an article like this to treat all of the stages of mind development as fully as stage C has been treated. Suffice it to say that each stage has its appropriate literature or stories or science or philosophy as the instinct of the mind will show. But in this treatise it is necessary to see that the mind must be given food in harmony with its stages of development in order that the food be appreciated. As was stated, the mind is going through a highly imaginative state and this imagination must be permitted to have the material that will insure adequate growth. As the fairy stories harmonize with the life and intelligence of the child at this stage they fill a place that could not possibly be supplied by something substituted for them.

In our relations with children we must ever remember that their minds are immature. And we must know the mind in its immaturity. And in order to be proper agents in its development we must think of the child as being a child, sympathize with its being and desires, harmonize ourselves with its literal self and environment, and learn to know its mind and the needs of its mind, and to remember ever, that "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

A FRUITFUL LESSON.

J. KURTZ MILLER.

SEVERAL times I have been impressed to say a few things in the INGLENOOK, concerning the "Thaw trial," but on a second thought, regarded the whole affair unfit for our columns. However, it is possible to draw from it a fruitful lesson.

The three most prominent persons in the sad affair, with all of their millions, and with all of their so-called culture and refinement, must be classed as moral degenerates and unfit for the society of decent people. The result of the long, tedious trial is a proof that money, even in New York City, cannot always purchase immunity from the law. The majority of the jurors brought in the verdict, "guilty." The public sentiment is: "That a bad man shot and killed a very much worse man."

Parents should learn from this affair that there is a vast responsibility in bringing up children. People on every hand sympathize with Mother Thaw, but the truth must be confessed that she made a sad failure in bringing up her boy. What ruined the boy? Too little to do. Too little discipline. Too much money placed in the boy's hand to spend in a life of pleasure. This sapped all ambition from Harry K. Thaw at school. He refused to study. He quarreled with his teachers. He would leave college for a month or two at a time. It is said that his much money caused him to take flying trips to Europe during his school days, for the sole purpose of purchasing a foreign brand of cigarettes which were not sold in America. Is it any wonder that when he grew to manhood he lacked the true ambition of a man? Is it not downright sin against "youth" to give a boy all the money he craves, and allow him to spend it as his corrupt nature dictates? The sad results in young Thaw's life, say: "It is a SIN!"

If you are poor, thank God. Look about you and count the men of success and honor. Where did they come from? Have not many of them come from homes of poverty? From the lowly walks of life? How did they climb to success and honor? By making good use of the "golden opportunities" of youth. Some one has said: "If you don't become a self-made man, you will never be made." Some of the world's most successful men began life in shirt sleeves, and in patched clothes. Whether in school or out of school, be sure of this one thing, that you develop your manhood. Be a man! It is painfully true that many of our college graduates are poorly educated along the line of true manhood. Put out of your life now the thing that is not practical. Apply your powers along practical lines. True, honest labor is a university that is doing more for our boys and girls than Oxford or Yale.

But don't misunderstand me; I have no quarrel with our colleges. We must have them. My message is this: Develop your manhood! See to it, in the days of your youth, that you lay a good foundation. Give your heart to God. Let Jesus Christ be your Teacher of teachers. Herein lies your hope and possibilities of a life that no one needs to be ashamed of.

As to the miserable failure of manhood (Stanford White), which another moral cripple (Harry K. Thaw) killed, society at large has no word of regret. The world is far better off without such moral lepers. But all this does not, and cannot atone for the "sin which is the fruit," of young Thaw's idle and aimless life.

With all the ugliness of the Thaw trial, we can learn this lesson. It is unsafe to bring up children in luxury, without the discipline of honest work, and the denial of self. There is one safe way to develop true manhood. Deny self! Work hard!! Pray much!!! If you have money to spend, spend it not to gratify self, but spend it in a worthy cause, and you shall have God's blessing crown thy days.

5901-3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE need never be alarmed at the perilous situation of truth. Of all things in this world that is the one thing which is best capable of taking care of itself. —*E. D. Rand.*

Our Day Schools

J. M. Blough

IN the India Orphanage we have two schools, one for the boys and one for the girls; this is the rule in this country—separate schools for boys and girls. This is also the custom in England you know. Here it is very good that there are separate schools for the girls because they are so shy and bashful that it would make it very hard for them to sit in



classes with the boys. You know it is only now that girls are becoming educated at all. Their parents and brothers say they cannot learn and it is not worth while and so they are discouraged. And then again they are married when very young and their attention is drawn on other things so that there is no time left for school and so they grow up in ignorance and never learn to read and write.

But gradually schools for girls are being established and some are getting to school, especially Christian and Parsee girls for both believe in education and do not marry so young. We give every girl a chance to go to school and even compel them to go (for some do not want to) that all may at least learn to read the Bible for themselves and write their own letters. But some of the older ones cannot write, so they must always get some one to write their love-letters for them. How would you like that? No secrets in this country you know. And after that the Sahib reads them yet besides.

There is also another strange custom here and that is that one teacher can teach only one class and so we must supply a teacher for each class. In the girls' school we thus have five teachers and in the boys' school there are four and the Headmaster teaches two classes by exception. School hours are just as long as with you and the teacher spends all day teaching his one class. The children ought to make progress, not? And what is more, school lasts all the year—twelve months. In some schools there is a month's vacation in the hottest weather. Last year we had school eleven months but this year we will have all year. This is true, too, that whether there is school or not, we still must pay our teachers for the whole year. Then why not let him work all the time?

And wages? I do not suppose that any of you would teach for us for we pay very small wages. The highest gets only a little over $8 a month and he is a trained teacher and so gets high wages while others get $6, $5, $4 and down to two dollars a month. The five teachers together in the girls' school get only $17, less than any of you would want even for your first month.

The children study the same branches that you do in America but of course there is a difference in their geography and history for they study especially about India. This makes it a little hard for me to teach in the school. Yesterday their Principal was absent and so I went out in the forenoon to take his place but it is hard to do for the books are arranged differently and the methods are so different too. Let me tell you a little about their numbers and arithmetic. They depend very much on their memory and so have long



multiplication tables. I studied them to 12x12 and later to 15x15 but here they study them to 20x10 in the first reader and to 40x10 in the second reader and later to 20x20 and the squares to 40x40 and even to 100x100. But see what they do that you do not do,

at least I do not suppose that you do. They study the multiplication of fractions such as 1¼x1 up to 1¼x100; then 1¼ up to 1½x100; then by 2½, 3½; then also by ¼, ½ and ¾. This makes a lot of committing and I do not believe in it but it is their way. And you ought to hear them study.



Out loud, you know, and all at the same time. They go over and over and over these tables till the mind holds them as it were involuntary. In the lower classes they sing their tables and so keep up the interest. They sing their poetry too.

There are four classes in the large school-room of the girls and that they may not disturb each other too much we put curtains between the classes, yet one can hear the four teachers teach at the same time. In the boys' large room there are three classes but we did not put curtains in it because we use the room for Sunday school and church on Sunday, so these three teachers are in each other's sight continually. We wish it were not so but we can do no better now.

I am sending one picture which shows the teacher before his class. These children are sitting but ours and many others sit right on the floor all day but the teacher sits on a chair. Then I send two other pictures to show two things: 1st. The kind of pictures they have in their readers for these are taken right out of their books. 2nd. What pictures they have of America; one shows an Eskimo family with the heading "America," and the other shows the American Indian.

In the picture of the class you will see the boys wear their caps in school; this is very common. In high schools and some others they have benches with backs but generally not in others. In our school every one is bare-footed and no one is ashamed for the teacher frequently is too. Thus they sit and learn and if one makes too many mistakes in his lesson the teacher punishes and in what way? Generally strikes them on the palm of the hand—this is the ordinary daily punishment.

Bulsar, India.

Concerning Talk and Talkers

Richard Braunstein

DID you ever try to classify bad talkers? Perhaps Solomon had a great many kinds of them in his eye, when he collected the Proverbs. We all know the man who habitually talks too much, the man who talks at random, not caring what he says and knowing nothing of his ubject beyond barren, common-place and baseless conjecture, the man who talks only of what was last running in his head, the man who talks for the pleasure of hearing himself appear to think, or of absorbing the attention of others and of drawing it to himself merely for his own idle diversion, the man who talks loudly and so long as to bring upon you symptoms of incipient blindness, the man who talks while he is reading, to the confusion of all others present who vainly are trying to read also at the same time, the man who always chooses to talk of disagreeable things, or of matters not to be spoken of except in very private circles, the man who persistently supplies dates, names and facts himself, when you are striving to refer to delicate matters in a covert and suggestive way so as to avoid offending some unexpected bystander, the man who usually speaks inopportunely or at the wrong place and time, the man who puts you a pointed question requiring an elaborate answer at table—just as you are taking hot pudding, or a bit of bony fish—or aggressively demands your attention to his speech while you are striving to secure some choice morsel, before your plate is snatched away by the officious, deaf waiter, the man who is ever ready to tell a story he unconsciously makes composite of half a dozen, which he has in part forgotten, and loses both thread and point of each at the same time. And so on. There is no limit to the category. However, of course, we all know well enough, how to talk, ourselves, hence, most of us are more willing to talk than to listen.

There is much stimulus to the brain, with many good thinkers, in vigorous talk. Some men cannot think at all, when idle and alone. Unless they have a book, a picture, a prospect, a companion, or the like, the mind lapses into mere reverie, or revolves upon an axis without any headway. It has no orbital motion. Ideas may come and go; but they do not cohere; and memory fails to record the process of thought—if such rán-

dom saltation be called thinking. Before a conclusion can be reached the premises are lost. The mental faculties wander in a maze and nothing comes of it. Even talking to one's self—for such men—is better than not talking at all. Writing is the best ally in such cases; for the page is a patient listener and no one is hurt—at least not until the printer is called in. Many men of scholarly habits will acknowledge they cannot think consecutively without a pen in hand. Zola lately confessed that is his predicament; and I have known many capable men who were like him in this respect. Few writers can reason so conclusively, or compose with such verbal accuracy, as to complete even a paragraph, or a verse, before they take up the pen to record it. Perhaps, for these reasons, so often intellectual men fall into the habit of talking aloud to themselves when alone. For certainly, although most of us think in words, some speech or writing is quite commonly (with a few brilliant exceptions) necessary to a precise formulation of unusual thoughts. The man who had so many good reasons for this peculiarity of conversing with himself is familiar to all; but it should not be lost sight of that his best reason was because he liked to talk to a man of sense, who could understand what was said to him, and would not interrupt a speaker in the midst of a train of thinking.

Bulwer says somewhere, the art of conversation consists in building upon your neighbor's remark—and perhaps he might have added, in making him believe he is the author of your own idea, however original it may be with yourself. Really good conversation is in fact that in which each has a right, as Lamb says, to "cry halves," for any new thought that springs up. That is real intellectual sympathy and marriage of souls.

However, it will sometimes happen, when a man of fertile mind has a really interested, and perhaps deferential listener, that the suggestions of his own mind are so numerous, discursive, unexpected, unique, yet far-reaching, that he will continue to push one thought after another in such quick succession, and with such prolific illustration of example, analogy and metaphor, that the monologue grows indefinitely while the novelty, as well as appositeness of what is said, makes one forgetful there is but a single speaker.

Yet this is a dangerous facility. Coleridge might exercise it until he grew eloquent, abstruse and ethereal; or Macaulay until the storehouse of his memory threatened to crush one. With common mortals, however, it is easy to see how the speaker will soon become a prince of bores, if he follow such a method and, so grossly forgetting himself, forget his neighbor entirely. Doctor Johnson said four things were necessary to good conversation, first "knowledge," second, "command of words," third, "imagination"—"to place things in such views as they are not commonly seen in"—and fourth "presence of mind and a resolution that is not to be overcome by failures: this last is an essential requisite." But it is plain enough that with all these, if a man lack deference to other people and some other of the graces and minor morals that make intellectual intercourse delightful, he may become nevertheless intolerably tedious.

I believe it is proverbial that great authors—and perhaps also great actors in worldly affairs—are often dismal failures as talkers. It has been sneeringly said they are sometimes too stingy of their good things to let them escape in common talk;—so they may hoard them for their publishers. Probably this is a malicious slander; yet the fact of their common lack of play and spontaneousness and lightness of touch is seldom disputed.

Disraeli does not scruple to say it is the rule:—Corneille was insipid and ungrammatical, Descartes was silent, Addison meditated among strangers, Virgil was said to be heavy, La Bruyere was coarse and stupid, La Fontaine a wit and a fool in conversation, and Goldsmith the same; while even Chaucer was told by the Countess of Pembroke his silence was more agreeable than his conversation. Dryden says of himself: "My conversation is slow and dull, my humor saturnine and reserved. In short I am none of those who endeavor to break jests in company or make repartees." All will remember too, that Othello, lamenting the supposed loss of the love of Desdemona, describes himself as one of the men who—"have not those soft parts of conversation that chamberers have." Any one's memory will easily supply numerous instances of a like deficiency among our great generals.

While there is no end of the kind of talkers who are bores, the most dreary, wearisome and intolerable is the one who never tires while speaking of himself. Besides being universally accounted "bad form" such a habit touches a matter usually least interesting to others, for its subject, and most likely not very sincerely treated by the speaker. For indeed the open secret of a good talker's success lies always in a forgetfulness of self, and a desire to induce others to talk; together with a willingness patiently to hear them when they do it.

It is too common to forget others have something to say, and also not seldom a strong desire to say it. And if you will allow them to speak, you often will find they have something to tell worth more to you than the admiration you fancy they have for whatever you may utter yourself. And so after all that may be suggested or dilated, we come back to the good old adage, that if one would be esteemed a good and welcome talker, he had better begin, at the least, by being a good listener.

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter VI.—A Page from the Life of Mrs. Chester.

IT was a year before the opening of our story. In the nursery of a cosy home a sorrowful man and woman knelt. The dim light of one solitary lamp but half revealed the faces of the occupants and made fantastic shadows dart and leap upon the wall. The hour was midnight, the home was Shady Brook, the man and woman were Mr. and Mrs. Chester.

Without that chamber deathly stillness reigned. All was as still within, save for the plaintive wails which anon issued from a cradle in the center of the room. At each sound of that little voice the woman started, then gazing imploringly upward, she clasped her hands again and suffered her head to fall, in mute despair beside the childish face, which seemed, in ethereal whiteness, as though it were a lily which had had its birth in heaven whither it was about to be transplanted to bloom an everlasting flower.

Clifford, the pet and darling of that home, was dying. Plainer and more forcibly was this truth revealed to the parents' hearts; and each stifled breath of the patient sufferer made the revelation clearer.

Oh, Death, thou pale, mysterious guest! What is the secret of thy stiffened lips, thine icy brow, thy quiet breast, from which the spark immortal hath forever fled? And must the unwelcome presence of thy spectral visage which has darkened so many happy homes already, throw its awful and mysterious shadow o'er this peaceful household also?

Even so! The struggling breath, the glazing eye, the death-damp brow unite in answering, "Even so."

With a wild gesture the mother rose from her kneeling posture by the cradle-side and smote the air as though to ward an unseen intruder off. Her tongue clove to her mouth, her temples throbbed, her eyes were burning with a frenzied fire which glowed and made her look unearthly in the dark midnight gloom.

She fell upon her knees again. The next moment seemed eternal, yet at an end too soon. In that brief period she gazes through the sunny vista of a few glad years, and the wild light in her eye grows more mellow and subdued while she revels in the retrospect. Every joy of life from the day her Clifford opened his eyes to the light of this world, rises in each enchanting detail, and before this golden vision of motherhood the woman's eyes grow very soft and glad. She remembers how beautiful and fair he had always been, how prettily and sweetly he had stammered his first baby-word, with what pertness he had learned to peep at her from between his dimpled fingers and then crow when she pretended to have suddenly discovered her hiding boy. She remembers how, as he grew older, he had wandered hand in hand with her to the forest's skirt to gather moss and wild-wood sprays, listening to some pretty story which she told, and looking wise or merry, as the story prompted him. Was the story sad, she remembers that, little fellow as he was, great tears would drown his eyes, and sobs convulse his tiny breast. And now her own eyes grow very soft as she remembers how early the sorrows of others grieved his little heart; and how, on learning this, she always strove to paint to him the joyous things of life.

She remembers he loved to look upon the stars, the birds, the flowers,—how fond he was of all things beautiful; how he was wont to sit and watch the babbling stream which gurgled amongst the grass close by his own dear home; and now the woman almost smiles as she remembers that it was because of his love for this flower-fringed stream that their home had won the name of Shady Brook.

Ah, let the woman smile on and gaze, for the brief moment which unlocked to her the golden door of that sunny vista will soon have sped, God help her!

She remembers how, as he grew older still, he was wont to perplex his childish brain with the mysteries of death and the life beyond,—how he would often question her concerning things of heaven, and wonder if all the angels' wings were white and whether there were flowers there as beautiful as those that fringed the babbling stream at Shady Brook. She remembers, he always smiled when she assured him that there were no ragged children in heaven, neither hunger nor tears, but that each little lamb was forever sheltered in the tender bosom of the Good Shepherd. And now her eyes are dim with tears again as she remembers how, at such times, he would clasp his dimpled hands and cry: "Oh mama! I want to be an angel, too!" then how he asked if angels were allowed to come to earth sometimes; "for, mama," he would say, "I could not bear to be from you and papa all the time."

She remembers, too, as time wore on, how strangers paused anon to watch him sitting by the gurgling stream, or rambling to the forest's skirt, or searching out the pretttiest flowers to gratify his taste for lovely things. And now she recollects how whispers passed from lip to lip, that Clifford was not like other children,—too wise, the rumors said, to mingle long with earthly forms. Days passed. His thoughts grew more profound, his sayings more and more of heavenly things, his face more spiritual and fair. Anon he dreamed of white shadows, which fluttered over him, he said like many wings. Distinctly the woman remembers this, and looks unearthly sad; when lo! a stifled wail awakes her from her revery.

All of this time Mr. Chester had been composedly kneeling by the opposite side of the little bed. All through the weary vigil of that wretched night he had borne up with remarkable calmness. But there was something in that stifled cry which plainly told him that the time for the dividing asunder of soul and body was near at hand. He looked toward his wife.

She was not dreaming now. At least the palsied tongue had found utterance, and lifting her ashen face, as though her burning eyes would pierce the very heavens through, she cried:

"Almighty Father! thou art kind and good. Then wilt thou take from us this child when thou hast many such and we have only him?"

Her face was deathly white. Mr. Chester clasped the swaying form within his arms and said:

"Katherine, be calm, my love. Let us trust in the mercy of him who has been our help in every time of need, and trusting, suffer the sinless soul of him we love, to go in peace."

What was there in that voice that caused the eyes to soften and the lips to cease their bitter wail?

Ah! there are times when the peace of God can reach our hearts alone through the tender words of those we love. Mrs. Chester looked into her husband's face and said:

"You speak well, dear. God is too wise to err; too kind to chasten save to shape our souls more grand and holy by the scourges of the rod. His will be done, albeit 'tis hard to say the word."

Then by that little form that was fast ebbing its life away, they reverently knelt and in a few broken words, —yet words they were which were embellished with faith, and which the Recording Angel doubtless wrote in the Book of Life,—committed their beloved child to God and asked him to sustain them with a baptism of his grace for the sad ordeal yet before them.

This done they each pressed a farewell kiss upon the little face. Tenderly, solemnly and sadly did they perform this last tribute of love. The mother bent her ear to catch a whisper which was fluttering upon the almost transparent lips:

"Put them away—away, mama!" and he tried to raise his hand which still clasped a few precious toys.

The mother pressed them to her throbbing heart, then reverently laid them on a window sill.

"Not there, mama," still faltered the little voice. "Away, in their own place. Now 'tiss Clifford again, mama," continued the dying child as the mother deposited them upon a little mantel at the further end of the room.

Ah blessed child! that we who are older might put all earthly toys away and set our house in order also, that we be ready when the summons comes!



Dandelions

Richard Braunstein

Waifs by the wayside! Bits of blossomed gold,
Fringing with flame the hot road's weedy hems,
They are but symbols, set on slender stems,
Of hope's own angels cast in earthly mold!
For oftentimes when clouds hang thick and gray
They seem but stamened sun-gleams gone astray
To cheer lone pilgrims, faint and sorrow-souled
And cheer them, strengthened on the toilsome way.

Mrs. Chester wished to have Clifford placed within her arms, she told her husband. Placing him upon the loving breast, where he had lain so oft before, he whispered: "Be strong, Katherine. It will be over soon. Trust in God, and he will not forsake you."

One last kiss, one last embrace, and the golden curls were pushed from the marble brow forever, and the blue eyes closed to open upon this earth no more!

* * * * * * *

From greatest sorrows, the greatest blessings sometimes spring. It was a sorrow, deep and pitiful which moved the heart of Mrs. Chester to reach out after the stray lambs of the heavenly fold. And the sweet, sad memory of that night when Clifford passed from her arms into the more tender embrace of the Good Shepherd, hastened her speed and inspired her with strength as she went forth to conquer, now pausing to ask God's help beneath the picture of the foaming goblet.

(To be Continued.)

HOUSEKEEPING IN THE MINT.

It has been said that no miser guards his treasure more religiously than Uncle Sam watches the precious metal that passes through the mints. Moreover, precautions against waste are almost innumerable. Every evening in each of the mints of this country the floors of the melting rooms are swept cleaner than a good housewife's kitchen. The dust is put carefully aside, and about once in two months the soot scraped from every flue is transferred to the same precious dust heap. This is then burned, and from its ashes the Government derives no inconsiderable income. The earthenware crucibles used in melting are employed no more than three times. Then they are crushed beneath heavy rollers, and in their porous sides are found flakes of the precious metal.

In the melting room, when the casters raise their ladles from the melting pots, a shower of sparks fly from the molten surface of the metal. For the most part they are bits of incandescent carbon, but clinging to the carbon is often a minute particle of metal. Lest such particles should escape, the ashes and clinkers below the furnaces are gathered up at night. This debris is ground into powder by means of a steam crusher, and then is sold to a smelter, like ordinary ore, at a price warranted by the assayer.

The ladles that stir the precious metal, the big iron rods, the strainers, and the dippers, all are tested in a most curious fashion. After considerable use, they become covered with a thin layer of oxidized silver, closely resembling a brown rust. The implements are then laid in baths of a solution of sulphuric acid, which eats away the iron and steel and leaves the silver untouched.

Gradually the ladle, or whatever the implement is, will disappear, and in its place remains a hollow silver counterpart of the original, delicate as spun glass. These fragile casts reproduce the ladle with perfect accuracy in all its details, although their surfaces are perforated with innumerable little holes. Scarcely have they been molded, however before they are cast into a crucible, to become in time dollars, quarters, and dimes.

In one corner of the melting room there is a large tank, into which newly cast silver bars are dropped and left to cool. Infinitesimal flakes of silver scale off and rise to the surface of the water, which acquires the metallic luster of a stagnant pool. Here is silver that must not be lost; so beneath the pipe through which the tank is emptied is banked a thick layer of mud. As the water falls through it, the mud retains the precious residuum. Four times a year this mud is removed, and each experiment discloses the fact that some fifty dollars has been saved. —*Selected.*

AN ODD BIRD.

The kiwi of New Zealand has some remarkable peculiarities. When the first skin of a kiwi was shown some English naturalists, about seventy years ago, they were greatly perplexed as to its relationship. The kiwi is a native of New Zealand; and while once very common there, is now becoming extinct. Its remarkable peculiarities are—first, the apparent absence of wings, as the plumage so covers the small, rudimentary, sticklike appendage of a wing that none whatever is apparent. The situation of the nostrils, at the bill's extremity, is a second peculiar feature. While hunting for earth worms it probes the soft ground, making a continual sniffing sound. Thus the scent is evidently of great help in finding food, and the reason for the position of the nostrils quite apparent.

A third peculiarity is the very disproportionate size of the egg in comparison to the bird, it being a little less than one-fourth of the bird's own weight. One kiwi's egg found weighed fourteen and one-half ounces, while the bird weighed just under four pounds (sixty-four ounces), and was about the size of an ordinary hen.

The plumage of the kiwi is a dull brown streaked with light gray, and the body resembles a miniature haystack, rather badly hacked off at the rear part, as nature has not provided the kiwi with such decoration as a tail. The absence of wings is compensated for by their swiftness of foot, and the large, clumsy-looking legs, which are sometimes used as weapons, are placed far back on the oddly shaped body.—*St. Nicholas.*

"A clear conscience is the best opiate for sleeplessness."



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

WM. K. CONNER.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."

CAN God see? Is he an inspector? Does he examine? "Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?" Is your temple swept, clean, and garnished? The work of some housekeepers won't bear inspection. "The works of him that sent me" are all right. Do you feel easy as the piercing eye of God looks into every nook and corner of your life? As he looks will he see signs that will satisfy, and stay the hand of the destroyer? Yes, we are ever in his sight. "The eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth." They "are upon the ways of man, and he seeth all his goings." "All things are naked and open unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do." Verily, God can see.

God asks us to do some very simple things. Yet nothing is simple to God. An Israelite might have said, "What good can that blood do on the doorposts? God can see within. He knows." Joshua might have said when instructed how to take Jericho, "That looks too simple. They'll laugh us to scorn. I think we will try something more in keeping with our dignity." Naaman said, "I thought," and went away in a rage. To eat a bit of bread and drink a sip of wine looks very simple, but, "Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, ye have no life in you." To wash one another's feet looks still more simple, but, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." God uses simple and apparently foolish things to test our greatness. He who refuses to do the simple biddings of God is thereby proclaiming himself wiser than God. Though God knows our hearts yet it is necessary to have the token of faith and obedience displayed, and when the destroying angel sees it he will pass over us.

But look at this midnight scene. Death on every hand. "There was not a house where there was not one dead." Nor a herd. Such weeping and wailing; such excitement; such confusion; such fear; such punishment; such agony; such a flood of unbearable sorrow as deluged that fair land of Egypt has no parallel in the history of the human race. God is severe if necessary. But no severer than we make him be. But there is brightness and joy in this picture of darkness and despair. Look at those blood-marked houses. Supremest joy reigns supreme. How lovingly and graciously God cares for and protects his own. Dr. Cuyler says that once traveling through a coal mine district he noticed how dingy the town appeared. Coal dust was on everything, buildings, trees, and grass. But as he and the foreman were walking near the mine he saw a beautiful white flower, clean and pure as it could be. He said to the foreman, "What care the owner must take of this little plant to keep it so free from dust and dirt!" "See here," said the foreman, and taking a handful of coal dust he threw it over the plant, but it immediately fell off, leaving the plant as stainless as before. "It has an enamel," he explained, "which prevents the dust from clinging to it. I think it must be created for just such a place." So the Israelites were safe in the midst of their enemies for through their obedience God had put upon them the white enamel of his love and protecting care, which made them safe in a dangerous place.

We are made to shudder at this scene of death, thinking perhaps it is the saddest of all scenes. But stop, look about you. How many houses where there is not only one dead, but where there are two, three, or even whole families dead; buried under a great pile of sin. Just count and see how many dead there are about you. Are you astonished? Is there any excitement, or confusion, or distress, or agony, or even much concern? Isn't it a state more heartbreaking than that in Egypt? Yet but feeble, if any efforts are made to have them come in contact with the blood of Christ; to have the doorposts of their hearts sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb. They are dead for eternity. Shut out of heaven. Doomed for hell. Are we harder than Pharaoh? He wanted to hold the Israelites in slavery and misery. We are not rescuing those about us from eternal damnation. Not until God sees the blood are we and our neighbors safe.

1110 26th St., Newport News, Va.

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YOU may take it from me that sobriety is a personal matter, and that to be sober as to alcohol, unsober as to conduct, opinions, language, does not constitute temperance. True temperance is true balance. —*Fry's Magazine.*

THE GOOD OLD BIBLE.

AGNES NEFF.

Little children read the Bible
In the golden hours of youth;
Ere you taste the bitter wormwood
Of deception and untruth.
Ever heed its blessed counsel,
It will ever lead you right;
It will fit you for the battles
That you, and you alone, must fight.

Read it in the strength of manhood
'Mid the pleasures, and the strife;
It will comfort, it will guide you,
In the darkest hours of life.
When the storms of sorrow meet you
And their waves upon you roll,
There is nothing else to cling to
That can satisfy the soul.

Aged parents, read the Bible
In the eventide of life,
For you need its consolation
And its promises so bright.
Long, long years you've trod life's pathway
'Mid the changes dark or gay,
And the Master soon will call you,
Oh, be ready, watch and pray.

Angels guard the good old Bible
Sacred message from on high,
It will teach us how to live;
It will teach us how to die.
Precious words that there are written,
They that guide the soul to light,
Give it peace and joy and gladness,
And at last eternal life.

READING STEEPED IN PRAYER.

THE reading of the Bible is as necessary as the feeding of an engine with coal, or the imparting of strength to an invalid by food. And this reading must be steeped in the spirit of prayer. You must never let your work for Christ so engross you as to rob you of those quiet hours when he needs you to be alone with him, that he may declare to you his Father's name, and reveal himself, and charge you with the spiritual forces stored up in him. It will be well for you to keep yourself free from attractive avenues of service, to be fresh for these still hours. They are more dear to him, and more needful to you than all your service. "In earing-time and harvest thou shalt rest." One hour spent in work after prolonged fellowship with Christ, will pay better than twelve hours spent in unbroken toil. Christ cares less for the amount of work done than for its quality. He is more anxious about the worker than the work. Help me to remember this, thou Lord of the harvest, and often may I leave even the whitening fields that in thee I may find rest and strength. And if I seem to tarry, I pray thee send some loving reminder to call me to thy side, as thou didst to Mary by the hand of her sister Martha.—*F. B. Meyer.*

FACE YOUR TROUBLES.

"I HAD plowed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day when I began to plow for corn, I thought that by and by I might break the cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all; and it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. It was standing on its edge and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our trouble squarely in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing round that rock for five years, praying all the while, O Lord, remove that rock, when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone! We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not dare to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.—*Christian Budget.*

THE WAY OF ESCAPE.

WE shall all be tempted, but the effects of the temptation depend upon ourselves. Fling into the same flame a lump of clay and a piece of gold—the clay will be hardened, the gold will melt; the heart of Pharaoh hardened into perfidious insolence, the soul of David melted into pathetic song. Bear temptation faithfully, and it will leave you not unscathed, but nobler. With each temptation God will also provide, not—as the English version has it—a way, but the way of escape; the one separate escape for each separate temptation. Because God loves us, because Christ died, because having risen again he shed forth the Spirit in our hearts. Therefore, under the fiercest assaults of Satan the soul may be always safe. It may be like a beleaguered city, the powers of evil may marshal all their devilish enginery, and make the air hiss from their fiery darts, but every sortie of the besieged shall inevitably be successful; never shall there be capitulation, and by true resistance the assaults of the tempter shall at last be driven back in irretrievable, disgraceful rout.

Our enemy is a vanquished foe. With the sword of the Spirit the Captain of our salvation has put him to inglorious flight. And the same weapon is at our command; and taking to ourselves the whole armor of God, we shall be able to stand against all the wiles of the devil, and having done all, to stand.—*Unknown.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

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A PANACEA FOR TROUBLE.

Who is not in some degree acquainted with trouble? Who has not felt the restless, discomforting, harassing burden of adversity, of misery, of sorrow? Even the little child has been driven to heart-rending sobs by this monster whose name is legion, while the strong man has bowed himself in the agony of its embrace. While the difference between our individual troubles may be greater than the human mind can calculate, yet there is a thread of similarity running through all that forms the basis of the cord of sympathy that binds us together as one great family of trouble-burdened beings.

Without stopping long to analyze the different degrees of this universal affliction, let us pass to the more pleasant consideration of a remedy for it,—an earthly remedy, and one within the reach of all. "There are some troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master." Here we have outlined the method by which one may place himself entirely at the mercy of the monster and on the other hand we have a remedy prescribed,—that which cheats the monster of its victim.

It may seem strange to some, and they may even doubt the efficacy of the remedy, wondering why all these ages most people have gone on bearing the burden of trouble when they might so easily get rid of it. A very easy explanation is that like many remedies for great ills, it has been passed by because it is exceeding simple and most easily obtained. Then, too, there are people who do not look for relief in this world. They hold it as a sort of religious duty to hug their troubles as closely as possible, believing that they are dispensations of Providence. It is true that much of our trouble comes as a means of discipline and chastening, but how can it possibly bring about such beneficial results if the individual is sapped of his strength and therefore of no earthly account to himself or to his fellow-man? The uplifting influence will work all the more effectively in the one who gives his strength to wholesome work and is able only now and then to look in upon his sorrow. Faith will be strengthened, hope will brighten, and courage, born of the conviction that we hold the reins over our own spirits, will enable us to keep our feet "when sorrows like sea-billows roll."

Work, yes, work, all-absorbing, all-engrossing, is one of the best things to take us out of ourselves and therefore away from our trouble. Work encourages a healthy interest in the people about us and in the things that make large demands upon one's time and thought. It makes us feel that we are worth accounting if only for its sake. Under its influence our sorrows either pale into insignificance, or are sanctified as blessings.

THE INDIAN MAKING GOOD.

Ever since we listened with bated breath to our first story of the Red Man our sympathies for him have been keenly active. In our schooldays we stoutly championed his course, and later we gave sage advice as to how he should be civilized. But in most cases our sympathy was of the sort that spent itself in sentimental impracticabilities, and when in recent years we heard that with all of the government's care and support the Indian failed utterly to yield to the uplifting influences of civilization, we transferred our sympathy to other seemingly more important subjects.

But it begins to appear that this adverse report was not wholly true, and that what little truth it did contain was due to the fact that the course generally followed with the Indian up to that time was such as would have started any race of people well on the road to degeneracy. Now after much costly experimenting methods are being applied that are slowly but surely proving the Indian's ability and determination to make good. An article in the June *Everybody's* strengthens this very hopeful view of our red-skinned brother. What follows is taken from this article:

"A new series of Indian portraits is needed. The 'noble red man' of Fenimore Cooper and of Catlin, the fierce figure in war-paint and feathers, lost his romantic interest when he was confined to a reservation and fed on rations. He became of no more interest than any other stall-fed creature. Admiration of the untamed savage gave way to contempt for the dirty beggar in the streets and under the car windows.

This period did not have its picture-makers, yet the public got a vivid impression of it, nevertheless.

"Now the stall-fed reservation dweller has been supplanted in turn by the new man, Indian only in blood and traditions, who is stepping up to take his place in the life of the West. The pictures that are to represent the new Indians will include a short-haired, dark-faced man dressed in black slouch hat, dingy white cotton shirt, blue overalls, and hobnailed shoes. He may be a Kiowa farmer who gathered six hundred bushels of corn from twenty acres of cultivated land last year, or one of the 391 Pine Ridge Indians who put up 6,700 tons of hay to carry their stock through winter, or Bert Fredericks, the Hopi night foreman on the tunnel at the Zuni dam in Arizona.

"The pictures will also depict the Indian woman as mistress of a prairie cabin, feeding the chickens or carrying food to the calves or pigs. They will include a group of children, dressed very like white children, trotting off to day school at eight o'clock with their noon lunches in packages under their arms. A big canvas to hang beside the old painting of the war-dance will show two thousand Sioux attending a convocation of the Episcopal church at White Swan, South Dakota, and listening to addresses from Bishop Hare, or from their own clergyman, Amos Ross, a full-blood.

"The point is that the modern Indian must be thought of as an individual, not merely as a unit in certain tribal groups. For of the eighty-one tribes of 'reservation' Indians now in charge of agents and superintendents, comprising 190,000 individuals, sixteen tribes, with some 53,000 members are self-supporting, in the sense that they are provided by the government with neither work nor rations. Except for two Sioux groups, and the aged, sick and infirm, only a few hundred adult reservation dwellers receive rations regularly. Even taking into account the children in government schools, nine out of ten Indians of all ages have been weaned from this pauperizing source of supply. In certain of the tribes eighty per cent are judged to be capable of using their individual shares of the tribal funds held in trust by the United States. All of the members of six tribes are occupying their allotments, and from sixty to ninety per cent of six other tribes are doing so. At fifty of the eighty-one agencies complete registers of the family and marriage relationships existing among the Indians have been completed."

The writer then gives some particular instances marking the progress of the Indian, and names a number who are doing creditable work in the various professions. The statement made by some who have had experience in working raw Indians that they shirk their work and that it will be some years before they will learn to work as white people do, the writer meets with the question, "How long has it taken the white laborer to learn to work as he does?" And he finds encouragement in the fact that Indians who have done some work are twice as valuable to their employers as fresh recruits.

It is a very apparent fact that the death rate among the Indians, especially among the children, even of the progressive tribes, is very high, and that tuberculosis seems to be their worst enemy among the diseases. This has given rise to the theory that the Indian is peculiarly susceptible to this disease. This the writer denies. He lays the blame on the sudden change in their manner of living,—from tent and open field to close buildings, the ventilation of which they are entirely ignorant.

"The Indian has not been ruined, but he has deteriorated. His body is not the thing of steel and sinew it once was. His sense of humor has suffered, and his imagination has taken on a somber tint. But good food, hard work, and a sense of self-respect that comes from owning a home and seeing a family dependent on its head will restore the tribesman's efficiency. It is the government's part first to grant the Indian his full individual rights and then to safeguard his interests and to insist that no unfair advantage be taken of him until he is able to care for his own in every way."

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

If one would be esteemed a good and welcome talker, he had better begin, at the least, by being a good listener.—*Richard Braunstein.*

In our relations with children we must ever remember that their minds are immature. And we must know the mind in its immaturity.—*O. H. Kimmel.*

It is unsafe to bring up children in luxury, without the discipline of honest work, and the denial of self.—*J. Kurtz Miller.*

Are we harder than Pharaoh? He wanted to hold the Israelites in slavery and misery. We are not rescuing those about us from eternal damnation. Not until God sees the blood are we and our neighbors safe.—*Wm. K. Conner.*

If he thought so well of your ability to fight as to wish to surpass it, perhaps your acting the manly part might spur him up to win in that line too.—*Hattie Preston Rider.*

Better than all others are the visions in the Book of books, always ready to cheer and comfort with joy unspeakable.—*Lula Goshorn.*

Long, long years you've trod life's pathway,
'Mid the changes dark or gay,
And the Master soon will call you,
Oh, be ready, watch and pray.

—Agnes Neff.



THE "green bug" seems to be especially active in its devastating work, judging by the reports that are abroad concerning its depredations. A recent report from a section in Kansas states that it has completely destroyed some oat fields there, and that the farmers are plowing up the fields for other crops.

JUDGE LANDIS, in Chicago, has formally recognized Deacon John A. Lewis as the legitimate successor of John Alexander Dowie, the late founder of Zion City, thus virtually removing Wilbur Glen Voliva from the leadership. At the same time it was announced that some of Voliva's strongest supporters had renounced him, and a movement is on foot to read him out of the Church.

THE Department of Justice has decided to begin action against all the fertilizer companies in the various states, on the charge of belonging to a combination in restraint of trade, and the suits will be brought in the several states where the different companies are doing business. This is to overcome the contention of the Virginia concern, which demanded a preliminary hearing before being ordered out of the state.

THE philosophy of polish on any substance is simply the production by friction of such smoothness of the surface layer of its particles that they readily reflect the rays of light falling upon them, says the *Technical World*. With leather the best substance for the purpose seems to be a paste containing bone-black—that is the powder obtained from charred bones—to which is added a small quantity of acid to dissolve it, oil to preserve the texture of the leather, and treacle and gum to render the mass adhesive.

PROBABLY the longest circuit for sending telegraph messages is that which is now in operation between London and Teheran, the capital of Persia. This circuit is four thousand miles in length, and in its course it traverses the North sea for two hundred miles and passes through Belgium, Germany, Russia, Turkey, in Asia, and Persia. The Wheatstone automatic system of transmission and reception is employed on the circuit. By this system messages are transmitted at the rate of from eighty to four hundred words a minute, according to the nature of the circuit, as against twenty-five to thirty-five words by manual Morse transmission.

THE eminent English physician, Sir Lander Brunton, declares that dust is one of the most active influences in shortening life. He says that it ought to be the rule rather than the exception for men and women to live for a hundred years, but one of the drawbacks to this longevity is dust, as it is the first cause of colds and respiratory diseases. He cites the severe colds that often accompany a siege of house cleaning, and recommends sprinkling with carbolic acid before dust in furniture, books, etc., is disturbed.

AN effort is to be made in Louisiana, as the result of experiments by the agricultural department, to raise the Japanese matting grass. All the grass matting used in this country is made in Japan, and the annual importation amounts to $5,000,000 a year, or about ninety per cent of the entire Japanese product. The matting grass grows three or four feet high in water, and requires the same kind of culture as rice, being planted by the Japanese after the rice is harvested. The agricultural department believes the experiment in Louisiana will be a success.

ALL pretension to proceeding under ordinary forms of law disappeared in the steps recently taken by the British rulers of India to crush in its incipiency the widespread mutiny of the natives whose leaders have been ruthlessly banished or imprisoned. The drastic action of the officials showed the extent to which the movement had progressed. At Lahore, where two editors of native papers were arrested for seditious writings, crowds of people formed to cheer the men as they were taken through the streets to prison, and in the riots that followed all Europeans were in danger. All garrisons are kept on the alert and ball cartridges are served.

ON the afternoon of May 26, at her home in Canton, Ohio, Mrs. William McKinley passed peacefully from this world. Though an invalid for many years her final sickness was of only a few days' duration. Her

body will be placed in the vault in West Lawn cemetery, which holds the remains of her husband, until the completion of the national mausoleum on Monument hill, when both caskets will be transferred to receptacles in that tomb. Mrs. McKinley had the happy faculty of becoming endeared to those who knew her. It was her gentle boast at one time that every child in Canton was her friend.

The difficulty so long found in bonding together new and old concrete has been obviated by a recent patent. This bond consists of an extract of coal tar, used instead of water as the mixing agent for neat Portland cement. The mixture is laid in one-eighth inch to one-quarter inch layers on the old concrete surface, and immediately followed by new concrete or mortar. The inventor says that the compound is entirely insoluble, and forms a complete and monolithic bond between the old and new work.

The Census Bureau has issued a report on women workers, based on the returns in 1900, showing that out of a total female population of 23,485,559, 4,833, 630 were working at gainful callings. The number had more than doubled in twenty years, and there was a notable increase in the number of married women at work. Women were represented in all but nine of 303 bread-winning occupations. Five women were pilots on steam railroads, ten were baggagemen, thirty-one brakemen, seven conductors, forty-five engineers and firemen, and twenty-six switchmen, yardmen and flagmen; forty-three were carriage and hack drivers, six ship carpenters and two roofers and slaters; 185 were blacksmiths and 508 machinists.

Six forest animals hitherto unknown to science were found by Maj. Powell-Cotton in his recent explorations in Africa. On his return from the wilds of the dark continent he reported a new animal about the size of a leopard which he calls the dusky African tiger cat; then there are the honey badger, or black Ituri ratel, the elephant shrew, an antelope which has tusks and which dives under water, a new white and black monkey and a large red buffalo. He explored the region of the Congo, hitherto unknown, which lies south of Lado. A tribe of lake-dwellers was found near Lake Albert-Edward. Floating platforms anchored to long poles hold their houses and the natives spend most of their time on them.

Charles M. Schwab, of Pittsburg, is credited with being of the opinion that the steel rail now in use is not of the right material or shape to support the fast and heavy trains of the present day. He says the only solution he sees is a nickel-steel rail, which it is estimated, will cost three times as much as Bessemer. Some nickel rails have been used on the Pennsylvania road, and, while the results were not entirely satisfactory, they showed that a nickel rail could be produced that would surpass all others. An official of the Carnegie Steel Company has declared that on a recent run of the Pennsylvania eighteen hour flyer, from New York to Chicago, twenty rails were broken by the train.

The American Baptist Publication Society has been holding its 82nd annual meeting in Washington. In the course of an address one speaker said: "The rising tide of thought which opens one question closes another. The rising tide has opened questions in doctrine, in theology, in social philosophy, and along other lines." He said his firm belief is that the church need have no fear of discussion and doubt as to doctrine; that the higher criticism has not and cannot do anything to destroy the truth of the Bible, and that socialism, as such, has no place in the church. "Socialism," he declared, "concerns itself with the mass and is opposed to Christianity, which concerns itself with the individual."

Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the explorer, of Brooklyn, has nearly completed a number of automobiles specially designed for use in the south polar region. He expects to use them in making a dash over the ice pack. The details of the designer have not been published, but it is understood that the automobile will be fashioned like a motor boat, so that good speed can be made either on land, ice or water. During the coming season another Polar expedition is to start from Paris, headed by M. Benard, the object of which, however, is not to discover the North Pole, but to secure certain scientific information. At the same time it is announced that the British expedition to the South Pole under Lieutenant Ernest H. Shackleton will start about July 30, and that it will make use of automobiles. These will have different sets of wheels, and the car will carry only the chaffeur, it being used only as an engine to draw the train of sledges. Ponies will be taken along for use in case the machine breaks down.





The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

V. Fighting.

"CHEE!"

The Greater Chum, who, by the way, was known to the prosaic outside world as Mrs. Walter Ludford, looked up from the canvas bag she was crowding with soiled linen. The Shafer baby was seriously sick, so she had been compelled to find a new laundress. The untidy mite who came for the wash,—a disheartening contrast to Fritz—had planted himself in front of the dining-room door, his feet wide apart, his eyes staring with awe and admiration at a panel photograph of the Lesser Chum that stood on the mantel opposite.

"I knows dat kid!" he declared, with satisfaction. "He goes to our school. You don't want to git sassy to him, lemme tell ye! He can lick any feller outside the principal's room!"

The Greater Chum sat down on the nearest chair, her desire to laugh cut off so abruptly it choked her.

"Took 'im jest two minutes to lay out Larry M'Ginnis!" went on the eulogist, in a high-pitched, eager voice. "Ought a-seen it! Larry went home blubberin.' But 'e give up the mib 'e stole. —Say?"

"Yes?" The Greater Chum's laugh got the floor, after all; shakily, though.

"Where'd ye git that picter o' Luddy?"

The Greater Chum flushed. "I— it was a present to me," she explained, twinging guiltily, though the letter of the statement was true.

"He's a corker," summed up the critic, withdrawing his gaze regretfully from the portrait, and shouldering the huge bag. "An' 'e ain't no hand to pick on littler fellers, either," he added, loyally.

The Greater Chum could have hugged the small savage, dirt, slang, and all, for that saving clause. She shut the door after his staggering exit, and went, as by some compelling impulse, back into the dining-room to study the portrait minutely. The serious eyes under the broad, low forehead looked past her into prophetic distances, mutely denying her charge. A dimple hid at the corner of the sensitive, affectionate mouth. She caught her breath, as she realized what a place in her daily life that dimple and its discovering smile occupied. Line by line, holding her shrinking soul to the task, she searched the pictured face for a trace of the pugilistic spirit, the gamin of the street had so frankly applauded; and with a prayerful sigh of relief she told herself, at least, that none was there.

In handling the problem of a live, active boy, the Greater Chum knew that no kid-gloved theories would apply, neither aloof saintliness, though it were of angels. Christ himself came down and lived on the plane of the common, average mistake-maker, dealing with his material just as he found it. If her child were to be trained into a good citizen, he must rub up against the masses, learn his lessons in the democratic associations of public school and playground. Yet she had taken care that his intimate friends were clean and gentle-mannered,—personal care, too, because she herself was acquainted with them, and welcomed them to the house as warmly as she did her own guests. There was no element of discord in the family. She could not understand whence his belligerent tendencies, never suspected by her till this hour, had sprung. She had been so sure that she possessed his full and entire confidence! But then, motherhood is beset with surprises. The Greater Chum carried her perplexities to that One without whose friendship no motherhood is worth the name, and left them there, patiently and tactfully biding her time.

Many weeks passed. Then late one afternoon the Lesser Chum came in red-faced, tearful, and with nerves all a-quiver. He crossed the sitting-room and flung himself on the couch, deep among the pillows, without a word.

"What is it, son?" his mother asked, going over to sit beside him. "'There's always a good way to fix things,' you know."

"Cub Lewis thinks he's too smart!" burst out the Lesser Chum, convulsively. "'N' I was just joking, anyway! I told him so, but he got mad.—'N' I could a-licked him, in a fair fight!"

"What was it that you said to him?" she asked, gently.

"That he picked his coat 'fore 'twas ripe. . . It

was awful short, mother. But I never meant a thing but fun; and I told him so," the Lesser Chum repeated.

"Well?"—expectantly.

"He slugged!" the Lesser Chum declared, with sudden, savage energy. "And he never waited for the word! All my fellows said so, and even Bat Ross and Cleve Gregg, that belong to his gang!"

"You fought, then?" his mother inquired, gravely.

The Lesser Chum nodded, shamefaced but defiant.

"He called me a coward. You wouldn't expect a fellow to stand that?"

"But you are not a coward, are you?" she asked.

He shook his head. "I hope not!"—with emphasis.

"Then his calling you so did not make you one, did it, dear?"

Sheer amazement at the self-evident truth kept him silent a moment.

"All the outside boys backed me, though," he insisted, stoutly. "His gang ain't got nothing but bullies, anyway. If he'd tackled square, I'd a-laid him before 'em all!" He swallowed hard, one hand gripping the ruffle of the pillow. "He hit out the minute I came near him. An' there was some ice there. I can't remember——then when I got up, he was running off, and calling back that he'd finish me in the morning. Tom North wanted to take word to him I'd be ready. But I bet I won't tell the teacher on him, like he'd a-done if I'd knocked him flat, the big baby! I'll get even with him, yet!" In a sudden burst of anger and humiliation, he plunged his face into the cushions and sobbed outright.

His mother smoothed his tumbled hair.

"Son," she said, soothingly, "there is no way to get even with such people, except by stooping to the mean tricks they use. That would make you their kind, which you could never really be. The best way is to get ahead of them, instead, by showing yourself a gentleman; and a gentleman doesn't settle his troubles with his fists. If you unintentionally offended him, your apology should have been enough. It isn't best to joke about people's clothes, generally. But if he only made it an excuse to fight, it would have been still better to come away and leave him alone. We may be kind to coarse, ill-bred persons, but if we associate with them intimately, there's no telling what minute we may get into just such a disagreeable mix-up; and they always come out ahead, because a coward can crawl into so many little hiding-places that a brave man is too big for. Besides, dear laddie, if he thought so well of your ability to fight as to wish to surpass it, perhaps your acting the manly part might spur him up to win in that line, too."

The Lesser Chum lay silent for many minutes. A great upheaval was taking place within his soul, noiselessly, after the manner of all mighty forces. He sat up, at last, and looked at his mother with reddened, half-ashamed, wholly-relieved eyes.

"What'll I do if he's wanting to have it out, 'fore school to-morrow morning?"

The Greater Chum laughed, a hearty, ringing peal that sent all the remaining clouds flying.

"He'll never be waiting," she assured him. "If he wasn't afraid, why did he run off so fast to-night? Go to school just as if nothing had happened, and above all do not make any threats of what you will do to him. Brave men never pick quarrels, Allan."

It came exactly as she said. From that hour the youthful devotees of the *un*manly art lost an idol. The Lesser Chum still delights in athletics, but they are entirely of another sort than that over which his mother worked her problem on that memorable wash-day morning.

WHICH ONE WAS KEPT?

There were two little kittens a black and a gray,
And Grandmamma said with a frown,
"It will never do to keep them both,
The black one we'd better drown.

"Don't cry, my dear," to tiny Bess,
"One kitten's enough to keep.
Now run to nurse for it's growing late,
And time you were fast asleep."

The morning dawned and rosy and sweet,
Came little Bess from her nap.
The nurse said, "Go in Mamma's room,
And look in Grandma's lap."

"Come here," said Grandma with a smile,
From the rocking chair where she sat,
"God has sent you two little sisters,
Now what do you think of that?"

Bess looked at the babies a moment,
With their wee heads yellow and brown,
And then to Grandma soberly said,
"Which one are you going to drown?"

HEAVENLY VISIONS.

LULA GOSHORN.

The days of visions are not past. When visions cease to be then will the people perish indeed. Who has not their cherished visions? Who has not dreamed dreams? No matter how isolated from one's companions no four walls can shut out the heavenly visions. Thank God for them, sent as an oasis in the desert of pain and in the long night watches that the soul must sometimes keep. How many to suit our varying needs. Sometimes so simple, sometimes so sublime, but leaving us better for the visitation. Once a girl for some misdemeanor felt so strongly the need for pardon—aye pardon she had already from earthly friends, yet she was not satisfied; she felt the need of pardon from the Friend of friends. How she prayed, how earnestly sought forgiveness in

suffering wretchedness, when there came a vision, "All is well." She arose comforted, forgiven, and always with the thought of that time there comes the sweet peace of that heavenly answer, "All is well."

When the Father forgives it is forgiveness indeed. No reproaches, no allusions to the past, only security, peace and rest. In times of great bereavement when every door of mercy is closed and God himself seems far away; when sorrow's frozen lips refuse to frame a prayer, there comes a vision, maybe of the dear departed angel, only for an instant perhaps, but peace and comfort remain. Prayer comes and reconciliation to life's stern lessons.

I lay no claim to spiritualism, for I have no confidence in the doctrine, if doctrine there is, but there are times and seasons, when one is deep in thought and meditation that visions come and are very real. Every heart has its Gethsemane; it has also its ministering angels. Only a few years of toil and gladness, perhaps more of sorrow and pain, but not to be compared to the glory that will be revealed to the faithful.

Sometimes the vision comes in the simple things around us. Can you think God has forgotten you when he sends such a glorious morning? Every twig and stem sparkling like a diadem. Aye, "he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes" and how the beauty glows. Has he forgotten when he paints the eternal rainbow in the clouds? No, after the clouds comes the brightest sunshine. The ice-encrusted forest is a vision of loveliness, each monarch bearing his burden well. Do not glad fields clean-swept and fresh from wind and rain show forth the love and care of Divinity?

Within the rays of one housewife's vision stands a shaggy tree. It rears its head high above its fellows. Massive branches spread fearlessly aloft and the simple grandeur, the storm-defying aspect of that mighty tree, whether clothed in living verdure, or gray and bare in winter, is always an inspiration to that woman. If that inanimate object of the Father's care, bravely endeavors to fulfill the purpose of its life, how much more ought we, oh we of little faith! For every ill there's compensation, and there's a balm for every woe. Blessed and welcome be every vision that brightens the path that inspires to greater goodness and things to be.

Better than all others are the visions in the Book of books, always ready to cheer and comfort with joy unspeakable; and all other visions pale in the shining glories there revealed to those who seek for them.

Ladoga, Ind.

"SOMEHOW, I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else."—*Mrs. Wiggs, in "Lovey Mary."*

A WISE MOTHER.

"I HAVE taught my children," said a mother I know, "to come to me immediately for even a pin scratch. I do not mean to exaggerate little pains, but my father, who was a physician, taught me how easy was precaution beside cure. I always keep on hand two good antiseptics, listerine and boracic acid in solution. Every fresh wound or scratch is bathed cleanly and wrapped in sterilized cheesecloth before a particle of dirt can enter it. One so often finds children with stubborn sores on their hands or feet, which take forever to heal. They were probably caused by a rusty nail, by the dirty sort of knife one finds in a boy's pocket or by a broken bottle which may have held anything. The ugliest wound of this sort, if cared for immediately, will heal immediately. In nearly every city during the winter a course is given on nursing and simple surgical work, which a mother may find both interesting and profitable. If this is not available I would advise every mother to go to her physician and pay him a fee if necessary for a lesson on cleaning a wound and bandaging it, as well as what to do for the bruises and contusions which are of daily occurrence in the growing family.—*Good Housekeeping.*

COOL HOUSES.

OPEN windows do not necessarily mean cool houses. Every house should be well and thoroughly aired every morning; but just as in cold weather, the aim of every housekeeper is to have a warm house, so in warm weather the cool house is the great desideratum. Open windows, with such air as may be moving, blowing through the house, are commonly supposed to be the proper thing in hot weather. This is not the course followed in hot countries, nor is it the procedure suggested by experience. A cool breeze will cool a house, but a warm one will heat it. Hot air should be excluded. After the house has been well aired in the morning the windows and blinds on the sunny side should be tightly closed to keep out the hot air. When the sun has shifted it will be time to open them again. One must regulate the kind of air one admits into the house in warm weather.—*Scientific American.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

POWDERED alum applied to a fever sore will prevent it from becoming unsightly or noticeable.

If a little flour is sprinkled in the pan when eggs are being fried it will prevent the hot grease from sputtering on the stove.

Hard water can be easily softened for toilet purposes if a muslin bag containing fine oatmeal be squeezed out in the water before using. Fresh oatmeal should be used every day.

To remove the odor of onions from a knife, dip it

into running cold water, then dry and polish it. Hot water tends to set the odor of onions, both on the knife and hands, and for this reason should be avoided.

One of the best preparations for taking out grease stains is made by a mixture of one pint of deodorized benzine, one-half dram each of chloroform and alcohol, and a few drops of clear cologne. Apply to the garment with a silk cloth. This mixture may be used in water in which delicate colored silks are washed, since it will not injure the finest material.

If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard and then thoroughly heated in the oven it will never afterward rust, no matter how much it is put into water. When the coffee or teapot becomes discolored boil it for a short time in a strong solution of borax water and it will be as bright as new.

Put your iron or steel frying pans either onto the oven which has been heated very hot, or right into the firebox, if it is large enough, for an hour or so, and all the grease that has become caked and black on the outside will come off easily like powder.

When loaves are baked in too hot an oven and the outside crust gets too brown, do not attempt to cut it off, but as soon as the bread is cold, rub it over with a coarse grater and remove all the dark brown crust.

When someone is ill in the house and requires hot applications, try this: Put the cloth into the boiling water, then with a stick lift it out onto a clean, dry cloth, wrap it in this and wring quickly and apply to the patient. This method saves scalding the hands.

When you are flavoring puddings or the cream to use on them, remember this: If the milk is poor, add vanilla as it gives it a richer flavor while if the quality is good, lemon may be used.—*Collected.*

For the Children

A HERO.

This little incident, which comes to us from over the sea, teaches us what a true hero is:

A few years ago a fire broke out in a charming little Swiss village. In a few hours the quaint frame houses were entirely destroyed.

One poor man was in greater trouble than his neighbors even. His home and cows were gone, and so, also, was his son, a bright boy of six or seven years. He wept, and refused to hear any words of comfort. He spent the night wandering sorrowfully among the ruins.

Just as daybreak came, however, he heard a well-known sound, and, looking up, he saw his favorite cow leading the herd, and coming directly after them was his bright-eyed little boy.

"Oh, my son! my son!" he cried, "are you really alive?"

"Why yes, father. When I saw the fire, I ran to get our cows away to the pasture lands."

"You are a hero, my boy!" the father exclaimed.

But the boy said: "Oh, no! A hero is one who does some wonderful deed. I led the cows away because they were in danger, and I knew it was the right thing to do."

"Ah!" cried the father, "he who does the right thing at the right time is a hero."—*Sunday School Gem.*

RAYMOND'S ARITHMETIC.

"Chrissie, dear, what's the matter?" asked Raymond, coming suddenly upon his sister crying and sobbing.

"I can't tell you," sobbed the little girl; "but it's the worst thing that could possibly be."

"As bad as anybody dying?"

"Oh, no, Ray, not that!"

"Anybody very sick, then?"

"No."

"Or cut, or bruised, or awfully hurt, you know?"

Chrissie shook her head, without taking her fists out of her eyes.

"Well, then, I don't believe it's so very bad. See here, I'm sure you ought to be gladder than you are sorry, this very minute."

Chrissie looked up now, with watery eyes, to see what Raymond meant. "Is this the only thing you've got to be sorry about?" he asked.

"Yes, Ray; but it's"—

"Never mind; if nobody is dying, or sick, or hurt, it can't be the worst thing. Now, how many things ought you to be glad about?" And as Chrissie was in no humor for counting, he began the list himself.

"There's the sunrise, I s'pose that's first; and if the sun hadn't risen this morning other things wouldn't have made much difference. Then you have father and mother, and"—

"And you," suggested Chrissie.

"Yes, and me," agreed Raymond, modestly, "and this house, and the flowers in your window-garden, and your canary, and a lot of books, and three dresses, one or two coats"—

"Why, Ray, I have five summer dresses," said the little girl, with a smile, "besides I don't know how many winter ones put away in the chest."

They went on adding up the list of things to be pleased about, until the dinner-bell rang, just as Ray had added up seventy-two things to be glad for.

"Seventy-two things to be glad about, and one thing to make you sorry!" cried Ray, as they scampered off. "One from seventy-two leaves seventy-one; you ought to be seventy-one times as glad as you are sorry."—*The King's Own.*



THE RURAL LIFE

LABOR.

Labor is life! 'Tis the still water faileth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, or the dark rust assaileth.
Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us.
Rest from sin promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;
Work—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

—Frances S. Osgood.

THE BOYS AT THE FURROW.

You can write it down as gospel:
With the flags of peace unfurled,
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

It is written on the hilltops—
In the fields where blossoms blend;
Prosperity is ending
Where the furrow has an end!

The glory of the battle,
Of clashing swords blood-red,
Is nothing to the warfare
Of the battle hosts of Bread!

The waving banner of the fields
O'er the broad land unfurled—
The boys that run the furrow
Are the boys that rule the world!

—Atlanta Constitution.

CASE-HARDENING AND CHILLING.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

If you have had any experience in working metals you are aware that iron cannot be tempered like steel. While this is true, it is also true that iron can be hardened. Hammering while cold will render iron hard enough to be used where cheap spiral springs are used.

One method of hardening iron is called case-hardening. By this method the exterior is made hard, while the interior retains the toughness of iron.

One of the methods is as follows: A piece of gas-pipe is securely plugged at one end and the articles to be hardened are placed in it. Pack them in good pulverized bone dust such as is used for fertilizer. Place the pipe in the forge and keep it there till the articles are at red heat, then remove from the fire and quickly empty the contents of the pipe into the water, or plunge in pipe and all.

Another method is to collect articles of animal origin as cow's horns, hoofs, or leather and burn them till sufficiently charred to powder. Put the articles to be hardened in an iron box pack well with the powder, seal the box well with moist clay and put in the fire. Heat to a cherry red, and hold it there about five minutes, then plunge it into the slack tub.

Long pieces of iron become shorter by case-hardening, and should not be fitted to the places for which intended until after the operation.

If it is desired that some parts of the work be left soft and the others hardened, cover the part to be soft with a coating of moist clay. This will prevent the hardening material coming in contact with the iron, and consequently it will have no opportunity to absorb carbon and harden when placed in cold water.

Another method of hardening is called chilling. There are several different processes, the following being perhaps the most convenient: Make a solution by dissolving in ten gallons of soft water, salt one peck, oil vitriol one-half pound, saltpetre one-half pound, prussiate of potash one-fourth pound, cyanide of potassium one-half pound. Heat the iron to a cherry red and plunge at once into the solution.

This method hardens iron sufficiently to enable to cut glass, this being the method by which the cheap glass cutters are hardened.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

GIVE THE CHILDREN SEEDS AND A GARDEN.

A few sweet pea seeds were the beginning of gardening among our five boys and girls. These seeds were planted in a little set-off space, by the children themselves, each being owner of a definite part.

When the first young plants came up, it is a wonder they did not wither from bashfulness, owing to the amount of attention bestowed upon them by the baby gardeners. The plants had scarcely an unobserved minute during the waking hours of the children who were too young to go to the district school.

When the buds began to show their color, the in-

terest began to increase and it reached its climax when at length the gay and graceful blossoms danced upon their stems.

Then the children were vocal with delight. Then ever and anon I was greeted with shouts such as:—"O! Mother, see mine is pink!" or "Look at my beauty red one!" or "Don't you like pink and white sweet peas best?"

A row of sunburned, denim-clad youngsters squatted before their flowers and did homage to the blossoms. Like devotees at a shrine were they. This was the beginning. Soon the boys began to take an interest in the farm vegetable garden and helped in its cultivation. Then they cleared a small patch for their own garden and raised vegetables which were used upon the family table.

All the really laborious part of this they did voluntarily for the pleasure of making something grow.

The boys have sold with profit wild flower bulbs and roots of native shrubs, so their gardening practice has stood them in good stead.

All the rose plants were given to the different children and they have always been free to pick the flowers, provided they refrained from gathering unopened buds. Their care in this respect is now at least as great as my own.

A little maid with a pail of soap suds and a brush intently washing blight from rose bushes as tall as she, is a picture quite as pretty as the roses themselves.

This fall our finest display is in the chrysanthemum garden of this little maid where her care is richly repaid by the beauty of the flowers.

The interest of our children in the farm gardens, both of vegetables and of flowers has been largely developed by having gardens of their own where they enjoyed the pleasures of owning a growing thing.

It pays a farmer to buy seeds and plants for his children.—*Selected.*

FOR THE YOUNG SQUASH AND CUCUMBER VINES.

It is one of the strangest coincidences of life that the striped cucumber beetle usually hatches out the same afternoon that Hubbard squash breaks ground, and the news reaches the insects instantly. Then is the time they work ruin, while the plants are in the seed leaf.

Buy mosquito netting; remnants are to be had cheap. Cut about eighteen inches square. When you plant vines, set a small stick in center of hill so the end sticks up a few inches. Drop a square of netting over this and spread over the hill. Cover the edges with soil to keep the wind from blowing it away. Leave over until the vines have eight or ten leaves or begin pushing the cover off. The "bugs" will disappear before that time. They usually do the ruin in two days. Save the covers and they will save the crop for some years. Six ten-pound squashes will buy a quantity of netting in the fall.

The Squash Beetle. This big dusky demon is one of the worst of bugs to fight. I fought them three seasons on summer squash. I prevented them from leaving posterity, I think, for none appeared since then. Tobacco stems several inches deep mulched the hills all one season—and did no good! I found the most effectual remedy to be a spring bottom oil-can with kerosene or gasoline in it. The vines were hunted over in the morning and a drop of oil applied to the nest of eggs and to each insect. A post or board set up in the hill soon becomes a favorite resort for the adults to catch the morning sunshine. They are sluggish then and readily oiled. Don't apply the oil freely to the leaves since it burns holes readily.

A sheet of sticky fly-paper spread on the soil under the hill and a strip of board or pasteboard or little stones or earth lumps over it, leaving room for the beetles to secrete themselves under it, traps many.

A strong solution of carbolic acid in water freely sprayed on the soil at planting time is very offensive to them and quite permanent. When the vines run, covering deeply at frequent intervals with earth in which they will strike root, aids the vine.

A heavy coat of land plaster on the vines while wet is very good. A coat of cement and sand brushed on the vines near the ground is a check to vine borers and beetles. Soot from chimney dusted on the damp vines and about the hill has much merit. A thin solution of droppings from the cow stable liberally applied is fairly efficacious. A rag dipped in oil of fir placed at the hill is said to be efficacious. Cedar boughs and oil of cedar are very noxious to most insects.

Strong solution of red pepper and tobacco sprayed on helps some. So does a liberal dusting with rye flour or buckwheat middlings while plants are wet. Plant two or three thick hills for traps so they come up first. When the pests are thick in them and sluggish at early morn or eve drop a tight box over them and turn in a little carbon bisulphide, or some gasoline, or plenty of insect powder, or throw on straw and apply fire. In the last warm days of autumn the next year's crop of breeding beetles may be seen crowded on pumpkins and squash. Kerosene them or cover with a spade full of dirt and save much trouble next year.—*Vick's Magazine.*

"If you marry John," said the woman (John is a farmer), "you'll have to get up at four o'clock mornings and milk seventeen cows." "I'd rather get up and milk a hundred cows," the girl declared, "than hang out the window of some New York flat till four o'clock in the morning waiting for my husband to come home to me.—*New York Globe.*

TREES, OLD AND CURIOUS.

THE veneration of trees, as it was one of the most primitive and instinctive emotions of man, is also one of the most enduring. We no longer worship them, it is true, as did the ancient Druids when they built their giant altars at Stonehenge; but almost every hamlet boasts its big tree, sacred to the memory of many a love story. Tourists come with their thirty-foot tapes to measure its girth, and the village fathers vote tablets to tell its history, and iron fences to protect it from vandalism.

Even the heart of that imperial vandal, Napoleon, destitute of so many of the gentler feelings of humanity, preserved a respect for ancient trees. When he was building the wonderful road over the Simplon Pass, that he might more easily lead his devastating armies into Italy, he commanded his engineers to diverge from the straight line in order not to injure a giant cypress at Somma in Lombardy. This tree, one hundred and six feet high and twenty feet in circumference, is thought to be the oldest in Europe. It has been estimated that it first burst from the seed nineteen hundred and forty-six years ago.

On the rocky heights of Lebanon still flourish a few of those cedars that Solomon in all his glory gazed upon, while the temple he erected has gone to dust, "not a stone remaining upon a stone."

The representative government under which we live is not older than the Parliament Oak in Nottinghamshire, England. Under that venerable tree in 1295 met the first English Parliament in which the Commons took part. Tyrrel's Oak marks the spot where Rufus, one of the sons of William the Conqueror, was slain, and at Prilly, near Lusanne in Switzerland, there stands to-day a lime tree twenty-three feet in circumference, upon which the proclamation of the Reformation was posted. Herne's Oak mentioned by Shakespeare in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" continued to produce acorns for future generations of its species until it was destroyed by the wind in 1863. At Holwood, England, there is an old tree known as the Wilberforce Oak, with a large root projecting in the form of a settee. It was while seated upon this root that William Pitt and Wilberforce first discussed the abolition of slavery in the English possessions more than a century ago.

No trees in the world can be compared to the titanic redwoods of California for either age or size. Many of these trees which still stand to delight the eye of the traveler were rich with centuries long before Columbus set sail on his eventful voyage. Some of the largest of them uprooted by the storm ages ago are now lying prostrate in the groves, and other trees almost as monstrous as the fallen giants have grown up in their tracks, thus proving that in many cases fully a thousand years have fled since the original trees were felled. How many years had passed over their tall heads before they met their fate, it is now often impossible to say; yet some of them are estimated to have been more than two thousand years old when they were struck down by the wind.

The largest redwood in the United States is on the north bank of the Tule River near Bear Creek, California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. A more interesting tree is the "Dead Giant" redwood in the Tuolumne grove. It had a girth of one hundred and nineteen feet; but the Indians had built their camp fires against its base for so long that the trunk was hollowed out like a chimney Finally when the road makers came they cut through the stump and built a highway along which coaches and wagons can pass without difficulty directly through the heart of the tree. Several years ago a hotel man with an eye for the bizarre converted a grove of redwoods on the road between San José and Santa Cruz into an inn. He hollowed out ten immense trees, the largest of which was sixty-five feet in circumference, and fitted them out as dining rooms, drawing rooms, parlors, and sleeping rooms.

From the day when the first grove of Big Trees was discovered down to the present time they have been the prey of the vandal and the spoliator. Only one grove, the Mariposa, its two square miles formerly hardly four per cent of the total area on which the big trees grow, is owned by the State and thus protected against destruction. The others are the property of private persons, "who have every right, and in many case every intention, to cut them into lumber."

Scarcely a single specimen is there worthy of note which has not been injured in one way or another since the white man forced his way into California. Many of the most beautiful trees have suffered a fate similar to that of "The Mother of the Forest," graceful in form, unexcelled in proportions, which was completely denuded of its bark to a height of one hundred and sixteen feet in 1854 by George Gale for purposes of exhibition. It now measures in circumference at the base without the bark eighty-four feet. Its height is three hundred and fifteen feet.

Nearby in the same grove, the Calaveras, lies its prostrate mate, "The Father of the Forest," which is believed to have been more than four hundred feet in height when standing in the majesty of its prime. One can ride on horseback through its decayed trunk for a distance of eighty-two feet. The tallest tree in the Calaveras grove to-day is the "Keystone State," which reaches a height of three hundred and twenty-five feet. "Smith's Cabin," another notable tree in the same grove, gained its name from the fact that Andrew Jackson Smith, an old mountaineer and trapper, burned out a hollow twenty-one feet by sixteen in its base in which he lived for three lonely years.

Although the redwoods are as a class the largest

trees, reaching as they do an average height of two hundred and fifty feet, there are some specimens scattered through the world that sometimes attain even greater size. In the Dandenong district of Victoria, Australia, there is a eucalyptus tree four hundred and thirty feet high. The trunk, sixty feet in circumference, towers three hundred and eighty feet before throwing off a single branch. Another Australian giant is a fig tree growing on the banks of the Johnstone River near Brisbane. Three feet from the ground it has a circumference of one hundred and fifty feet, and at a height of fifty-five feet, where it branches, its girth is eighty feet.

Sicily boasts the largest tree in the world. It is known as "The Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses," and is situated at the foot of Mt. Etna. It has five enormous branches, each as large as an ordinary tree, issuing from a trunk which is two hundred and twelve feet in circumference. A large hollow in the trunk is capacious enough to contain a flock of sheep. Its name originated in the story that Queen Joan of Aragon with her nobility and their retinues once took refuge from a violent storm under its spreading branches.

These noble monsters, rugged and healthy, are of course the most interesting trees; but the traveler is frequently struck with amazement at the sight of freak growths in different countries. A witch elm at Enys in Cornwall, England, growing originally on the left bank of a small stream, was overthrown by a storm. Although the tree fell directly across the stream, it did not die, but took root again on the right bank, from which three trunks have risen. The main stem, with a girth of ten feet, forms a natural living bridge. Altogether the tree has so flourished that it covers one-sixth of an acre.

Four thousand feet above the level of the sea, near the baths of Alliaz in Switzerland, there grows a linden supposed to date from the time of Charles the Bold, which would attract universal attention on account of its size alone if for no other reason. It has a trunk more than thirty feet in circumference, which sends off seven horizontal branches about a yard from the ground. The branches, however, instead of continuing to grow in that direction, have turned upright and now form seven trunks parallel to the main stem. But the most peculiar feature of the tree is that the two largest side trunks are connected again with the main trunk by subquadrangular braces like girders.—*J. C. O'Mahoney.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

In a little schoolhouse in the north of Scotland, the schoolmaster keeps his boys grinding steadily at their desks, but gives them permission to nibble at their lunch-baskets sometimes as they work.

One day while the master was instructing a class in the rule of three, he noticed that one of his pupils was paying more attention to a small tart than to his lesson.

"Tom Bain," said the master, "listen to the lesson, will ye?"

"I'm listening, sir," said the boy.

"Listening are ye?" exclaimed the master. "Then ye 're listening wi' one ear an' eating pie wi' the other."

A young lady from London was visiting for the first time a country farm. Seeing a cow looking very savage, she said to an old farmer:

"Oh, how savage that cow looks!"

"Yes, miss, it's the red parasol you are carrying," said the farmer.

"Well," she said, "I knew it was a trifle out of fashion, but I never thought a country cow would notice it."

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter.

"What does he talk about?" inquired her father.

"Why he's ever so well posted in Shakespearian quotations."

"Young woman," said the financier, sternly, "don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market."

"Tommy," said the hostess, "you appear to be in deep thought."

"Yes'm," replied Tommy; "ma told me somethin' to say if you should ask me to have some cake or anything, an' I've bin here so long now I forgot what it was."

Getting Her Legal Rights.

An old colored woman arrayed in a rusty dress and a gorgeous purple "picture" hat over which was a black crepe veil, appeared at the courthouse of a Carolina town not long ago, says Success.

"Am yo' de jedge of reprobates, sah?" she asked, cautiously opening a crack of the office door.

"Yes, I'm the judge of Probate, Aunty, what can I do for you?" was the smiling reply.

"Yassah! Tanky, sah! I'se heah 'cause mah olt man done died detested an' lef' fo lil' infidels, an' Ah wanter be 'pinted ter be dere executioner, ef yo' please, sah!"

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

GIRL WANTED.—We want a woman who knows how to cook. Good position, good pay. Must furnish references. Work begins in September. Write now. —*Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill.*

FARMS FOR SALE.—120 and 109 acres, 1 and 1½ miles, respectively, from town of Leeton, Mo. Two miles from Brethren church. Two R. R's. Both farms well improved. Address, Box 58, Leeton, Mo.

NEFF'S CORNER

Bro. I. N. H. Beahm, of Elizabethtown, Pa., has been here several days preaching for us and while here took in the situation from several points of view. Read his letter below:

"I am now, May 6, in the quiet unique home of Bro. Jas. M. Neff on the plains of New Mexico nine miles from Lake Arthur. If to-day's experience is a fair sample of homestead life, it surely is a most interesting and beautiful life.

Bro. Neff brought me out from town this morning—a pleasant ride indeed through the lovely sunshine and bracing air of the Pecos Valley. A young doctor from Kansas City homesteading about two miles away as a near neighbor went gunning and bagged three nice ducks and some snipe en route to be a guest in the Neff home. As we neared the cozy, novel domicile of the Neffs', the two sweet little girls ran out to meet papa for a ride.

With a tasty bounteous dinner of duck and New Mexico fruit, etc., served under the good cheer of Sister Neff and amid a well selected and copious library like Bro. Neffs, one fails to discern the lonely homes and hardships often incident to frontier life.

This is an ideal home for quietness, meditation and health. I like it—today. But Bro. Neff is active. He seems, besides activity in the home and church, to be doing a most excellent and honorable work in helping to supply the Lake Arthur demands for homes. I have been in a number of the houses Bro. Neff has built for friends away. The people of the town seem much pleased with what Bro. Neff is doing in building and speak most encouragingly of the future of the town. It seems evident that the Pecos Valley has a great future. The great streams of crystal water spouting up here and there from artesian depths and rich soil and wonderful climate are very fascinating.

The Lake Arthur people are very good listeners and the meetings are interesting. The Brethren have a neat, plain, substantial little church well situated in Lake Arthur. It bespeaks much credit to the members and the cause at this place—the first Brethren church built in New Mexico. Brethren Brown and Neff at this place are doing very efficient and effective ministerial service for the church. May the Lord continue to bless them!

I. N. H. Beahm.

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COLONIES

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Immigration



has proved to be a success: It has also been demonstrated that a very successful way to immigrate, was to form colonies, and move in sufficient numbers to have church and Sunday-school privileges from the beginning. Those who have experienced this understand its value both from the spiritual as well as a financial standpoint. I am trying to work out a plan of colonizing our Brethren, and feel that I can do so in a way that will make me money and at the same time help others to better their condition. Will you not take hold and help me? If you know of a church that needs a minister write me particulars. If you are a minister and are living in a congregation where there are too many ministers, and feel a little condemned, that you are not doing what you should in your calling, give this matter thought.

Do you know of any more honorable profession for man to follow? Again do you know of any other profession where there are so few workers, and they so poorly distributed? Remember that I am not working for any one particular point. If you know of a place where a colony would do well write me about it. I am continually on the watch for good openings; just recently I received an invitation to locate a colony of our Brethren in Benton county, Wash., where 32,000 acres, under irrigation, are being put on the market, at from $100.00 to $400.00 per acre. The company agrees to set aside a certain number of acres for our people and their friends. A new town is being started. Also here at Wenatchee a new town has been plotted, East Wenatchee. Here will be needed men of every profession. Write me, I own town site property in East Wenatchee, and in the near future business opportunities of every kind will be open. If you have not had a copy of The Land Man, be sure and write for it. It is published monthly and is mailed free to any who are interested.

In it I will give items that will interest you if you are thinking of changing your location. You will do well by coming West.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

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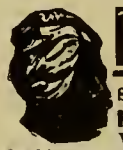
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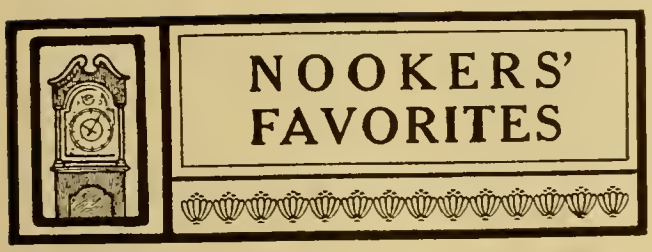
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LITTLE BLOSSOM.

"Oh, dear! I'se so tired and lonesome!
I wonder why mamma don't come;
She told me to s'ut up my blue eyes,
And 'fore I waked up she'd be home.
S'e said s'e was going to see gamma;
S'e lives by the river so bright;
I s'pect that my mamma fell in there,
And p'r'aps s'e won't tum home to-night.

"I dess I'm afraid to stay up here,
Wivout any fire or light,
But Dod's lighted the lamps up in heaven,
I see 'em, all twinkling and bright.
I fink I'll go down and meet papa,
I s'pose he has stopped at the store,
It's a great, pitty store, full of bottles,—
Wish he wouldn't go there any more.

"Sometimes he is sick when he comes home,
And he stumbles and falls up the stair;
And once, when he comed in the parlor,
He kicked at my poor little chair.
And mamma was all pale and frightened,
And hugged me up close to her breast,
And called me her poor little Blossom,
And—dess I've forgotten the rest.

"But I 'member that papa was angry,
His face was so red and so wild,
And I 'member he striked at poor mamma,
And hurted his poor little child.
But I love him, and dess I'll go find him;
P'r'aps he'll come home with me soon,
And den it won't be dark and lonely
Waiting for mamma to come."

Out into the night went the baby,
Her little heart beating with fright,
Till the tired feet reached the gin-palace,
All radiant with music and light.
The little hand pushed the door open,
(Though her touch was as light as a breath),
The little feet entered the portal
That leads but to ruin and death.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, as she reached him,
And her voice rippled out sweet and clear,
"I thought if I comed I could find you,
And I is so glad I is here.
The lights are so pitty, dear papa,
And I fink that the music's so sweet;
But I dess it's most supper-time, papa,
For Blossom wants something to eat."

A moment the bleared eyes gazed wildly
Down into the face sweet and fair,
And then, as the demon possessed him,
He grasped at the back of a chair.
A moment—a second—'twas over!
The work of a fiend was complete,
And the poor little innocent Blossom
Lay quivering and crushed at his feet.

Then, swift as the light, came his reason,
And showed him the deed he had done,
With a groan that the devil might pity,
He knelt by the quivering form.
He pressed the pale face to his bosom,
He lifted the fair, golden head;
A moment the baby lips trembled,
And poor little Blossom was dead.

Then came the law so majestic,
And said with his life he must pay,—
That only a fiend or a mad-man
Could murder a child in that way.
But the man who had sold him the poison
That had made him a demon of hell,
Why, he must be loved and respected,
Because he was "licensed" to sell!

He may rob you of friends and of money,
Send you to perdition and woe,
But so long as he pays for his license,
The law must protect him, you know.
God pity the women and children
Who are under the Juggernaut Rum,
And hasten the day when against it
Neither heart, voice, nor pen shall be dumb.

—Margaret J. Bidwell.

"WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT ME THEN?"

What shall it profit me by and by—
What shall it profit me then,
If, by my toil, the whole world I should gain,
Spending my strength on its treasures so vain,
Trusting not Him who for sinners was slain.—
What will it profit me then?

What shall it profit me by and by,—
What shall it profit me then;
If in a world of enjoyment and show,
Or in the path of its pleasures I go,
Seeking not—caring not—Jesus to know,
What shall it profit me then?

Naught will it profit me by and by,—
Naught will it profit me then;
After a life of much sorrow and woe,
Down to the place of despair I must go,
*Never the blessing of Heaven to know,
Naught will it profit me then.

What will it profit me by and by,—
What will it profit me then,
If I renounce all my idols to-day—
Walk with my Lord in straight, narrow way,
Love Him and trust Him, and serve Him alway,—
What will it profit me then?

Much will it profit me by and by,—
Much will it profit me then;
I shall be robed in a garment all white,
Dwell in the mansion of glory and light,
Gaze on the face of my Savior, so bright—
Much will it profit me then.

—Author Unknown.

* Fifth line of third verse supplied by N. D. U.

THE SACK OF FLOUR.

Guilty, Judge, and I own the crime—
I slipped away with a sack of flour;
They nabbed me just in the nick of time—
I'd have had it home in half an hour,
Only the constable on the hill,
Knew that I must have jumped the bill;
Knew as well as he could, that I
Hadn't the money with which to buy.

"Larceny?" that's the proper word,
There's never a crime but law can name.
Only, I wonder if law has heard
That any one but the thief's to blame?
Say, did the constable on the hill
Tell you about the closed-up mill?
Tell you of men that must beg or steal,
To give their babies and wives a meal?

Yes, I have begged—and I'll tell you how:
I walked the roads and the fields and lanes,
And asked for work with a pleading brow,
And came back empty for all my pains!
Say, did the constable on the hill
Tell you the wheels of trade were still?
Tell you, when work was dull or dead,
The wife and the child might go unfed?

Guilty, Judge—let the law be paid;
But if you had children four or five,
As pretty as God has ever made,
And lacked the food to keep them alive,
Lacked the method, but not the will,
Their cries of hunger to stop and still—
And then saw oceans of food in view—
For God's sake, tell me, what would you do?

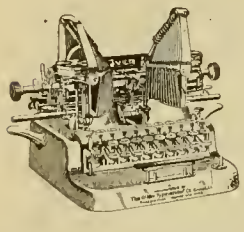
Say, if you had a wife whose heart
Had fed your own for a score of years,
And never for a moment walked apart
From all of your griefs and hopes and fears,
And now in that faithful bosom had grown
A little life that was part your own,
And hunger harrowed them through and through,
For God's sake, tell me, what would you do?

Dollars by thousands stacked away—
Harvests rottening in barn and shed—
Silks and ribbons and fine display—
And children crying for lack of bread!
Wealth and famine are hand in hand,
Making the tour of heart-sick land;
Half of the country's future weal
Crushed by the present's selfish heel!

Guilty, Judge—and I own the crime;
Put me in prison without delay—
Only—please work me double time,
And send my family half the pay!
And tell my children, if ever they ask,
That I was working my gloomy task,
Not for pleasure or money or gem—
But for the love I had for them.

—Will Carleton.

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Rites and Ordinances of the House of God

By ALEXANDER MACK.

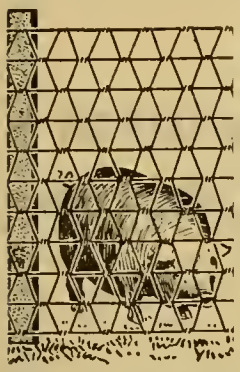
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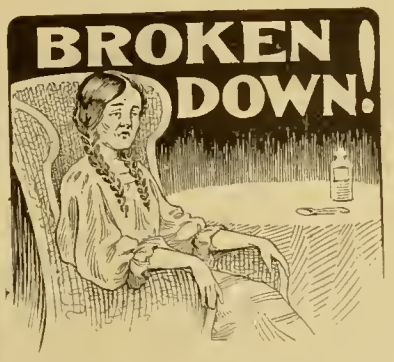
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Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

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Omaha, Neb.

Apple Growing in Northern California

The author of this article, Mr. Leonard Coates, is President of the Leonard Coates Nursery Co., of Morganhill, Calif., and is recognized as one of the leading authorities on horticulture in the State of California.

The natural conditions in Northern California for apple growing are unsurpassed anywhere in the United States. The mere statement is sufficient, as it can be readily verified at any time by all who care to make investigations and in one respect at least, California possesses an advantage over other States because of the earlier bearing of the trees. The impression often prevails that a farmer often has to wait six to nine years before he gets any returns from his apple orchard, but in California an apple tree will begin to bear at four years old, and according to the variety, be a considerable source of income at five or six years.

Apple trees are grown successfully all over California, but no one would think of planting for profit any but early varieties in the interior warm valleys. In sections on the Coast, apples are largely grown, and very profitably, on land which sells readily at several hundred dollars an acre. But these apples are ripe in the Fall and early winter, while those grown in the extreme North have the additional advantage of excellent keeping qualities.

In such sections as the Butte Valley, there should be an Apple Growers' Association, that in the matter of varieties, culture, etc., everything would be done in a busi ness-like manner, a reputation be made for the product, and a market established. This market may be either a foreign or a domestic one, but the requirements of a given market should first be considered, and the varities planted to suit it.

Further than that, every market has a preference for a certain style of packing; this also should be considered and all be done systematically and with a definite object in view.

While trees may be had at a great range of prices, it is always a poor policy to buy the cheapest. Trees properly grown, and propagated only from the best, selected bearing orchard trees, cost more than those grown with less care; but the difference to the planter in after years is as one to one hundred.

Apple trees should be planted not less than 24 x 24 feet apart.

This will take 75 trees to one acre, or at 15 cents a tree,	$11.25	per acre.
Plowing,	2.00	" "
Levelling and Marking,	1.00	" "
Digging holes and setting,	2.00	" "
Cultivating and hoeing,	1.50	" "
First year,	$17.75	

The second and third years the cost will be $3.00 to$5.00 per acre, and after that a little more as trees require more time in pruning and spraying, but some fruit will be gathered to offset it.

From the fourth and fifth years the crop will be inc reasingly remunerative according to the care given. No crop is surer, and as an investment, none could be safer.

Leonard Coates.

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Suppose the price to be $100 per acre, which would be cheap enough for such land, or $5000 for 50 acres. Any corn man would jump at such a chance.

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An absolutely certain yield (with irrigation) of from 6 to 8 tons of alfalfa per acre in 3 cuttings. (One cutting of 2 1-2 tons has already been raised without irrigation.)

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Taking 6 tons per acre (the lowest yield) at $10 per ton (the lowest price), the income on 20 acres would be $1200.

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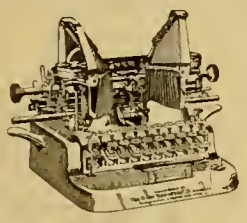
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EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JUNE 11, 1907. No. 24.

Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal"

Leon F. Beery

IN this, one of the masterpieces of the English language, the poet, in the prelude to Part First, describes the scene of the story, beginning by giving us a picture of an organist, who "first lets his fingers wander as they list," then receiving inspiration from his instrument, draws nearer to his theme; followed by a series of changes from one subject to another, till he finally comes to the description of the beautiful June day, which is supposed to be a type of the one on which Sir Launfal remembered his vow, and started on his journey.

The passage beginning with "Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us" contains a truth in every line,—facts which are all too true in our daily life: and especially pleasing is the contrast between what goes before and the last four lines of this passage, that only heaven, God, summer, June, things infinitely valuable, are free, and may be had for the asking; and also the transition to the next part. There is an anti-climax in those four lines which makes them peculiarly striking.

And what can be more beautiful than this exquisite and unparalleled description of one of the "perfect days" of June? In reading over that part of the poem one cannot help but realize in his soul the feeling of being totally immersed in the balmy delight of a clover-bed, in some meadow where one can lie and look into the boundless depths of the sky, and cast his eye over landscapes too beautiful for description, and feel just like giving oneself up to nature for the rest of life. One can imagine he sees the little bird and his mate, both overflowing with joy, feels the breeze whispering in his ear, hears the lowing of the heifer and the crowing of the chanticleer, and with all these things telling a tale of gladness and showing forth Nature in all her beauty, no wonder Sir Launfal remembered the keeping of his vow.

So skilfully does the poet make the change from the abstract to the concrete, thereby introducing the story, that it is scarcely noticed by the casual reader. One almost forgets how he started out and feels as though he had been reading about Sir Launfal from the first.

A feeling of regret comes over the mind of the reader as he sees the old castle, cold and gray, a very displeasing contrast to all the delightfulness of summer flooding in against it, trying in vain to gain an entrance and to fill the chilly rooms with sunshine and splendor. Very pretty is the figure of the castle gathering together on the armor of the knight all the sunshine which had been shot upon it during those three hundred summers, making Sir Launfal a fit person to seek for the Holy Grail. The incident of the leper and the loathsome feeling which came over the soul of the dazzlingly-clad knight is very typical of the life-journey which every one in the world must take. The leper does not deign to pick up the gold, because it was not given in the right spirit; and that is the mistake many of us make when we see some one in need.

A decided change in mood takes place between Part First and Part Second, as the reader is snatched from the blithesomeness of summer into the dreary cold and barren bleakness of winter, and one feels almost indignant at being treated thus. But again you come to a very pleasing passage, as the poet describes the little brook building for himself a roof of ice which is proof against all the piercing blasts of the North Wind. Surely this is as beautiful a scene of winter as the other was of summer.

There has also come a change over Sir Launfal. He is not the happy and joyful man now that he was when he started on his journey. He looks in at the ruddy glow of the blazing Yule-log, hears the merry voices of the jubilant feasters, and it is not hard to imagine how he feels as he thinks of his lost earldom. But the memories of long ago seem to warm his soul, and he half forgets the cold around him, when his dream is broken by the plea of the self-same leper whom he encountered when first he started in search of the Holy Grail.

But Sir Launfal has changed. He does not throw down a piece of gold in scorn, but, in the true spirit of free-giving, satisfies the leper's hunger with a crust of coarse bread, and quenches his thirst with water

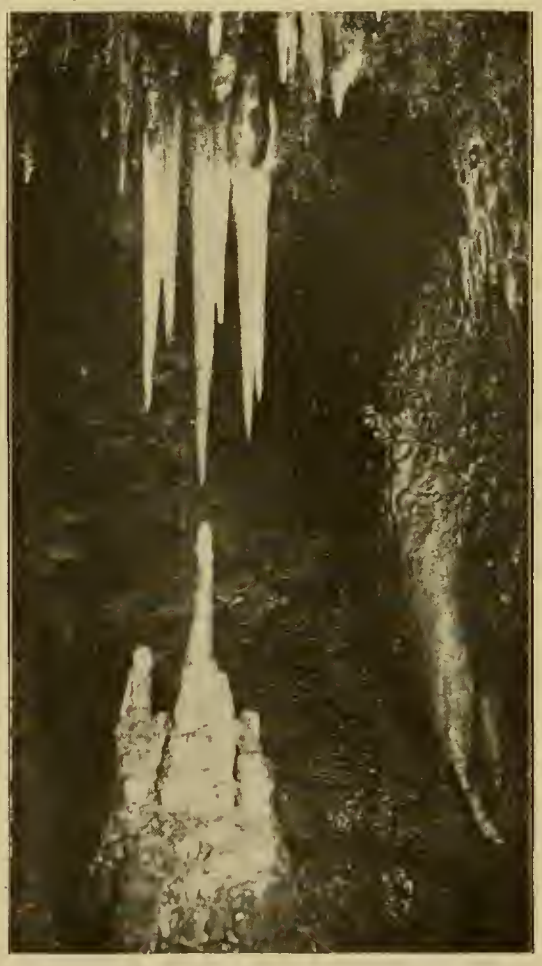
from beneath the ice on the stream. And then (the inevitable consequence when one gives from the fulness of his heart), the person he had benefited seemed magnified and glorified till the knight felt himself in the very presence of the One who died for all. Also, as is always the case, this poor man whom he first welcomed into his castle brought with him the sunlight of his soul, which grew and developed into the sunlight of summer, when she came again with all her splendor. And Sir Launfal has now realized that the Holy Grail which he spent so many years in searching, was merely the rude bowl with which he quenched the thirst of the leper at the very door of his castle.

Huntingdon, Pa.

How Stalactites and their Allies are Formed

N. J. Miller

STALACTITES and their allies are formed only in limestone caverns. This is so since the carbonates of magnesia and calcium are soluble in water more or less saturated with carbonic acid. Wherever the water drips or seeps from limestone walls, the water partly, or entirely evaporating, there forming a conical structure termed a stalagmite. In this way stalactites and stalagmites are often formed opposite each other as is illustrated by the "Shafts and Cathedral Spires" (Cave of the Winds). Should these continue to increase in length for a sufficient period of time, their apexes would meet and



"Shafts and Cathedral Spires."

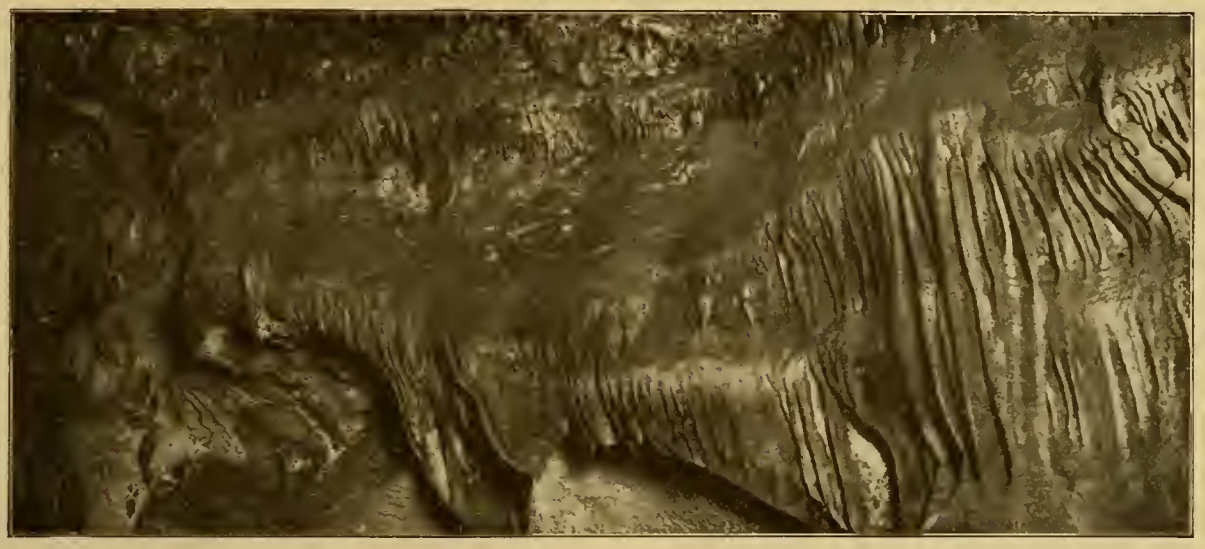


"Twin Columns."

the mineral in solution is deposited in the form of minute crystals of calcium carbonate. As the process continues, pendent structures, stalactites, of various forms are built, the more common ones being sub-conical or tapering. Much the same phenomenon occurs where the water drips to the floor of the cave, unite to form a column similar to the "Twin Columns" in the same cave. These columns, especially the one to the left, do not conceal the union of stalactite and stalagmite. The slight union of the parts of the column to the left and the ring or circular constriction around the right column tell the story of

their development. However, there are cases in which the union is so perfect that no external mark shows what has taken place.

Just how many years these particular columns in the Cave of the Winds required for their formation no one knows. Since the cave is now dry everywhere stalactites are not forming. Therefore no observation to determine the rate of growth can be made. Usually one sees statements that in general one hundred years are required for the formation of one linear inch of stalactites. This statement may apply for some locality, perhaps, but not for every place for it has been determined by experiment that "the growth varies according to the strength of the lime-water and the rapidity of evaporation." Horace Hovey has determined by actual experiment that in Wyandotte Cave stalactites increase one inch and stalagmites one-fourth inch in twenty-five years. In Howe's Cave, N. Y., he removed a stalagmite in 1874. Six years later the newly formed stone image was measured. It was thirteen inches thick and four and one-half inches high. So the rate in that locality is fairly rapid. The pendent shafts of the Cathedral Spires in the Cave of the Winds are about three or four feet long. At the rate for the Wyandotte Cave these shafts required about twelve hundred years to develop; at the rate for Howe's Cave sixty-four years; at other rates often used to make estimates, from eighteen hundred to thirty-six hundred years. Whichever rate is taken as a unit of measurment, their development seems to be slow. It almost requires an effort of the mind to appreciate fully the time required to form stalactites or columns of calcium carbonate being a few score feet long and fifteen or twenty feet in circumference like those at Luray.



"Folded Curtains."

The typical stalactite assumes a tapering form, the tip pointing down. This form is taken whenever the volume or flow of the trickling water is so small and the evaporation great enough that the greater part of the lime in solution is deposited before the water flowing on the outside arrives at the tip. Some stalactites have the same diameter throughout. If more than about two or three feet long, their formation can be accounted for in the following way: the rate of deposit is the same everywhere as the trickling or running water flows down the form on the exterior. The cylindrical forms varying from one to thirty-six inches in length are formed usually in a different way. These are hollow or tubular and have grown from their interiors. When the drop of water first trickles through the roof of the cavern and evaporates, crystals of lime-carbonate are deposited. Since, while the drop is evaporating, the mineral matter collects more at the supporting edge or rim than in the hanging center, the crystals are arranged in a ring or circle. The ring is the beginning of the stalactite to which the other drops hang. The addition of carbonate of lime continues to form a tube, the diameter being that of the drop. In the course of development the opening closes, and the water is obliged to trickle on the outside, increasing the diameter of the hanging structure which assumes either the tapering or cylindrical form.

However, stalactites are not always symmetrical like the shafts in Bridal Chamber. They may become carrot, frustrum-like, or slanting like those about the "Twin Columns." Spider webs, currents of air, etc., may have, as suggested by others, something to do with the building of such stony forms. These factors, together with the fact that where trickling water runs slowest, the most solid matter is deposited, partly if not altogether, explains these deviations from the simple type. It often occurs that the calcium-carbonate forms are bent in every conceiv-

able direction,—directly upward as if "gravity were ignored." These are very common and usually small in Wyandotte and the Cave of the Winds. In a small cranny in the latter, the distorted or "freak" stalactites and stalagmites are very plentiful. The spot is dubbed "Dante's Inferno," suggesting the condition of writhing and distorted living forms. It has been studiously worked out that spider webs and currents of air in a cavern may in some way influence the formation of the freak images, but deeper seated forces, not fully understood, are the primary factors. Perhaps, "rapid dripping" or "spattering" of the water, the usual explanation for the development of the "flowered-alabaster" and "cauliflower" structures, may be secondary factors.

Occasionally "curtain" walls of lime carbonate like the "folded curtain" in Curtain Hall (Cave of the Winds) are elaborately developed. This particular curtain is about twenty feet long and ten or more feet high. The apparent folds are simply ribs projecting beyond the rest of the curtain. Either columnar stalactites, during their development, fused with each other here or the curtain was built gradually from above by a trickling sheet of water flowing more slowly at some places than at others. This would give the ribbed result. At any rate a slowly trickling or running sheet of water over the walls of a typical limestone cavern forms a sheet of calcium carbonate.

WHY HE STOPPED SMOKING.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL superintendent made the following confession at a Sunday-school convention:

"I used to smoke. It was a pleasure that I thought did no harm to me or any one else, and I believed I had a right to the enjoyment. Then one day I stopped, and here is the reason:—

"A widowed woman, the mother of two lively boys in my school, hurried into my store one morning, walked straight up to me, and handed me a handful of cigarettes. I stared, and she explained: 'They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, when I was mending their clothes. When I asked what cigarettes in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarettes, and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the hurt it would do them, and what do you think they said? They told me they didn't mean to keep on with cigarettes always. As soon as they grew bigger, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarettes to cigars. "And cigars are all right," said my boys. "Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why Ma, Mr. Wilson, our superintendent, smokes cigars; and Mr. Wilson's sure a good man, ain't he?"

"'Mr. Wilson,' went on that mother, 'I'm doing my best, trying to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, and you've helped me many a time by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you, and admire you, and they think it's all right for them to smoke, if a good man like you smokes. Now I don't want my boys to smoke cigarettes; but when I talk that way to them, they point to your smoking as if that settled the matter. I didn't know what to say or to do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly exactly how it was. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder, every boy in your school; and I believe you would be as willing to teach them by your example, as you are to teach them by your good words.'

"Well, I was wanting a smoke that minute; but the thought of that mother trying to grow two boys into two good men, and being hindered by any habit of mine, settled the thing. The cigar-box that stood handy went into the stove. 'Tell Joe and Billy,' I said, 'that Mr. Wilson has quit smoking.' And quit I did. Since that day, no boy has been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarettes or anything else."—*Sunday School Times.*

A Smile

Richard Braunstein

A Smile is a Flower blooming fair—
Its petals often cover
Sighs in the heart or places where
The wings of Sorrow hover.

A Smile is a Bird whose hopeful wing
Gleams through the sky of Sorrow.
At night in the dark I hear it sing
A joy awaits the Morrow.

A Smile is a Brook that finds its way
Through desert hearts and dreary.
Drink of the Brook! Its waters may
Give strength if thou art weary.

A Smile is an easy thing to build
Before our cares or after—
And smiling once, we often gild
Our sombre woes with laughter.

Then why not smile, for the Day is brief;
The Night has many hours!
Then why not smile and hide our grief
Beneath a wreath of Flowers?

Cairo, New York.

DEVER PLYNN'S MONDAY LESSON.

GRACE LONGANECKER.

"How was school to-day, Dever?" said Mrs. Plynn to her son, as the family were seated at the table for tea.

"Oh, fine, mother," said Dever. "What interested me most, was our recitation in grammar. Miss Jones, as usual, carried the best grade and you simply cannot entrap her. She is ready in an instant to give you the mode, tense, form or voice of any verb you may suggest. I sat to-day seemingly spellbound, to hear her conjugate a verb through all the modes, without one mistake. My teacher seems delighted that she can do this so nicely, but he often tells her, she must try to put to practice her knowledge of grammar.

"I sometimes wonder why she uses such poor language. She says set for sit, lay for lie, younz for you, and at recess to-day when she was talking about her little brother, Tommy, she said he was unrestless last night, and cried so very awfully that her mamma had to set up all night.

"I was just thinking if children could all be trained to use proper language when they begin to talk, how useless it would be to study that old grammar."

"I remember," said Mr. Plynn, "when I went to school we were told, time and again, 'Never use a preposition to end a sentence *with*.' But as this was one of the habitual errors in my speech, it made no difference how often I read the rule or was told of it, I would break it oftener than any I can think *of*."

"I, too, have been wondering," said Mrs. Plynn, if it would not be more advisable in teaching language, to teach by example as well as by precept. That is, to teach one to talk correctly, by talking correctly to him, and teach him the use and meaning of words by correctly using the same."

"Mother," said Mr. Plynn, "do you believe in textbooks at all?"

"Indeed I do," said Mrs. Plynn, "but I look at these books as I look at the Bible. It would do us no good, whatever, to be continually reading the Bible if we would never begin to practice what we read. And so with grammar, it will be of no practical use to us if we do not proceed to practice what we learn."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Mr. Plynn. "Do you know what that reminds me of? It reminds me of Eld. Dodd. Whenever he chooses to deliver a sermon, his subject is nearly always 'Pride.' He always chooses a text referring to 'lust of flesh,' 'lust of eyes,' and 'pride of life.' That is a very good text, but he never dwells much on the first clause. I think that equally as important as the others. It may not seem laughable to you, but it does to me, because he never tries to obey that part, or he has not the strength. I do not know which."

"How do you know he does not obey it?" said Dever.

"Why," said Mr. Plynn, "he hardly takes time to sleep he is so addicted to the use of tobacco."

"Why did you mention it in Dever's presence, though?" said Mrs. Plynn. "We must teach him to be careful in speaking disrespectfully of the absent."

"That is true, mother." "I beg your pardon, Dever," said Mr. Plynn. "I only mentioned it as a lesson to us. Eld. Dodd is a good man in every other way, very, very good."

"That may be *his* weakness and he may be trying to overcome it," said Dever. "Yes," nodded Mr. Plynn, smilingly.

"I am overcoming my weakness," said Dever. "You know my Sabbath school teacher asked us to try this week, always to return good for evil if any treated us so. I promised and did not break my promise, as yet. To-day, at noon, Billy Reed gave me a kick and a push and I fell flat in the muddy road. I got up and instead of paying him back, I simply smiled at him and proceeded to clean off the mud. Billy noticed this, and he came to help me and said he was sorry and that he would never be caught doing such a mean trick to me again. I guess teacher will think it works as she thought it would."

"Good!" said Mr. and Mrs. Plynn in unison.

Tea was over, and as Dever was busy all of two hours preparing his lessons for the morrow, he said he would retire, as he was very tired.

He said his prayers and before he was lost to the world in slumber, he made this resolution: "I will always practice the good and right, else I will be no better for having learned it."

Hartville, Ohio.

LIFE'S WISDOM.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

He who thinks he knows it all,
Shows how little he does know;
For 'tis by our wisdom, we,
In our wisdom, learn to grow.
Thus, the more we seem to learn,
More the unknown seems to be,
And to all God's wisdom know,
Needs more than eternity.

Moorestown, N. Jersey.

"No man ever reached great things without trying for them. Thoughts of what is great, love for great ideals, daily acts done in a great spirit, prepare the hero's hour, and bring it to him. Purpose makes or mars life. Purposelessness ruins life."

"How many of us live in dark, wretched, poverty-stricken Grumble lane, when we might live on broad, sunshiny Thanksgiving street, with plenty of God's sky above us."

The Last Great Indian

O. H. Kimmel

THE sound of the tom tom has died out in America. True, we have the reservation Indian in his tepee, but he is a degenerate remnant of this once powerful race. The works of their great braves from Powhatan to Pontiac have contributed to the annals of history, and these men live only in memory. Their works have ended. Their cause has been lost.

The Indians who remain in our country possess in part the spirit and animation of their ancestors, but they have lost the ambition to do and to dare that bundle of deeds and works that their ancestors did. They are living in the setting of their own sun and have receded and retreated from the eventful walks of man to await the final epoch of their decline.

But this was not so in Pontiac's time. When this Indian came into the world the Indians as a powerful people spread out over all America, except the small region from which they had been expelled by the English, along the Atlantic coast. When he grew to manhood he—more than any other Indian—saw the Indian's problem. He saw that the white race was destined to take the American continent; he saw that one of two things must be done. The French were coming into the country, intermarrying with the Indians and living with them and often as they lived; on the other side were the English who were coming in, independent of the red man and making their permanent abode over the ruins of the savage wigwam. Between these two evils Pontiac chose what he considered the lesser of the two and became an ally and a friend of the French.

We do not know how Pontiac came into prominence, but attribute it to his superior ability, his masterful mind, his trueness of character, his tactfulness and his wisdom. At any rate, by the time he was fifty years old he had brought eighteen savage nations under his dominion, so that they obeyed his slightest command. He, an Ottawa Indian, had formed a confederation of nations of red men that made a formidable foe to the English, a valuable assistance to the French, and a powerful confederacy of savage people. The organized confederacy reached from the lakes of New York to the Mississippi, and from the lakes in Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and throughout most of this region Pontiac's self-proclaimed power was supreme.

He attempted to save his people from annihilation—a laudable ambition—and he gave his life up to that work. So well did he plan his work that the civilized mind was attracted because of his skill and strategy, yet the world was amazed at his honesty. We do not mean to say that he was perfect. No, not by far, for Pontiac was a savage, but he was without the low treachery and craftiness that is characteristic of that savage race. He was full of strategy, tactful, fierce, brave and hazardous, but he was honest.

His last brave struggle for the rights of his people commenced in 1763. Preliminary to the eventful May night when he appeared in full paint and war dress in the war dance ring to chant his deeds on the banks of the Detroit River, he had made a careful campaign of preparation among the native tribes. All was in readiness. The Algonquin stock and the Senecas of the Iroquois were in his fighting band. From his little hut on Cochon Isle, to Michilimackinac, from Michilimackinac to the lower Mississippi, and from the eastern end of Lake Erie down to the Ohio the messengers of Pontiac had carried out in secret one of the most gigantic schemes recorded in the annals of history, and on the morrow from the Lakes to the Gulf the battle was to be waged against the English settlements.

The Indians did not like the English, who treated them with contempt and even cruelty, and all of the tribes were, therefore, anxious to strike this desperate blow. So the time for action was at hand. Pontiac was to start by leading a band of sixty chiefs, and by strategy take Detroit. There he was to give the signal that would eventually start the fray all along the English frontier. But the brave old Indian on entering the fort at Detroit with his chiefs, under pretense of counciling with the English, found himself marching between files of armed soldiers.

Pontiac was startled. The gates behind him were closed. He had been betrayed, but by whom has never been definitely known. After the council ended Pontiac left the fort. He threw off the last pretense of friendliness and a general attack on Detroit ensued. However, he failed to take the town and his plan in general failed. Many places were taken by the Indians, but only with the ultimate results of defeat. By autumn his hopes began to dwindle. Stories had reached him that France had ceded her American territory to England. He refused to believe this for a while, but with its confirmation he realized that his cause was lost. Yet he would not admit defeat so long as the French flag floated over a single outpost. Needing money to continue his struggle, he used the white man's plan of borrowing it, giving his promissory notes with his totem—a picture of an otter, as signature. These notes were faithfully paid.

He then drew off to Illinois. He ordered the Illi-

nois Indians to take up arms and stand by him. They hesitated. "Hesitate not," said Pontiac, "or I will destroy you as fire does the prairie grass! These are the words of Pontiac."

Then they obeyed, and his fruitless struggle was continued for a season. Taking his stand at Fort Chartres, he kept the English at bay for over two years, but the old warrior noticed their approaching footsteps all around. One afternoon in the early winter in the third year after the attack on Detroit, the old warrior came into the fort and sat down by the French commander. Both knew what a large English force was approaching only a few miles away. Resistance was useless and none was to be made. Now that such must come, both Pontiac and the Frenchman were anxious that the scene soon be over.



Old Cahokia Courthouse Near where Pontiac was Killed.

Pontiac spoke. "Father," said he, in his usual Indian term of respect. "Father, I have always loved the French. We have often smoked the calumet together, and we have fought battles together, against misguided Indians and English dogs."

St. Ange de Bellerive, the French officer, interrupted by saying, "The chief must now bury the hatchet."

"I have buried it," said Pontiac, "I shall lift it no more."

"The English are willing to make peace with you if you recall your wampum," said Bellerive.

Pontiac grinning, said, "The belts are more than one man can carry."

"Where do you intend to go when you leave this post?" asked the Frenchman. Pontiac deeply moved lifted his hand and pointed east, west, north, south. He would have no settled abode. It was a sign that he had relinquished the inheritance of his fathers to an invader he hated. He and his race could not live in the same land as the Anglo-Saxon. Had he foreseen what was soon coming to him he would have struck out to the remotest trans-Mississippi wilderness.

After the cannon from one of the bastions thundered, and the French flag at Fort Chartres was replaced by the English, the old chief left for Cahokia, remained there for a few days and then crossed the Father of Waters to the village of St. Louis, then on Spanish soil. Here he remained for a time and visited his old friend, Chouteau. While visiting there later, he heard of a ball in Cahokia, and he determined to visit his French friends in that village. During his stay there, a corrupt English trader conspired to encompass his destruction. So one cloudy night in 1769 a Peoria Indian for the bribe of a barrel of whisky shot the old chief from ambush.

The remains were taken across the river and buried near the fort at St. Louis, near the present site of the Southern Hotel. In the lobby of that building a plate erected to the memory of this gallant Indian was unveiled in 1900. The exact spot where the grave was located has been lost and perhaps this may be well. For before Pontiac met his death his hopes were lost and his race knew that its only destiny was destruction. So with the vanishing race it may be fitting that the earthly remains of this man have been lost from view. But be this as it may, we cannot dispute that the works and deeds of Pontiac have given for this man a place in history alongside the names of the great men of earth, that this man who was so ruthlessly shot down as the result of a cowardly conspiracy, was the greatest man of that aboriginal race, and that—though a savage—he has given to the world a true lesson in honesty, bravery, self-sacrifice and heroism.

E St. Louis, Ill.

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter VII.—The Proprietor of the Foaming Goblet.

IT was a strange sensation which filled the brain of George Macdonald, as the screen door swung upon its hinges, and the Dunker evangel stood before him with her clear eyes fastened as though in sad appeal, upon his face. For several moments he gazed curiously at her, then made several attempts to frame an apology for his rudeness; but as no words, apparently, were at his command, he hiccoughed once or twice and adjusted his cravat, after which he bluntly asked: "What is it I can do for you, ma'am?"

"Sir," she answered, her eyes still fastened steadfastly upon his face, "it is not in any interest of mine that I have come to you to-day, save in that deeper sense which binds us to humanity. However low a man may fall, however sinful and depraved his heart may be, he is our brother still. Sir, I have come to ask your aid in lifting such an one."

Upon hearing this, the mouth of George Macdonald was opened as wide almost, as were his eyes. It opened wider still, as she continued:

"I come to you, sir, because you can help me more than any other person can; because without your aid there appears no means for saving him because, sir, it was yourself who caused the man to fall."

The proprietor of the "Foaming Goblet" evidently was not expecting this. He winced beneath her steady eyes and stuttered:

"Er—— did I understand you, ma-am?"

"I hope you did," replied the other. "I chose words which I considered simple enough to make my meaning clear."

"— er—to whom do you refer?" he asked.

"To the poor remnant of a man who drags out his existence in this wretched street, not twenty doors from here; to him who lays his gold upon this evil bar while his children beg within the streets, and cry for bread; to him who learned to rob inside these walls, ay, and to lie and curse as well; to him who broke his poor wife's heart with the weapons which you furnished; yes, to John Deane, the vagabond, the sot,—the man whom you have made an enslaved wretch, and whom you rule anon with tyranny!"

All this time the proprietor of the "Foaming Goblet" stood as though rooted to the floor, and not a muscle moved. He yet stood still while she continued:

"When I came here you asked me what you could do for me. My answer is, and I do entreat you: *help me to redeem this man!*"

"And what would you have me do, ma'am?"

"To sell him no more drink! To scorn to give him that which costs him the honor of his life, the peace of his mind, the eternal happiness of his soul." And Mrs. Chester's voice was very sad though very dignified.

The proprietor of the "Foaming Goblet" looked dumfounded. Had his visitor asked him for money with which to buy John Deane's children bread to eat, it had astonished him. But the fact that she asked him to limit his business transactions, astonished him even more.

With a flourishing gesture, intended perhaps to make his point of argument more effective, he brought his heavy hand upon the bar and almost shrieked:

"I refuse to sell him drink when he comes and pays the full price down for it? Were it not for the calmness of your voice, I should think you were insane! This is an age of business, ma'am. Some men deal in dry goods, some in fish and some in souls. According to the nature of their traffic, men reap the profits. In my opinion souls make the best business, ma'am, because they bring the largest profits. *I refuse to sell a man drink when he comes and offers shining gold for it?*"—and here a burst of derisive laughter issued from his lips—"you do not know me, ma'am, or you would never mention such a thing to me."

"I know that you have broken the hearts of many wives, that you have starved their helpless children, that you have sent a multitnde of men down to the drunkard's hell. I wish to know more."

Having spoken this in the same calm voice, she bowed to the proprietor of the "Foaming Goblet," and passed into the street, her mind beset with many doubts and fears.

Chapter VIII.—The Change of a Year.

ONE year had passed since Mrs. Chester stepped from beneath the picture of the foaming goblet. During this interval she had ministered often to the miserable, hungry children of John Deane. Sibyl had found the location of Shady Brook, and ofttimes directed her footsteps

thither from the dirty, wretched alley of the hampered city. Shady Brook lay out from the city, about a mile southward, and was snugly nestled amongst a few tall elms and a couple dozen houses which formed a romantic suburb.

During this interval a change had come to the little home of Shady Brook. A wee, winsome thing had come to gladden those lonely rooms, and the bereaved man and woman were no longer childless. With the advent of this little daughter, joy came also; and the tiny being which appealed to their hearts for tenderness and love, did not appeal in vain.

They called her Lily. No other name was as fitting, Mrs. Chester said; and indeed a perfect lily the little maiden was, alike in her sweetness and her purity.

At first Sibyl had been very shy, and many times before she ventured to approach the house, had wandered within a few rods of it and sat unobserved beneath a stately elm, with her eyes gazing wistfully in the direction of the cosy cottage. Thus she would sit for hours, thinking about the fairy land which she felt sure was enclosed within its walls, and longing to cross its threshold and enter into love and peace and rest.

All her life she had been beaten and abused and found fault with. Could she but rest for one short hour within that home, and close her eyes and forget all about hunger and pain and curses, and imagine that the home was heaven and Mrs. Chester an angel, and sit by her side and dream, and, for the first time since her mother died, feel that some one loved her, could she do this, Sibyl felt that this world were a brighter one!

But was she to atone for her rudeness to Mrs. Chester? This was the constant burden of her heart. Poor Sibyl! she had yet to learn the blessing of forgiveness. So day by day she sat, weary with yearning and desire, within the shadow of the tall elm tree.

But the supreme moment of her life came at last. One morning Mrs. Chester found her sitting on a low stone step at the door of Shady Brook. One dirty hand supported her shaggy head, and in her eyes was a far-away look, as though she were gazing into another world.

Mrs. Chester started. "This you, Sibyl?" she exclaimed; then added in a gentle voice: "Come in, my dear."

Sibyl arose and straightway burst into a flood of tears.

Mrs. Chester was astonished more than ever. "What is it, Sibyl? Are you hungry or sick? Pray tell me what it is that troubles you."

The gentle words only made the tears fall faster and the sobs to break forth in more overwhelming power.

"Oh!" cried Sibyl, "I wish as I had never made that ugly face at you!"

Infinite pity touched the heart of Mrs. Chester, as she led the weeping girl within and gently seated her upon an easy chair.

"I wish as I hadn't made it a'fore you went away that day," she sobbed; "and when you didn't hold no spite, but fetched me nice things to eat an' clothes to wear, I felt worser an' worser all the time. An' often when I laid awake at night an' thought of it, my heart pained so as I thought I couldn't bear it."

Mrs. Chester strove to soothe her by telling her how the pure and holy Christ was abused and spit upon and jeered at by the wicked men who suffered him to die upon the cross; and how he forgave them all, beseeching his Father not to remember the sin against them. "When Christ forgave a wrong as vile as that, surely I should, and do forgive your little rudeness, Sibyl."

Thus it came to pass that Sibyl was a frequent visitor at Shady Brook. Sometimes she went upon pretext of wishing to see the baby; sometimes because she "just couldn't stay away nohow," she said.

Eventually it became an established rule that Mrs. Chester met her once each week in the little library at Shady Brook, and spent an hour teaching her from God's blessed Word.

To this hour Sibyl looked forward to with keen delight; for to her it was the sweetest and most important hour of the week. And Mrs. Chester never wearied of pointing her to "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

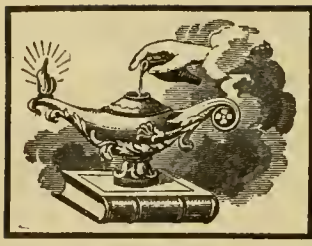
And now Sibyl had learned to repeat the Lord's Prayer and many precious texts, one of which she loved most was this: "For this is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief."

So it was not the little home of Shady Brook alone, wherein one year had wrought a blessed change; but within the lowly heart of a despised outcast as well.

(To be Continued.)

I AM fond of children. I think them the poetry of the world—the fresh flowers of our hearts and homes; little conjurers, with their natural magic, evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks and equalizes the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them.—*Thomas Binney.*

THE weakness or our religious life is that we have lost the power of moral indignation. We do not flame in righteous anger.—*J. Ash Parsons.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

DAVID BYERLY.

"Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the seashore."

WELL and truly did the poet say,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out. Rom. 11: 30. No wonder the psalmist when contemplating the goodness and greatness of God, was made to exclaim, "What is man that thou art mindful of him and the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Our text says *thus* the Lord saved Israel. In the preceding verses we have a brief history of their salvation. Moses was their leader. It is very apparent to any Bible reader that God was caring for him from the time of his birth, and when he could no longer be hid and was placed in the river and found by Pharaoh's daughter, God so overruled events that his own mother had the happy privilege of bringing him up. No doubt this early training had much to do with his refusing to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

Moses had yet another lesson to learn. When he slew the Egyptian, he looked this way and that way but the right way he did not look. It was necessary for him to learn to look up for guidance and strength in the work that was before him. Forty years of preparation and God's power manifested at the burning bush, enabled him to fully realize his weakness and inability within himself to undertake the great task of delivering God's chosen people. Thus prepared and with the full assurance of God as his helper, he set about the work.

After the many signs and wonders had been performed before Pharaoh and the various plagues had been sent upon the Egyptians, Moses was finally permitted to leave the land. God directed that they should go by way of the wilderness, that he might get him honor and that they might know that he really was the Lord. Pharaoh's heart was hardened and he pursued after them, overtaking them at the Red Sea. Now the children of Israel murmur. What would we have done under the same or similar circumstances? To the natural eye no means of escape. But with God all things are possible. Moses said, "Stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. The Egyptians you see today you shall see again no more forever."

What a declaration! But Moses knew whereof he was speaking. He cried unto the Lord and the command was to go forward. Moses was to lift up his rod and stretch his hand out over the sea and divide it. The children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon dry ground. But the enemy, essaying to follow them were overthrown.

Moses had told them not to fear for they would see the Egyptians again no more forever. Now they are all dead upon the seashore. "Rejoice O ye nations with his people; for he will avenge the blood of his servants, and will render vengeance to his adversaries and will be merciful unto his land and to his people." Deut. 32: 43. Jesus says he will avenge them speedily.

The consolation of the Israel of to-day is, that the same God that saved at the Red sea rules to-day and has promised never to leave nor forsake us but will be with us always even unto the end of the world. Their salvation was the reward of faithfulness and obedience. So we, too, if faithful and obedient, may have part in the common salvation that hath appeared unto all men. If Moses as the leader, mediator and ambassador would have failed to reconcile them in their trying times of murmuring and despondency, what would have been the consequence? If we as ambassadors of his neglect the "Go ye" and are not praying in Christ's stead that the world may be reconciled to him, can we claim his presence unto the end of the world, and in the end everlasting life? The salvation spoken of was a temporal salvation for a few, but the Gospel that Paul said he was not ashamed of is the power of God unto salvation for all men.

O that we, like Caleb, might wholly follow the Lord God of Israel that we might make bold in the day of grace. "Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples; and they are written for our admonition, upon whom the ends of the world are come." 1 Cor. 10: 11. "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard lest at any time we let them slip. For if the

word spoken by angels was steadfast and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompense of reward, how shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him?" Heb. 2: 1-3.

Lima, Ohio.

WE ARE STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS ON THE EARTH.

GEORGE S. GRIM.

We have no abiding place here. We are traveling to yonder home which is an everlasting habitation. We are strangers and sojourners through this vale of tears. This world is not my home because I will not, I cannot stay here long; mortality will soon be swallowed up in life; I will go through the valley of dry bones as sojourner and will leave behind me these decaying things of mortal life. I will press onward and upward towards that heavenly kingdom which will never change or pass away; where the names of the faithful are written on the record in the city of the New Jerusalem. We have no constitutional rights here. We may be persecuted, defamed, reviled, condemned even to martyrdom by the children of this world. We make no appeal against it; we resist not; we seek no redress. We are foreigners and strangers to this world; its people, maxims, habits, ways, immunities and favors are not for us.

Our citizenship is known by our walk of life, speech, dress, methods of dealing one with the other, aims, deportment.

Furthermore, we are pilgrims and strangers. We have been called out, to go to another country. It is a goodly land, an eternal habitation, which will never be disturbed by earthquakes, floods and fire; neither by wars and commotions of the wickedness of men in this world; and we are not to stop by the way, and seek worldly pleasures which will fade and die; but we are to keep right on our way looking by faith into the recompense of the reward.

Now, beloved, the Lord has given us his word to keep ourselves aloof from wicked desires, we are not to wish for the things that do not belong to us. The grace of God teaches us to deny ourselves of ungodliness and worldly lusts and live sober, godly, and righteous in this world, looking for the Lord of glory. We are to abstain from fleshly lusts. The only desirable things are for a temporary living while passing through this world as a means for the necessaries of this mortal life, to sustain the means of eternal life. We are to have a few of those perishable things only as a means to an end for accomplishing the will of God in sustaining and receiving the eternal things.

Louisville, Ohio.

THE THINGS THAT CANNOT FAIL.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,

When the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast
To the things that cannot fail.

I know that right is right,
That it isn't good to lie,
That love is better than spite,
And a neighbor than a spy.

I know that passion needs
The leash of a sober mind;
I know that generous deeds
Some sure reward will find.

In the darkest night of the year,
When the stars have all gone out,
Courage is better than fear,
Faith is truer than doubt.

And fierce though the fiends may fight,
And long though the angels hide,
I know that truth and right
Have the universe on their side.

—Washington Gladden.

WORK.

The perfectly natural and healthful person desires work—that is, he finds it a positive delight to employ his energies in the accomplishment of some aim, he rejoices in the consciousness of expending force for some cherished purpose. It is not only that he looks forward to the result to be attained, though that is of course included; besides this, he feels a rich glow of joy in the work itself. The woodman whistles gaily, and puts forth his superabundant strength as he hews down his tree; the merchant is glad to spend energy on his business project; the astronomer works tirelessly over a difficult problem, thrilling with the inspiration of his work; and the author adds new pages to his manuscript with a sense of satisfaction that would be incomplete without this source. In all these cases the end to be attained is and should be the prominent motive; but just as long and as far as the labor itself is a joy will its quality be improved and the end most fully realized.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

THE KING'S ROOM.

In ancient Madrid, unless there was a special stipulation to the contrary, the "upper room" of all houses belonged to the king. Have you an "upper room" for your King? Or have you released yourself from the privilege and duty? Oh, brother, have you your "upper room"? It is somewhere in the house or wood-lot, in the kitchen or chamber. Have a King's room—an "upper room"—where you and the King meet daily face to face.—*Ram's Horn.*

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A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

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AS WE SEE OURSELVES.

ROBERT BURNS in his inimitable verse has moralized upon the inconsistency and ridiculousness that often appear in our actions because of our inability

"To see oursels as ithers see us"

and we need not go far in our observations to realize that there is a wide field for the application of the lesson he presents to us. Often it is one's vanity and self-esteem that narrow his vision and warp his judgment, and lead him to advertise himself in a way that is sure to bring him into disfavor.

However, there is a weakening element in this effort to see ourselves from the standpoint of others which one should avoid if he would keep his individuality in pristine vigor. What "they" may say or think has become such a despotic ruler in some people's lives that they are mere puppets, without any distinguishing traits. They think and act as "they" might think and act under the same circumstances, but in their effort to conduct themselves in a perfectly proper manner they often subject themselves to ridicule by their very apishness.

A course that will without doubt bring better results is that of seeing others as we see ourselves,—giving them praise for that which in ourselves would warm us to the commendatory word, and judging their mistakes by our own weaknesses. Another's knowledge of us must necessarily be superficial and to be guided by that must lead to superficiality in looking at ourselves. On the other hand, by beginning with ourselves where our knowledge goes below the surface, we will credit our neighbor with powers and influences which may not always be apparent, and the charity with which we screen our own feelings will throw into the shadow the unseemlinesses of our neighbor.

BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

WE are not such despairing creatures as we sometimes wish to appear. To be sure, there are people to be found now and then who feel themselves altogether worsted in the battle of life and without any support or resource outside of themselves. But with the large majority of us,—and among the number even the most pessimistic,—the spark of hope never dies out altogether. The workman gathers together his tools and proceeds at once to rebuild his dwelling which earthquake or storm has razed to the ground. The farmer replants his devastated fields, and though winter skies may frown most discouragingly, he lays his plans for the summer's crops. And time would fail to tell of the inventors, the business men, and the housewives who look up from shattered plans with courage unwavering.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast." It is one of the laws of our being, and when one loses hope he is by so much out of harmony with those laws. However, a healthy mind cannot conceive of the blackness of despair that must possess the one who is without hope, and he is forced to believe that the hopeless one has willfully shut off some avenue by which the beacon light might have reached him. He has failed to realize that the clouds are only a curtain and that back of them is the center of light which will yet pierce the blackness with its warming, revivifying rays.

The hope that buoys us up amid the swift, opposing currents of this life is an earnest of that hope which "we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil." The former is necessary if we are to take our places in this workaday world, the latter we must have to sustain us when we are done with the things of this world.

FROM MY OFFICE WINDOW.

The Elgin National Watch Factory.

WITHIN plain view, about a half a mile down the river, on the opposite bank, is the Elgin National Watch Factory of world-wide fame. The great clock that looks out of the four windows of the tower that surmounts the immense building serves as my only timepiece as I push through the duties of the day.

There are few American boys and girls who have not heard of this factory by way of its products, and yet the thought of the wide renown, even in the most thoughtful, will hardly lead him to a fair estimate of the large place it occupies among the big manufacturing concerns of the land. And he would be still farther off, perhaps, in measuring its place in a busy manufacturing town of thirty thousand people.

The fact is, that on coming to Elgin and going about a little, one's first impression is that the watch factory is the only manufacturing plant of any significance in the city. The running of the street cars is timed to suit the watch factory employees, the doors of offices state that they are open at such and such hours daily, *and* such and such hours on watch factory pay nights, and the merchants announce that their

stores are open on certain evenings in the week, *and* watch factory pay nights.

Perhaps the reader is wondering whether this immense concern has followed the law of natural growth,—whether there was once a tiny acorn where now stands the giant oak,—or whether it is of the mushroom type which is so prolific in these times. I think it may safely be classed with the former, but certain influences have so worked upon it that its growth has been phenomenal. In 1864 some business men of Chicago decided that there should be a watch factory in the west, and early in 1865 the Elgin National Watch Factory was organized as a result of this decision. For several months the work was carried on in a three-story building on an alley west of Market Square. The next year the work was moved into the company's building on the present site of the factory. From that time till 1875 the plant was enlarged five separate times. On the latter date one hundred and twenty-five thousand watches had been made, the number of employees was six hundred, and the monthly pay-roll $35,000.

The history which I consulted claimed that five years after the first watch was put on the market the reputation of the Elgin watch was established. Of course some reputations are made in much less time than that, but when one considers what the reputation must have been to support the wonderful growth of this plant, he must confess that those five years must have been spent in work other than that of watering stock. The years tell us that it was *faithful* work.

Over and over we are made to wonder why any legitimate business will incorporate into its business plans principles that are inconsistent with any worthy cause, when healthy growth may be secured by a course open to the eyes of all. Sometimes we excuse these calamity-inviters because the get-rich-quick infection is in the very air we breathe, but we hardly need pass on their case at all. Sooner or later "their works do follow them," and the work of the honorably conducted business moves on unharmed.

AN AUDITOR WHO DID NOT AUDIT.

Along with hundreds of other instances of misplaced confidence and disappearing public funds is that of the corruption connected with the building of the state capitol at Harrisburg, Pa. A late revelation to be added to the scandalous ones already made there comes from the auditor's department. A clerk testifies "that he approved bills for metallic furniture without looking up their correctness. As he did not verify the measurements, the auditor general's department had no check on the $2,000,000 expended for the furniture."

We are not noting this instance of faithlessness because of its unusualness. The papers are full of such examples. But we take this one out of the many simply to call our attention to this criminal act. Auditors who do not audit form a very small percent of the countless thousands who give the lie to their profession. But we must not think that the commonness of the crime lessens by one iota the criminality of it.

To be sure, there are the incapable people through whom come many mistakes and losses. But we are leaving them out altogether. We are talking about the people who are able to fill their positions and fill them well,—the "smart" people. When will we learn to look upon our work, however lowly, as an inviolable trust? When will we feel that our own better self demands a faithful performance of it just as does our employer? When will we come to understand that the price of a default is always wrung from our own manhood and womanhood, whether the act ever comes to light or not? When we realize all this we may begin to look for purity in business affairs,—for the millennium.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

A smile is a Brook that finds its way
Through desert Hearts and dreary.
Drink of the Brook! Its waters may
Give strength if thou art weary.

—Richard Braunstein.

We cannot dispute that the works and deeds of Pontiac have given for this man a place in history alongside the names of the great men of earth—*O. H. Kimmel.*

This poor man whom he first welcomed into his castle brought with him the sunlight of his soul, which grew and developed into the sunlight of summer, when she came again with all her splendor.—*Leon F. Beery.*

It would do us no good, whatever, to be continually reading the Bible if we would never begin to practice what we read.—*Grace Longanecker.*

The same God that saved at the Red Sea rules today and has promised never to leave us.—*David Byerly.*

We have no constitutional rights here. We may be persecuted, defamed, reviled, condemned even to martyrdom by the children of this world. We make no appeal against it; we resist not; we seek no redress.—*George S. Grim.*

Their retentive minds are like the waxen spool that catches the sound of the human voice, to reproduce it if placed in a favorable condition to do so.—*D. Maxcy Quellhorst.*



In the penitentiary at Seattle, Wash., stripes have been abolished in the uniform of the prisoners. The prisoners will be graded according to crime, term of imprisonment and conduct, and there will be a different uniform for each class, but no stripes will appear in any of them.

Chicago Italians have effected an organization for the purpose of diverting the influx of their immigrating countrymen from Chicago and other large cities to the agricultural districts. The object of the organization will also be to promote trade between Chicago and the west and Italy.

Eight Minnesota railroads have gone into the federal courts to fight the freight and passenger rate reduction ordered by the legislature and the state railroad commission. The new rates were to have gone into effect June 1, but the stockholders have asked for an injunction restraining these eight companies from putting these lower rates into effect and the judge has signed a temporary order to that effect.

M. Santos-Dumont has begun the building of a new dirigible balloon, which he believes will be superior to anything that has yet sailed in the air. It is to be twenty-one meters long, of comparatively small diameter and with a capacity of but 100 cubic meters. The balloon is to be fitted with a 50-horse-power motor, and with it the aeronauts expect to be able to obtain an air speed of at least 100 kilometers—over sixty miles—an hour.

M. Gerard, an officer of the French navy, has invented an instrument called the telimeter, which enables one to find accurately the distance of any visible object whose height is known without complex calculations. The principle on which this instrument works is the combination of two prismatic rings, so adjusted as to give a variable refractive angle, enabling the user, by means of a graduated scale, to read off the distance of the object looked at without stopping to go through a mathematical calculation.

Notwithstanding the objections of Mrs. Jane Dowie and her son, Gladstone, Judge Landis recently entered an order giving authority to John C. Hately, receiver of Zion City property, to sell the property. The creditors are anxious for the sale as under present conditions the property is decreasing in value. John A. Lewis who was named by Dowie as his successor and trustee of the estate believes the order of Judge Landis will result in a reorganization of the estate and the restoration of peace among the warring factions of Zion, the disruption of which he lays to overseer Voliva.

Nottingham, England, has solved the city garbage problem by feeding the refuse into two huge destructors costing respectively $39,000 and $102,000. Enough steam is produced by the destructors to provide electricity for a third of the needs of the tramway system. No other fuel is required except a trifle for starting the fire on Monday. Besides electricity the Nottingham corporation produces from the house refuse more street-paving stones than it can use. A plant connected with the main destructor mixes the clinkers with cement which, submitted to hydraulic pressure, produces an artificial brick harder than stone which can be used for building purposes as well as street-paving.

The New York Transportation Company, which has for a number of years operated electric cabs in New York city, is about to put into effect a new tariff schedule, which it will call its "taximeter cab tariff." The device from which the name is derived is a small instrument resembling a street car fare register. It is operated when the cab is in motion by a shaft connected with the wheels of the vehicle, which gives the distance traveled, and when standing the time is indicated by the operation of a device. The charge computation is thus automatic and exact. An instrument of this character has been in use in Europe for some time, but it has never before been introduced into this country.

Contrary to the plan followed by the first peace conference in 1889, which was held behind closed doors at the outset, the first session of the present conference June 15, will be an open one. The first work will likely be the appointment of committees to consider the various subjects appearing upon the Russian program. Some time will then be given for the preparation of reports by these committees. The low-

est estimate of the duration of the conference is six weeks, and the general belief is that it will be in session between two and three months.

THE United States Supreme Court May 27 rendered a decision in the case of a Georgia lumber firm against the Southern Railroad, unimportant in itself but which indirectly sustains the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission under the Federal rate law to fix railroad rates. The commission had decided that an increase of 2 cents a hundred on lumber from Georgia to the Ohio river was unreasonable and unjust, whereupon the railroad carried the matter up to the highest court, which now sustains the action of the commission.

A MAN does not often travel around the world just to sign his name, but that is the case with Frank Brannigan, treasurer of the Philippine islands. He came to Washington to sign his name and will return to Manila by way of Suez. He must affix his name to 10,000 bonds that have been issued for the construction of additional Philippine railroads. At first it was the intention of the government to send the bonds to Manila for signature but in order to get them on the New York market as soon as possible, Secretary Taft decided to bring Brannigan to the bonds. This will save about a month's time. The issue aggregates $12,000,000.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in an address to the students of the Michigan Agricultural college, May 31, laid special emphasis on the dignity of manual labor. He decried the idea of a man working for $12 per week because it was called a salary, and in the earning of it his hands were not hardened and his clothes soiled, when he might earn $25 a week, though it came to him as "wages" earned by the sweat of his brow. He classed the work of the farmer as second to none in importance to the country. "If there is one lesson taught by history it is that the permanent greatness of any state must ultimately depend more upon the character of its country population than upon anything else."

DR. ROBERT BELL, a prominent physician of London, England, holds that cancer is not caused by any micro-organism, but is the result of faulty diet and consequent improper sanitation of the body. In a recent lecture he announced that bad eating and drinking was one of the chief factors in the production of cancer. One of the special causes was the eating of too much red meat, but in general the person who ate freely of vegetables and milk was better able to resist the approach of cancer. In his whole life he had met only one cancer patient who was a vegetarian. Smoking he believed to be an excitant of cancer, but not a direct cause. It was his belief that within ten years the world would know how to rid itself of this disease.

FLAT cultivation of cotton, as introduced by the Arkansas experiment station, is finding favor with the lint growers of that state over the old method of hill tillage, the advantage being in the saving of labor and economy of seed, and, it is declared, a better yield. Under old practice, says *Southwest Magazine*, the soil was thrown up in a furrow and the seed sown continuously in a drill. Later the plants were thinned to a single stand by hoeing the entire surface of the cotton row and cutting away 19 of every 20 stalks. Flat cultivation consists of thoroughly preparing the seed bed and planting the cotton in checks 18 to 24 inches apart in a drill, to enable cultivation in both directions, a method that will naturally lessen the work of the chopper and save a greater part of the seed.

THE report of Judge Anthony, who was appointed by the Missouri Supreme Court to take testimony in the suit against the Standard Oil, Waters-Pierce and Republic Oil Companies, doing business in that state, on the charge of conspiracy to restrain trade, affirms such combination and recommends that the charters of the companies be revoked and that they be debarred from doing business in the state. This is the end of the suit begun by Attorney General Hadley two years ago. Judge Anthony, in reviewing the testimony, says there was ample evidence found to show that these companies entered into an agreement to fix and control prices to be paid by retail dealers and others for the products of petroleum in the state of Missouri. He also says that these companies sought to control and limit the trade in this commodity. The report says that the companies misled the public into the belief that they were separate when, in fact, they were one corporation.





THEORY VS. PRACTICE.

A woman wrote in a kitchen,
  Dressed in a calico gown,
'Midst the spicy, fragrant odors
  Of pastry, flaky and brown.
The hand that wrote was unshapely;
  The palm was rough and hard;
For six healthy, frolicsome children
  Were playing in the yard.
She wrote, in language simple,
  Of how she had reared them so—
But the method wasn't "up to date"
  And of course, it didn't "go."

Another wrote in her study,
  Dressed in a gown of silk,
One sickly tot, in the nursery,
  Nourished on patent milk.
The kitchen was bare and lonely,
  No savory odors there;
The range was cold and cheerless,
  They lived on bakery fare.
She wrote in a language fluent,
  On the theoretic plan,
Of starving the weakly infant
  Into the stalwart man,
And recounted the solemn duties
  Of wives and mothers o'er—
The people raved o'er that article,
  And the editor begged for more.

—M. E. L.

THE HAPPY HOME.

O happy home! O bright and cheerful hearth!
  Look round with me, my lover, friend, and wife,
  On these fair faces we have lit with life;
And in the perfect blessing of their birth,
Help me to live our thanks for so much heaven on earth. —Martha F. Tupper.

HOME INFLUENCES.

D. MAXCY QUELLHORST.

THERE has been so much said, so much written upon the subject of "Home" and its influences, but when we think of it, as next door to heaven, we do not wonder that it is an inexhaustible subject. There is no word more dear to the heart than the one little word "Home."

After all, what is home? Is it only a place where we eat, sleep, and eke out a miserable existence? or is it a place where love, confidence, companionship, and kindness rule supreme? Where father and mother are willing to make some sacrifice in order to be in union and harmony with each other? Where children can come to them with all their difficulties and perplexities? For though young in years, they have those problems to meet. And how I do pity the dear boy or girl whose parents are too busy with the cares of this life to stop and help them out, when they come to them for aid!

As parents we are responsible for our children. They come into this cold, heartless world, without any consent of their own. Then how careful we should be to guide their little feet aright, and how carefully should we guard these deceitful tongues of ours, that they never utter an expression in the presence of the child, that we would not have reproduced, for in their innocence their retentive minds are like the waxen spool that catches the sound of the human voice, to reproduce it if placed in a favorable condition to do so. They act as a complete phonograph, and when we least expect it. Effects of our own carelessness crop out through this tiny bit of human personation.

I once knew a little boy, whose father had the bad habit of concealing things from his family, and also of taking things that rightfully belonged to his children. When this boy grew to manhood, natural enough in such homes, he and his father could not agree. So the boy was sent from home to be subjected to the cruel taunts of a cold world. After an absence of a few months, he longed for the old home again, as most children do. No matter how badly they may have been treated there, the very name of home still clings to them as a sacred place. When he came he concealed his small sum of money among some rubbish about the house. His father asked him for it, he told him a falsehood—told him he had none, and started away to his home town to celebrate "Independence" day. That father, if worthy the name, searched the house, found the hoarded treasure, took it, went to town, and had a "good time." But what about the boy? Robbed by his own father, the one who should have set an example worthy his imitation. Who was most to blame? The boy was actually driven to lie, to conceal, and sorry to say, Satan has set many snares for his untrained feet, that probably he would have been able to shun, had he but had the confidence and love of a *true father*. If we would have our children truthful, loving, kind and generous to the faults of others we must set the example. But if on the

other hand, we are unkind, ruling as with a rod of iron, instead of manifesting that meek, quiet and loving spirit, so becoming to the Christian, what can we expect of our children? May God help us to live each day before our children such lives as we would have them live.

Alvo, Nebr.

THE HARD SIDE OF GOOD PEOPLE.

What a pity it is that in very good people there is often a painful lack of that sweet charity that suffereth long and is kind. People who have never been tempted have little patience and much contempt for the weakness of those who battle with temptation and find it too strong for them. There are natures, lovable, gentle and compassionate, that are deficient in moral stamina and are buffeted by adverse winds and beaten in the struggle as life goes on. Sometimes an inherited craving for stimulants, or a weak yielding to narcotics under the strain of pain, undermines the foundations of character. Before the victim is awakened to his danger, the mischief is fatally done. Backward steps are not easy when one has gone far on the road to ruin. Down-hill progress is always swift, yet many a time the watching angels witness a strenuous strife, an almost heroic endeavor for retrieval, and a helping hand extended at the right moment may be the saving influence that puts the evil to flight and redeems a fallen manhood. No one can successfully carry on rescue work for soul or body without a genius for pity and a genius for love. The trouble with many excellent people is that their Christianity fails at this point. They look from the heights of their virtue on the erring brother and sister, and they not only refuse to lend a hand, but pass by on the other side with averted looks and garments carefully held away from a contaminating touch.

Alas! very unlike these good people to the One who walked the earth in human form, who gave sight to the blind and healing to the leper, and told the sorrowful and sinful to go in peace with sins forgiven. From the lips of the Christ came the assurance that the shepherd cares more for the lost sheep that he brings home from its wandering on the mountains than for the ninety and nine that are safe in the shelter of the fold.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

COURTING DAYS.

When one of the boys or young men calls to invite either of my daughters (who are still in their teens) to a ride or other function, I usually go in to welcome him, writes a mother in *Good Housekeeping*. A little conversation follows, in which I try to make him feel at ease, and let him see what an interest I take in him as well as in my girls, and without saying it in so many words let him realize the honor and trust I put in him. Then I depart, leaving the young folks to talk over their plans unembarrassed. If the young gentleman seems to be satisfactory—and a mother's intuition is seldom at fault in such matters—I usually acquiesce in the plan or invitation; but if the boy or the function appears unsatisfactory, the proposal is turned down with a tact that avoids giving either the boy or the girl the effect of a refusal. Mother's judgment recognizes that the daughter must go out into the world, but to have this done in such a way as to develop character in both the boy and the girl. Above all, avoid having your girls become "common," or too free in their actions. Self-respect and the charm of girlhood make a delightful combination that attracts the best in young men, and paves the way for genuine womanhood. The girl's mother who makes the best boys like her, seldom has the trials and tribulations common to mothers of the other kind.

THE HAY COOKING BOX.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The hay cooking box is nothing new, though many may never have heard of it. There are now on the market cookers of various makes and descriptions, but in all of them the principle is the same and the results no better than may be secured by using a box of your own manufacture. Below I give directions which I know will succeed, as I have tried the process myself.

Get a box shaped like a trunk and hinge a close cover on it. If you have an old trunk, so much the better, but if not paste paper on the inside of the box and make it as near air-tight as possible.

Fill the box three-fourths full of clean, fine hay and pack down *hard*. Make a pillow large enough to cover the box when stuffed several inches thick with hay. In the box make little hollows or nests in the hay just to fit the kettles which may be of iron, earthen or granite-ware, and should have close-fitting covers.

Cook your food till it boils for a few minutes, then without lifting cover, place it in the nest in the box, place on pillow, close the cover, and cover the whole box with a heavy quilt, carpet, or something similar. You may come back in several hours and find your food warm. I have found beans cooked at noon quite warm at supper time.

In hot weather the dishes may be cooked a few minutes on an oil or gasoline stove, and then put in the box to cook. It does not cook as fast as a stove, but it will do it better, as it retains the flavors better, makes the food more palatable, and never burns.

If your box is large you can put partitions in it or you can have a small box for each vessel.

Don't fail to pack the hay tightly. You can put hay in the bottom, then put in your kettle and pack the hay around it to fit.

One advantage that will appeal to some, is that you may call on your next door neighbor and if you gossip longer than you intended, you have the assurance that your dinner will not burn or be overdone.

Be sure to keep the hay fresh by changing before it has a bad odor, or the food will absorb it and be spoiled.

I forgot to tell you not to attempt to fry or roast with the cooker. It is the heat in the steam that does the work.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

RADIATORS AS STOVES.

I HAVE been using my steam radiator all winter as a cook stove, making a great saving in gas bills. Use same as a fireless stove. Let whatever you wish to cook come to a hard boil on the gas stove, then transfer it to the radiator, and cover well with blanket or anything that will hold the heat. You will find it answers the same purpose as the gas stove.—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE CALENDAR OF JUNE REMINDERS.

CUT your roses and sweet peas lavishly; it is good for the plants as well as for your friends.

Summer mulches are of great value in retaining moisture about plants' roots.

Water your plants after sundown, that they may have all the night to devote to refreshment and absorption of it. If applied in the morning the sun quickly robs them of it; if applied while the sun is shining brightly the wet foliage is apt to become scalded.

Gladioli and some of the other important summer-flowering bulbs may yet be planted in relays every two weeks till the first of July. Bulbs planted now will give blossoms after those of the first plantings have faded.

Pinch out the tips of some of the hardy phlox clusters. Instead of immense flower clusters early, you will then have smaller and more graceful ones later, after the flowers of the unmolested plants have faded.

Tender azaleas and other window shrubs will summer nicely in half-shaded places outdoors if their pots are plunged in the earth, or covered with a heavy mulch. A bed of cinders or ashes directly underneath the pots keeps worms from working up into them. In times of drouth they will need a generous allowance of water, if they are to make good buds for winter flowers.

The most important work of the month is the necessary thinning, weeding, cultivating and watering. If flowers are not cut lavishly then seed-pods must be. There is truth in the saying that the best watering pot is a rake, for soil kept mellow and loose by cultivation retains moisture much longer than one allowed to crust over after heavy rains or waterings. —*Selected.*

CHERRY AND STRAWBERRY RECIPES.

CHERRY ROLL PUDDING.—One pint of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one large spoonful of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoon of butter, milk or water to moisten. Work as little as possible. Make a soft biscuit dough, divide into five parts, pat flat, lay in a handful of stoned cherries on each roll. Place in a pan and pour over it the following sauce: One tablespoonful butter, one cup of sugar. Cream these together and add a pint of boiling water, stir and pour over the rolls. Bake half an hour with a cover over it. Then remove the cover; brown and serve hot.

CHERRY MARMALADE.—Remove the stems and stones from the amount of cherries to be used. Crush the stones, place them in a saucepan with a small quantity of water and boil until the flavor is extracted. Fill the fruit into a preserving pan, adding two or three cupfuls of water and boil until all is reduced to a pulp. With a wooden spoon stir frequently to prevent sticking to the bottom. To each pound of fruit, measure out three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar and add to the strained water in which the stones have been cooked. Allow the sugar to dissolve and boil until transparent bubbles appear on the top. Now pour the melted sugar in with the fruit and continue stirring until thick and smooth. Turn the marmalade into small glasses, and when cold cover the top with tissue paper and stand away until ready for use.

IN canning strawberries, to keep them from being flabby, seedy and colorless, select only good, sound fruit as you would for preserving and let it stand over night in layers with sugar generously sprinkled through. Then, after canning, seal the jars and lay them on their sides for twenty-four hours. This will keep fruit and juice from separating in the usual unappetizing way.

ANOTHER WAY.—Last year, for the first time, we tried canning strawberries without cooking. Take equal weight of berries and sugar, stir and mash thoroughly, then let them stand three or four hours, stirring them up occasionally. Scald your cans, covers and rubbers; fill and seal as usual, then dip the top of the can in paraffine. These are very rich and when used for short cake, it is better to add an equal amount of cream or rich milk. Served with whipped cream they are delicious.

DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY JAM.—To each pound of fruit add three-fourths of a pound of sugar put in a granite or porcelain lined kettle, cook about twenty minutes. Have your cans scalded and just when you

are ready to put them in, add for each quart of jam one pint of fresh *uncooked* berries, stir in thoroughly and seal at once. The flavor is just like that of fresh fruit. —*Collected.*

"THE LEAST OF THESE."

THERE is a little poem by Mrs. Preston, which tells of a devout woman who desired to give much service to God. Her mother's dying request, however, had been that she care for her little sister. Others about her she felt were doing large things for Christ, while she, in her humble position under limitations, was hindered from any great service.

As she grieved thus, once the little sister sleeping beside her stirred, and told her of a strange, sweet dream she had had. She thought her sister was sitting, sad, because the King had bidden each one to bring him a gift.

"And in my dream I saw you there,
And heard you say, 'No hands can bear
A gift, that are so filled with care.'
'What care?' the King said, and he smiled
To hear you answer, wailing wild,
'I only toil to feed a child.'

"And then with such a look divine
('Twas that awaked me with its shine)
He whispered, 'But the child is mine.'"

God calls us to do the duty that lies nearest at hand, and we may well believe that he measures the service, not by the great deed accomplished but by the spirit manifested.—*Clarence E. Rice.*

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale:
You cannot charm or interest or please
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—San Francisco Examiner.

For the Children

UNCLE TOM'S MAGIC RULE.

HAVE you ever tried the magic rule when you had a hard task before you? It always helps "lots"—as one boy said—the boy in this little story from the *Western Christian Advocate:*

"Well, well—well!" It was Uncle Tom's jovial voice. "Not conquered, I hope, by a pile of—wood!"

Don looked up dismally from his seat on the wheelbarrow. "But just see how much—there is? I'll never get it all into the shed!"

"Not if you attempt to wheel it all in on one load," laughed Uncle Tom. Then, quickly, "If you'd use the magic rule 't would be—O, ever so easy!"

"Magic—rule?" and Don looked up with a curious expression on his little sunburnt face. "I—I don't know what that is; I never heard of that rule."

"Never? Well—well!"

"No-o!"

"That's a pity," replied Uncle Tom. "Let me explain. Here's a pile of wood which must be wheeled into the shed. It contains—let me see—twenty barrow-loads, I should say—the size of the ones you take. Now it looks hard as a whole; a good deal of a job!"

"And it is!" insisted Don, stoutly.

"But, let's see how it looks in parts. That end there contains one—two—three—four; I should say a dozen sticks—enough for one good load. Now, the magic rule says to you, 'Don, that's all there is to put in the shed—at one time.' And it means that you mustn't think of the rest of it, while you're wheeling this in. So, really, for the time being, you have only one load to do—and that isn't hard; not in the least."

"I—I see."

"And when that's done—why, take another load—just one!"

"It—it looks easy—that way and the worried expression on Don's little face scampered off in a jiffy.

"And it is," replied Uncle Tom, "if you apply the magic rule."

Don did; and the task wasn't half as hard as he thought it would be.

CHICKADEE'S COMFORT.

WHEN Mabel was twelve years old she received a very pretty canary for a birthday gift. He brought with him a letter:

Dear Mistress Mabel.

I have come to live with you now, and since you never had a bird before, I will tell you what I need:

Please keep me out of draughts. My cage should be hung about five feet from the door; nearer the ceiling is too warm.

Don't hang me outdoors, for someone will forget to bring me in when the sun grows too hot or the air too cool.

Please wash all my dishes in hot water every day, for, if you do not, a horrid little creature called a parasite will form in the water.

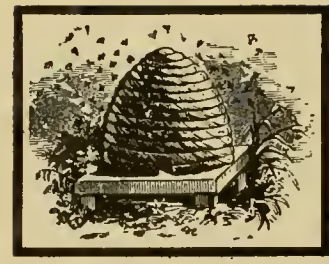
Be very careful to dry the perches thoroughly, for damp perches give me rheumatism.

Be sure my seed is pure and give me a bit of groundsel or apple sometimes or a small worm.

If you keep my cage neat and give me a bath every day, I will sing and chirp and make the room gay for you.

Your loving, Chickadee.

—Mary Allen Hopkins, in Great Thoughts.



THE RURAL LIFE

SOMEWHERE.

There's a whisper in the branches of the heaven rearing pines,
And a purple blossom smiling from behind the clinging vines;
There's the chatter of a chipmunk, as he leaps from tree to tree,
While the daisies yonder whisper: "Come out here and play with me."

There's a path, a winding ribbon, just the clover fields beyond,
That goes stealing through the meadows to the distant pick'rel pond.
There's the cool, dank, grateful shadows; there's the lazy, droning bee,
And I fancy them a-saying: "Come out here and play with me."

There's an orchard where the fragrance of the fields comes lifting sweet,
Where the sod is velvet tenderness to pavement weary feet;
There are songs, without restraint, from songsters winging to the blue,
And each feathered throat is singing of its song at me and you!

There's a quaint, old-fashioned garden with its peas and hollyhocks,
And its blushing, loving roses, timid pansies, flaming phlox;
And a sweet, old-fashioned lady, with a blossom in her hair,
Winding in and out among them, watching every one with care.

And the dear, old-fashioned lady, with her crown of wavy snow,
Beams a smile and hums a love song as she patters to and fro.
And it's oh, so sweet—the dreaming! They're so much of life a part,
For they've somehow found a dwelling here within a rugged heart.

—Author Unknown.

SIDE LINES OF FARMING.

We hear of the drummer carrying some article foreign to his regular line, which he calls a "side line." "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker," all have frequently earned more by having a vocation that could be expanded, and why not the farmer who has the means at hand for doubling his income out of little things that are often overlooked. I am not oversanguine, and am far from holding out the rosy-hued inducements so often alluded to as "great money makers" and large profits from small investments, but from my own experience I know of a few ways for the farmer man, his wife and children to make some extra money from hitherto neglected sources.

The poultry business has been pretty well gone over, and is in fact so necessary to the farmer as a source of food and pin money that it is taken as a matter of course that all farmers keep poultry. A source of income which I have in mind and which has practically no expense attached, is bee-keeping. There are probably many farmers who have a few colonies of bees that are not making them pay, because they receive no attention whatever, although they require but little. If profit is to be derived from bees, they must be kept in moveable-frame hives, and receive sufficient attention to keep them free from moths and vermin. Where there is plenty of white clover and bass wood a strong colony will easily make one hundred pounds of comb honey in one season, year after year, and this at the minimum price of 10 cents a pound would make a clear profit of ten dollars for each colony, an estimate by no means high. Bees require no outlay for feed and but little for shelter, so it is easily seen how a few colonies will help, and the work may all be done by the women or some of the younger members of the family.

The high price of vinegar and good sorghum syrup has called to mind a rather neglected industry—the home manufacture of sorghum. It is practically impossible to get pure sorghum syrup at the stores, as it is all more or less adulterated with corn syrup, and the only way to get it is to make it or prevail on some farmer to sell it, which is still harder to do, as all of them in this part of the country have quit raising it, thereby raising the price to sixty cents a gallon. This crop requires but little cultivation, and the making up comes between summer plowing and wheat sowing when there would otherwise be an idle time. An acre ought to make in the neighborhood of one hundred gallons, and the machinery is not expensive, nor the work hard, for all members of the family may help. The "skimmings" may be used for making vinegar, and this vinegar is unequaled by anything save real cider vinegar. The seed is worth as much as the corn that would have been produced on the same land, when fed to the chickens.

These are by no means all the farmer's side lines, but will serve to show the all but unlimited resources at the command of the farmer and his family. I might mention the growing of some field seeds on a large scale, to sell to the seedsmen or for local demand. It is just as easy to raise the best, and a neat sum may be realized in the course of a year from the sale of seed corn alone, if care is taken to pick it carefully, and furnish only the best. The canning and drying of fruit, where there is a surplus, can be made profitable if a few dollars are spent in the purchase of a small evaporator and canner. A few hundred cans will cost but little, even with a label, having your name and address printed thereon. If you havn't a surplus of fruit it is probable that your neighbors would be glad to have you can for them on the shares. Then with the proper outfit corn and beans may be successfully put up. In a few years your name on the can will mean something, if you furnish a good article. Squab raising has been suggested as both pleasant and profitable employment for boys, but I profess ignorance along that line, only that it would at least be pleasant, for what boy does not like pigeons? Some diversions from the regular farm work tend to keep the children contented even if the same cannot be called a profitable line.—*Farm Journal.*

VARIETY AND ROTATION OF CROPS CONSERVE FERTILITY.

From experience we have learned that to keep up the fertility of our soils a variety of crops must be grown and a system of rotation followed that will improve and maintain the proper physical condition of the soil. If we can improve the texture to such an extent that it will appear like virgin soil, we will be assured of good crops, even in unfavorable seasons.

Some leguminous crops should be grown in this rotation for cover crops, as the legumes have that property that enables them to obtain nitrogen from the air. No rotation of crops is complete without returning to the land the major parts of the crop grown upon the land after having been fed to some kind of live stock.

If these statements be true, and I think you will all agree that they are, then only by practicing diversified farming can we keep up the fertility of our farms, and if we cannot maintain and improve the fertility of our farms, then farming is a failure.—*Selected.*

CELLULOSE AND "MERCERIZED" GOODS.

A lady asked a clerk in a clothing store if he would explain the process of "mercerizing" goods. He replied, "That is the manufacturer's secret." But science is for all the people, so manufacturers can not long maintain a monopoly over any scientific fact. The process of mercerized goods has therefore become the people's. But a little review of our plant lore may be necessary for a full understanding of the interesting work of converting a boll of cotton into a spool of silk thread.

All life, whether animal or plant, starts from a cell, which is only a membranous sac filled with a protoplasmic liquid much like the white of an egg, both in appearance and consistency. The cell wall of the plant is composed chiefly of cellulose, a kind of woody substance, while the wall of the animal cell is of the albuminous nature.

Cellulose is "the commonest of common things," but this does not lessen its value. It is estimated that more than one-third of all the vegetable matter in the world is cellulose. It is made of exactly the same elements as are starch and sugar; and so far as chemists have yet discovered, its elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—are in the same relative proportion as in starch. There are a number of substances in the chemical world composed of exactly the same substances in precisely the same proportion, the great difference in the two substances that one would naturally say must be identical being due to the difference in the arrangement of the particles composing the chemical.

Cellulose is the substance of which the plant fiber is largely composed. Linen, made from the inner bark of flax, and cotton (the hollow white hairs around the seed of the cotton plant) are nearly pure cellulose. The groundwork of fleshy fruits, like the apple and pear, of roots, like the turnip and beet, as well as all trees, is cellulose. Wood paper is also quite pure cellulose, the wood having been treated chemically to remove all other substances. Parchment paper, which is a semitransparent, tough substance resembling animal membrane, is made by bringing cellulose in contact with sulphuric acid for a short period. Guncotton is made by treating cellulose in the form of cotton fiber with nitric acid. The best kinds of filter paper are almost pure cellulose. Another treatment of cellulose produces collodion, a substance used both in surgery and in photography. In surgery it is spread over a small wound or scratch, or applied to linen and laid on the wound. It disinfects the wound and shields it from the air, thus preventing the entrance of germs. So the injury, if slight, heals quickly. In photography collodion is used as a coating for the sensitive plate.

Celluloid is another substance made from cellulose by chemical treatment. Four million dollars' worth of celluloid articles are used annually in this country.

But perhaps no product of cellulose has been of more general interest of late than "mercerized" goods, which take their name from the one who discovered the method of treating the cellulose to produce the lustrous cloth now so common. A Mr. John Mercer discovered that "if a piece of cotton be placed in a

strong solution of caustic soda, the cellulose unites with the water, the cotton shrinks twenty per cent, becomes fifty per cent stronger, and acquires greater dyeing capacity. But if kept under tension so that it can not shrink, the fabric assumes the sheen of silk." Cellulose mercerized and dissolved in carbon disulphid is called "viscose." This substance, when forced through tiny holes under great pressure, issues in the form of silken threads, which may be woven into goods resembling silk in a marked way. In some instances the luster surpasses that of the real substance.

It is said that a tree worth ten dollars a ton when standing, is worth, after being thus treated and spun into silk, the sum of $5,500.

These interesting products of cellulose give us another illustration of the wonders that are being continually wrought by the magic hand of the chemist. —*Youth's Instructor.*

STATE EMBLEMS.

Each state in the American Union has its distinctive coat-of-arms or seal. Unlike the arms of most European countries, our American State emblems are not based upon some peculiar fact in history or story or tradition, but are, in nearly every case, deliberately chosen or made up. As animals figure upon most coats-of-arms it is interesting to observe what sort of animals have been chosen by the American commonwealths for their emblems.

Quite naturally the eagle leads all the rest. It is found upon the arms of no fewer than eleven States and one Territory. These are New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, Oregon, and New Mexico. New Mexico, indeed, has two eagles—one of which evidently represents the eagle of the United States and the other that of Mexico.

The deer—or some variety of the antelope—and the buffalo are also favorite animals with the American commonwealths. Maine has an antelope upon her arms. Vermont has a deer's head and a cow—the deer symbolizing the State's past, perhaps, and the cow its present. Michigan, in addition to its eagle, has two antelopes, and Idaho an antelope's head and antlers.

Indiana was the first State to put the buffalo upon its arms. And he is appropriately represented as running away. He has since been represented in much the same guise upon the arms of Kansas and North Dakota.

New Jersey has a horse's head, and Pennsylvania two horses in addition to her eagle and a lion under Liberty's feet. Upon the arms of Kansas and South Dakota horses are shown working at the plow, and on those of Minnesota and North Dakota a horse is ridden by a retreating Indian.

Other emblems are the bears of Missouri and California, the pelican of Louisiana, Wisconsin's badger, Delaware's ox, West Virginia's cattle (in a landscape), Utah's bees. Several of the newest States have decorated their arms with an animal quite unknown to heraldry—the "iron horse." The locomotive is borne up on the shields of Nevada, West Virginia and Wyoming, the steamboat upon the arms of Tennessee and South Dakota, and both the steamboat and locomotive upon those of Nebraska and Montana. The coat of arms of Idaho has a representation of the moon. Upon the State shield is seen a river, upon which a steamboat is sailing, winding away through a chain of mountains, and over the mountains hangs the crescent moon. As the horns of the crescent are toward the left and the moon is near the horizon, the scene depicted must be after sunset. Other nations and States have shown the sunrise upon their arms but Idaho is probably first in representing an evening scene.

Missouri also has a crescent upon its arms but it is not represented in connection with a landscape.

There is a tendency among the people of the States to set up, by a sort of gradual development among themselves, certain State emblems of their own, which generally have no reference to the officially adopted arms of the State. Some of these emblems were, in the beginning, assigned to them in derision by the people of other States, and have been adopted in good-faith in a spirit of good-natured defiance of criticism.

In the Civil War many of these emblems were worn by the soldiers from the several States, and have been worn since by national associations at their reunions. On such occasions the men of Maine wear a pine cone or a branch, those of Vermont a cedar sprig, those of Rhode Island a clam-shell, and those of Connecticut a wooden nutmeg.

The chosen emblems of New Jersey on such occasions is a great mosquito; of Pennsylvania, a buck's tail; of Ohio, a buckeye or horse-chestnut; of Michigan, a wolverine; of Wisconsin, a badger, and of California, a bear.—*The Dawn.*

THE WORLD'S MOST WONDERFUL CLOCK

We are apt to think in these days of machinery and specialization in the useful arts, that the old-time craftsman, who spent days and years of loving care upon his work, has disappeared, so it is with interest that the world receives among its treasures the astronomical clock of August Noll. He is a clock-maker, who lives in Villingen, the former capital of the Province of Baar, and one of the quaintest cities of Germany. For nearly three centuries the making of clocks has been one of the chief industries of the community, and the products of their hands can be found ticking away in almost every city of the Old World and the New, in an earnest endeavor to keep Father Time

posted in his special department of social and domestic economy.

The outside case is of walnut, twelve feet wide, three deep, and fourteen high. It is made in the form of a church of the early part of the sixteenth century. The mechanism is expected to run one hundred years, without rewinding or repairs. The middle has an illuminated chapel, whose doors open at nine o'clock every morning, and shows a congregation in native costume, who are passing by the altar to the music of a choral. Every hour the figure of Death comes out at the left wing, and carved figures representing the four ages of man pass by. At the same moment, the twelve apostles pass before the figure of Christ who blesses them. At the right, the four seasons are represented; and below, every morning and evening, six Capuchin monks walk from a forest hermitage toward the church, while the sound of a chorus bursts on the ear, mingled with the ringing of a distant chime. The clock shows the seconds, minutes, quarters, hours, days, weeks, months, years and movable feasts of the Christian Church for a century to come.

The days of the week and the seasons of the year are begun by processions of appropriate figures, accompanied by music, trumpet calls, cock-crows, and watchmen's horns. Instead of hands on the clock face, figures spring out at the right moment to mark the time, and two angels strike the change on bells. The mechanism can be seen in the side aisles of the church. In the side gables, two faces show the time in Calcutta and New York, compared with central European time. The complete structure weighs over five thousand pounds. It took five years to construct it.

Crowds have visited it at Munich, and the city will undoubtedly keep it, as it is far more wonderful than the famous Strassburg Cathedral clock, and those of Gaslor and Prague.—*Selected.*

FUNNYGRAPHS

A leading American politician recently took his little son to Washington, where they paid a visit to the Senate gallery. Dr. Edward Everett Hale specially interested the boy, and his father explained that Dr. Hale was the chaplain of the Senate. "Oh, he prays for the Senate, doesn't he?" asked the lad. "No," said the politician, "he gets up and takes a look at the Senate and then prays for the country."

Extract from a sentimental letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before!"

Editor's Son: "I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was going to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

"Patience," said Uncle Eben, "is a good thing, but dar ain' no use o' sittin' aroun' an' tryin' to let it take de place of a day's work."—Washington Star.

Not Wasting Time.

Teacher: Johnny, I don't believe you've studied your geography.

Johnny: No, mum; I heard pa say the map of the world was changin' every day, an' I thought I'd wait a few years till things get settled.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

We suspect it was this same boy, who, when he went to college, exclaimed, "What's the use of wasting time over history? History repeats itself."

How to be Happy, Though Single.

Not long ago a young lady of Macon, Ga., visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old colored woman, long in the service of the family, asked:

"Honey, when is you goin' to git married?"

The engagement not having been announced, the Macon girl smilingly replied:

"Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry."

The old woman's jaw fell. "Ain't dat a pity, now!" she said. "But, after all, missy, dey do say dat ole maids is the happiest critters there is, once dey quits strugglin'."—Lippincott's Magazine.

At the altar: "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Six months later: "More money! What's become of that fifty cents I gave you last week?"

A negro exhorter shouted to his audience, "Come up and jine de army of de Lord."

"I'se done jined," replied one woman.

"Whar'd yo' jine?" asked the exhorter.

"In the Baptis' church."

"Why, chile," said the exhorter, "yo' ain't in de army of de Lord; yo's in de navy."

Visitor: "How does the land lie out this way?" Native: "It ain't the land that lies, sir: it's the land agents."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

GIRL WANTED.—We want a woman who knows how to cook. Good position, good pay. Must furnish references. Work begins in September. Write now. —*Mount Morris College, Mount Morris, Ill.*

FARMS FOR SALE.—120 and 109 acres, 1 and 1½ miles, respectively, from town of Leeton, Mo. Two miles from Brethren church. Two R. R's. Both farms well improved. Address, Box 58, Leeton, Mo.

NEFF'S CORNER

For a time here recently alfalfa hay was selling at $20.00 per ton and a little later we could not get it at Lake Arthur at any price. The new crop is on the market now and if prices run as they did last season we will in a few weeks be able to buy first class alfalfa hay in the bale at $7 per ton. I have ordered a number of 12-ounce duck stack covers and when the price gets right I will be in position to buy hay for you. The bales can be piled up on the ground or on a plank foundation, enough loose hay thrown over the bales to give the stack a round-shaped top and with the heavy duck stack covers drawn tightly over them they will be amply protected from what little rain and snow we have here and thus the hay can be held over for the high prices next spring. With the hay thus stacked and then amply protected by insurance, it will make a perfectly safe investment. Prices may not be quite as low this summer or as high next spring as they were last, but I believe that investors may feel sure of 25 to 75 per cent profit after all expenses are paid. You can send what money you want to invest, I can have the hay stacked for you, and a bill of sale and insurance policy written in your name; or you can invest your money with me on the investment association plan and receive your pro rata share of proceeds when the hay is sold.

Those of you who prefer the house and lot proposition should write me. I may have something new and interesting for you along that line in the near future.

Address.

James M. Neff,

Lake Arthur, New Mexico.

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So great has been the demand for this excellent Sunday school and Christian Workers' song book that our very large edition of 20,000 copies has almost been exhausted.

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COLONIES

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Immigration



has proved to be a success. It has also been demonstrated that a very successful way to immigrate, was to form colonies, and move in sufficient numbers to have church and Sunday-school privileges from the beginning. Those who have experienced this understand its value both from the spiritual as well as a financial standpoint. I am trying to work out a plan of colonizing our Brethren, and feel that I can do so in a way that will make me money and at the same time help others to better their condition. Will you not take hold and help me? If you know of a church that needs a minister write me particulars. If you are a minister and are living in a congregation where there are too many ministers, and feel a little condemned, that you are not doing what you should in your calling, give this matter thought.

Do you know of any more honorable profession for man to follow? Again do you know of any other profession where there are so few workers, and they so poorly distributed? Remember that I am not working for any one particular point. If you know of a place where a colony would do well write me about it. I am continually on the watch for good openings; just recently I received an invitation to locate a colony of our Brethren in Benton county, Wash., where 32,000 acres, under irrigation, are being put on the market, at from $100.00 to $400.00 per acre. The company agrees to set aside a certain number of acres for our people and their friends. A new town is being started. Also here at Wenatchee a new town has been plotted, East Wenatchee. Here will be needed men of every profession. Write me, I own town site property in East Wenatchee, and in the near future business opportunities of every kind will be open. If you have not had a copy of The Land Man, be sure and write for it. It is published monthly and is mailed free to any who are interested.

In it I will give items that will interest you if you are thinking of changing your location. You will do well by coming West.

D. GENSINGER, Wenatchee, Wash.

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Brethren Publishing House
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COLLEGE OIL CANS.

On a board of bright mosaic, wrought in many a quaint design,
Gleam a brace of silver goblets wreathed with flowers and filled with wine.
Round the board a group is seated; here and there are threads of white
Which their dark locks lately welcomed; but they're only boys to-night.
Some whose words have thrilled the senate, some who win the critic's praise—
All are "chums" to-night, with voices redolent of college days.

"Boys," said one, "do you remember that old joke about the wine—
How we used to fill our oil cans and repair to "No. 9"?
But at last the old professor—never long was he outdone—
Opened up our shining oil cans and demolished all our fun!"
In the laugh that rings so gayly through the richly-curtained room,
Join they all, save one; Why is it? Does he see the waxen bloom
Tremble in its vase of silver? Does he see the ruddy wine
Shiver in its crystal goblet, or do those grave eyes divine
Something sadder yet? He pauses till their mirth has died away,
Then in measured tones speaks gravely: "Boys, a story, if I may.
I will tell you, though it may not merit worthily your praise,
It is bitter fruitage ripened, from our pranks of college days."

Eagerly they claim the story, for they know the LL. D.,
With his flexible voice, would garnish any tale, whate'er it be.
"Just a year ago to-night, boys, I was in my room alone,
At the San Francisco L—— House, when I heard a plaintive moan
Sounding from the room adjoining. Hoping to give some relief
To the suffering one, I entered; but it thrilled my heart with grief
Just to see the wreck of manhood—bloated face, disheveled hair—
Wildly tossing,—ever moaning, while his thin hands beat the air.
Broken prayers, vile oaths and curses filled the air as I drew near;
Then in faint and piteous accents, these words I could plainly hear:
'Give me one more chance—one only—let me see my little Belle—
Then I'll follow when they lead me, be it to the depths of hell!'
When he saw me he grew calmer, started strangely—looked me o'er—
O, the glory of expression! I had seen those eyes before!
Yes, I knew him; it was Horace, he who won the college prize:
Naught remained of his proud beauty but the splendor of his eyes.
He whom we were all so proud of, lay there in the fading light.
If my years should number four score, I shall ne'er forget the sight.
And he knew me—called me 'Albert,' ere a single word I'd said—
We were comrades in the old days; I sat down beside the bed.

Horace seemed to grow more quiet, but he would not go to sleep;
He kept talking of our boyhood while my hand he still would keep
In his own so white and wasted, and with burning eyes would gaze
On my face, still talking feebly of the dear old college days.
'Ah,' he said, 'life held such promise; but, alas! I am to-day
But a poor degraded outcast—hopes, ambition swept away,
And it dates back to those oil cans that we filled with greatest glee.
Little did I think in those days what the harvest now would be!'

For a moment he was silent, then a cry whose anguish yet
Wrings my heart, burst from his white lips, though his teeth were tightly set,
And with sudden strength he started—sprang from my detaining arm,
Shrieking wildly: 'Curse the demons! do they think to do me harm?
Back! I say, ye forked-tongued serpents, reeking with the filth of hell!
Don't you see I have her with me—my poor sainted little Belle?'

When I'd soothed him into quiet, with a trembling arm he drew
My head down, 'O, Al,' he whispered, 'such remorse you never knew.'
And again I tried to soothe him, but my eyes o'erbrimmed with tears;
His were dry and clear, as brilliant as they were in college years.
All the flush had left his features, he lay white as marble now;
Tenderly I smoothed his pillow, wiped the moisture from his brow.
Though I begged him to be quiet, he would talk of those old days,
Brokenly at times, but always of 'the boys' with loving praise.

Once I asked him of Lorena—the sweet girl whom he had wed—
You remember Rena Barston. When I asked if she were dead,
'No,' he said, his poor voice faltering, 'she is far beyond the Rhine,
But I wish to God it were so, and I still might call her mine.
She's divorced—she's mine no longer,' here his voice grew weak and hoarse,
'But although I am a drunkard, I have one they can't divorce.
I've a little girl in heaven, playing round the Savior's knee,
Always patient and so faithful that at last she died for me.

'I had drunk so much, so often, that my brain was growing wild;
Everyone had lost hope in me but my faithful little child.
She would say, "Now stop, dear papa, for I know you can stop now."
I would promise, kiss my darling, and the next day break my vow.
So it went until one Christmas, dark and stormy, cold and drear;
Out I started, just as usual, for the cursed rumshop near,
And my darling followed after, in the storm of rain and sleet,
With no covering wrapped around her, naught but slippers on her feet;
No one knew it, no one missed her, till there came with solemn tread,
Stern-faced men unto our dwelling, bringing back our darling—dead!
They had found her cold and lifeless, like, they said, an angel fair,
Leaning 'gainst the grogshop window—oh, she thought that I was there!'
Then he raised his arms toward heaven, called aloud unto the dead,
For his mind again was wandering: 'Belle, my precious Belle!' he said,
'Papa's treasure—papa's darling! oh, my baby—did—you—come—
All the way—alone—my darling—just—to—lead—poor—papa—home?'
And he surely had an answer, for a silence o'er him fell.
And I sat alone and lonely—death had come with little Belle."

Silence in that princely parlor—head of every guest is bowed.
They still see the red wine sparkle, but 'tis through a misty cloud.
Said the host at last, arising, "I have scorned the pledge to sign,
Laughed at temperance all my life long. Never more shall drop of wine
Touch my lips. The fruit was bitter, boys; 'twas I proposed it first—
That foul joke from which poor Horace ever bore a life accurst!
Let us pledge ourselves to-night, boys, never more by word, or deed,
In our fair homes, or elsewhere, help to plant the poison seed."
Silence once again, but only for a moment's space, and then
In one voice they all responded with a low and firm "Amen."

—Author Unknown.

A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

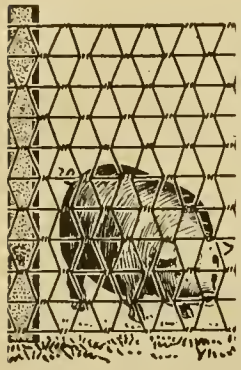
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife,
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

—Adelaide A. Proctor.



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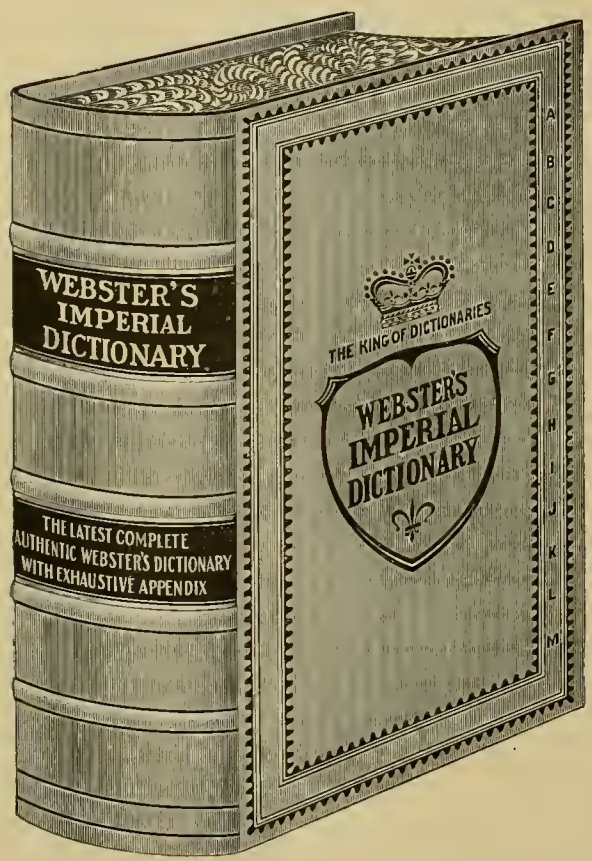
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Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

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Side trip tickets from Ogden or Pocatello to and through Yellowstone Park, including five and one-half days' hotel accomodations as well as railroad and stage transportation, will be sold for $55.00. Side trip tickets covering rail and stage transportation only will be sold for $28.00. Park season will be from June 10 to September 19. Apply to Ticket Agent either at Ogden or Pocatello. Passengers holding through sleeping car tickets will be furnished sleeping car stopover checks on application to the Pullman conductor.

OPTIONAL ROUTES

All tickets reading via the Union Pacific Railroad to Ogden or Granger will be honored via Julesburg Line and Denver or via the direct line through Cheyenne, at option of holders.

Proportionate rates from all points East. Be sure to buy your ticket over **THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD** known as the **Overland Route**, and is the only direct line from Chicago and the Missouri River to all principal points West. Business men and others can save many hours via this line.

Farming Lands in California can be bought from $25 to $40 per acre. Printed matter free. Write to

GEORGE L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent
UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD
Omaha, Neb.

Apple Growing in Northern California

The author of this article, Mr. Leonard Coates, is President of the Leonard Coates Nursery Co., of Morganhill, Calif., and is recognized as one of the leading authorities on horticulture in the State of California.

The natural conditions in Northern California for apple growing are unsurpassed anywhere in the United States. The mere statement is sufficient, as it can be readily verified at any time by all who care to make investigations and in one respect at least, California possesses an advantage over other States because of the earlier bearing of the trees. The impression often prevails that a farmer often has to wait six to nine years before he gets any returns from his apple orchard, but in California an apple tree will begin to bear at four years old, and according to the variety, be a considerable source of income at five or six years.

Apple trees are grown successfully all over California, but no one would think of planting for profit any but early varieties in the interior warm valleys. In sections on the Coast, apples are largely grown, and very profitably, on land which sells readily at several hundred dollars an acre. But these apples are ripe in the Fall and early winter, while those grown in the extreme North have the additional advantage of excellent keeping qualities.

In such sections as the Butte Valley, there should be an Apple Growers' Association, that in the matter of varieties, culture, etc., everything would be done in a business-like manner, a reputation be made for the product, and a market established. This market may be either a foreign or a domestic one, but the requirements of a given market should first be considered, and the varities planted to suit it.

Further than that, every market has a preference for a certain style of packing; this also should be considered and all be done systematically and with a definite object in view.

While trees may be had at a great range of prices, it is always a poor policy to buy the cheapest. Trees properly grown, and propagated only from the best, selected bearing orchard trees, cost more than those grown with less care; but the difference to the planter in after years is as one to one hundred.

Apple trees should be planted not less than 24 x 24 feet apart.

This will take 75 trees to one acre, or at 15 cents a tree,	$11.25	per acre.
Plowing,	2.00	" "
Levelling and Marking,	1.00	" "
Digging holes and setting,	2.00	" "
Cultivating and hoeing,	1.50	" "
First year,	$17.75	

The second and third years the cost will be $3.00 to$5.00 per acre, and after that a little more as trees require more time in pruning and spraying, but some fruit will be gathered to offset it.

From the fourth and fifth years the crop will be increasingly remunerative according to the care given. No crop is surer, and as an investment, none could be safer.

Leonard Coates.

WRITE AND SECURE A FRUIT FARM AT ONCE

California Butte Valley Land Co.,

504 Union Trust Building
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A Great Opportunity

FOR THE

HOMESEEKER

180,000 ACRES UNDER THE CAREY ACT

Now Ready to File On

This tract is on the North Side of Snake River, opposite the Twin Falls Tract and near Twin Falls and Shoshone Falls in Idaho

These lands are sold at 50 cents per acre and the water right $30.00 per acre. Twenty-five cents to the state on making filing and $3.00 per acre for the water right at time of filing. Terms on balance in ten annual payments. This is an excellent opportunity to secure fine farms, crops of all kinds are grown to perfection. Fruit growing is a success ,as well as the growing of sugar beets. To see these lands take the Oregon Short Line R. R., to Minnedoka; there change cars for Milner.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Tickets

will be sold to points in Idaho on 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in May and June 1907.

BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

For further information write to

D. E. BURLEY,

G. P. & G. S. O. S. L. R. R.,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

S. BOCK,
Immigration Agent, Dayton, Ohio.

THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JUNE 18, 1907. No. 25.

Hymn to Death

I am come,
Not with reproaches, nor with cries and prayers
Such as have stormed thy stern, insensible ear
From the beginning; I am come to speak
Thy praises. True it is, that I have wept
Thy conquests, and may weep them yet again,
And thou from some I love wilt take a life
Dear to me as my own. Yet while the spell
Is on my spirit, and I talk with thee
In sight of all thy trophies, face to face,
Meet is it that my voice should utter forth
Thy noble triumphs; I will teach the world
To thank thee. Who are thine accusers?—Who?
The living!—they who never felt thy power,
And know thee not. The curses of the wretch,
Whose crimes are ripe, his sufferings when thy hand
Is on him, and the hour he dreads is come,
Are writ among thy praises. But the good—
Does he whom thy kind hand dismissed to peace,
Upbraid the gentle violence that took off
His fetters, and unbarred his prison-cell?
Alas! I little thought that the stern power,
Whose fearful praise I sang, would try me thus
Before the strain was ended. It must cease—
For he is in his grave who taught my youth
The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the muses. Oh cut off
Untimely! when thy reason in its strength,
Ripened by years of toil and studious search,
And watch of Nature's silent lesson, taught
Thy hand to practice best the lenient art
To which thou gavest thy laborious days,
And last, thy life. And, therefore, when the earth
Received thee, tears were in unyielding eyes
And on hard cheeks, and they who deemed thy skill
Delayed their death-hour, shuddered and turned pale
When thou wert gone. This faltering verse, which thou
Shalt not, as wont, o'erlook, is all I have
To offer at thy grave—this—and the hope
To copy thy example, and to leave
A name of which the wretched shall not think
As of an enemy's whom they forgive
As all forgive the dead. Rest, therefore, thou
Whose early guidance trained my infant steps—
Rest, in the bosom of God, till the brief sleep
Of death is over, and a happier life.
Shall dawn to waken thine insensible dust.

—William Cullen Bryant.

To the Inglenook Family

Georgiana Hoke

HOW do you happen to have the INGLENOOK? One day "Howard Miller, Warrensburg, Mo.," received a telegram asking him to make a magazine. He replied, and came in person, and soon after the first issue went forth bearing the date of April 7, 1900. Though it followed "The Pilot," a magazine that had been started a little more than a year before, it was in almost every respect a new magazine,—new size, type, and arrangement as well as the new name—THE INGLENOOK—the Gaelic word for fireside or chimney corner.

As it went forth on its weekly visits it made many friends until thousands of homes in this country, and many in foreign lands began to regularly look for its coming. And the contents,—well, you know there was always something for each one.

And thus the "kindliness of feeling," as he always liked to express it, grew between you and the INGLENOOK Man. He delighted to give you some of his choicest lessons and discoveries. He loved Nature and he wanted you to love and to feel her tender sympathy and understand her philosophy. Then there were the observations and lessons of human life and those that pertain to our spiritual development,—anything which might interest you. Do you not remember them?

One Spring day, a few years ago, he wrote to you: "Here at Elgin, at this writing, the Springtide is on. The bluebirds, and the robins are with us, and out on the prairie the meadow lark is piping its roundelay. There is something inspiring about it, that there are some days when all nature is atune, and the time seems one escaped from paradise. The smell of whitewash is in the air, the plum and the cherry blossoms

are dropping their snowy petals, and the odors of the freshly dug earth are everywhere. Garden making is on and in the flower beds the early bulbs are shooting out their early points, and soon the flash of color from tulips and jonquil will be abroad in our welcoming senses. The buzz of the busy bee, and the drone of the first belted bumblebee of the fields, emphasize the season's advent. One wishes that it might last forever.

"The Spring will leave us, the long summer afternoons will come, the Autumn will paint the maple again, and then the snowfall. And what we wish to say last, that it may be best remembered, is that as the seasons march along in their appointed routine, here and there will be folded the weary hands, and many of us will be laid to rest. The Morning Land will, we hope, follow, and it seems to us that it will be forever Springtide over there."

This Spring on just such a day the Death Angel came to him and bade him enter the life which is not counted by years but is eternal. Thus the hand that wrote and created the tie that makes you the INGLENOOK family, was stilled—on the Sunday afternoon when many of you were at the Los Angeles Annual Meeting. Several years ago after he had enjoyed a similar meeting he wrote:

"What struck the Nookman in looking over the seated multitude was the thought that here are thousands of people with that unspeakable and unwritten spirit and genius of the Brethren dominating their lives. All are more or less earnest, God bless them! and then there is the thought that comes with gray hair—where will we all be a hundred years to come? And who, then, will take our places? Sometime the Nookman will write his last piece, and pass and be forgotten because unseen and unknown by those who follow, but he feels in an indescribable way that as to-morrow will bring its sunrise so after this there will come to him life eternal and rest, and, yes, and reunion."

Very thoughtfully and tenderly he bade you farewell in the last issue of the INGLENOOK which he arranged. At that time, as I noted the accents of the message, I felt its far-reaching meaning. And he said, "Some day," with a tone and look that plainly told it was his last "Fare-thee-well" to the INGLENOOK family. So here we give it to you again,—as it came, warm from his heart, in the INGLENOOK of June 28, 1904:

"With this issue of the INGLENOOK the Editor who has managed it from the time of its inception down to the present number, steps out of office to make way for another. There comes a time in the history of all lives and all enterprises when the end is reached. All things mundane are but temporary, but for everything comes an ending, and with this issue ends the Nookman's active connection with the magazine. He wants to say Good-bye.

"Somehow the words have a sad ring to them, but they ring true as we write Good-bye, for it is a prayer,—God be with you.



The Nookman at Work.

"While the Nook has been a success the Editor desires to make the public announcement that he never could have done it himself. It has been only through the help of friends, the readers and contributors, that the result has been made possible. The spirituality, the intellectuality and the ability of the church have responded nobly to its aid. And there comes to the Nookman as he writes these lines a feeling of inexpressible sadness at the parting. From week to week, month after month, year after year, through fair weather and stormy, we have stood together in mind and thought. We are as an enormous family, and looking back over the past years there is not a member of all that family to whom the Nookman's heart does not go out in all love and kindness. We have become acquainted, we know one another and there have come to this desk, at which I write, letters that conveyed pretty nearly every phase of human

thought and experience. Some of the saddest things as well as the brightest words have come here. Heart secrets and the inner lives of those who sought sympathy and knew not which way to turn for it, ever found response and help so far as might be, and all these things of life's more serious side are as though buried and turf-grown as far as public knowledge has gone, or ever will go. The few years past and gone are as an Æolian harp, wind-swept, and every note of joy, and of sorrow, of gladness and of woe, of love and of death. And the thousands of people who have followed the pages of the INGLENOOK are our dearest and nearest friends, even as the voice of loved ones in the night that we recognize but cannot see. God bless them all. Time is short, but in the next and nearest life, as Paul puts it, we shall know as we are known.

"He who follows the Nookman may rest assured of a responsive audience, an intelligent one, one which will respond to deftness of touch, facility of expression and overflow of soul. Literally the world is his if he but reaches and takes it. The love that may be his is a growth. In every heart is a harp that vibrates only in unison. Let him but strike the right chords and there will be soul music from ocean to ocean. Let him understand that the INGLENOOK is not a duty, such as a church paper is and ought to be, but that it is a luxury, and it is never a matter-of-course diet. No man is indispensable. None ever have been. But the INGLENOOK pace has been set and the note has been struck. It may be vastly improved. A sweeter song may be sung, a nobler line of thought may be entered upon, a higher theme discussed, a nobler trend taken, and he who does all these things will be paid in love and he who does not will find himself standing alone, not heart to heart, or soul to soul. Let us hope that all things will be better.

"The past has been a pleasure, the present only is ours, and the future is mercifully veiled. Whatever may come of glory or distress, weal or woe, the memory of the INGLENOOK family will always be a precious one, and there is no shorter cut to the writer's heart than fellowship with the NOOK family. May God bless every youthful reader of either sex, and may they grow to be good men and women. God bless every other reader, and God bless all of us. And so Good-bye!"

RECOLLECTIONS AND APPRECIATIONS.

HOWARD H. KEIM.

IN the spring of 1875, a lad of less than fifteen years, in company with three others from the town of Salisbury, Pa., I went to attend the Plum Creek Normal School. It was held in the old Plum Creek meetinghouse near Elderton, Pa. The teachers were both intellectual giants. Lewis Kimmel and Howard Miller composed the faculty. The influence of that school of something like four score students, has been far reaching in its influence for good. Those intellectual men were not ashamed to fall upon their knees in the presence of the school, each morning, and invoke the blessings of Almighty God.

A little over a year afterwards, Prof. Howard Miller came to Elk Lick and opened a school which was open continuously with short vacations for some two years. During the first year or nearly so, the teacher boarded and made his home with my father, Silas C. Keim. The Professor's family remained for a time at the Elderton home, but subsequently moved to Elk Lick, where they resided for a number of years.

At the time of our first acquaintance, Howard Miller was probably thirty years of age. His wife, a most amiable and accomplished lady, and a son, Edward, and a daughter, Maud, made up the family.

In the autumn of 1879 there was a revival held in the old Elk Lick meetinghouse, now the residence of "Squire" Garlitz in West Salisbury, Pa. There were some sixty additions to the church. One beautiful October evening as the ceremony of baptizing was being administered by Eld. Silas C. Keim and as the work was about concluded—to the surprise of many and the joy of all present—Prof. Howard Miller presented himself at the water's edge and requested baptism. After a very brief interview as to his faith, etc., he was led into the Casselman river and buried with Christ in baptism.

Entering the body of Christ was no light work with Howard Miller. In a short time he was called to the ministry, and a week later preached his first sermon on "The Witch of Endor." Shortly after this he was advanced to the second degree of the ministry and labored constantly for the upbuilding of the Master's cause.

Howard Miller was an Irishman, having been born only a short time after the landing of his parents on American soil. He often jocularly remarked that the reason he was born in America was because no alien born could become President.

He was full of eccentricities. His habits of living were very simple. When he wanted pie, he would take a pie and eat it. When he had an appetite for cheese, it took a pound or so to do him. He never mixed his foods and never ate anything, he said, that hurt him. The windows to his sleeping room were open in all kinds of weather and in all seasons. He was a lover of the cold bath and often went to the cold spring for a shower bath, when it was necessary to stand on ice to take it. In all the years I never knew him to go to bed on account of sickness. He was an ardent lover of nature. He knew all the birds and flowers of the neighborhood by name and could

explain their habits. He loved to take his classes to the fields and woods. In his teaching, pupils were constrained by love of his approval and by fear of his irony and sarcasm, which were his worst forms of punishment. He always sought to make his pupils self-reliant and to cultivate the individual along his special bent. His methods were unique and unlike those of most other teachers. In reading, every one made his own selection, made such introductory remarks as to him seemed proper and then read so as to get the author's meaning. In review he was expected to know at least something about the author and his other works and to pass an opinion on the character and merits of the author if possible.

This teacher's every effort was given to stimulate the broadest culture of the individual.

In teaching spelling, the dictionary was the only book and it was used as a work of reference. A spelling lesson was taken by subjects more than by words of the same kind or size. For example, one lesson was the names of things made of wood, another, the names of things made of iron and still another the names of things made of wood. The names of states, of rivers, of lakes, of statesmen, of inventors, of poets, of novelists, etc., etc., formed topics for spelling lessons, the object always being to learn to spell correctly all necessary words in current use and to know their use and meaning.

A great lover of flowers, his desk was always provided with a fresh bouquet by appreciative pupils. In his associations with his pupils he was never haughty and domineering but affectionate and loving.

At the close of his first summer school, there was a picnic at which a magnificent basket dinner was served.

In a few well chosen words full of affection for his pupils, the teacher took leave of them to go on a visit of some weeks to his old home. The moistened eyes of the pupils showed in what warm affection their teacher was held. Upon leaving for his home the girls pressed upon him a "sample of cake" from their several baskets until he had a large box of the "samples" —not one of which was declined; but all received with warmest thanks. As the writer drove him to the train at Myersdale some homes of poor people were passed and those children were made happy by a feast of cake which the Professor knew he could not carry such a long journey without much damage. Only a very few "samples" were carried to his loved ones at home. I have often thought of that performance. The kindness and thanks with which the gifts were received, the happiness created by giving them away when he knew he could not carry them home, and the diplomacy in keeping it all to ourselves for all these years.

Howard Miller will be especially remembered by the Elk Lick church for his great love of the erring ones. When a member had made a mistake and was under the censure of the church he was prone to pity more than to blame and when some brother or sister was "fractious" to have the offender punished, he would ask, "Have you prayed for this brother that he might hold out faithful?"

He averred that "atheism and fanaticism are the poles of a universe of confusion and horror. The narrow zone of Virtue lies between these two. Walk with firm step in that narrow path, believe God and do good."

Added Recollections.

While Dr. Miller resided at Elk Lick, Pa., one of the brethren showed a straight brim hat made of beaver. It was very old—supposed to have been brought from the old country a hundred years or so before. The brother remarked:

"Howard, if you will wear it, I will give you this hat."

The answer was prompt, "Hand it here," and for years he wore that in city and in country wherever he happened to be.

Money had little value to Howard Miller except for present use and to help others. He was paid large sums by the government for services rendered and by various papers for contributions from his pen. He was lavish in his expenditures and almost reckless in his care of money. In the office, in those early days of our intimacy, he would frequently throw a "bunch" of money in an old pitcher or into a recess made by books. Some needy person seeking help was likely to receive the first bill he got his hands upon whether it was a bill for ten dollars or a single dollar.

H. H. K.

PROF. HOWARD MILLER.

S. Z. SHARP.

Our acquaintance with Howard Miller dates back nearly forty years, to the time when he was teaching in Somerset county, Pa. His many-sided knowledge attracted our attention and we received some valuable papers from him on the subject of conchology of which we then made a special study. He was also familiar with botany and desired to be sent as representative by our government to Japan that he might write up and publish the flora of that country which was then little known. Then we found him in the employ of the Pennsylvania railway company and assisting our Brethren to get special rates to Annual Meeting. Soon after he was associated with Elder Louis Kimmel of Elderton, Pa., in starting the Plum Creek Normal school.

Later he was appointed by the government as special agent to examine ex-soldiers who applied for pen-

sions. This took him to the Southern States during the time of their reconstruction and "carpet-bag supremacy." He grasped the situation in the South and wrote some very fair and conservative articles which were widely copied in the newspapers of the South, because they were so fair and came from a northern man when feeling ran high. This gave him quite a reputation and when his name was sent to the U. S. Senate to be confirmed as commissioner to take the census of the United States, the southern senators at once voted for him, and he was the first one confirmed.

After the decennial census was completed, he was retained by the government to take the census of all non-resistant denominations.

Though engaged in railroad and government work, he did not lose interest in church work, but was one of the first promoters of the missionary system which was afterward better crystallized and then adopted by our church. He is also the author of a work entitled "Record of the Faithful," published in 1882, giving the names of the ministers and number of members in each congregation of Brethren in the United States.

In 1888 he was elected to the chair of science in McPherson College, Kansas, and took his seat in the faculty at the opening session. He was also elected member of the Kansas Academy of Science.

About this time he also received the honorary title of Ph. D. He filled his position in McPherson College only two months when he received the offer of a lucrative position with the Union Pacific Railway Company as editor of its paper and literature published to sell its western lands. His business frequently called him to Washington where he came in contact with officials from all countries. The Minister from Mexico learning the business of Brother Miller, persuaded him to take the same position under the Mexican government which he held with the Union Pacific railroad. During his sojourn of several years in Mexico, he studied its history and the habits and customs of the people, and wrote a very interesting book which was never published.

One of his greatest pleasures was to be among young people and instruct them. He was appointed editor of the young people's paper one year after it was started, to develop which he applied his best efforts.

As a literary character Brother Miller stands in the first rank in our Brotherhood. His style was unique, sometimes brusque and pointed, but always clear and forcible. During the time when certain factions left the church, Brother Miller firmly stood by the main body and defended it, and wished to live and die in its communion.

FRIENDLY COMMENT.

C. S. HOLLEM.

THE memory of such a man stays with a person wherever he may go. Uncle Howard was the raw country boy's shelter in time of storm. A man so big that he never had to trim his sails to meet the whims of policy. I remember his homely but well-fitting remark on Whittier's "Maud Muller." The class discussed pro and con that peace and happiness would best have resulted by the marriage of Maud to the Judge. The "pros" carried the day when Uncle Howard came to our rescue, quoting a little poem with the refrain "If you are a hedge-hog, marry a hedge-hog for a wife." We all saw the point.

Lawton, Okla.

R. T. POLLARD, M. D.

IT was thought by some before Howard Miller united with the Brethren church that he was rather skeptical, but upon further acquaintance his most intimate friends found that he was thoroughly imbued with a deep sense of reverence and seriousness seldom found. One of the principles deeply rooted in his character was that of consistency. Pompousness, vanity or show were in his eyes despicable.

Garrett, Pa.

M. M. ESHELMAN.

THERE was only one Howard Miller in the Brotherhood. He followed no one. He had no double, he led in his lines. As a writer and discerner, he was keen, terse, forceful. He took things apart and placed them together in such order that the keen observer could construct for his pleasure. Clear and critical he was not unmindful of human weaknesses. He knew he had faults,—that all men have theirs,—hence his overflowing charity covered what he knew God passes by. He flung titles to the winds; wanted them not as appendages to his name. He was modest and great in simplicity. I loved him because he loved God and good men, and had charity for those not good. He did break the alabaster jar of spikenard and poured out the perfume of love on others while they lived. I miss him.

Redondo, Calif.

THE biggest factor in active religion is kindliness of feeling, or, as Paul puts it, love, a word sorrily rendered as charity. This love must be translated into acts before it has any value. Read Matthew's account of the judgment, for the value of personal acts.—*Howard Miller, 1904.*

BIOGRAPHICAL.

GEORGIANA HOKE.

HOWARD MILLER was born December 21, 1849, at Lewisburg, Pa., soon after his parents, John P. and



Howard Miller and Wife in their Library, Lewisburg, Pa.

Jane Alexander Miller, came to America from Ireland, died near Lombard, Illinois (near Chicago), at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. A. Von Plees.

His mother died when he was quite young. He was an only child and his aunt, Sarah Donachy, used her Christian influence to give him a home-life that would help fit him for usefulness. This old aunt is yet living in her old home in Lewisburg. She is now ninety years old.

He never attended public school but was educated at what is known as the Old Academy at Lewisburg. When sixteen years old he began teaching school at Laurelton, near Lewisburg, Pa., and he taught more or less all his life. At this time he ran away from home and did not return to Lewisburg until he moved his family there over fifteen years later.

Wherever he chanced to be he was always a student. Sometimes he studied under an instructor but more generally without a teacher.

He took up one line of work after another. His laboratory, his dissecting table, etc., etc., were at his home. Finally, for work he had mastered, he was granted the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, while engaged as a teacher at McPherson College, Kansas. In the world of science he gained distinction and was considered good authority along his special lines. He also was an excellent anatomist, as well as naturalist, and writer, as you know him.

He was a very rapid and accurate reader. For instance if he bought a book in Chicago by the time his train would reach Elgin he could finish reading it and would have no more use for it, for he had mastered its contents so that he would not forget them and would need the book no longer. From youth he had cultivated this good memory. When called a lucky genius he would either give a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders or reply, "Anybody can do it, if he is willing to work." Genius according to his definition, is nothing but a capacity for persistent hard work backed by close analytical powers of observation. He had a remarkable command of the English language and keenly enjoyed its literature.

To him writing was a delight. He wrote for newspapers, magazines, etc., etc., as is so general with writers of to-day. Besides there was a book concerning life in Mexico, which was never published, "The Record of the Faithful," and some pamphlets.



Daughter and Granddaughters.

It is hardly justice to leave this subject without recording that it was his earnest desire to gather data and write a general history of plain-dressing Christian sects. He believed that the world, since Christ's day, has had a sect who represented this Christian principle.

With few exceptions his time was always spent as a teacher, editor, railroad or government official. For a time he was pastor of the mother congregation in Germantown, Pa. He was one of the first to advocate church extension and home mission work, which resulted in the present organized efforts for general mission work in the Brotherhood.

He married Letitia J. Sanders, of Wellsburg, W. Va., March 17, 1871. To this union were born one son, Edward, and one daughter, Maude.

Mrs. Miller was an accomplished woman who could assist her husband in his teaching and other work. She was a faithful member of the Brethren church and an earnest worker among the needy. She was called "Mother Miller" and it is kindly said of her that, "She was always around helping someone out of a pinch."

For a long time she was Vice President of the Philadelphia County Week Work (fresh air work) and was one of its active workers. And when she could no longer see after this work her daughter took it up for a while.

The family home for twenty years was at Lewisburg, Pa. It was while here that Dr. Miller collected his fine library which contained between seven and eight thousand volumes. And it was at this home that the wife passed into Life Eternal, May 11, 1897, just ten years before her husband did.

The daughter remained to care for her father during his last and only severe illness. Last summer, soon after his return from a business trip to the Southwest, near Death Valley, he was overcome by a "sunstroke." From that day he was confined to the house, much of the time a great sufferer. With great nobility and skill his daughter, assisted by her husband, tenderly guarded the spark of life for her father. To him it was a great blessing to have his daughter as his faithful nurse.

He had no brother or sister, and his daughter's two little girls, Harriet and Anna Von Plees, are his only grandchildren. His only grandson, Howard Miller Von Plees, his namesake, to whom he was very much devoted, died September 5, 1902, before he had spent much more than half a year on earth.

The readers of the Inglenook know Harriet best as "Gaggle-Goo," whose baby experiences greatly amused them. The illustration herewith shows her, with her mother and sister, as she was when her letters were published. She is now seven years old and her sister four.

All things are possible with God and it might be that we will all be together once again on the other side.—*Howard Miller.*

UNCLE HOWARD.

SUE SLUSHER-SAYLOR.

I first saw Prof. Howard Miller at the opening of McPherson Kansas College, and soon found myself in his grammar room.

He took his place behind the table, looked us each in the face, while we cowered before him, awed by the presence of a man of wondrous learning and prominence.

To us timid country children, he seemed a mental giant, before whom we trembled.

It was the first classification of the pupils into two different classes. Those who passed his examination were to go into the A. Class, the others in Class B.

He began enrolling us. It was in the days when the diminutives of names were the fashion. There were Hattie, Nannie, Mattie, Mollie, Minnie, Katie, Susie, Ratie, Sadie, and so on.

After these names were told him, he looked at us and said sarcastically, "You girls disgust me with this "I E" business in your names. Why don't you tell me your names are Harriet, Nancy, Martha, Mary, Katherine, Suzanne, Rachel, or Sarah? Those are your names, and such I mean to call you;" and he always did.

"Such baby business of names! How does it sound to say Susie B. Anthony, Hattie Beecher Stowe, Fannie Willard, and Mattie Washington? Suppose you call me Howdie Miller?" and we were all laughing and good-natured again.

Then he began the examination. He handed me a Physical Geography, and said, "Analyze the first sentence you see." Too frightened to think, I began on one that seemed to extend the length of the paragraph. He soon waved his hand in dismissal, "Go into the A. Class." That was all, but I since find that he seemed to know some other way where we belonged.

We escaped into the hall to declare in whispers to each other we believed we would hate him, he seemed almost terrible.

Three weeks later, we were discussing him again, then he was "Uncle Howard," he had captured us. We adored him, we worshiped him. Some one asked why, but none could tell, it was just because we *did*.

We profited by his wholesome criticisms, received his gentle sympathy, and we returned his genuine interest in us with a devotion I have seldom since seen students show a teacher.

We were in the plastic, emotional period of life, and his understanding and sympathy made us feel as if we were his children, and such he lovingly called us.

Every student of that first year at McPherson college can see his face as he looked at us and said, "Children."

Ramona, Kansas.

REMINISCENCE.

GRACE S. ROOP.

In the year 1899, when in a little downtown office, I first met and knew Uncle Howard Miller. For many days following we worked together, day after day "getting out" the little paper known as the "Landmark," I at the typewriter, he in easy-chair dictating manuscript for the paper or perhaps business letters, as the case might be. As he has said since, "Those were happy days for us both."

Many times when we were rushed with work I would be pegging away at something or other, trying to clean up all the correspondence for the day and Uncle Howard would call a halt. To put it in his own words he would say, "Kitten Scroggs, it's time to rest." While I rested he would take me for a ramble in the tropics or a trip to some place of interest that he had visited on his travels.

I say he "took me" because it was almost like really being there, his descriptions were so vivid and so beautifully given. Then I would go back to work again with a clear mind and much gained while I rested.

Some days were warm and tiresome and we would feel that we could hardly endure them. Uncle Howard would slip down street and come back presently with a beautiful bunch of carnations or a box of luscious strawberries to refresh us. He was ever thoughtful of others, always kind and considerate and with a great heart full of love for all.

I remember one pathetic little incident that happened in the office. One warm day I was doing some outside work on the typewriter, which I often did, and Bro. Miller was nodding peacefully in his chair when all at once came a plaintive little call, "Maudie, Maudie," from Uncle Howard. Though, sleeping, his mind was far away in his Eastern home with his daughter and he was calling her so tenderly. The tears rushed to my eyes and were there when the dear old brother awoke with a start only to ask me what was wrong, and when he learned the cause of my weeping he too shed a few tears and was himself again.

Again I see him on my wedding day when all was joy and excitement. Uncle Howard came all the way from Elgin to speak the precious words that made my husband and myself man and wife. I shall always remember too how sad he seemed when he found there were no roses (the dry weather killed all our roses that year), and there were none to be had at the florists' at any price. He went to a little wood near by and found a lovely wild rose and asked me to wear it in my hair, and when I was led to the altar the dear little rose was worn as he requested much to his great pleasure.

What could be more beautiful than the character portrayed? A great lover of the beautiful and the good, a lover of nature and all of God's little creatures and above all a great mind stored with useful knowledge. And how beautifully he imparted that knowledge to others.

I can truly say as said Mr. Ray Kelly, of Warrensburg, Mo., a great admirer of Bro. Miller, when one day he laid his hand upon his shoulder and reverently exclaimed, "Wonderful man!" The world has lost one of its greatest writers, one of the deepest thinkers and we have all lost a dear friend and brother.

Warrensburg, Mo.

HOWARD MILLER.

JOHN E. MOHLER.

In our home, as in hundreds of others, he was always called "Uncle Howard." There is not, in the world, another "Uncle" like him. He was a rare nature. With the passing of his presence from our midst there went out a life whose duplicate none of us shall ever know, so marked was his individuality. And the world, the church, and society are the losers by his departure. None can say an ill word of him, and in many regions of the globe there are those who knew him sufficiently to regret his absence from our midst.

A Literary Character.

As the founder of the INGLENOOK he is known to its readers best by his writings. He was a genius in literature. He was a constant reader of current magazines and periodicals, therefore ready at any time to write well upon almost any topic. I need not emphasize the remarkable originality, fertility, and strength of his productions, for what Inglenooker does not know and appreciate these? And his resources were such that I believe he could have put out, weekly, a half dozen or more papers of the size of the NOOK, all different, and each as good in its line. I have been intimately associated with him when he was producing matter for the INGLENOOK, as well as for various publications, and he was never at a loss for material to supply the demand.

He had no regular literary hours, but at any and all times was ready to write the forceful utterances with which you all are familiar, and with apparently no limit, to their quantity. When his publisher needed "copy" all Uncle Howard needed to do was to "turn the crank," as he himself expressed it, and it was forthcoming, and in such perfection that he seldom reviewed it until he had the printer's proof sheets. The call for copy may have been at six in the morning or at ten at night. Or when he had fasted several hours, or had done full justice to a "company" dinner. Or when in a lively mood, or when waked from an after dinner snooze. In any event his response was immediate with a superior article to please or astonish his readers.

And it was produced in any character wanted, whether on the order of the Nook-famous "Gaggle-Goo" stories, or a philosophical article upon the inhabitants of the moon. He preferred to dictate his manuscript to a stenographer or typewriter, and his favorite positions were either lying on a couch with his back to his amanuensis, or sitting in an easy chair with his feet either propped upon the table or planted squarely upon the floor. He loved to produce anything good in a literary way, and it appeared to be with as little effort as to read. As a mild form of mental gymnastics he enjoyed dictating to two stenographers simultaneously, sentence about, the one taking a humorous story and the other a theological essay. In their completion each production hung together as though it alone was dictated.

Uncle Howard's literary work best known to the church was in the *Landmark,* and in the INGLENOOK. The former was born out of a feeling that there was not sufficient latitude permitted, for the ultimate good of the church, in the columns of our papers, especially upon topics concerning the quiet, unobtrusive ways characteristic of the best life in the church. The paper was discontinued upon an understanding that what it stood for distinctly should have a place in the columns of the church's official organ. After the last issue of the *Landmark* was published he entered the employ of the Rock Island railroad, from which position he was called to found the INGLENOOK, a few months later.

He was an ardent lover of nature, as shown in many of his poems in prose. He was a true poet in feeling, and the wonder is he did not write more in verse. If ever a poem in rhyme or blank verse appeared in print under his name the writer does not know it. It was published either anonymously or under a nom de plume. And no one knows what he may have written, for he would not acknowledge it as his own. When accused of authorship of a scrap of verse he evaded its discussion, and humorously declared he would not be found dead with poetry on him.

His Originality.

His originality was not limited to his literary work. It cropped out in every line to which he gave his attention. He made a pet of a swarm of bumblebees, so that when he tapped upon the ground over their nest they would come out and crawl all over his hand and arm, bared to the elbow, and after their visit was completed return in peace to their nest.

He was passionately fond of flowers, and learned a secret of almost doubling in size and quantity the gladiolus blooms by tearing their roots with a crowbar at just the right stage in their development. His favorite flower was the rose, which, when possible he had in such profusion as to make it his delight to have the dining table strewn with their fresh blooms at mealtime.

His love for original experiences and investigation led him to spend a night, when in Central America, alone, in the ruins of a deserted Aztec town, the superstitious rumors of which so horrified his guides that none could be hired to keep him company. The weirdness and strangeness of it all, however, so wrought upon him that before long he heartily wished himself out of the predicament.

This reminds me of an incident he related of his boyhood days. There was a miser in his neighborhood who took quite an interest in him. One day the miser failed to make his usual appearance, and after several days of continued absence from public view the neighbors investigated and found him cold and stiff in his room. When Howard heard of the miser's death he was curious to see if he looked as other people did, in death. Therefore he tiptoed, all alone, to the miser's room, and gazed long and earnestly at the prostrate form on the bed. But his curiosity was not satisfied until he had seen the miser from the other side, and he slowly slipped around where he could look him full in the face. After a few moments of this he was really frightened when the man slowly opened his eyes and said, "Why, howdy, Howard!" He replied stiffly, but got out of the room as hastily as was polite.

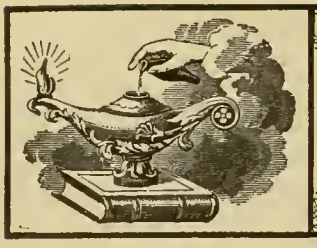
As a Guest.

As a guest he was appreciative, quiet, and unobtrusive. He was so sensitive about being in the way, or not wanted, in some way, that his visits were always short, and unless the welcome was absolutely certain he took to a hotel even in the vicinity of his friends. In our own home, however, he became almost as much a host as a guest, as he became to us and to himself almost like one of the family, from long and close acquaintance.

He knew when things were good to eat, and he enjoyed superior cooking. And equally well, or better, he enjoyed helping to cook good meals. In fact, he often declared he missed his calling by not becoming a professional chef, and that had he his life to begin over that would be his vocation. As it was he picked up many little secrets of the best chefs of the country to make food more nourishing and appetizing, and he was never more delighted when with us than when using his skill in the kitchen, or directing Mrs. Mohler in making a "creation," or "a filling mess," or a dinner that "makes you feel good to be alive," or concocting a perfect "dream" of things good to eat. He was not an excessive eater himself, but a liberal dispenser to others, preferring to serve them himself.

He made a close study of the chemistry of cooking, and insisted upon exact measurements and weights of ingredients used, for success. His idea of suc-

(Concluded on Page 588.)



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

L. A. PLATE.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

God's abiding care for his people has been the heritage of all ages. It is the precious promise that cheers our darkest hours and brings a ray of light into the gulf of deepest despair. Look at Israel of old, the chosen people of God! Follow them in their varied experiences!

When Jacob, the lonely fugitive, reclines amid the strange environments of the wilderness, as night comes upon him, a heavenly vision is vouchsafed to him. Angels ascending and descending from earth to heaven, together with the cheering words of promise, are comforting to the wanderer. He realizes that heaven is very near.

Life has its struggles, and as Jacob wrestles at Peniel, he prevails,—not in his own strength, but because he has power with God. The Father will help each struggling child.

The history of Joseph is a vivid illustration of God's providential care, and moreover it shows that, no matter what man may plan or design, God will control all, and turn it to his glory. Joseph "passed through the waters" more than once, but it was all a necessary part of his character-moulding. The pit and the prison were but steps to the exalted station as ruler in Egypt.

Joseph's posterity, also, had to learn a great lesson by means of the many years of hard bondage. Prosperity had attended them during their early years in Egypt and something must be done to wean them away from the ease and luxury they had been enjoying. Only years of bondage would fit them to break away from Egypt and make the effort to enter Canaan.

As we look at the wonderful history of Israel's deliverer, Moses, we cannot help but be impressed by the watchful and loving care of the Father. A little babe, a frail ark, a loving mother and sister, a compassionate princess,—all these, working together, bring about ultimately the deliverance of the people and God's glory.

And what should be the lesson to us? God does for us what we cannot do for ourselves. The thing which we are powerless to overcome, he takes in hand. When difficulties await us with which we cannot cope, when human helpers fail us in our hour of need, he interposes in our behalf. Our extremity is his opportunity. At the very time when we are going on our mournful way to the sepulcher of our dead hopes, he is working at our deliverance.

Of one thing we can be quite sure, whatever affliction may befall us, it matters not what be its nature, it matters not in what way it has come, God is not against us, but for us. He would be a poor father were he to desert us in our hour of need. God has control of all things. Our times of sorrow and of joy are in his hands and he is controlling all things for our good.

"I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear with groans and travail cries
The world confess its sins.
Yet in the maddening maze of things
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings
I know that God is good."

THY WAY—NOT MINE.

Thy way—not mine, O Lord!
However dark it be;
Lead me by thy own hand;
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be, or rough.
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it matters not,
It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So I shall walk aright.

The kingdom that I seek
Is thine, so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else surely I might stray.

Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill;
As best to thee may seem—
Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me;
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine—not mine the choice.
In things both great or small
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

—Selected.

WISDOM.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

O WISDOM, thou art lovable; thou art beautiful. O that thou mayest be sought after more and more. Thou art strong, for thou canst calm the troubled waters of life and keep us in the right way which is for our prosperity and well being. When we hearken to thy voice, how much smoother is our path through the journey of life.

It has been said by one of old, "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom. Wisdom is better than rubies and all things which may be desired are not to be compared with it." The simple word itself is beautiful, and how much more beautiful are those who are adorned by it and by it are daily guided. How can we but admire it, and participate in it while it comprises so much that is praiseworthy? What are we without it?—like a vessel without a beacon light to guide it by night, or like a ship without a helm. We need it every hour in the daily works of life, in times of rejoicing, and in times of adversity. Where we see it exemplified the most, we find the most perfection. The older we grow, the more clearly we see (or ought to see) the necessity of cultivating this most beautiful virtue.

If we seek after wisdom, earnestly, we will find a measure of it and it will help to keep us from a great deal of unrighteousness. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." Without her we are ever straying from virtue's path. If we seek Wisdom now we may some day rejoice to know that in early life we began to find the pearl of great price.

Only a barque that is broken,
Only a dark, dreary way,
And a life of condemnation
For those who from virtue stray.
Happy the thought that comes o'er me,
In Christ there's no dread nor fear;
But joy in a life that's holy,
And peace with a conscience clear.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites. And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.—Luke 21: 1, 2, 3.

THERE were in those days many rich men in Jerusalem. They were just as rich for their time as are the richest among us to-day for theirs.

It is probable they gave more generously of their wealth for religious purposes, since the Jew has ever been the most open-handed of all men in such causes. At any rate, they were enriching the treasury of the temple with generous gifts. And Christ says no word against the size or nature of these gifts.

But when a meek widow comes along and drops in the box a mite, Christ sends the news of her gift down all the centuries. He tells of it to ages unborn, and so long as the Gospel is read, his praise of this poor woman shall resound throughout the earth.

It is neither the giver nor the size of the gift he would have us remember. It is the great principle back of them; the mighty truth hid in this nutshell of a contribution.

It is this: What we do for men—and that is what we do for God—is not measured by the size of the deed, but by the proportionate size of what we do compared with what we could or might do.

The rich Jews had given gifts, the aggregate of which was as a mountain to the mole-hill of the widow's mite. Yet Christ, standing there and seeing what had been cast in, says that the mite is more than the sum of all the other contributions. You see how he measured.

It is thus we ourselves are measured in all we do. Not by the world, for the world bases its estimate on what can be seen, but by God in heaven, for he bases his estimate on what was possible.

It is thus we human beings are misled in forming our opinions about others. We judge by what we see on the outside, and if we could see on the inside, we would judge differently or not at all. Our great business in life is not to judge others, but to see whether or not we are doing as much as we can.

Our great business is to make sure that we are casting in to swell the sum total of human helpfulness all we can possibly spare. There is no gift so large as that which represents the limit of the giver, even though it be but a penny. He who tosses a crisp bill into the plate at church and tries to look unconcerned as he does so IS unconcerned, because he has given very little when his means are considered. He who tries to get his coin into the plate so the gleam of copper will not be seen may hide the smallness of his gift from men, but God sees its largeness and God remembers.

So go you out into the world to-morrow resolved to do your limit in the way of helping men and women to be better and happier. Have no regrets about the smallness of the gift you are able to give when compared with the largeness of that your neighbor may give. Forget the eyes of the world—it is cross-eyed, anyway.

Remember, that as Christ stood by the treasury, watching those who came to cast in their offerings, so the spirit of the living God stands by you in every moment of existence, and that spirit sees and that spirit alone is able to judge justly, and will judge justly.

But never stop short of your limit.—*North American.*

THE INGLENOOK

A Weekly Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

Contributions are solicited. Articles submitted are adapted to the scope and policy of the magazine. A strong effort will be made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

Sample copies will be furnished upon application. Agents are wanted everywhere, and will be awarded a liberal commission. Change of address can only be made when the old address, as well as the new, is given.

Entered at the Post Office at Elgin, Ill., as Second-class Matter.

A KINDLY HEART.

A review of the life of "Uncle Howard," however superficial that review may be, is bound to impress one anew with the limitless power of one's influence. How our every word and act take upon them the nature of things immortal and run to and fro through the earth with their message of good or ill is a fact which few of us realize and one with which less of us reckon.

It is true that the personality of some people is much stronger than that of others, and their influence is therefore by so much the more powerful, yet even this consideration does not leave the tiniest loophole of escape for the least influential one. Though the field of our influence may not be large it is commensurate with our ability to govern it, and so each one has all he can do.

It goes without saying that all of us desire to wield an influence for good. While we live and go about among our fellows, it affords us much joy to recognize here and there the fruit of good seed we have sown. And when we think of leaving this life, when there will be nothing but their memory between us, we would if we could, sweep from them everything but the good.

One of the good things that reaches far out in our field of influence not only bringing us rich returns while we live, but growing on vigorously after we have passed away is kindly deeds. And strong as was the personality of Uncle Howard, and as far-reaching as were its many phases, this simple, easy thing of doing kindly deeds was one of his strongest points. Long after the memory ceases to tell of his deep understanding of human nature and of his versatile pen, some humble one will rise up to tell of the overflow of his great heart into deeds of helpfulness and cheer.

The brilliant mind with its wealth of wisdom and love may be the gift of few of us, but all may possess the trait of a kindly heart. To imitate this characteristic of our brother who has gone from us will not only of itself bring us many blessings, but it will build to his memory a monument more lasting than marble.

"ALL IS VANITY."

In considering the things with which we have to do in this life we must set over against the imperishableness of our influence the vanity of all things mortal. And he is wise who is able to discern these things clearly and place the emphasis where it belongs. Most of us turn things about entirely and spend our strength and time on the vanishing things to the neglect of that which endures. We wonder whether the large crowd to which we are apparently playing will applaud all the moves we make. We worry for fear we may not be able to get all the luxuries in food and clothing that we would like to have and still have enough to secure us a place among the "well-to-do," and insure us ease and comfort in old age. Now and then we take a few minutes to look in on the inner man, on that which passeth not away, and of course we are discouraged by the things revealed there.

"What will it matter a hundred years from now?" said Uncle Howard, of some trivial thing of the hour. Looking at most of the things with which we concern ourselves from the vantage ground of a hundred years, we must agree that it will not matter, and are moved to say with the wise man of old, "All is vanity." But by turning our eyes a little and looking through the same hundred years we shall find other things that will matter much. May God grant us the power to discern between the fleeting and the eternal.

HOWARD MILLER.

(Concluded from Page 585.)

cess was not merely getting together a lot of rich ingredients, as cream, butter, eggs, sweets and meats, in an eatable shape. But, rather, the creation of an appetizing meal out of that which is usually discarded, or considered of little value, or the toning up of rich foods in a way that few understand.

Were Uncle Howard to have stipulated a qualification for every young woman contemplating matrimony he would have said she must know how to make a good potpie.

He was a critical observer of the manner in which things were served at the table, and of the decoration of dishes of victuals. He admired the garnishing of meats and vegetables, though it be with only horseradish leaves, or carrot tops. At Christmas, time, or on Thanksgiving day, something was lacking in a dinner without sprigs of holly.

Socially.

No one would have thought of Uncle Howard as a social success. For he became intimate with very few, and was not a good "mixer" in society. He could not readily, or would not, adopt the little meaningless

pleasantries of social chat by which people try to make themselves agreeable to their associates, whether they really feel all they say or not. And yet, in company with congenial spirits, whose friendship had knit deep in his heart, he was a delight, and entertaining above what you know of him as a writer. During the months when we had the privilege of his society in our home circle it was at times a matter of some little concern to Mrs. Mohler that we could not induce him to make a display of his talents as a conversationalist when his admiring friends, of whom there were many, called to see us. She declared to him that she was always afraid he would "back up in a corner and growl at them, like a bear," to which he would give his shoulders a Spanish shrug, and say, "Och! God bless everybody, and the Irish too!" He had quite a good deal of Irish blood in his veins, which accounts for the humor in the remark.

His good will and kindly feeling, however, were apparent to everyone, and in his life he carried out his favorite sermon texts—"Love, or kindliness of feeling," and "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

His Generosity.

He was generous, almost to a fault. He gave freely of his efforts and money, and no sooner was a person known to be in want than his hand went to his pocket to help him. His talents usually enabled him to earn a good salary, comparatively little of which he spent upon himself. And what he gave was as free as air to the recipient. At one time when he would have had use for more money than he had at his command an acquaintance remarked that he probably now wished that he had not given so much away when he had it. To which he replied that he only regretted that he had not given away more than he did.

But he detested making a display of giving. Nothing in the church distressed him more than the growing tendency among us to publish our donations, and to measure our spiritual life as a church by the amount of gifts on record.

His Ancestry.

He was unrelated to any of the Millers belonging to the Brethren church. He was of a sturdy, independent ancestry, and could trace his lineage in an unbroken line for 600 years when his forefathers were landholders in Ireland. His was a clean, healthy stock, although as a boy Howard was delicate, and received many assurances from friends that he would fill an early consumptive's grave. These repeated prophecies, however, instead of discouraging him only awakened in him the spirit of a conqueror characteristic of his ancestors, and he determined to harden himself against physical weakness, or attacks of cold. This he accomplished by taking a daily plunge bath in the mountain creek near by, ceasing only in the winter when the ice became too thick to break by a plunge.

This habit of undertaking hard things with the determination to carry them through to a finish is one secret of his successful career in the world. He was willing to take a risk, then put forth every energy to succeed. As an illustration of this is the incident of when he was in Natchez, Miss., in a large audience which had met to hear a famous lecturer. As time passed the lecturer failed to appear, and the audience grew restless with disappointment. Howard, being acquainted with some of the prominent citizens of the place, and with the chairman of the Committee, to save the evening, volunteered to give them a lecture. His offer was accepted, and he brought down the house in appreciation of a semi-humorous talk for the hour.

In the Church.

Aside from his writings he was almost unknown in church work. It was his nature to shrink from large assemblies, or from public discussions of any kind. But when the occasion demanded the defense of a principle held true by the church he was fearless and bold beyond many who made a greater pretense than he. His love for the church was deep, true and persistent, although this is not so well known by the masses in the Brotherhood. It is those who were not members of the church to whom he talked and reasoned that will bear testimony to this.

He was no church politician. That is, he did nothing for popularity or effect, or to gain influence. Indeed he might have been faulted for his indifference to what others thought when he felt he was doing right. For he would hardly cross a street to correct an evil report concerning himself, circulated falsely.

He was charitable in his judgment of others, when it came to severe discipline, and he could bear almost anything rather than have another suffer greatly. Talebearers and busybodies in other men's matters came in for severe censure at his hands, however, and if there was a mess of quarrelling and bickering in the church he kept distant from it if possible. His tendency to keep away from conditions of this sort relieved him very largely of official church work which would otherwise have been placed upon him.

In his departure a noble soul has passed into the other life. A soul which shall enjoy to the full the wonders and secrets wrapped up in the heavenly world. He had great anticipations of what exists beyond the veil, and he will drink deeply of that which is his reward for a righteous life here below.

Des Moines, Iowa.

It is not how much we did but how well we did our little.—*Howard Miller.*



Echoes from Everywhere

THE *Scientific American* publishes a brief note "merely for what it is worth and not as a verification" relating to the startling discovery claimed to have been made by Sir William Ramsay of a method for making artificial copper. The discovery will be made known to science when Sir William reads a paper on the subject before the Royal Chemical Society of Great Britain.

IN Ohio during 1906 there was one life lost for every 214,279 tons of coal mined, whereas in 1905 it was 226,628 tons, showing, states the *Engineering and Mining Journal,* the increased danger to which the miner of the present day is subjected, and the necessity for new mining legislation in order properly to protect those who work underground. There was one life lost for every 366 persons employed.

IN China wages of women operatives are nearly at the vanishing point. It is said in the silk mills at Shanghai there are twenty thousand workers, among whom are children that work at three cents a day and women at five cents. The highest paid get twenty-six cents for a thirteen-hour day. In the Shanghai cotton mills the best women workers get fourteen cents a day; the poorest five cents, the hours being from six to six, with thirty minutes at noon for dinner.

HENRY C. PHIPPS, the Pittsburg iron man, whose wealth made possible the great institution for the study of tuberculosis at Philadelphia, has given $1,000,000 more for the purchase of a block of land near Seventh and Lombard streets, in the heart of the crowded section, where the consumption is the highest, on which to erect the hospital building. More millions are to follow this in carrying the war against the white plague. Dr. Lawrence Flick will have charge of the hospital.

EIGHTEEN experts from Washington with the help of a dozen laborers began on May 20, the task of counting the three hundred and fifty tons of gold and the two thousand tons of silver at present in the New York Sub-Treasury. The task will probably take about a month. Such a count has not been made since 1903. The occasion for it is the beginning of the second term of Hamilton Fish as Assistant Treasurer of New York. His appointment to office for another four years has just been confirmed by Congress.

MISS MARY GUINAN, of Middletown, N. Y., who has just achieved distinction as the first woman in the country to win the Roosevelt medal for bravery, under the 1905 act of Congress to promote security of travel upon railroads, has received the medal, accompanied with a personal letter from the president. Miss Guinan is a worker in a shirt factory, and the act for which the medal was awarded occurred last December, when she helped an old man from the track in front of an express train and held him in the space of three feet between two passing trains.

A MEMBER of the United States geological survey, engaged in making investigations of ground-water conditions in Ohio, reports that in Hamilton county, about half a mile south of New Burlington, there is a well which yields fresh and salt water at the same time. Except for the fact that two pumps are set in it, side by side, it resembles ordinary wells; but one of the pumps supplies water excellent to the taste, while the water from the other is so highly charged with various mineral salts that it is almost brine. The secret of the phenomenon lies in the fact that two water-bearing beds confined between layers of limestone occur at this point, the upper carrying fresh water and the lower salt.

MISS GERTRUDE BEEKS, secretary of the welfare department of the National Civic Federation, left New York for Colon June 7, under instructions from the War Department, and with the personal sanction of President Roosevelt, to investigate the housing, food and amusements of the laborers in the canal zone. Heretofore the welfare work of the Civic Federation has included many of the industries, but never the condition of government employes. Miss Beek is a Tennessee girl, who has devoted her time for several years to welfare work in private industries. This is said to be one of the most important commissions ever awarded to a woman by the government. Secretary Taft is chairman of the committee of which Miss Beeks is secretary.

THE famine which has prevailed for many weeks, in China, causing hundreds of deaths and great suffering, has been broken. The crops are still thin, but the hot weather of the last month has been favorable to a good yield. American gifts have supplied milk regularly to one thousand infants, while two hundred more have been nourished occasionally. The children are left with their parents or relations, as the Chinese dread foreign orphanages. What is left of the gifts will be turned over to the Red Cross Society to relieve individual cases of need, and to grapple with the next crisis.

THE Carnegie Steel company is already responding to the demand for better steel rails, many of the railroad wrecks being laid to the poor class of rails now made. The company will operate open hearth furnaces exclusively at Braddock, where their largest plant is situated. The open hearth manufacture of rails is already in operation at the Bethlehem steel works, and the Tennessee Coal and Iron company has also adopted the same method this year. The cost of the product to the manufacturers by this method is no greater than at present and the liability of the new product to break is reduced to a minimum. Its strength, power of endurance, and wear will be far greater than the Bessemer product.

THE Boston school committee has approved the recommendation of the superintendents to establish with the next school year a girls' high school of practical arts with a four-year course, conditions for admission to which will be equivalent to those of the regular high schools. The theory of this school is to give opportunity to those pupils whose talents lie in the direction of doing and expressing rather than in acquisition. On the academic side courses will be created in English, history, art, modern languages, mathematics and science, but these will be treated in their relation to some practical line of work. On the industrial side the school will be divided into two classes, one for those seeking to become homemakers, and the other for those who aim, at least for a time, to be self-supporting. For the first class emphasis will be given to all phases of domestic science and arts, and for the second a foundation will be laid in some distinct taste, so that the pupil may be able to enter upon the higher form of the various women's industries.

AT the time of the trouble in San Francisco over the Japanese school question it was reported that Japanese in the homeland were much stirred up over the affair, and that there was danger of trouble between the two nations. This, however, seemed to be an exaggerated view of their feelings and since then conservative influential Japanese have assured us that the inhabitants of Japan looked upon the trouble as a very trivial affair. There are two parties in Japan, however, and now it is claimed that a conspiracy exists between the Japanese on the Pacific coast and the progressives, a political party in Japan having for its object "the overthrow of the present ministry at Tokio, the annulment of the exclusion clause in the immigration bill, and the forcing of an apology from America for the 'San Francisco outrages.'"

A SCIENTIST who has been making investigations to see whether or not eye-strain and criminal tendencies have any connection has come to the conclusion that they have. In one state reformatory he found the eyes of one hundred eight inmates out of four hundred were very defective and he reports that with the correction of these defects the percentage of improvement in conduct and work ranged from fifteen to fifty-five. He investigated a little and found that out of 60 penal institutions more than half had no oculist. He thinks that all such places should provide treatment for prisoners' eyes, deeming that because of the irregularities existing in the body the soul has a tendency to do wrong. A number of experiments, it will be remembered, have been made during recent years on the brain of those of criminal tendencies. In some cases the removal of certain portions of the brain brought about reformation; in others a relapse took place. The relation between the soul and the body is so intimate that it is easy to see that defects of the body can have a deleterious influence over one's actions unless a well-regulated will governs.

A GREAT deal is being said about irrigation these days and it has proved a great blessing in many hitherto arid sections; but with this interest manifest the U. S. geological survey is not losing sight of the possibilities lying in the reverse process—in draining swamp land. According to one of its reports there are 60,000,000 acres of swamps or overflowed lands in this country. If 25,000,000 of these acres could be reclaimed the land values would be increased some two billion dollars and the crop values over seven hundred million. Florida with 29,000 square miles of swamps leads the states; Louisiana is second with 15,000 and Arkansas and Mississippi have each 9,000. Other Southern states have smaller areas. Hitherto the work of reclamation by drainage has been chiefly undertaken, if at all, by individuals or by county or state governments, and owing to obvious difficulties in such a system many of the most important projects have been left untouched. Probably a national drainage act will some time be passed, just as a reclamation act for the irrigation of the West was.



The Small Philosophies of a Pair of Chums

Hattie Preston Rider

VI. The Mother-in-Law.

THERE was a visitor in the parlor, as the Lesser Chum perceived the instant he came in. It was part of his teaching that he should go and speak courteously to every guest of his mother's; but the adjustable code gave him the privilege of retiring again at his own pleasure. This time it was his pleasure to retire at exactly the moment his greeting was finished.

"That's a nice boy of yours, Mis' Ludford," remarked the visitor, as the Lesser Chum closed the door. "Do you ever think how, after all the trouble you've took to bring him up a gentleman, he's liable by and by to go and marry some little jade that'll snap her fingers at you for your pains?"

"Allan's young friends are all very good children," replied the Greater Chum, quietly. "I've no reason to think he would look for a life-long companion among the sort he doesn't even care to play with now."

The visitor shook her head.

"It's a most uncertain thing," she declared, lugubriously. "Now, there's Cousin Jane Simmons' Benjamin. She brought him up dreadful strict; but he went and married Almiry Wells, the very last girl she'd a-picked out for him. Not that Almiry's particular bad, but she can't seem to take to Cousin Jane's ways. And she's weaning Benjamin from his mother something awful."

The Greater Chum's lip curled, for an instant. Then she remembered how easy it might be for Cousin Jane Simmons to forget there was a side of the question other than her own.

"We ought to bear in mind that our children are only lent to us, and not for very long, at that," she said, pleasantly. "For my own part, if my boy did not develop a loving husband and father, I should feel as if I had fallen a long way short of training him up rightly. A man serves the world his very best, in that capacity."

"I don't know." The visitor leaned back in her rocker, and two actual tears, the first the Greater Chum had ever seen the brisk, active woman shed, rolled down over her fat cheeks. "It comes closter home to me than I like to own up, Mis' Ludford. My Ezry's going to marry that youngest Holt girl, first of next month."

"Oh!" said the Greater Chum. Her heart melted with instant and comprehensive sympathy. A thought of Allan, tied for life to such a slattern,—to say no worse—sent a keen pang through her.

"'Tain't only what she is, either," pursued Ezra's mother, unsteadily. "A couple getting married thinks the hull creation is made for them, and Ezry ain't no exception; but if he only remembered, once in a while, that his mother had ever done anything for him, 'twouldn't be so hard. On top of making such a mis'rable choice it seems as if I couldn't never forgive him!"

"He doesn't realize," the Greater Chum said, charitably. "Marriage is the rightful crown of manhood, as well as womanhood. When first the light of its happiness shines in a young person's face, it is very apt to blind him so that he can't see the boundaries of his own kingdom very plainly. He'll find them after a little, when he gets accustomed to the glare. Don't let it make you feel badly, Mrs. Drew. Ezra is a good boy. His heart is big enough to hold a wife and mother, too,—that is, if they don't crowd each other unduly." She ended with a cheery laugh, and, leaning over, patted the plump hand of the afflicted one in a sisterly way.

Mrs. Drew's fingers lay rigid under the unaccustomed sensation of a caress.

"I s'pose I oughtn't to feel so," she confessed, humbly. "But I'm that mis'rable over it, and thinking how he can't help being disappointed in her, it seems just like I was numb from head to foot. It scares me, a'most, to see how I pretty near don't *want* to love him any more."

"That's only your tired nerves," the Greater Chum comforted her. "I know the feeling. You couldn't really stop loving your boy. But if you were to shut your heart away from him, it would be the most dreadful thing that could happen to either yourself or him. Don't you see that if his marriage should turn

out as unhappily as you fear,—like the fair fruit of the old fable, that turned to ashes at a taste—he might lose faith in goodness and truth unless he had you to keep it strong? How will he learn to still trust in God's unfailing love, if your face, where he first learned of love itself, is turned away from him in coldness and unsympathy?"

The visitor was sobbing softly into her handkerchief. "But it's so hard to give up first place, and to *her!*" she quavered. "Don't you ever feel bad thinking how it'll come to you?"

The Greater Chum smiled queerly.

"I'll never have to do that, because the first place isn't mine to give," she said. "At the best I'm only keeping it bright and warm for another. My little boy's love is precious beyond all price to me, but I don't expect or wish him to give me his best. That's to be saved for the dear little woman who, please God, is waiting for him somewhere in the future. I wouldn't for the world rob her of the tiniest fraction of it."

The visitor dropped her handkerchief, and stared at her hostess in mingled wonder and incredulity.

"And s'posen he was minded to give it to somebody like Addie Holt!" she suggested, rather bitterly.

"Then," answered the heretic, in a tone of conviction, "I should never, never utter that old, cruel, unmotherly, unchristian decree: 'He has made his bed; let him lie in it!' I should try to help him roll his trouble into the very smallest bundle possible, and carry it the easiest way. Marriage sometimes develops womanliness, too, in the least womanly girls; for his sake I could look and work for anything toward that end, or any other for his happiness. I should try to hold myself so ready to help him, that he might never suspect if I had a private heartache."

The visitor heaved a long sigh; but with it went, half-grudgingly, perhaps, a goodly share of her burden. "Maybe you're right, Mis' Ludford. I s'pose men-folks do have enough bother without us making more for 'em. Addie's got some good streaks. I'll try and keep hunting for 'em." She got up, and drew her cape together, with a tremulous laugh. "You've got an awful comfortable way of looking at things," she said.

"I know it!" the Greater Chum nodded, mirthfully, yet reverent. "It was a present to me, from my dearest Friend; and He has one exactly like it for you, if you will take it. We call it the Peace of Trusting; and it is particularly designed for all mothers-in-law, either present or to come."

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Who works for glory misses oft the goal;
Who works for money coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake, then; and it may be
That these things shall be added unto thee.

—Kenyon Cox.

GOING IN DEBT.

One of the very worst things one can do is to spend money before it is earned—go in debt—buy on credit. The system is one of the greatest causes of "hard luck," or financial straits. To buy things and settle for them with "promises to pay" will surely bring trouble, no matter how large a salary one has. By thus tying up our resources, we are never in a position to meet the future with anything like a comfortable condition of mind, and if for any reason our earning ability is cut off, it places us in a very disagreeable position. The only sane, sensible way to live is to set aside, every pay-day, some portion of our earnings, and force ourselves to live strictly within the limits of what is left. We may want more than this balance will buy, but it won't hurt us half as much to want, as to face a deficit with no prospect, or a distant one, of being able to meet our obligations. We all have too much, as it is. We could do with much less, and still be happy.—*Exchange.*

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VASES FOR CUT FLOWERS.

"The simplest things are the best" and nowhere does this old maxim prove more true than in the world of flowers, and especially in the care of cut flowers.

A flower-vase should be perfectly adapted to its purpose, and that purpose is, of course, to display the flowers to best advantage. The material of the vase must not be such as to attract the attention from its contents. Hence cut-glass vessels, and all showy patterns whether of glass, earthenware, or metal, should be avoided.

For the same reason the form of the vase should be simple. A showy vase, however exquisite in form, is wholly out of taste and the more highly it is ornamented the more unfit it is. Different forms should be used for different flowers. A flat, circular dish is needed for water-lilies, and as these flowers are large, the vessel should be also large in proportion. A small saucer is pretty for the rose-like blossoms of the Balsam, or old-fashioned "Touch-me-not," a still smaller flat plate for pansies. The tall spikes of gladioli, or long stems of carnation must have tall vases or slim necked pitchers to sustain their brittle forms, while great bunches of lilac or snow-ball need vessels both broad and deep.

Roses look best in the regular rose-bowls, that show the blushing beauties from stem to finish; in fact all flowers with short stems require low, broad vases, flaring at the top, so as to allow the graceful drooping of mixed leaves and blossoms. Not more than four or five shapes are really necessary for the best effects in flower-vases. Either flat or low circular vessels, which may be widely fluted upon the edges to break the too great uniformity of a plain, circular rim, or round vessels which spread more or less as

the sides rise from the bottom, and which may also be fluted at the top.

All forms which bulge out below, or are in the slightest degree bizarre in shapes, should be avoided. The old-fashioned bulb-vat, shaped like a rabbit or other animal, with growing bulbs sticking out through holes in the surface, is the type of all that is hideous.

The Japanese use bamboo, which from its irregular surface loses the stiffness of the cylindrical form. We have no bamboo to use, and imitations in glass, china, and earthenware are, like all imitations, offensive to good taste. Flower vases should be of some opaque material and good glazed earthenware is really very suitable for the purpose. Let it be without ornamentation of any sort, and of a single and uniform tint. No color should be employed that does not harmonize with the various units of flowers and leaves. A pure neutral gray is pretty for the purpose, as it affords an agreeable contrast with the shades of green in leaves, and with almost all tones of flower color.

Next in order of value comes pure pale buff, not inclining to orange, but its use is more limited than that of gray. Opaque white flower vases are sometimes effective by contrast, but as a rule the contrast is too strong.

All colored glasses are to be rejected, and colorless glass as well, since as a rule, flower-stems are unsightly. Of course there are exceptions to these rules. Some prominent bulb dealers offer gray earthenware vessels that are really quite graceful and pretty. But the vase itself is coarse and only suitable for hall decoration with large masses of flowers.

The manufacture of artistic earthenware is now an American success, and no doubt we will one day find exactly the right kind of vase for every kind of blooming plant.—*Mrs. E. A. Matthews, in Vick's Magazine.*

SELECTED RECIPES.

New Way to Cook Rice.—Have ready in double kettle one quart of boiling salted water. Put one coffee cupful of rice into a clean baking pan and parch in a moderate oven until rice begins to turn a light yellow. Stir it while very hot into boiling water and boil rapidly fifteen or twenty minutes. Cooked in this way rice is never sticky, is partly predigested, and tastes better.

Snow Pudding.—Two cups hot water; one cup sugar; two tablespoonsful corn starch and juice of two lemons. Boil these together for five minutes, then add the well beaten whites of two eggs, whipping thoroughly. This can be cooled in small molds or in one large dish as desired. When served a custard is poured over each dish, made from the beaten yolks of the eggs, cooked with a pint of milk and two tablespoonsful of sugar.

Oatmeal Wafers.—One-half cupful of oatmeal, three-fourths cupful of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, a pinch of salt, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one level tablespoonful of shortening, two tablespoonfuls of hot water. Mix the dry ingredients, add the hot water and soda. Then add the shortening. Mix, chill, roll out thin and bake quickly in a hot oven. Watch carefully to keep from burning.

Angel Food.—This cake is so easily made, so wholesome and keeps so excellently that it is surprising more people don't make it. When eggs are high it is a little more expensive than ordinary cakes, but when eggs are below twenty cents it is no more expensive than other kinds of cake with rich frostings, for icing spoils an angel food. The following is an old and tried recipe for it: Beat one cup of the whites of eggs (this will require from seven to eleven eggs according to the size) to a very stiff froth. Have ready one cup of flour, which has been sifted four times and one cup of granulated sugar that has been sifted twice. Fold carefully with the egg, whip the flour and sugar in. Then add two level teaspoons of cream of tartar and a few drops of flavoring, taking care not to break the lightness of the cake by too much beating when the dry ingredients go in. Put into two new cake tins about eight inches long, four inches deep and four inches wide or into one round tin. Do not grease these tins but keep for this cake alone. Bake very slowly the first fifteen minutes but use a hotter oven the last fifteen. Care must be taken as with any cake not to slam the oven door. This cake will be found very delicious.

If you prepare a dish of food carelessly, you do not expect Providence to make it palatable; neither, if through years of folly you misguide your own life, need you expect divine interference to bring round everything at last as if you had done right.—*John Ruskin.*

THE COMFORTS OF HOME.

A sweet little cottage embowered in green;
A lawn edged with flowers of various sheen;
A window with faces that watch till I come;
A door flinging open to welcome me home.

No envy have I for the rich and the great,
My dear little cot is my only estate.
Back, back to that Eden, wherever I roam,
My heart turns with hunger; for that is my home.

When day with its toiling draws near to its close,
I haste to my hearth with its cheer and repose,
And should care and worry have clouded my day,
The sweetness of home-love soon drives them away.

May God in his mercy look down from above
And shield from all danger the dear ones I love,
And guard with his angels, from trouble to come,
My heaven terrestrial, my own dear, dear home.

—D. A. Fraser.

Sights On a Cruise in the Waters of Southeast Alaska*

By The Glassfords

I HAVE recently been conducting some cable operations in Southeast Alaska, aboard the Cableship *Burnside*. The extreme beauty of the scenery was so thoroughly enjoyed that it has occurred to me that a description of it might interest you. I will therefore include in this letter the impressions that this most picturesque country made upon me. Mrs. Glassford was aboard with me and shared my enjoyment and it is hoped that in reading this you may share some of the pleasure with us.

Alaska, like all this Northwest, is gradually forcing attention, and a comparison of its commerce with the United States and other non-contiguous territories will show why this is so. For Alaska during 1906, the commerce was forty-seven millions, that of Porto Rico and Hawaii was forty-two millions each, while that of the Philippines was seventeen millions. The government cable and telegraph has been a great factor in Alaska's development. It is for this reason my work up here has been so interesting.

I am sure that the time is near when a trip to Alaska will be recognized as unequaled, and it is the more pleasant because the travel is all within smooth waters and if taken in the summer the long daylight hours enable one to miss no part of the picture.

Puget Sound is the most southerly of a series of embayments that stretch from the forty-seventh to the fifty-ninth meridian or from Mount Rainier to Mount Fairweather, a distance of over a thousand miles. Starting from a Puget Sound port the traveler is at once in the presence of the Olympics and Cascade Ranges. Mounts Rainier and Baker almost rise out of the green wooded islands and timber-covered shores, so close do they appear. The Juan de Fuca Strait is flanked by the high Olympics, but opposite is the flatter Vancouver Island, on which is located the city of Victoria. As one passes Cape Flattery these scenes give way to the misty panorama of the Pacific Shore.

The outside, or ocean, trip is exceptional; the route usually taken being the so-called "Inside Passage." About two years ago the pilot of the *Burnside* ran the vessel upon Ripple Rock at Seymour Narrows, within the "Inside Passage," since which this vessel has not been allowed to go to Southeast Alaska except around this track on the outside.

Sitka lies in a bay or sound which has numerous small islands scattered over its extensive surface. Behind the town are rounded piedmonts and then abrupt rising mountains which reach an altitude of some five thousand feet. They are always snow clad and are very impressive, because of the contrast between their white summits and the deep green of the timber-covered islands and shore line at their bases. These bright-gowned peaks seem to be grouped and are personified; perhaps because of their apparent loneliness for, to associate them in company, they are given names like the "Seven Sisters," the "Monks," etc. These bare and often fantastic cloud-shrouded tops, whose bases are shoved into the sea, have such great contrast from head to foot as to resemble the bare gray heads, white shoulders and backs of bowing priests with surplice and soutane under a heavenly arched dome. Perhaps the most picturesque of all is the isolated volcanic cone of Edgecumbe, 3,500 feet high, at the entrance of Sitka Sound. It might have been named Alaska's Fujiyama, so close is its resemblance to Japan's sacred mountain. It appears quite as high as Fujiyama and rises right out of the sea. Its top is truncated at an inclination, hence a part of the crater can be seen. Sitka, often termed "The Beautiful," is the oldest town in Alaska, and, till recently, was the capital. The climate is extremely mild.

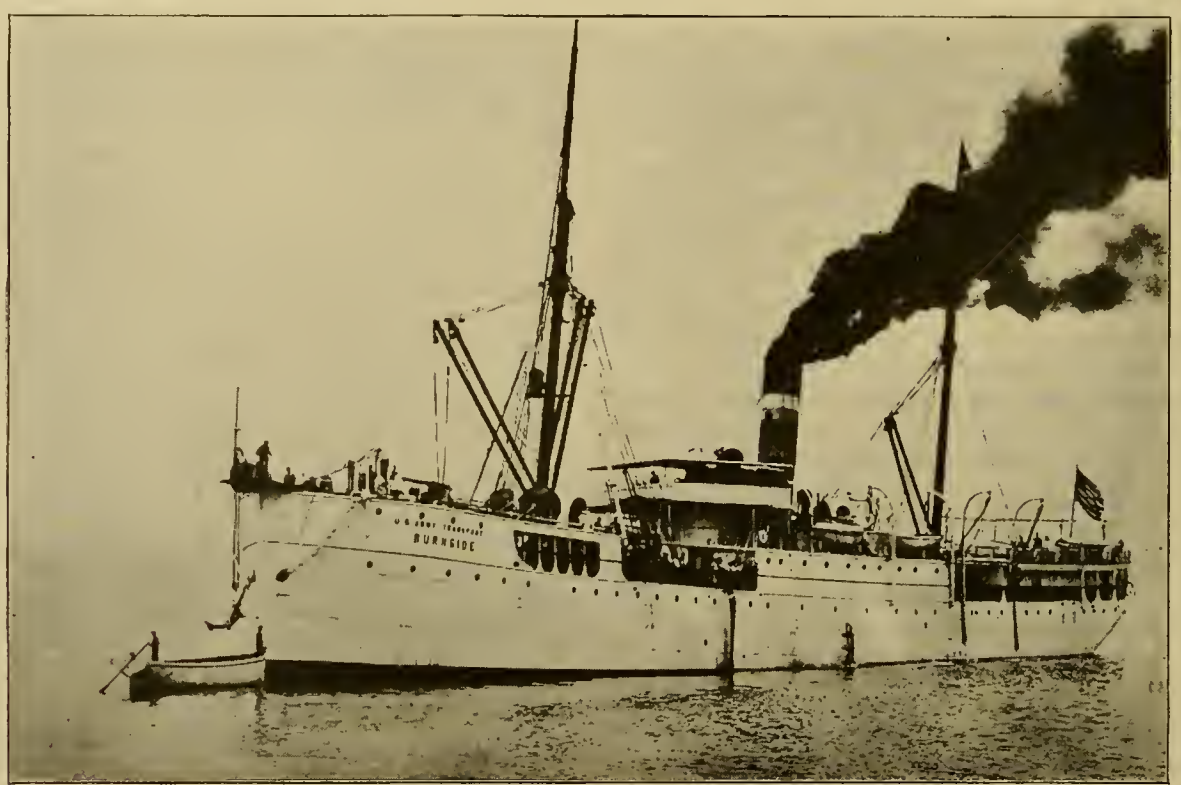
From Sitka our course was outside and south to the entrance of Chatham Strait, then almost directly north up this long and narrow body of water, which, with its extension called the Lynn Canal, is about two hundred miles long. This narrow channel is a fine illustration of the characteristic glacier-worn furrow with its deep water and precipitous sides. The mountains bordering this strait, for its southern half, do not rise to such extreme altitudes as they do about the northern portion. On the west side of Lynn Canal the mountains rise to equal the highest peaks of the Rockies. Those who have seen the scenery of Lynn Canal declare it unequaled anywhere. We had a clear day in the Lynn Canal and standing on the *Burnside's* deck as the morning sun first lit up the very high peaks, the contrast of deep shades and fiery reflection from the Chilkats and St. Elias made an illumination of those distant summits. As the rising sun continued to spread its light to the lower elevations the whole became brightened until the vast smooth snow surfaces appeared as a great white mass of sloping fields, resembling immence crystallographic surfaces, the jagged peaks being the angular junctions. Below these fields the glacier begins.

*This is a personal letter which came to Uncle Howard a few days before his death. He was unable to read it, and his daughter, Mrs. Von Plees, kindly gave it to us for publication.—The Editor.

As seen from Lynn Canal the Davidson, the Eagle and the Mendenhall glaciers are the most conspicuous. The Davidson glacier is a tongue from the Muir glacier. One can see how high perpetual snow fields, banked and smoothed by the wind and steep sloped by gravity, settle to lower levels between ridges where they become squeezed into an extended tongue and solidify into ice. As these heavy masses accumulate they press their way downward over the less abrupt slopes and through the troughs between the ridges. Their color changes with increasing solidification to a bluish-green. The form becomes wavy, long and wormlike, till they melt away at their foot in rivers or drop as icebergs into the sea. With snow fields and glaciers as a background, the dark shades of the hemlock forests on the mountain sides and the livelier color of the cottonwoods in the valleys, a most sublime picture is presented of force, mass and beauty. These inside waters resemble in a general way the entire chain of water channels inside the Pacific shore islands.

The course of vessels to and from Alaska along these narrow waterways is, as has been stated, called the "Inside Passage." It extends from Skagway, at the head of Lynn Canal, to Olympia on Puget Sound. By the inside route one scarcely looks out upon the ocean, except at Dixon Entrance the south boundary of Alaska. Along the coast from Olympia to Skagway the narrow waterways appear to have been gouged out in gorges, by ice. These gorges have a northerly and southerly direction in almost every instance. The whole country looks as if it had sunken following the action of the ice, making an embayed coast similar to Norway and Maine. Many of these water channels are so narrow and long that they are called "canals." Their sides are often precipitous and always picturesque.

The foot of Mendenhall Glacier was visited. It is but a few miles from Juneau. This stream of ice has retreated from the shore some five miles. Landing is made from a boat upon the glacier delta at the mouth of a swift river and from the silty color of the water, the gravel, boulders and the scratched sides of the mountain's wall, the visitor is aware of his presence on the moraine of a glacier. Following up the river, through dense forests, the boulders, rocks, and everything tells you of the great length of time that has elapsed since the ice retreated from the shore.



As the glacier is approached the timber changes in character and size, so that immediately in front of the ice wall the forest dwindles to bushes, and the surface of the ground is more newly made, bare, wavy, and irregular. The distant or general view of the glacier, resembling the flow of a mass of thick mortar down an inclined trough, was changed at close range into a detail of rough ridges, hollows, rents, crevasses, fissures and cracks in every direction and masses of rock supported on pillars of ice so various and immense that the whole is wonderfully weird. Where

a part of the front has recently broken away the deep greenish-blue color of the ice wall is so intense that it has no equal elsewhere. The roar of the rushing water, formed from the melting ice, is almost deafening. The width of this ice wall is over three miles. The sides of the mountains between which the glacier moves are almost perpendicular rock and are being ground away by the ice. The Mendenhall glacier is small as compared with the Muir and Malespina glaciers, but it is three times the width of the largest in Switzerland.

Floating blocks of ice that fall from a glacier whose foot reaches the sea, are occasionally seen. Ice, always a trifle lighter than water, floats showing only a slight part of its size above the surface. The Muir, Taku, Dawes, Brown, Sawyer and LaConte glaciers reach the water, hence icebergs are met with in Icy Straits, Stephens Passage, Frederick Sound and their vicinity. Those glaciers that do not melt or die out before reaching the water but form icebergs, are known as live or active glaciers. Those whose lower ends melt away before reaching the sea, because of slower movement, are called dead glaciers. It is said that the Dawes glacier drops off icebergs the most rapidly of any in the world. The Taku is said to drop an enormous wall of ice, about five thousand feet long and several feet wide, at frequent intervals, which is broken into icebergs. These float slowly off with the tide currents and very slowly melt away. The melting of icebergs in these waters is slow as the temperature of the water is only slightly above freezing. Whether icebergs are met with in abundance far away from the place where they first reach the water depends much upon the occurrence of strong winds, favorable to drive them into the currents of the deeper waters. When an iceberg is drawn into deep channels it is carried to and fro with considerable speed, due to the great tidal currents which move in and out of these Southeast Alaskan waters. So great is this speed that I have seen the front of a moving iceberg part the water as it is seen at the bow of a steamer. This can be understood when it is remembered that nine-tenths of the iceberg is below the surface. These masses of floating ice, moving with swiftness and great force, are a menace to navigation.

While the *Burnside* was opposite the LaConte glacier, a violent and long continued wind from off the glacier carried the icebergs away in mammoth floating processions and they appeared in all possible fantastic shapes. Often the lower parts would apparently touch bottom and the immense chunk of ice would roll over and that portion then above the water assume an entirely new shape. After the storm many were seen stranded along the shore and when the low tide, which ranges about twenty-four feet, left the coast line exposed, the real magnitude of the icebergs could be realized. The deep blue or green color of great ice masses seen in the clefts of these icebergs is not found in ice ordinarily seen. These melting icebergs and glaciers together with the tidal action, keep the temperature of the water quite uniform throughout the year and thus contribute to the constancy of the climate in this region. It also has an influence upon vegetable and animal life and the occupancy of the country by man.

The background of scenic Southeast Alaska is not always mountainous, but often broken wooded hills. They stretch upward and away like green rolling waves as far as the eye can see. The valleys are flanked by hill-sides at close range. Where the Taku winds sweep over these hills they are, but for shrubbery, bare of trees except in the ravines and lower edges; places the north winds cannot reach. These treeless surfaces are most picturesque and, in summer, the rendezous of deer and other game, as wild animals appear to shun the solitude of the dense, dark forests.

The sides of the "canals" and waterways are usually precipitous bluffs covered with thick evergreens, and their drooping, dripping limbs, in winter weighted with snow, present a sight too varied ever to become tiresome. It is said the weight of snow upon the outspreading branches gives them a downward incline from the trunk. A winter picture of these evergreens, carrying upon their boughs a load of snow, lends a charm to the contrast of green and white.

A walk into these forests is most difficult. The ground is covered with fallen timber, lying in confused criss-cross piles, upon which a green cushion of moss has grown. To see what these forests really are a visit to the mines at Ketchikan or the park at Vancouver gives a fine illustration. This park is on a densely-wooded island, through which wide walks have been cut. They are shaded arbors of green, fringed with fern and festooned with vines. The seeds that sprouted, what are now great trees, began to grow in the moss upon the layer of fallen trees and the roots growing and spreading downward now support immense trunks. When the deep layer of decayed vegetation under the moss is cleared to the ground you can often walk between the legs of a multiped of roots that support the trunk above the point where its seed began to grow.

It will be readily seen that these mountain slopes from the line of perpetual snow to the edge of the sea include different climates, and consequently varied vegetation from Arctic to almost tropical. The interest this fact presents, affords a gratifying study. An autumn visit to Southeast Alaska is at a time when the vegetation from snow line to sea level has taken on the glory of the leaves and life. With the rapid progress of the winter the frosts first begin to color the leaves of the growths near the snow line and from day to day descends, showing strips of color from the white, then brown, then red, then yellow to the green.

As the season advances the white snow descends till it covers all. The view of this extensive timber-covered broken country at any season is always wild, solitary and pleasing, but in winter its sublimity seems at its height.

South of Wrangell the wooded aspect becomes more pronounced and the views widen. The high mountains are more distant with white peaks multiplying beyond. They become chains of every altitude and form an undulating line against the sky and from the water's edge to far away crest, the gulches and converging spurs are a dense mass of hemlock, spruce, fir and



Juneau, Alaska's Capital, showing State House, Docks, Inside Waters, Mountains Bordering Shore Line,

cedar, tall and straight, fit for masts and spars in the world's marine. Upon the smooth and frequently widened waters nature seems to reproduce, with her best displays, by reflecting upon their glassy surface, in an inverted picture, these lofty ridges, smooth and dimpled slopes tapering to hills. The mirage frequently makes promontories leap out from the jutting mainland like mammoth cantilevers built over the water.

With the growth of Southeast Alaska many fine steamers will carry the tourist to these scenes. Comfortable hotels will accommodate the traveler so he can tarry and dwell upon these wonders.

Ketchikan is the first port and the gateway to this archipelago of scenic Alaska; then Wrangell; then Sumdum, from which place a trip up Endicott and Tracy Arms brings before the traveler scenes nowhere excelled: in turn Juneau and Treadwell, where the world's largest gold mine exists; Skagway then Sitka.

From these stopping places it will be possible to take side excursions to particular spots of interest and beauty. The mountain climb, hunting and fishing, can be had. The mines, glaciers, icebergs and forests in all their aspects can be seen. By lingering, the traveler can find Alaska free from the cloud and fog which so often mar a continuous trip.

The climate of Southeast Alaska is controlled by the warm influence of the Pacific winds and waters. The extreme rise and fall of the tides flush the interior channels with the warm water of the ocean and thus make these inside coasts almost as mild as the ocean front. The characteristic equability and mildness of Puget Sound is therefore found among the islands of Southeast Alaska though a thousand miles further north. The January mean temperature at Sitka is 34 degrees which corresponds to places on Puget Sound, Northern Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Kentucky and Washington, D. C. More remarkable still is the fact that Sitka's corresponding coolness for July is not found within the United States, except at points on Puget Sound and vicinity. The irregular high mountain masses serve to condense the vapor of the ocean in almost incessant fogs, drizzles or rains, but when the clear, continental, climatic influence prevails the transparency of the air is most striking.

The contrast of the warmer air and cold water often

produce the mirage. This looming of tree-covered islands, points of land and distant icebergs, exaggerate their size and multiply their number into many monstrous bodies that seem bracketed from the mountain walls or suspended above the water horizon. The moving icebergs through this looming assume shapes often kaleidoscopic.

At times when cold, clear, anti-cyclonic weather over the continent dominates, the outflow of cold air is obstructed by the high mountain barriers. However, where gaps in the mountain chain occur, as at White Pass, the canyons of the Taku and Stikine Rivers, the cold air sweeps through like a stream. These dreaded air streams are known as "The Taku."

We crossed one of these air streams at the opening of Taku inlet in December. The temperature was 22 degrees at the time. The waves before this wind were high and white, the spray was in great globules which froze wherever they touched.

The towns of Southeast Alaska are usually built on a steep slope leading down to the shore or upon a delta from a small stream. When viewed from the water, they seem to rest against the mountain side, like a picture suspended against a wall. This effect is particularly striking when the approach is made during a low tide, and when the atmosphere distorts distant objects, in which event the tall piles seem like stilts supporting the platform upon which the entire town rests.

The houses are mainly frame buildings. On the principal streets most of the stores have high square fronts with signs calculated to attract attention. The Indians have built villages adjoining the towns, which are always strung along the beach. Peculiarly carved tree trunks, usually representing the figures of animals one above another, stand before the chief's house or that of the principal man of the village. These are the totem poles which, when the carved parts are painted in striking colors, become as significant as the various orders of mandarin poles one sees before the great residences in China. The industry of the Indians is mostly fish and fur. The Indian, it will be observed, relies upon nature for his supplies and never applies cultivation. His canoe is everywhere. The Indian women make baskets and mats which they sell upon the streets of all towns. All these Indians appear to be enduring with stoic fortitude the agonies of savagery. You are repelled by the unsavory fishy odor that surrounds them. In their misery they look upon you with suspicion and treat you with scant toleration. Their preconceived notions, always narrowly fixed, prevent their ever widening their knowledge. At Haines Mission large numbers of Indians, usually called Siwashes, congregate during the winter.

Fort William H. Seward and Haines Mission are built upon a comparatively flat peninsula. The easily accessible Mount Ripinsky nearby offers a chance to gain a view of a panorama in which there is no greater variety to be seen on the face of the globe.

Skagway is the northermost point in Southeast Alaska reached by vessels. The name means windy in the dialect of the local tribe of Indians. The scenery is bleak and wind-swept. Here begins the White Pass and Yukon Railway. This railroad takes you across the mountains to the Yukon River, down which you can travel near the Arctic Circle to the Sea.

Juneau, the capital, is an attractive town. It seems as if placed on a shelf from a mountain wall. Juneau peak is an almost perpendicular rock over three thousand feet high, rising in bold relief just back of the town. However, at its base is a fine mountain stream that has its origin from many little streams that pour down the walls that surround a valley known as Silver Bow Basin. This basin is the scene of mining activity including hydraulic operations. The stream has created quite a delta which has spread and extended, almost uniting the main land with Douglas Island.

The streets of Juneau are steep and have board sidewalks with plank roadway between. Down their slopes the finest coasting is afforded when snow covers them in winter. The moonlight coasting is one of the winter delights of the place. It should be remembered that the moon does not, like the sun, get low on the horizon, and as a consequence the moonlight of an Alaskan winter is a great relief from the short hours of sunlight.

Wrangell is a most beautiful situation. One of the first United States military posts was located here. It is near the mouth of the Stikine River, one of the passages to the interior.

Ketchikan is beautifully located on the edge of the steep bluff that borders the Tongas Narrows. It is the first post of Southeast Alaska above the boundary line. A small mountain stream comes from a rift in the mountains. A walk up this stream to a beautiful waterfall is a charming one.

OUR DESTINY.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Howe'er it be it seems to me
Our own acts make our destiny.
We strive to rise—to gain the prize—
And fail to make the sacrifice,
Repel your fears and cease from tears
Deeds mark our length of life, not years.

Much of our life is spent in strife—
In selfish aims our deeds are rife,
Let self be lost, forget the cost,
Let love of truth imbue us most.
E'er keep in view the just and true,
Reject the wrong, the false eschew.

Mulberry Grove, Ill., May 28, 1907.

Uncle Howard's Favorites

ROCK OF AGES.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure:
Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill the law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace,
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

—Dr. Thomas Hastings.

A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

Where, where, will be the birds that sing
A hundred years to come?
The flow'rs that now in beauty spring,
A hundred years to come?
The rosy lips, the lofty brow,
The heart that beats so gayly now,
O, where will be love's beaming eye,
Joy's pleasant smile and sorrow's sigh,
A hundred years to come?
A hundred years to come?

Who'll press for gold yon crowded street
A hundred years to come?
Who'll tread this church with willing feet
A hundred years to come?
Pale, trembling age, and fiery youth,
And childhood with its heart of truth,
The rich, the poor, on land and sea,
Where will the mighty millions be
A hundred years to come?
A hundred years to come?

We all within our graves shall sleep
A hundred years to come.
No living soul for us will weep
A hundred years to come;
But other men our lands will till,
And others then our streets will fill,
While other birds will sing as gay,
And bright the sunshine as to-day,
A hundred years to come;
A hundred years to come.

—Author Unknown.

THE SHEPHERD PSALM.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil; for thou art with me;
Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

CUI BONO?

ADELAIDE M'KEE KOONS.

When the last long task is ended,
The last leaf dropped from the rose,
When the sunset and twilight have blended,
The last strain's brought to a close.

What then if the work be blameless,
That the petals once shone white,
That the musician for aye be nameless,
That the day was passing bright?

When done, and we've writ the last word,
And turned the very last page,
What matter if sung in silence unheard,—
What matter it, fool or sage?

EXTRA COPIES.

BELIEVING that many of our readers will want to preserve copies of this issue of our magazine and that they may also wish extra copies for friends, we are printing more than the usual number this week. These will be sent to those asking for an extra copy. To be sure of having your request granted send in promptly, as the number of extras will be limited.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—An expert dairyman to come to California and work on my dairy ranch. Will pay $40 per month and board or $60 without board. W. F. Gillett, Hollville, Cal.

NEFF'S CORNER

I'm sorry, but the expected quiet spell has come to Lake Arthur and some of my houses are vacant. And an embarrassing feature of the situation has been that before I had time to tell about the vacant houses in this corner some of my patrons came in to see for themselves and found them vacant. A brother in Virginia had had two houses built, they were both rented before I could finish them and he was pretty well satisfied, but he thought he would come down and see for himself. By the time he got here one of his houses was vacated and our quiet spell had set in. Our course I did not think it worth while to run and get away from him, though I didn't know what he would do with me. What did he do? Well, he looked his property, the town and country over(he spent one day away out on the plains where there was little to see but dry grass and jack rabbits) and was well enough pleased that he bought another house, sixteen lots in town and is figuring on the purchase of 160 acres of land and the erection of another house or two. Now this brother had sent me $500.00 before he came and I had spent it for him, not knowing that he would ever come to see for himself what he had. And of course anybody knows that the more I had slighted the work on the houses and the material in them, the more of the $500.00 I could have kept for myself, but you see how well he was pleased by what he did. But if any of you would be better satisfied to correspond with the brother himself before you place your investment with me, drop me a line and I will send you his address.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



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Do you know of any more honorable profession for man to follow? Again do you know of any other profession where there are so few workers, and they so poorly distributed? Remember that I am not working for any one particular point. If you know of a place where a colony would do well write me about it. I am continually on the watch for good openings; just recently I received an invitation to locate a colony of our Brethren in Benton county, Wash., where 32,000 acres, under irrigation, are being put on the market, at from $100.00 to $400.00 per acre. The company agrees to set aside a certain number of acres for our people and their friends. A new town is being started. Also here at Wenatchee a new town has been plotted, East Wenatchee. Here will be needed men of every profession. Write me, I own town site property in East Wenatchee, and in the near future business opportunities of every kind will be open. If you have not had a copy of The Land Man, be sure and write for it. It is published monthly and is mailed free to any who are interested.

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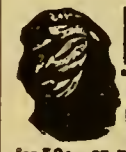
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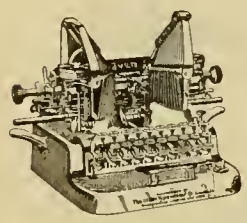
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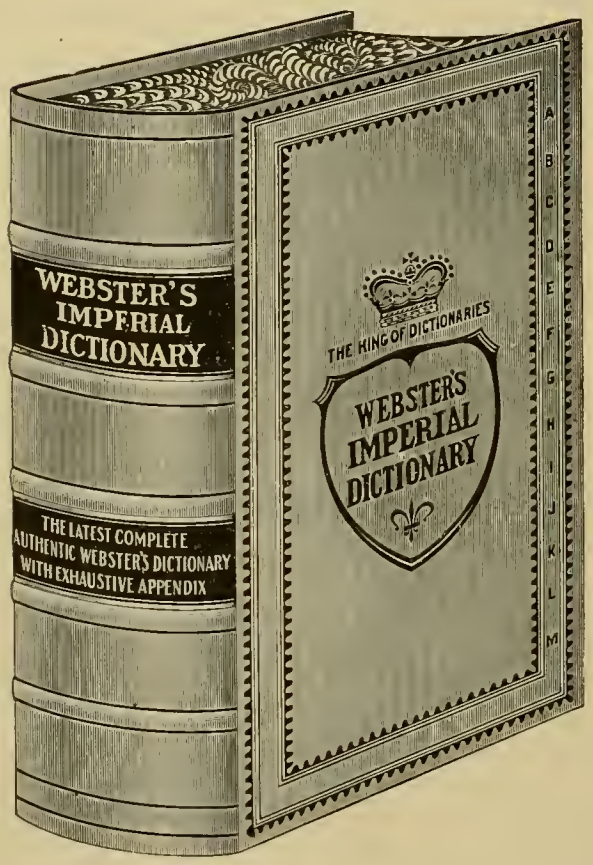
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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Doing Nothing.—Etha E. Beisel.

"Mourn not for Your Past" (poem).—J. D. Reish.

Wilson's Bluebird.—Mrs. M. E. S. Charles.

Hope.—Richard Braunstein.

Garnished with Filth.—Ida M. Helm.

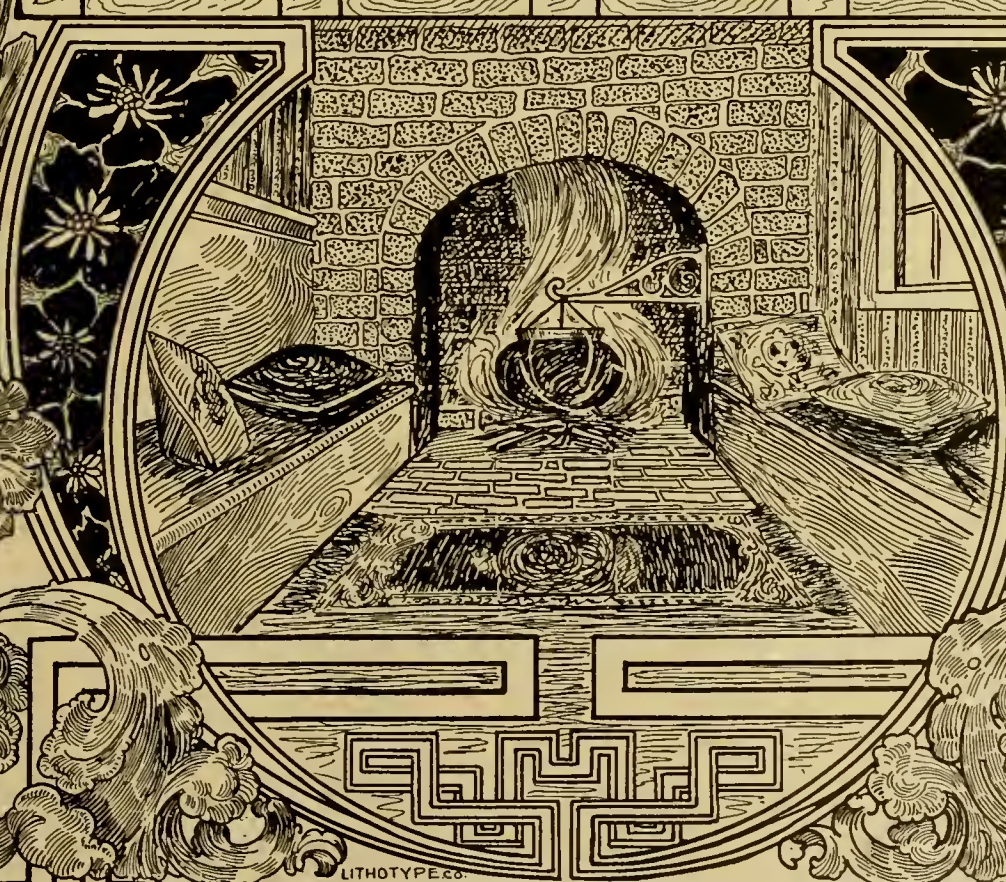
How a Principal Meridian Was Made.—O. H. Kimmel.

Lowly But Crowned.—Sadie Brallier Noffsinger.

Sermonette.—Chas. D. Bonsack.

The Value of Home Influence.—Edna Pearl Byerly.

Some Troublesome Insects.—John H. Nowlan.



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Los Angeles, California, June 18-21, 1907.
NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION
Los Angeles, California, July 8-12, 1907.
TWENTY-THIRD INTERNATIONAL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR CONVENTION
Seattle, Washington, July 10-15, 1907.
CONVENTION OF BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION
Spokane, Washington, July 4-7, 1907.
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June 8th to 15th, inclusive.	August 26th.	August 31, 1907.
June 20th to July 12th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.
June 22nd to July 5th, inclusive.	September 10th.	September 15, 1907.

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Ogden to Salt Lake City and return. (Apply to conductor into Ogden or to Union Depot Ticket Agent, Ogden.) In connection with this side trip, free Pullman seat checks will be furnished passengers holding Standard Pullman car tickets.

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They Saw for Themselves

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If you would chance to meet the people returning from the Los Angeles Conference you would find several hundred who know more about Butte Valley than they did when they went West. It is a pleasure and more than a pleasure to hear scores of them who are good farmers say, "The half has never been told." Here are a few of the later developments that we have heard them mention as being especially pleasing.

1. Brother H. F. Maust has 80 acres of wheat as fine as we ever saw, which a few weeks ago, was a wilderness of sage-brush nearly as high as a man's head. This shows that it is not so very difficult to rid the ground of sage-brush and also helps us to remember that sage-brush is an evidence of the very best of soil.

2. The town of Macdoel (which we had spoken of as Somerset sometime ago, but which has been changed because the Government has a post-office at Somerset, Colo., and objected to this one) is growing very rapidly. Many families are living in tents until their houses can be erected. The hotel will soon be completed and ready for business. A general store carrying a good stock of merchandise is in full operation by Charles Messick of Marion Indiana. It is also stated by some of the party that a carload of implements, vehicles, etc., arrived the other day in the Valley from Albaugh Bros. Dover & Co., of Chicago. The Brethren have over $3,000 cash donated for their new church building, which is progressing rapidly under the supervision of Brethren Hufford and Wagoner. It is high time the Brethren think, for church buildings since besides a residence membership in the Valley of about 75, several mission points are asking for preaching services.

3. The unprecedented floods of the Pacific Coast naturally took away the laborers from all branch lines and new work and centered their efforts on the repair of the main lines, until all repairs were made, but now hundreds and thousands of men are returning to the new road running through Butte Valley which is to be the main line of the Southern Pacific and work will be vigorously pushed on to completion. Engineer Hood reports that a station will be built in the very near future at the town of Macdoel, which is evidence that the farmers will have a convenient place to market their crops by the time they are ready to harvest.

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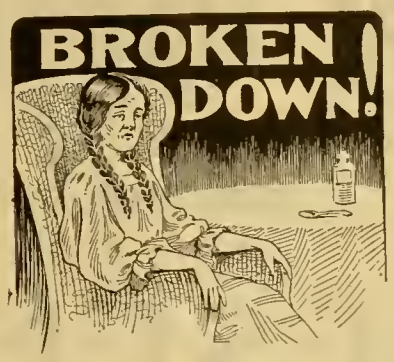
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On the 25th day of May, 1907, was a most blessed occasion when the following named persons went from Los Angeles to Lomita on two electric cars, and gathered on the donated church site, where Eld. S. R. Zug, of Elizabethtown, Pa., made some appropriate remarks and offered a touching dedicatory prayer. Here is a list of those present:

F. H. Bradley, North Dakota; Julia A. Gilbert, Mary M. Gibson, Iowa; Amy Reddick, J. W. Stouffer, S. G. Hoover, Mrs. J. W. Stouffer, Missouri; J. F. Ross, West Virginia; Joseph Amick, Maud O. Newcomer, R. E. Arnold, I. B. Trout, Illinois; Mrs. O. W. Lehmer, D. H. Newcomer, Chas. Eyer, Emma Newcomer, Bernice Lehmer, F. M. Cartwright, J. W. Hoff, Mary V. Eversole, Calif., John A. Eshelman, Jennie Kaub, Carrie Eshelman, J. D. Kaub, Lulu Eshelman, Kansas; Hershey Groff, Art Rosenberger and wife, S. R. Zug. M. G. Gibble, I. N. H. Beahm, M. R. Hoffman, Pa.; Emma Trice, J. N. Robberts, C. E. Nininger and wife, M. M. Carl, Oregon; W. H. Holp, S. Bock, I. H. Rosenberger and wife, R. Miller, Z. W. Shuff, Harvey H. Miller, Ohio; R. Myers and wife. L. A. Philips and wife, I. M. Frantz, Kansas; Eva Lichty, Iowa; John Snyder, David Bower, Indiana, K. B. Nininger, Oklahoma; Emma Horning, North Dakota; C. B. Hollingsworth, H. E. Covert, David Eversole, Mr. Norborne, W. I. Hollingsworth, Geo. L. McDonaugh, M. M. Eshelman, California, and others whose names we did not receive.

Lomita, pronounced Lo-me-ta, is the name of the coming town, and lies about midway between Redondo by the Sea and San Pedro, the only real harbor for Los Angeles. Steps have been taken to put in a well and pumping plant, build a reservoir and lay pipes to each man's land. The only charge for water will be for operating the plant. This, in California practice, is practically free water. Six lots on Brethren Avenue have been donated for church purposes. The religious interests have been well considered, and school privileges are already there. M. M. Eshelman is now erecting his buildings and another man is awaiting his goods from the East so as to begin improvements. For printed matter address

W. I. HOLLINGSWORTH & CO.,
314-316 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

M. M. ESHELMAN, Tract Manager,
Same Address.

Watch this Column

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BRETHREN and others returning from the annual conference at Los Angeles, via Portland through Idaho over the Oregon Short Line R. R. should stop and see these lands.

EXCURSION TICKETS will be sold from points east over the O. S. L. R. R. to Seattle and Spokane, Wash., June 20th to July 12th inclusive. Final return limit Sept. 15th, 1907. Stopovers allowed on going and return trip.

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THE INGLENOOK

VOL. IX. JUNE 25, 1907. NO. 26.

"MOURN NOT FOR YOUR PAST."

J. D. REISH.

"Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again."

Mourn not for your past, all you sad ones of heart,
Because old mistakes are not few.
For if you should live your life o'er from the start,
You might change old mistakes, but make new.

Mourn not for your past, it will never return;
Remember this ever, my friend.
You may mourn as you will, but soon you will learn,
On this you can ever depend.

Mourn not for your past, but e'er press up and on,
In the present and in future time.
Ne'er let opportunities pass and be gone;
Use them all as up life's road you climb.

Mourn not for your past tho' 'twas all spent in vain,
But rise with a zeal in yourself,
By sitting and mourning you nothing can gain.
You ne'er will receive power and pelf.

Mourn not for your past, but look ever ahead,—
Bright prospects arise to your view,
Arise then and work; cast away ev'ry dread;
Success at the end will ensue.

DOING NOTHING.

ETHA E. BEISEL.

OF course we are all more or less familiar with the term parasites and know that they are the paupers of nature. It is a form of life found in both the animal and vegetable kingdoms and which does not take the trouble to search for its own food but steals it from the more industrious.

The European Cuckoo, that bird of ill-omen and embodiment of evil, whose name is a term of reproach and contempt, owing to its pernicious habit of laying its eggs in other birds' nests to avoid rearing its young, is the object of endless allusion in early literature.

The Dodder plant starts with its own roots, apparently with the best intentions of being respectably independent for life; but alas, it soon learns to cling to some other plant for support and after some experimenting likes the change and becomes a helpless dependent upon the life of its host.

Sad to relate, parasitism is not confined to the lower forms of life. Its blighting, blasting and soul-destroying influence is seen and widely felt in human experience.

I know a young man who might be classed in that manner. He seems to feel as if work was inconsistent with his masculine dignity. Nature gave him a big burly frame and a strong constitution but he seems content to be a drone and to sit about thinking, "The world owes me a living." But the world, as he will find later, will not be so tolerant as his brother-in-law, with whom he resides. His only ambition is to do nothing. There are others like him. "They toil not, neither do they spin." But the idler, the dawdler or the frowsy tramp is neither a happy nor a useful citizen. If you would have true happiness be an ambitious worker. Work is valuable, not simply because of the outward things it constructs, such as ships, locomotives and houses. It is the secret character that it constructs, enabling the building of greater things as the years roll by.

A boy reading a Bible lesson came across the words Akkub, Shabbethai, Mattithiah. Unable to pronounce them he skipped them. A few days afterwards in reviewing the same lesson and still unable to pronounce the words, he said, "There's them fellows again!" Unless we master the Akkubs, Shabbethias and Mattithiahs at their first presentation, we are laying the foundations for future difficulties and instead of progressing we are making absolutely no advancement.

Know a man's ambition and you know his life.

"Hitch your wagon to a star." Have an ambition to do things. Once having aimed at a thing, let nothing daunt nor discourage you in the pursuit of its attainment. "This is a man's world, made for men. In it men must do men's work or be forever relegated to the rear." You can't get something for nothing. In return for your hard and continuous labor you win a victory.

Do not be content to forever sit down doing nothing, being nothing, leading idle, aimless, useless lives. That type of humanity is a curse to the world; society, business, and is the dregs of life.

Herbert Spencer says, "If they knew more, they would be more modest." The men who know comparatively little, are the men who know it all—in their own way of thinking. "The pride of science is humble when compared with the pride of ignorance."

Buford, N. Dak.

WILSON'S BLUEBIRD

Mrs. M. E. S. Charles

BEFORE our winter birds have made any preparation to leave for their summer homes in the north, suddenly there appears the loveliest of all our bird friends, the bluebird. These birds invariably come in the night, as do most, if not all, of our small migrants and they greet you in the morning with a cheery song where on the evening before they were not to be found.

The bluebird is common in all the states east of the Rocky mountains from the Gulf of Mexico northward into Canada. It winters as far north as the southern part of Illinois, in the Mississippi valley, and Pennsylvania in the east. Its arrival in the northern states is welcomed as an indication of the final breaking up of winter. The cerulean warbler is often mistaken for the bluebird by those not familiar with it. The bluebird is azure-colored on the back, head, wings and tail, while the breast and under parts are a dull brick-red. They arrive in pairs and soon begin preparations for housekeeping by investigating all suitable nesting places. The male seems to give the final decision as to the location of the prospective nest. While the female is perched on a branch the male flies to the site and if it meets his expectation he calls in most tender notes to his mate, and hops about in a flutter of excitement. The male bluebird is, perhaps, the most tender and devoted companion in all birddom, unless we except the oriole. A readymade hole in a tree or a box prepared for the purpose is selected for a nesting place. In the woods these birds choose the abandoned woodpecker's holes, and will return to the same spot year after year, if unmolested. In the absence of box or tree hole, hollow stumps, posts or large knot-holes are made to serve the purpose. The bluebird frequents gardens, and seems to seek the companionship of men. Like all nests made in holes, the bluebird's is a very inartistic structure, made of grasses, plant stems, strips of bark and a few feathers. The eggs—four or five in number—are greenish-blue. The male is very attentive while his mate is sitting, lingering in the vicinity of the nest, and often bringing a captured insect to her. He delights in singing to her his most beautiful strains, accompanied by the fluttering and quivering of his wings.

When the young birds are hatched the busy season begins for the anxious father. The whole day is spent in ceaseless activity. It is, indeed, astonishing what an immense quantity of worms, flies, caterpillars, moths, beetles and other insects it takes to satisfy the appetites of a nest full of young bluebirds. The parents are kept continually flying to and fro, from the earliest dawn till the dusk of evening. Usually the birds are silent when near the nest to avoid betraying its whereabouts. When disaster befalls the nest, —eggs stolen or the young killed,—the parent birds manifest great distress by flying about the old nesting-place uttering indescribably plaintive notes.

If one does not know that the young bluebird does not dress in the same colors as its parents, it will be hard to recognize one in its parti-colored suit. The breast, instead of being plain brick-red as in the case



WILSON'S BLUEBIRD.
Courtesy "American Homes and Gardens."

of the adult bird, is profusely striped with dark brown on a background of soiled white; and instead of the beautiful blue of riper years, the upper parts are a lustrous brown curiously mottled with splotches of white; while the wings and tail have assumed the normal blue of the species.

Although the bluebirds inhabit orchards and gardens they are entirely harmless to vegetation and fruits commonly grown for food. Among wild fruits they eat pokeberry, partridgeberry, greenbriar, Virginia creeper, bittersweet, holly, sarsaparilla, sumach and many other kinds.

As soon as the young of the first brood are able to partly take care of themselves, the nest is refurnished for the second brood, and sometimes a third brood is reared. After the young begin to rely upon them-

selves for food, the different broods of the neighborhood congregate and form flocks of considerable size. These flocks are joined, generally in September and October by the parent birds and the young of the last brood. At the approach of cold weather they go south; many of them to the Gulf states, while some choose the Atlantic states for their winter home.

"Birds among the budding trees,
Blossoms on the ringing ground
Light from those? or song from these?
Can the tangle be unwound?

"For the bluebird's warbled note,
Violet-odors hither flung;
And the violet curved her throat,
Just as if she sat and sung."

Spiceland, Ind.

HOPE

Richard Braunstein

NO passion of the human soul is more firmly interwoven with the fibers of our nature than a disposition to indulge in the gay illusions of hope, yet none is cherished there, which experience proves has so slight a claim upon our credulity. That "no man ought to be considered *happy* until death," was a remark of the Greek philosopher, which has received the sanction of nearly all sages of later times. The cup of sublunary bliss is so often dashed untasted from the lips of mortals, that while subject to the calamities of life, no one may be considered strictly happy.

It is only by becoming learned in the school of experience that we know how to place a due value upon the enjoyments of the present, or to restrain our fancies of the future within any rational bounds. From the common evil of magnifying to an unreasonable extent those sources of enjoyment which lie beyond our present grasp, arises the final disrelish of all the sober enjoyments which grow out of a faithful discharge of the duties and obligations which as dependents, we owe to our Maker, and as social beings we owe to our fellow-men.

Most people are far advanced upon the stage of life before they become fully aware, that *happiness* is a kind of negative principle which consists rather in freedom from actual pain, than in any *positive* enjoyment. The natural sun seldom shines more propitiously upon the lot of fallen man than when it beams upon a heart of rest. The possession of a peaceful and approving conscience, with a freedom from distracting cares and blighting sorrows, is the highest good we may hope to attain in the present state; and is a fitting emblem of that "rest" which the dawn of eternal day shall usher in; things upon which we frequently dote the most, have oftenest the least to do with the real substance of happiness; and once gone are sure to sink the spirit as far below, as it was raised above, the calm equilibrium of life.

He has not been an idle observer of the designs of Providence in the arrangement and government of the world of mind who has learned, as he passes along from day to day, to cull the gentle flowers which are scattered here and there in his path-way, to inhale their fragrance, and sip the refreshing dews of happiness and content, and at the same time preserve a mind nerved with manly fortitude to meet any unforeseen contingencies.

In the season of youth, when the imagination is most prolific and the inspiring current of romantic feeling readily transforms its possessor into the hero of some fairy tale, the heart is most likely to become a victim to its own excesses, and to wreck upon the pitfalls of extravagant passions. The slightest circumstance often excites desires and passions which the long lapse of time can neither gratify nor banish. We listen to the tales of other lands. We hear described in glowing colors the rich and varied landscape of some favored resort, where the votaries of pleasure and fashion meet, and fancy lends its airy pinions to bring in near perspective the charming scenery, the glowing canopy, and we sigh for a propitious gale to waft us along, that we may ravish our eyes with beholding the far reality.

Time passes on—and the spell of youthful feeling, dies away. We roam at pleasure amid the scenes which in imagination looked all so bright and lovely, with indifference that startles us, and we wonder whether the change is in us, or in all around.

The vernal season is over, and manhood comes on apace; and sober reflection succeeds all the extravagant fancies of youth. Man pauses here to fix his final purpose. He marks out the course he is determined at all hazards to pursue. He stands upon that eminence from which a glance around reveals in dim perspective the long, long past, and the hopeful future; and rashly notes down in general characters the probable losses and gains of life. But he stands only for a moment, ere the prop gives way upon which he leaned—he is far onward in his course—his purposes are either forgotten or but half fulfilled, ere he feels the pressure of years upon him, "the daughters of music are brought low," and with the mighty bard he realizes—

"All—all on earth is shadow."

If such be the brief history of man, no wonder that the Leader of Israel, in contemplating the broad re-

lations of time and eternity, could say, "We spend our years like a tale that is told!"

But thou, bright smiling Hope! fickle and inconstant as thou dost often prove, deceiving alike the suspecting and unwary, thou still amid thy bright constellation of fairy sisters, art man's best and only abiding friend through this vale of sin and woe. As the peevish child is won away from its real or imaginary griefs, by the presentation of some glittering toy; so dost thou dry up the deepest fountains of human sorrow by holding out thy glittering tapers, which, as beacon lights upon the sea of time, illuminate our dubious pathway onward to the goal of life.

GARNISHED WITH FILTH.

IDA M. HELM.

Joe thought he could understand the language of his pet pigs sometimes, for they grunted ttheir meaning out so plainly. His whole fortune was centered in two pigs that had been disowned by their mother. It was February and very cold weather and their owner, Mr. Farmer, did not care to bother with two helpless pigs, and while he was trying to think what to do with them, thoughts of Joe Turner came into his mind. He knew him to be an industrious little fellow, so he called him up on the phone and after a short conversation between them the pigs were transferred to their new master. He made a warm nest for them in an inverted store-box at the door of the wood-shed. Then he made a door in the side of the box and a window with a glass in it, and oh! what good care he did take of the two little orphans, feeding them with warm milk regularly every few hours and giving them a nest of clean, fresh straw every couple of days. On nice sunshiny days he let them go out for a walk. He named them Sambo and Dinah. At first he was at a loss what to do with them when he went to school but his mother obligingly offered to look after them while he was away, and Joe knew that his pets would be well cared for.

June had arrived and they were fine, fat fellows; they had moved from their store-box home into the back lot and to-day as Joe stood watching them wallowing in the mud he was sure Sambo grunted out, "Don't you think this is a fine wallowing place, Dinah?" and she grunted her satisfaction in the one word, "Yes." Ever since he turned them into the lot they had insisted on spending considerable time in that mud-hole much to little Joe's dissatisfaction. He had filled an old tub with clean water and washed them so often that he had quit counting the number of times and almost every time he went to the lot he found both pigs in the mud. Then he tried to train them to keep out of the mud-hole by the vigorous use of a long, slender, tough switch, but it was no use bothering; he saw that they were in the mud again, and their sleek, blacks coats were all plastered with mud.

As Joe watched them he thought of what Christ said about the sow that was washed returning to her wallowing in the mire and he thought, Jesus was giving us an illustration of people that have been cleansed by the power of God's Word going back and walking in the ways of sin, and he thought, I understand the meaning of his teaching better than ever since I have been working with these pigs. This old mud-hole has been here ever since I can remember and generation after generation of pighood have made themselves nasty and dirty in its filth. What's the use in having this mud-hole here anyway?

He knew that the source of the water that caused it was the overflow of the trough at the fountain in the barnyard and he knew that the only way to keep the pigs out of the mud was to get rid of the mud-hole, so next morning he got up bright and early and began working at the trough. He took his pencil and marked on the trough at the height to which he wished the water to rise; then he made a hole in the side of the trough for the water to run out, then he got permission of his father to use the tile that was left when they tiled the corn-field the year before. His mother said he might have a tiling party and she would give them a fine feast when the work was done. His father thought if there was any tiling to be done he himself had better oversee the work, so while he picked out all the good tile Joe went around and invited all the boys in the neighborhood to come to his tiling party. Every boy came and each one enjoyed himself immensely, especially when the good dinner came. When their work was finished the water no longer ran into the back lot and in a few days there was no mud-hole to tempt Joe's pigs into the foul place.

There are places in this world that are worse than mud-holes, but their nastiness is not in plain sight; one may pass by them and see large plate-glass windows and elegantly furnished rooms and he may hear sweet music, but ah the rich furnishings are intended to deceive the unwary and the music is the songs of sirens. If the right sign was put up one would see rags, hunger, cold, nakedness, fighting, swearing, murder, theft, ruined bodies, fevered brains, deranged intellects, and lost souls. They are horrible, putrid sores, great, scarlet blemishes, festering in all parts of this beautiful world; this world that God made and saw that it was very good.

Alas, man, the highest of created beings, the creature that was created in the image of God, has made a league with the devil, his veriest enemy, and the contract is that for some of the paltry wealth of this world he will capture as many fair and innocent boys as he can possibly get and send their bodies to a drunkard's grave and their souls to a drunkard's hell.

If we could see into all the desolate homes that rum has robbed of all that is pure and good and left only tatters and woe, what heartbreaking scenes we would witness, and our souls would be torn by the wail of despair and the united cry from a myriad of bloodless, bleached lips, "How long, oh God, how long, will this horrible traffic continue?" and the fair virgin of love and purity with bowed head and downcast eyes can only draw her white robe over her face and with crimson blush mantling her cheeks answer, "As long as Christian professors continue to vote for licensed rum." Stop and think a while dear, dying Christian friends, how can any Christian go to the polls and vote for licensed saloons, traps set to ensnare boys and girls and men and women, and after robbing them of everything good and desirable chuck them body and soul into the red-hot fires of hell, then go home and on bended knees pray, "Suffer us not to be led into temptation, but deliver us from evil?" "God is not mocked, whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The Bible says no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven.

It will be a glorious day when every Christian professor will raise his voice and declare with an honest heart, "I will never vote for licensed rum." Then there will be a great feast of good things in the homes that now know only poverty and suffering.

Let every Christian professor begin right away in the grand and noble work of ridding the land of these monster evils, these breeders of death, the saloons. Let us invite our friends to the party and all work together and hasten the day when the white banner of love and purity can float gracefully over a world whose breezes are no longer tainted with the odor of whiskey.

Ashland, Ohio.

HOW A PRINCIPAL MERIDIAN WAS MADE.

O. H. KIMMEL.

About the year 1812 a party of United States surveyors came into the territory of Illinois. They started near the old mounds where Mound City now stands and ran a line north some two hundred miles. They stopped at some point of the line now the boundary of Christian and Macon counties, near the center of the State, as this was as far north as they at that time dared to go on account of the Kickapoo Indians, who among other warlike tribes still held large portions of northern Illinois.

These surveyors in their topographical reports said that southern Illinois was mostly hilly and undulating with a soil nearly as good as that of Kentucky and well adapted to the cultivation of corn, cotton, tobacco, hemp and flax, but of central and northern Illinois, now the great, rich, productive corn belt of the State, they said in their report that it was mostly low, flat, cold, wet prairie land unfit for cultivation except along the rivers where there was better drainage and better soil.

E. St. Louis, Ill.

IS THE COLLEGE GRADUATE PRACTICAL?

The assertion is often made that the college graduate is not willing to take his place by the side of the man who has had no college education, and that he regards his education as something to distinguish him from other men instead of considering it a training which should enable him to do his work better than the man who lacks this knowledge. This feeling of superiority, whether it is actually present in real life or exists only in the imagination, is at the bottom of the criticisms against college education as a preparation for the actual work of life. The late Collis P. Huntington brought this charge against the colleges: "Somehow or other our schools, which teach young people how to talk, do not teach them how to live. It seems to me that slowly, but surely, there is growing up a stronger and stronger wall of caste, with good, honest labor on one side and frivolous gentility on the other."

Assuming that what would be true of the conditions at Harvard University would be fairly typical of those obtaining at other institutions of higher education, the writer some time ago asked Dean Briggs, of Harvard, whether he thought the college graduate was practical and willing to begin at the bottom of the ladder and work his way up. Following is Dean Briggs's reply:

"I believe that college graduates are 'reasonably practical,' and that they are willing to start at the bottom of the ladder, with small salaries, provided there is a ladder and it is not all bottom. Now and then you find a foolish one, who feels that because he has gone through college he is worth a great deal of money; but, so far as I can judge, among the graduates I have seen in the last few years—the Harvard graduates, at any rate—such a man is altogether exceptional. Most of them see that, if they are going into manufacturing, for example, they may well begin as factory hands with the pay of factory hands, and that, if they are going into a large business office, they may well begin in the lowest place at such an office. I believe that the highest kind of practical life is the life of a man who sees that whatever he does—and does well—means something; and I believe that a college education beyond almost anything else helps people to see the real meaning of their daily work and not to regard it as mere drudgery."—*Selected.*

To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing.—*Carlyle.*

LOUIS AGASSIZ: 1807-1907.

On the banks of the beautiful Swiss Lake of Morat at the eastern foot of Mount Vuly, stands the pleasant village of Motier. On the broad village street commanding a fine view over the water and sheltered by a high hill in the rear, is the parsonage, a picturesque Swiss cottage in the midst of a beautiful orchard and vineyard. Here on May 28, 1807, the famous naturalist was born. That fact is enough to make the place famous, and to make it a place especially interesting to Americans. For Agassiz belongs to America.

His childhood was like that of the other village children with whom he played in the meadows and bathed in the lake. The fishermen liked him. They let him go with them in their boats and taught him to fish.

His father was a great man in the little village, for he was the minister. He also looked after the schools, after the fashion of Swiss ministers, and was much loved and honored, as was Agassiz's good mother.

Louis led a joyful outdoor life. Whenever he could get away from his studies, he busied himself in caring for his pets. A big boulder in the back yard of the parsonage made a fine basin in which to keep his stock of fish. At every chance he went to the woods and fields, hunting for field mice, rabbits, hares, birds, and insects to add to his menagerie. He fed caterpillars, and raised butterflies of innumerable kinds. He learned to know the creatures of the water, woods, and meadows as well as he did his alphabet. He could tell a bird by its song and he could name the fishes at sight.

The father and mother, wise folk! were delighted with these signs of love for nature in their son, as well as by his obedience, respect, and love for study. As he grew up in that pleasant home in the fertile Swiss valley, his watchful parents saw that he could not be educated there as they wanted him to be, so they sent him off to the college at Bienne, twenty miles away.

It was a school for boys, and the training was strict. Nine hours each day were spent in study. Later he went to the Academy at Lausanne.

Louis liked all his schools. He was a clever student. Geography was a favorite study. So were the languages, in which he became very proficient. He could speak German like a native. English, Italian, Latin, and Greek he knew well. But best of all he loved natural history. The study of every form of life, and of every sign of old life in the world was his delight.

It was his good parents' desire, at first, that Louis, like his younger brother, should enter the business house of his uncle in Lausanne, and become a merchant. But at Lausanne the strong love for nature inborn in him, became stronger by contact with men of science and by the opportunity to study. And he announced his determination to live and work for science. To gratify his father and mother, however, he consented to become a physician, intending to earn his living by the practice of medicine while he pursued his scientific investigations.

When Louis was seventeen he went to the University of Zurich to study medicine. His brightness, wit, and charm attracted friends among the professors and thoughtful students. He was very poor. But he copied books which he was not able to buy.

Once, while walking home for his vacation, he was overtaken by a traveling carriage, the occupant of which invited him to get in and ride. The traveler, though a perfect stranger, became so interested in the bright and pleasant student that he wrote the elder Agassiz, offering to adopt Louis as his son,



LOUIS AGASSIZ.

an offer, which, somewhat to his surprise, was respectfully declined.

After two years' training in Zurich, Agassiz went to Heidelberg, where he studied botany, zoölogy, geology, comparative anatomy, and palæontology under famous professors, among whom were Tiedemann, Leuckart, Bischoff, and Brown. Agassiz, however, was never content with what he learned from teachers, but insisted on a large measure of independent study. With Alexander Braun, his classmate, and others, he drew, studied, dissected and arranged specimens, and discussed theories about the growth, structure, and relations of animals and plants.

In 1827 Agassiz went to Munich University to finish his medical education. Here he studied with the famous Professors Döllinger, Martius, Schelling, and Oken, masters in the art of teaching. Agassiz converted his own study into a lecture room, called the "Little Academy," and frequently gave lectures to his fellow students. Field excursions were often made.

While studying long hours without rest, he still found time to make anatomical preparations, and upon his slender resources managed to employ artists to make sketches for his projected books. He earned his microscope and money for vacation trips by writing.

When Agassiz was twenty-one years of age, he published his first book. He tells how it happened in this way: "In 1817, the King of Bavaria sent two naturalists, M. Martius and M. Spix, on an exploring expedition to Brazil. Of M. Martius, with whom I always spend my Wednesday evenings, I have often spoken to you. In 1821, these gentlemen returned laden with new discoveries, which they published in succession. . . . It had been the intention of M. Spix to give a complete natural history of Brazil, but to the sorrow of all naturalists, he died in 1826. . . . M. Martius, who had learned something about me from the professors to whom I was known, found me worthy to continue the work of Spix, and asked me to carry on the natural history of the fishes. I hesitated for a long time to accept this honorable offer, fearing that the occupation might withdraw me too much from my studies; but, on the other hand, the opportunity for laying the foundation of a reputation by a large undertaking seemed too favorable to be refused."

Encouraged by the success of his first publication, Agassiz was soon at work upon another, "The Fossil Fishes," the great book which won for him the prize of the French Academy, and in 1852 was awarded the Cuvier prize, given for the first time, a distinction so valued by his faithful mother that she wrote:

"Your fossil fishes which have cost you so much anxiety, so much toil, so many sacrifices, have now been estimated at their true value by the most eminent judges. . . . This has given me such happiness, dear Louis, that the tears are in my eyes as I write it to you."

The rise of Agassiz to scientific renown was based upon his splendid qualities of mind and heart. He possessed an extraordinary memory, and was remarkably gifted with the faculty of order. He was capable of long and sustained labor; and he worked with great facility. He had the great art of winning others to help in his projects, and of inspiring enthusiasm in those whom he instructed, for the subject which he presented. He was striking in appearance, with a large head and largely developed brain. His heart seemed to have been equally big. He was generous to a fault, optimistic, sympathetic, and philanthropic. It is related that as a student on slender means he contributed to the support of another struggling student even poorer than himself.

In 1846, when he left the University of Neuchatel, where he occupied the chair of natural science for eighteen years, he was the foremost scientist in Europe. He had unlocked the mysteries of the great Ice Age; he had shed new light upon fossil mollusks, tertiary shells, living and fossil echinoderms beside producing a bibliography of zoölogy and geology, a comprehensive reference work upon the sources of zoölogical criticism, and many other books.

He came to America in 1846, as a great explorer sent out by the King of Prussia. He remained in this country as one of its most honored adopted citizens and one of the founders of the science-extension movement then just begun in America. A quarter of a century of his ripe and marvelous genius was given to scientific advance in the land of his adoption, a land which he loved as dearly as the charming country of his birth.

After a year of travel, in which he lectured and won immense popularity in all the leading cities of the Eastern states, and incidentally studied natural history, Agassiz settled down in the post at Harvard University where he was to expend the rich resources of his treasure-house of zeal and information during the remaining years of his fruitful life.

He visited at different times the Lake Superior region, the Florida coral reefs, toured the South, explored the Mississippi River, and conducted an expedition to Brazil. The appearance of his book on Lake Superior marked a new epoch in natural history publications in the United States, and the founding of the Agassiz Museum in Cambridge elevated natural science in America to its rightful plane. In addition, Agassiz originated the "university extension," "summer school," and "field excursion" methods of public education. Perhaps the most important of his works was his "Natural History of the United States," which is a model of scientific work.

Many biographies have been written of Agassiz, but none are more complete than that embodied in the beautiful poem of Longfellow, written on the fiftieth birthday of the great naturalist:

"It was fifty years ago,
In the pleasant month of May,
In the beautiful Pays de Vaud,
A child in its cradle lay.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying, 'Here is a story-book
Thy Father has written for thee.'

"'Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'

"And he wandered away and away
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him, night and day
The rhymes of the universe.

* * * * * *

"And the mother at home says, 'Hark!
For his voice I listen and yearn;
It is growing late and dark,
And my boy does not return!'"

—Jane A. Stewart in Epworth Herald.

LOWLY BUT CROWNED; OR, SYBIL THE OUTCAST

A Story by Sadie Brallier Noffsinger

Chapter IX. Liz.

TIME rolls on. We now introduce the reader to a scene in John Deane's home. It is the noon hour; and seated at a dirty, uncovered table are Liz and Sibyl. Stretched out in a drunken stupor, behind the rusty stove, the father lies, and evidently Granny has one of her "blue spells" again. At any rate, she sits with her head resting upon one trembling hand, muttering something in an undertone, and her eyes are even more bloodshot than usual.

There is not much on the table to tempt the appetite. A fragment of dry bread is divided into two parts, and a cracked bowl contains something which closely resembles starch, but which is, in fact, a substitute for gravy. These, alone, compose the dinner meal.

Liz breaks off a piece of bread, dips it into the bowl and is about to put it to her mouth, when Sibyl interrupts her. "I would like to say sumthin'," she stammers, a quick flush reddening her cheeks and forehead.

"Well, for goodness sakes, girl, speak out then. you are always a jabberin' but never sayin' nothin.'"

Poor Sibyl had been vainly wondering how she should frame her words, and this abrupt retort embarrassed her more than ever.

But there was no turning back now. So she merely drooped her eyes and said, with a faint tremor in her voice: "Mr. and Mrs. Chester allus pray afore they eat. Let us pray too, 'Lizabeth."

"None o' your Shady Brook airs aroun' this place, you brazen wretch! Anyhow, what do you mean by callin' me 'Lizabeth?" cried the other with enraged voice, striking the offender a sharp rap with an iron spoon which left its mark in gravy on her forehead. "I say, what do you mean by that?"

Sibyl now looked as though she had indeed said something dreadful. Recovering herself as best she could, she faltered:

"Mrs. Chester says as it don't sound well to call you Liz. She said ef I called you 'Lizabeth p'r'aps you'd love me better. I wish as you would love me! Won't you?" entreated the girl, with tears stealing down each cheek.

A burst of derisive laughter was her only answer. Yet once again the girl entreated: "*Won't you?*" for now the fountain of her heart had overflowed its brink, and there was no means of keeping the waters back which rushed forth in mighty waves to seek some responsive billow in a human breast.

"For," continued the weeping girl, "I ken love you awful ef you 'low me too. An' ef you learn to pray," she went on, "that'll make you love folks. I used to didn't love you, but Mrs. Chester said ef I prayed God would take the angry feelin's away, an' love would come. An' so I've prayed every night an' every meal, sort o' quiet-like fur fear as you'd be mad; but Mrs. Chester says as God'll hear us ef we only think a prayer and don't even move our lips."

"You rag-muffin!" roared the other, "don't say another word. Is this what comes of your 'sociation with folks as wears white collars an' uses high-soundin' names? A grand spectacle you are with that white rag aroun' your neck as you have been wearin' this week or more to imitate a collar. What do you mean by that, hey? Don't you know that folks as wears white collars is as proud as ole Luci'fer?—and that means the devil himself!"

"Mrs. Chester says as it only means neatness, an' "—

"Don't say another word." burst forth the other. "It makes me sick to think of your Shady Brook airs an' your high soundin' words. Let me hear you call me 'Lizabeth again, will you? Of all the years I've been a bossin' you I never waz as mad at you as I am now; an' of all the lickin's I have gev you, none'll compare with the one you'll git for this."

Thereupon she crushed the struggling girl down in a corner of the room and dealt her many cruel blows. And there she still crouched, an hour afterward when a shadow darkened the doorway and Mrs. Chester stepped into the room.

Poor Sibyl! although she knew it not, deliverance was near at hand.

* * *

"Ah! more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire,
We need the humble strength of soul
Which daily toils and ills require.
Sweet patience, fill our souls, we pray
With added grace for every day!"

ACCIDENTALS.

THE good old solid music of the "fathers" was written in splendid chords of sustained harmony. It might have some of the fugue notes of the mocking bird, but it rounded out into the full, sweet, prolonged notes of the robin. The modern method of musical composition fills all the angles of the ear with accidentals, grace notes, embellishments and lights and shades of pleasing sounds.

The familiar airs of our childhood flowed smoothly on like the trout brook through the meadow; but those same airs go reveling onward through the modern score in waves and spirals of sharps and flats, as the brook came down the mountain, beckoned onward by such dynamics as are suggested among the winds and pines. The Bonnie "Annie Laurie," hand in hand with "Robin Adair," goes on by steps and half steps among the sweet and tangled cadences of Dudley Buck's lines and spaces, with as much pleasing dalliance as ever fell on the musing listening ear from the melody of waters along the "Sands O' Dee." While these old melodies are as dear and familiar to us as the path to the old spring, still the charm and novelty of the new harmonies are as sweet and delightful as the views when first we paddled the light canoe around the curves and points and into the green sequestered nooks of the far-away northern lake.

Time was, when the harp or piano always accompanied the voices in concert song. Now, the vocal quartet glides along the score like skaters on the ice, in such graceful lines and curves, and with such fine shadings of modulation and pitch that the piano listens in silence. Who could play an accompaniment to the "Oriole" or "Thrush?" You might almost as well accompany the perfume of the lily or the rose.

But all things earthly serve as symbols, and that knowledge is elementary indeed which does not look away from the letter to the word, from the word to the sentence, from the sentence to the thought, from the completed thought to all the kindred harmonies in life's great score. Ah, yes; there are solo passages in your life and mine perchance, where the sympathetic answering harmonies are gone—lost chords, where chromatics are somber in their mourning minor keys. But ere long, I fancy, the Great Composer shall write in again the harmonies restored, sweeter for their contrasts and their resolutions. And I think we should remember that, however smoothly the music of our lives may run, the skill to make the music best and sweetest lies in our wise use of accidentals. For so many things are said, so many things are done, such strange parts run along concurrent with our lives, that to make harmony and pleasing chords, we must use grace notes and modulations and shades of sounds. This is the secret of life's counterpoint. And there are lives that come within our range and reach that seem all discord. Oh, how I love to take such a spirit, and rewrite a note here and change the pitch a little there, until revised, a melody pure and sweet rises heavenward like a skylark's song. And there are times when the chill, damp air of circumstance throws out of harmony the chords of my own spirit, and a master touch has made music out of the discords of seeming ills.

A word with you, my friend, no matter what your signature may be or what your measure, remember you have but one part in this great orchestra, and as you love harmony and sweetness, it is easier to change your one part—sometimes—than to change all the others. A little sliding of your fingers on the strings of life, a little shading of your tone, may make discord harmony, and fill your home, your heart, your world with sweetest music. You never can repeat; no dotted lines or bars stand up and down across the score of life, no Da Capo to this exercise, but we go ever onward to the close. We may retard a little, we surely will diminish, but I would like my little song to be so sweet that when it ends the very echoes shall waft in on the enchanted air and fill some wearied heart with happiness—

If all the winds are fingers and all the grasses keys:
If all the leaves are cymbals, on all the forest trees;
If every Blue-bell tinkles, and every Hare-bell peals,
How must His great heart tremble, who all this music feels.

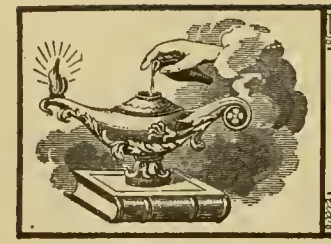
If every wave of ocean, that bellows on the strand;
If every wave of motion, that billows on the land;
If all are timed to music, the music of the spheres,
How must His great heart tremble, who all this music hears.

If every human spirit were melody of love;
If every kindly impulse wakes a note of joy above;
If hymns are heard in heaven, that are sung with weeping eyes,
How must His great heart tremble, who listens in the skies.

If every falling snow-flake, and every drop of rain;
If every lengthening shadow that creeps along the plain;
If these are accidentals engraved on life's great score,
How must His great heart tremble, who plays this music o'er.

—G. S. Judd, in The Musical Million.

THERE is a lively little member of the human body which makes considerable clatter, does some good and more mischief, which is a consummate spendthrift of personal force. A runaway horse isn't a circumstance when compared with a runaway tongue. The gift of speech, one of the noblest endowments of man, is one of the most misused. Admirably fitted to impart knowledge, counsel, comfort, pleasure, it is made the instrument of platitudes, gossip, and falsehood. If you know any one who wastes tongue-power, advise him to stop it.—*The Pilgrim.*



THE QUIET HOUR

SERMONETTE.

CHAS. D. BONSACK.

"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth."

So many of us take religion as people take medicine—for the good it does us. Such religion—like much medicine—is disappointing in its results, leading to morbidness, prejudice and dissension, so often found in the experience of professors of Christianity.

The *personal* blessing of a Christian is incalculable; but it is the *result,* rather than the *object* of his life. Paradoxical as it may seem to a self-absorbed man of to-day, the surest way to please ourselves is to "let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification" (Rom. 15: 2). Not gratify all his whims and fancies, nor allow his criticism, from over sensitiveness, to irritate our lives, but please him "*for his good to edification.*"

Christ was distinctly unselfish. His life was given entirely for others. Those of us whose lives have been illumined by his indwelling must reflect something of the same spirit. And we shall not be satisfied until our life attains that standard, where we shall count as sin, and avoid anything in our lives that may throw even a shadow on the path wherein our weakest brother may stumble.

Knowing we have a very imperfect and unreliable instrument—our fallen nature—to work out our Christianity, we must say "No," therefore, to many things which cannot be definitely characterized as sin. Or else, some day, we shall have discovered a brother—"for whom Christ *died*"—fallen—and that in the path where we ourselves have walked with apparent safety.

Some may say, "How can this be?" Have you forgotten the warning of the Lord concerning the arch enemy, who like a "roaring lion" "is transformed into an angel of light," and is the "prince of this world?" He desires no better argument to lead you and me in any questionable path which shall prove our destruction, than that another has gone over in safety.

To-day, as always, the right and wrong conduct is determined too much anyhow, from the apparent merit of the act on its surface; as read by the limited knowledge of men. Because of this sophisty, men say some things are important, others not; some essential, some not. Led by the Spirit and Word of God, and done for his glory makes anything important, or essential. Yielding to the world, flesh or the devil, is sin, whatever the act may seem on the surface, or how much it may be lauded by men. Christ ate bread and made it, by increasing it, when needed; but to have done so, at the request of the devil, even when he was hungry, would have defeated the Father's purpose, and made Christ a sinner and the servant of Satan (Rom. 6: 16).

Perhaps, the only attempt Jesus made in separating sins, into less and greater, was the inference in his reply to Pilate, "He that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin" (John 19: 11). If the inference is correct, the man who causes his brother to stumble might be a greater sinner than he who falls.

Christianity is intensely social. "No man liveth to himself." Each of us may be a channel of blessing or iniquity through all ages. No rules of life, or decisions of church can point out every thing that may be a stone of stumbling. Let us keep the motive pure, and "whatsoever we do, do all to the glory of God. Give no offense, neither to the Jews, nor to the Gentiles, nor to the church of God." Then have we the joy of *knowing,* "we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

ASPIRATION.

NOTHING less would satisfy the eager apostle than the goal which was Paul's—perfection! Paul did not consider that he had reached it by any means, but he was enamored of it, and would bend every energy to its attainment.

Let us be thankful that Paul had no lower ideal. He could and did reach high levels, and might easily have satisfied every aspiration short of the highest. But he has left us the inspiration of a noble discontent, straining every power of his life to undo his own past, using yesterday only as a point to steer by.

The explanation of Paul's high aim is simple, but sufficient. Christ laid hold on his life for this very thing. His Lord had called him to seek perfectness; what smaller thing could he do, without disobedience? Only so could he be perfect in purpose and blameless in effort. Truly, to him the good would have been the enemy of the best.

Has the same Lord who apprehended him for the life complete put hands of love on us for anything less than that?—*Ram's Horn.*

A PRAYER.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on;
If a blinder soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee,
Make my mortal dreams come true
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life the weak intent,
Let me be the thing I meant;
Let me find in thy employ
Peace that dearer is than joy.
Out of self to love be led,
And to heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good
Seem my nature's habitude.

—John G. Whittier.

WHAT THE FLOWERS DID.

Of old we read that the Lord Jesus when he saw the multitudes went up into a mountain and there sat and preached the one great sermon of his that is preserved to us with any completeness.

It was up into the mount that Moses had gone to receive the law, guarded with an awful sanctity, amidst the terrors of lightning and thunder and earthquake. How great is the contrast as the Savior sits under the stretch of blue sky and in the shadow of the rock. About him rang the music of the birds, the chirp of sparrow, the rapturous song of the lark. From the further heights came the croaking of the raven and from the clefts of the rocks the cooing of the dove. Far down below there lay the blue waters of the sea of Galilee, fringed with its towns and villages and dotted by the fishing boats; all the slope of the mountain gay with flowers—the most striking feature of the landscape in Palestine.

At the first when God made a sanctuary for man, we read that he *planted a garden,* and within its cool and fragrant shades he walked and talked with his child. And now in this "Garden of Eden run wild," the Son of God sits and talks with his disciples. He is teaching them to find their refuge and rest in the care of the heavenly Father, when suddenly he stops and bids them listen to the birds.

"Consider the fowls of the air," saith the blessed Master, "they sow not, nor reap, nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

Thus he made the birds his duly appointed preachers—the sparrow in homely suit of brown, with its chirp; the raven in orthodox black, but let us not think with orthodox croak.

Then he stooped and picked a flower—*a flower of the field*—mere common buttercup or daisy, all the more fitted to preach because it was little and common and weak. It stood up that day and whispered: "See, your heavenly Father hath fashioned me, in all my beauty. He hath perfectly fitted me to my home; he hath swathed me with these protecting leaves; he hath taught me to bend to the storm; he sends me the dew to drink and the sunshine to feed upon. His hand hath decked me with these hues. Shall he not much more clothe you?"

Birds and flowers; these are the message, the ministry of the country. How much we all need it, dwellers in this great city. How much more do they need it who dwell in stifling court and alley. How much it should do for men and women, boys and girls, to have the chambers of the imagery filled with these sweet visions: to have even for a day the great stretch of heaven overhead and the sight of field and tree and flower. We have been slow to think that in these things there is anything distinctly religious—that there is a blessed message which speaks to the innermost heart, which brings a new faith and breathes a new peace and sings of a new hope. I have been amazed at the stories I have met with in the West London mission, stories of how the flowers have brought to some—and those the most homeless—nothing less than the beginning of a new life.

"They do make me think," is the testimony that meets us again and again. "They do make me think." And the thoughts that they bring are always so sweet, so gracious, so gentle, so beautiful, so altogether like unto him whom we have been taught to call the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

IN HIS WILL.

To know God's will—this is something. It is not a trifle that we understand the way to forgiveness and holy living. He is twice blind who does not know nor has the will to know the truth.

But he is blind who, knowing, cares not to do the will of God, who lives in the full sense of unlimited opportunity, and passes by on the other side. The Christian who makes a business of doing truth will never lack the truth to do. God's visions are open to the man who desires both to do and know. "If any man will do his will, he shall know the doctrine."

To know the will of God and to do it—these are not all. We must love to do the will of God by following the avenues of truth from day to day. We come to love and desire God by living in harmony with the conditions of his discipleship.—*Home Herald.*

"Learn to wait hope's slow fruition,
Faint not though the way seem long;
There is joy in each condition;
Hearts, though suffering, may grow strong."

Sunday is like a stile between the fields of toil, where we can kneel and pray, or sit and meditate.—*Longfellow.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILL.

Subscription price, $1.00 per Annum, in Advance.

The Inglenook contains twenty-four pages weekly, devoted to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of the young. Each department is especially designed to fill its particular sphere in the home.

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THE HEART OF A ROSE.

ON a bright day in June, with the sun's warm, caressing rays enfolding it, and the nameless perfume of countless fragrant incense-bearers challenging it, the waxy sepals of a rose slowly loosed their hold and surrendered it to the bold, staring eyes of the world. But its petals thus exposed, clung closely together and dared not look up to take a peep in turn at the great world which appeared about them.

Yet the rose had no need to be so shy. Its breath outrivaled that of the challenging odors that had hovered round, its dress defied the skill of man to produce a texture of equal richness, its freshness was of the dew's latest labor, and its brightness that of the sun itself in miniature.

It was not long that the rose sat thus blushing on its proud stem till it was seized by the eager hand of one whose loving heart was seeking a gift for a dear one who had been mortally stricken by disease, and with all its freshness and brightness and with its cup of incense ceaselessly overflowing, it was placed in the sick room in full view of the eyes that even now had in them the dreamy look of another world.

There seemed a strange contrast between the pure fragrant rose just blown and the diseased and wasted form of the invalid. But the rose recognized no such difference and seemed perfectly at home. At first it remained quiet, seemingly taking some time to establish a bond of sympathy between itself and the sick one which the latter was not slow to recognize as over and over again each part of the exquisite flower was examined and admired. Then the deeper meaning of the bond of sympathy between the two became apparent, and thoughts of this fleeting life, of the world's mortality, engaged the mind. But the rose had another message, and in its eagerness to deliver it its petals unfolded, the doors of its incense chamber opened wide, and out of its heart it poured the story of its creation, the wondrous care and love of its Creator, the imperishableness of all his work—the immortality of the soul. And the invalid smiled and slept and dreamed of the Rose of Sharon.

BE STILL.

THE injunction to be still is a very common one and especially familiar to the restless talkative child. It is one, however, which ought not to be bounded by age or size, as most of us are prone to make more noise than necessary—more than is good for us or for anyone who is compelled to listen.

But there is a kind of quiet which does not necessarily mean an absence of noise, and it is to this that I wish to call the reader's attention at this time. It is the quietness out of which the still, small voice of God speaks. The Psalmist's mind was called to it in the words, "Be still, and know that I am God."

Have you ever followed this injunction given to David? It is wonderful how clearly and reassuringly the voice of God speaks to us when we have put from us all the din and confusion of this world. When the heart grows sick over the weakness of the flesh and the sound of brandishing weapons is almost drowned in the victorious clang of the enemy's armor, be still. When righteousness in the state seems to be a mockery and corruption with brazen face sways the crowd, be *still.* When the sacredness of the home and the purity of society seem to be obsolete terms and incontinency and vain show strut about in the open, be STILL. When in the church the religion of the lowly Nazarene seems to be set aside and in its stead appear confusion and every evil work, be STILL. And out of that stillness, like balm to the deepest hurt, will come the voice of Omnipotence. "God is in his heaven," and the conviction brings the assurance that all will be "right with the world." Though through the machinations of Satan this old earth must experience the most heart-rending agony, out of it shall come that which shall bring honor and glory to the Creator. "Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth."

THE RETURNED STUDENT.

JUST now a large number of young men and women who have spent the year in school away from home are back again among their old associates, and are trying to adjust themselves to the seemingly changed conditions. They cannot understand how things could become so different in such a short time, especially at home where everything is really rather "slow." The fact is, of course, that the old neighborhood *is* slow,—a characteristic not necessarily discreditable,—things have changed no more, in most cases, than in any other period of the same length. The lines in the faces of father and mother may be a little deeper, their steps a little less sprightly; some traits in brother and sister may be stronger from development, and former associates may carry more the manner of the man and woman; but all these changes are a part of the changing years.

The boy and girl who have been away have changed. And it is natural that it should be so. They have been surrounded with new scenes, with new associates,—in a new world. Whether this changed life with its new angle of vision has in truth broadened the boy and girl is not as natural a conclusion as it may seem to be. Their attitude in their old home now, on their return, will go far toward helping us to determine the breadth and depth of that thing they are supposed to have acquired. We will not call it an education till we see how it acts, or causes its possessor to act.

If our boy and girl are disposed to make a pedestal of the mountains of knowledge they have at command whereon they sit and view with contempt the "narrowness" of other people, we will have the right to question a thing or two that a genuine education would place beyond question. Right here let me say this word narrowness when applied to people has a peculiarity similar to the word bore as defined by a certain humorist. He said a bore is one who persists in doing all the talking when we want to talk ourselves. A person very often appears narrow because the observer's vision cannot give him any other impression.

If, however, our student boy and girl are able to reduce their knowledge to workable terms in the everyday life, thus bridging the gap and bringing the homefolks on a higher plane, yet one common to all, we shall be glad for their year's schooling and for the place that schooled them. To keep in mind that they themselves have made the change will help much in bringing about this adjustment so beneficial to all.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Commenting on our enormous wheat crop for 1906, —735,000,000 bushels, which was nearly twenty per cent of the world's output,—the *Scientific American* makes some very interesting calculations. That our imaginations may give us some conception of this immense amount of grain it is presented to us in the different forms with which we are familiar in the several processes of its manufacture into food.

First, if the 735,000,000 bushels were placed in a "bushel" basket of standard shape, the basket would measure 792 feet in diameter at the bottom and 1,225 feet at the top, and would be 980 feet high. Visitors at the top of Eiffel Tower could just look over the top of the basket. If the miller should then take this basket of grain and convert it into flour he would have more than sixteen million barrels, and our one flour barrel for this amount would need to be 1,214½ feet high, with the largest diameter 962½ feet. Our staring will reach its climax when the baker, with his yeast cake, takes charge of the flour. Out of this huge flour barrel he can make us over four billion loaves of bread of standard size; and if this bread were all put into one loaf, it would measure 1,002 feet on the bottom, 1,387 feet at the top; it would also be over six hundred feet thick and more than two thousand feet long. Besides this mountain of bread the great pyramid appears as an insignificant foot-hill.

When we think of all this we do not wonder so much at the car shortage, and that thousands of bushels of grain lay piled up along the railroads for months after the threshing season in the wheat sections.

However, this is not all that we ought to think about in connection with these figures. We ask for our daily bread, and we are given more than we are able to use in a year. The fulness of the answer reminds us of Paul's confidence that the One who gives us the seedtime and harvest "is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." But the showering of material blessings upon an intelligent people in such profusion calls for some special acknowledgment. Can anyone deliberately use the strength obtained from such gifts in the cause of the one who is arrayed against the Giver? Let us think much upon our blessings, consider their source, and then our duty will be plain when we come to make use of them.

WORTH REPEATING IN THIS ISSUE.

Alas, man, the highest of created beings, the creature that was created in the image of God, has made a league with the devil, his veriest enemy.—*Ida M. Helm.*

Mourn not for your past, but look ever ahead,—
Bright prospects arise to your view.
Arise then and work; cast away ev'ry dread;
Success at the end will ensue.

—J. D. Reish.

It is only by becoming learned in the school of experience that we know how to place a due value upon the enjoyments of the present, or to restrain our fancies of the future within any rational bounds.—*Richard Braunstein.*

Sad to relate, parasitism is not confined to the lower forms of life. Its blighting, blasting and soul-destroying influence is seen and widely felt in human experience.—*Etha E. Beisel.*

We must say "No" to many things which cannot be definitely characterized as sin, or else, some day, we shall have discovered a brother—"for whom Christ *died*"—fallen—and that in the path where we ourselves have walked with apparent safety.—*Chas. D. Bonsack.*

It is a noticeable fact that most all our missionaries and men who are truly great came from homes where they had been trained by Christian mothers.—*Edna Byerly.*



Echoes from Everywhere

FOLLOWING the crop report of F. D. Colburn, secretary of the Kansas board of agriculture, comes the call for harvest hands from T. B. Gerow, director of the state free employment bureau. The call is for over nineteen thousand men and over three thousand teams. This will surely silence the crop-failure cries in that section.

PRESIDENT ELLIOT of Harvard, addressing the Association of New York State Colleges and Universities, at Cornell, came out squarely in favor of withdrawing Harvard students from all intercollegiate athletics, the dishonorable practices in which he deprecated, and he especially urged the abolishment of professional coaching. He believes that no game is fit for playing where one has to wear padding, masks and other defensive articles to prevent serious injury.

ALTHOUGH begging is illegal in England and offenders are liable to various terms of imprisonment, it is said that more than $500,000 annually is given haphazard to beggars in the streets of London, and that probably the average beggar earns more than the average workman. The London Mendicant society which exists to investigate the begging business, help deserving cases, and bring to punishment incorrigibles possesses records of seventy-nine thousand street beggars.

A LARGE lumber dealer of Saginaw, Mich., says that he will not be surprised if within the next decade or two the United States is driven to importing lumber from Japan, Manchuria and other Eastern countries. He adds that there is little timber left in Wisconsin and that what is left is owned by half a dozen men, while according to his view the forests of the Southern States will be as badly exhausted in ten years. The Pacific coast has of course vast quantities of timber left but even these are not inexhaustible.

An official report from Chief Engineer Goethals at Panama announces that dirt is flying in Panama. The excavation in Culebra cut for May was 690,365 cubic yards and at Gatun 70,360 cubic yards. While this shows a decrease from the excavation for March and April, due chiefly to the rainy season, it shows a very large increase over May, 1906, when the total excavation for the month was 194,645 cubic yards. This is in fact, the largest total excavation for any single month, except for the months of March and April of this year.

DURING the week ending June 15 delegates to the second peace conference at The Hague arrived there and exchanged visits in anticipation of the opening of the session, which occurred yesterday. Count Nediloff, on behalf of Czar Nicholas of Russia, delivered the opening message, as representing the nation which had initiated the conference. There were present representatives of twenty-three governments which were not represented at the first Hague conference, including China and all the Central and South American republics.

BECAUSE of the annual inundation of much of western Pennsylvania, especially the city of Pittsburg, from the rivers of that section, the Pittsburg chamber of commerce is agitating the matter in hopes of stirring up the city, State and national government to adopt some plan for relief. The plan of the chamber of commerce is to plant trees on the watersheds at the headwaters and rear immense forests, which will appropriate large quantities of moisture and prevent sudden thaws of vast extents of snow. It is announced by specialists on rivers that at least two billion trees will have to be planted.

ALFRED O. GROSS and Howard A. Ray of the Illinois State Laboratory of Natural History of Urbana are completing their work of taking a bird census of Illinois in which they have been engaged for the last ten months. The manner in which the birds are counted is simple. A strip of territory fifty yards wide is carefully gone over. Every bird that rises is noted and an approximate for the entire state is made. If the bird is too far away for its variety to be distinguished powerful field glasses are trained on it. The census takers have traveled eighteen hundred miles so far.

IN reply to a cable inquiry by the New York *World* as to the views on the coming peace conference Count Tolstoi, the Russian author, replied: "The peace question was fully resolved 1900 years ago. Matthew, 5: 43-44. The Hague conference is only a disgusting manifestation of Christian hypocrisy." The verses re-

ferred to read: "Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you."

The U. S. weather bureau has sent a meteorologist to Yuma, Ariz., to carry out a series of elaborate tests concerning the Salton sea, the great inland sea made in the Imperial valley as the result of a poorly constructed headgate of an irrigation canal. Now that the Colorado river has been turned back into its channel the government wishes to know how long the Salton sea will remain. There is no outlet by which the water can be drained so evaporation is the only means by which the sea can disappear. The government expert will seek to determine how long it will take this body of water to evaporate. By some it is estimated at eight years.

The first test of the combination of a dirigible balloon and aeroplane, constructed by Santos Dumont, which was made recently at Paris, resulted in complete destruction of the machine. It consisted of a balloon, shaped like a cigar, 23 yards long and 3¼ in diameter at the center, hitched to two aeroplanes directly underneath, and a frame carrying a 50-horsepower motor, with a screw 400 centimeters in diameter, the whole being 80 kilograms heavier than its bulk in air. The machine started all right and skimmed along over the grass a short distance, until the rear of the aeroplane suddenly lifted and caused the front end of the balloon to strike the ground, so that the whole thing collapsed.

Sir Frederick Treves, physician to the king of England, speaking at the opening of a London hospital, expressed the belief that the time was not far when bottles on doctor's shelves would be reduced to a very small number, and when people would "leave off the extraordinary habit of taking medicine when they are sick." At that time people would resort to simple living, suitable diet and plenty of sun and fresh air. He said the time would come when it would be as anomalous for people to die of scarlet fever, typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria as it would be for a man to die of a wolf's bite in England. He referred to the discoveries in bacteriological science as being capable of reducing mortality from infectious diseases to the zero point.

The eclipse of the sun which occurs July 10 will not be visible in this country, though visible in the southern hemisphere. But the eclipse of the moon on the night of July 24 can be seen here to good advantage. The eclipse will begin at Boston about 10:20, at Washington 9:56, at Chicago 9:14, at Denver 8:04, and at San Francisco at 6:54 P. M., and it will last nearly three hours. The earth's shadow will cover about two-thirds of the moon's face. An unusual astronomical phenomenon will take place Nov. 14 of this year—namely a transit of Mercury, which occurs only once in ten to fourteen years. Mercury being one of the planets whose orbit lies between the earth's orbit and the sun, must necessarily cross between us and the sun from time to time. At such periods it is visible as a black dot on the sun's face. It cannot be seen with the naked eye, but by using an ordinary telescope and throwing an image of the sun on a screen the spectacle can be readily studied.

Three obnoxious laws have been repealed by the Russian douma, as follows: Providing for the punishment of persons expressing approval of political crimes; excluding from military service persons accused of political crimes; or under suspicion, and penalizing private instruction in Poland. The douma voted for the abolition of the reëstablishment of field court-martial for the punishment of civilians implicated in spreading revolutionary ideas in the army.—Because of its failure to take immediate action in the surrender of fifty-five of its members found to be connected with a conspiracy against the government, Czar Nicholas dissolved the douma June 15. Its work is thus ended. The new douma that will be elected in September under the present rules for the election of that body, will doubtless be made up more largely of the landed and educated classes; and will more nearly represent the sentiments of their constituents.

The excavations now going on in the Roman Forum have just resulted in the disclosure of important relics which tend to carry back the beginnings of Roman history and to change in some respects the accepted story of the founding of Rome. Below the wall, which has been shown to date back to the fifth or sixth century, B. C., the spades have now revealed evidence of a pre-existing necropolis on the same spot over which the wall was built. The most commonly received legend of Rome's foundation places that event about twenty-six centuries ago. In the tomb thus brought to light were found remains of human bones and a drinking cup of earthenware. This vase may cause the ancient history of Rome to be rewritten, and the excavations thus far show that Rome was not built on virgin soil, but on the remains of an older civilization. The famous Trajan column has also come in for further excavation. The foundation having been excavated, terra cotta jars, lamps, bones and a paved street have been disclosed, all dating over 100 years before Trajan's time.



THE COST.

Ah me, that hearts must break before they learn the worth
of things;
That strength of soul is born of sorrow's saddest stings;
That we must know love's loss and suffer and be brave,
Before we gain the good of life that lies this side the
grave.

Ah me, that we must grieve before we know sweet
sympathy;
That we must need God's love before its light we see;
That we must sacrifice before the sight grows clear,
And face the darkest hour of all before the dawn is here!

—Grace G. Bostwick.

THE VALUE OF HOME INFLUENCE.

EDNA PEARL BYERLY.

As we glance back over the few past years of our lives, what golden-hued memories float through our mind; none are so sweet, nor are there any that we can recall, from which we could paint a more lovely picture, than from the scenes and happenings at or near "Home."

The home circle! what tender associations does it recall! How sacred are those memories, and what sweet influence they shed upon our lives. If it had not been for our good homes, and the hallowed associations there, I wonder where many of us would be now. Instead of trying to perform a small part in the cause of our Master, I fear that we would be treading the downward path to ruin and despair.

There is one vision that never fades from the soul, and that is the vision of mother and of home. Who can estimate the value of a mother's influence in the home? The one who not only looks after our temporal needs, but our spiritual needs as well? She is the best friend that God ever gave us. From our infancy she has ever watched over us with the most tender anxiety. Many times perhaps we have caused her heart to bleed by being disobedient to her wishes, and engaging in those things which we knew to be wrong; yet her tender love and forbearance were sufficient for all, and no doubt often in the still hours of night, she lifts her heart in prayer to the Father above, and pleads for her erring child.

Sad misfortunes may befall us, and friends whom we deemed would always be true, may forsake us, but a mother's love endures through all. One of our great statesmen once said: "All that I am or ever hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." It is a noticeable fact that most all of our missionaries, and men who are truly great, came from homes where they had been trained by Christian mothers.

On the other hand, take a home where none of the Christian graces can be found, where the mother's heart has never been softened by the tender finger of Christ's love, what a contrast do we find! The daughter of that home goes out into the world and becomes the vain, giddy, immodest woman who does nothing for the uplifting of mankind, but rather swells the ranks of the evil one. So likewise the boy from that home, he strives for those things which pertain to this life only, continually seeking for worldly honors, never once considering that there is a much more important work to be done, and that he was placed here to perform some part in it. Or perhaps he leads a life of idleness, and then on into the many vices which follow, and at last is received into a drunkard's grave. How extremely sad the picture! It may be all because of home influence, the lack of mother's pleading and tears, and of a father's prayer and good advice, which would have started him on the upward course in life.

How thankful we should be, we who have been placed in homes of purity and refinement, where father's and mother's counsel and upright example are continually before us, as a shining star, ever leading us onward and upward.

Was it not in the home that we were taught by a dear mother or a kind sister some simple prayer, which we would repeat in our childhood days? How much has it meant to us? By that we have formed the habit of coming before our Maker each day, and there confiding in him our every joy and sorrow. Without prayer no one can be a real Christian. One of our famous writers has beautifully said, "A good man's prayer will, from the deepest dungeon, climb heaven's height, and bring a blessing down."

We trust that we all appreciate our homes, no matter how humble that home may be, how destitute its stores; if true hearts dwell there it is still a home.

The reminiscences of youth are a trite theme, but it possesses interests which the world cannot dislodge from our hearts. They bring us memories faint as the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried, of the summer that is gone.

Heaven is the home towards which those who have

lived aright direct their steps when wearied by the toils of life. There the members of the homes on earth, separated here, will meet again, to part no more.

Lima, Ohio.

"TALKS TO YOUNG WOMEN."*

DEVELOPMENT of beginnings that are dissimilar always issues in divergence, not convergence. Any civilization that transforms or tends to transform a woman into the female duplicate of a man is a false civilization.

Woman's proper destiny is on a distinct line from that of masculinity, and she will savor less and less of masculinity according as she approaches the perfection and consummation of her being.

It is said, if a man engages in certain industries, why should not a woman? If a man preaches, and practices medicine, why should not a woman? If a man votes, why should not a woman? We are not saying that she should not, but we do say that that way of stating the case betrays an easy-going inappreciativeness of the vastness of the interests and realities involved, of which any intelligent Christian woman ought to be ashamed. There is no reasoning across from one to the other. Each of the two has its own distinctive personal dowry, and that dowry, and nothing else, is what will have to determine as to the uses to which the dowry can appropriately be put and the functions through which it can be fitly exercised.

The wholesomeness of society is simply the sanctity of the home writ large.

A home, to be perfect and entire, needs not only father and mother and children, but a dwelling-place that is fragrant with its own memories, hallowed by its own associations, and marked by its own characteristics and distinctions of style, manner, and environment, so that it shall stand utterly by itself in the child's regard, and become permanent ground from which he shall draw nutriment through all the years of his lengthening and expanding life.

They (speaking of a certain class of women) are not content to be known only in their children, and that is one great reason why their children are so little known.

*The book appearing under this title was written by Charles H. Parkhurst. It contains so many excellent thoughts that we have made a few selections for the readers of this department. The whole book should be read, however, in order to get the full force of the argument.—The Editor.

The substance of Christian living is to convert one's self into effects, and nature has indicated to woman that the particular effect into which she is to convert herself is her own nurtured boys and girls. It is a much greater thing to try to be a power than it is to try to achieve the reputation of being a power.

If women who think they could help to right things by the exercise of suffrage—and perhaps they could—will deal with the situation candidly, they will understand that, however many new and better laws their ballots might be the means of helping us to enact, the laws we have already are more and better than are enforced, and that the fault is not primarily with the laws, but with the people, that society is so badly administered, and that no ballot, even though cast by the white hand of an honorable woman, will make people better.

I am not antagonizing female suffrage, but the fact remains that women have a great many more rights than they are using, and are standing at the threshold of innumerable doors of opportunity into which they have not yet entered. The improvement of social conditions is a very serious and discouraging business. It is to be effected only by the medium of personal agency, and for that kind of ministry one woman is the equivalent of ten men.

It is a great deal easier to make people bright than it is to make them sound. Mentality is an easy art as compared with morality. There is a good deal to be said about intellectual discipline, but it is still true that the issues of life are out of the heart and not out of the brain. The brain can be taught from books, but morality is not a thing that can be printed.

I am not finding fault with children for not wanting to obey; I only say that the best lesson that parents can teach their children is to *make* them obey. Children are hired to do right and coaxed into doing as they are told to do; sometimes punished for disobedience, but coddled because the punishment hurts them. Communications made to them by personal authority they are not encouraged to regard, except as those communications are interpolated with explanations or wrapped around and disguised with downy filaments of sentiment and affection. This is no disparagement of affection, but there are personal necessities which no amount of the tenderer affectional qualities can begin to supply. Love may disguise the irksomeness of law, but it cannot abrogate law.

"SMILES are smiles only when the heart pulls the wire."

SENSE AND SCIENCE IN DIETETICS.

Foods differ greatly in their degree of digestibility, but it is a fatal mistake for the healthy man to select only those which are most easily disposed of, especially the so-called predigested foods. The digestive organs are constructed for the reception and disposition of all sorts of viands, but if they are coddled and given food which requires little labor on their part, they acquire a lazy habit, and will revolt if they are called upon to digest something out of the usual line.

Man is an omnivorous animal—whether he was originally intended to be one is outside of the question. In this practical world we have to deal with existing facts and not with theories. Savage races live, some on animal food almost exclusively, some on vegetables, fruits, and nuts, according to their environment; but civilized man turns to both the animal and the vegetable world for his nutriment, and through a long course of adaptation his digestive organs have accommodated themselves to a mixed diet—meat, vegetables, fruits, nuts, and sweets in moderation. This word is, indeed, the key-note of right eating—moderation. There is no one class of food which need be selected to the exclusion of any other (it is the normal man who is here referred to, not the invalid, who must be treated dietetically as well as medicinally), and while it is possible to live well and preserve health on a vegetarian diet, such a régime is entirely unnecessary. It is a greater tax on the digestive organs to extract the needful amount of proteids from vegetables than from meat, and, even when digested, vegetable proteid is less easily assimilated than that obtained from animal food. The cow, the pig, the sheep, the fowl, and fish are provided by nature as the converters of vegetable proteid into animal, and it is only common sense for man to leave this task to the lower orders of creation and to take his food in the form best adapted to his needs. Vegetable food is useful, for it supplies the necessary starches from which we derive energy; but we should not depend on it entirely.

It is more rational and sensible to eat meat at the principal meal of the day, and to depend upon cereals and other vegetable foods only as a means of giving variety and of supplying the starchy elements. The mixed diet which man has evolved for himself through a long process of adaptation is the one most fit for his nutritional needs. If vegetarianism, or any other fad, is a question of taste, well and good—taste is proverbially a matter on which there is no dispute, and the normal digestive organs can take care of whatever is handed to them—but it is not necessary to the physical salvation of the race, and to most of us it is repugnant and consequently injurious in the long run.

Cheerfulness at meals, savory foods, and thorough mastication before swallowing constitute the tripod upon which good digestion and nutrition rest. The kind of food and its preparation may be left to individual taste and instinct. These are guides which we may follow with implicit trust. Our part is to see that the food is well cooked, tastily served, thoroughly chewed, and taken in moderation.—*Dr. Thomas L. Stedman, in Good Housekeeping.*

HOUSEHOLD THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That Indian meal and vinegar, used on the hands when roughened by labor or cold, will heal and soften them.

That a little powdered borax will make washing look extra glossy when ironed, if thrown into the starch.

That a scraping of raw potato, laid upon a soft cloth and bound over sore eyes, will cure them.

That coarse brown wrapping paper, soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead and eyes, is good for sick headache.

That powdered borax, strewn over the places frequented by ants, cockroaches, and other vermin, will drive those pests away.

That one teaspoonful of pure sweet oil, taken three times a day after meals, will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

That hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a bad cold.

That crushed cubeb berries, smoked in a clay pipe, will cure catarrh.

That a preparation of fat-oil varnish and rectified spirits of turpentine, if applied to iron, steel, and other metal articles, will prevent them from rusting.

That the dullest scissors can be sharpened if you try to cut, as it were, a coarse sewing needle with them.

That a layer of sugar over preserves, jellies, etc., will prevent them from gathering mould.

That a pinch of salt will improve the flavor of apple sauce.

That a teaspoonful of burnt sugar will give an amber color to soups made from white meat.

That a diet of tomatoes will ward off a bilious attack.

That slices of bread toasted in the oven until a golden brown are far more wholesome than those toasted in a toaster before an open fire.

That it is true economy to begin the dinner with soup of some kind.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

That a teaspoonful of sugar added to a pancake batter will make the cakes golden brown.

That fresh meat, beginning to sour, will become sweet again, if placed out of doors over night.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine put into the boiler with white clothes will aid the whitening.

That salt fish are best and quickest freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That a glass of buttermilk taken the last thing at night will cure stomach troubles.

That a spoonful of raw cornmeal, moistened with water, taken on an empty stomach will cure constipation, if persisted in for some time.

That clear boiling water poured through tea stains will remove them.

That salt will curd new milk; hence, in preparing dishes containing milk, the salt should not be added until they are cooked.

That wetting the hair occasionally in a solution of salt will keep it from falling out.—*Vick's Magazine.*

DELIVER us also from the woman who is fussy over her shiny floor, her rugs, window curtains, and draperies—the woman to whom things are of more importance than comfort.—*Ada C. Sweet.*

For the Children

A LETTER FROM THE FARM.

Dear Mother:

I got here on Monday,
I'm having a whole lot of fun,
I rode on the hay all of one day,
I freckled all up in the sun.
There's cows and there's bees making honey,
And a calf that is awfully queer,
I help feed the pigs—they're so funny!
I wish you were here.

My appetite's "truly alarming,"
So grandmamma says. I eat some!
I help them a lot with the farming,
I guess it is lucky I come.
I get in the eggs, and I'm learning
To milk—I can milk pretty near,
And mornings I help with the churning—
I wish you were here.

Please send me my two baseball mittens,
Please send me my drum, don't forget!
The cat has five beautiful kittens,
They haven't their eyes open yet.
The weather is perfectly splendid,
The skies are so blue and so clear.
I tore my best pants, but they're mended—
I wish you were here.

I work with the man that is hired,
I go with him round everywhere.
At night I'm so dreadfully tired
I most fall asleep in my chair.
Except that I get awful dirty,
I try to be good, mother dear.
Love to all,
From your little son Bertie—
P. S. I wish you were here.

—Ethel M. Kelley.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

A LITTLE boy was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond, and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me I mustn't dare to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," replied Jim, rather softly.

"Your mother! Why, I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail our boats, and she never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul it with. I ain't afraid; you know I'm not; only she did not want me to, and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead? —*Unknown.*

WHERE THE STRAWBERRIES WENT.

"WHAT is so rare as a day in June?" sang out Daisy as she ran down the steps of the old farm-house, very early in the morning of the eleventh of June. "Mamma, you don't know how glad I am that my birthday comes in June; it is the very crown of the whole year, I think."

"Yes, you are a lucky girl," quoth Hal, "for you always have a strawberry festival on your birthday."

"And for whom are the berries to be this year," asked grandma, smiling.

"For the very nicest place, grandma! Do you know, when I was in New York, Aunt Maria took me to the Children's Hospital. It's a lovely place; but oh, how many sick children there are in it! And the lady who is in charge told me that I might send nice things to the children if I liked, and I told her I would send them on my birthday, so that they and I might be glad together. Jennie, and Hal, and Rob are going to help me pick them, and papa has given me a two-dollar and a half gold-piece instead of a birthday present, and we are going to send the money and the berries to Aunt Maria on the noon train. Then she is going to buy nice things and take them to the hospital and give the dear little children a feast. And we shall all be so happy thinking of it, shall we not, children?"

"Yes, indeed!" shouted all the children, and they ran out into the strawberry patch.

Grandma looked after them till they were all busy at work, and then turning to mamma she said, "I think our Daisy's birthday blessing will be 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"—*Selected.*



THE RURAL LIFE

THE FAR-OFF CALL.

If out beyond the city's farthest edge
  There were no roads that led through sleepy towns,
No winds to blow through any thorny hedge,
  No pathways over hazel-tufted downs,
I might not, when the day begins, be sad
Because I toil among the money-mad.

If out beyond the distant hills there lay
  No valley graced by any winding stream,
And if no slim white steeples far away
  Might mark the spots where drowsy hamlets dream,
I could perhaps at midday be content
Where striving millions at their tasks are bent.

If far away from noise and strife and care
  There were no buds to swell on waiting trees,
No mating birds to spill upon the air
  The liquid sweetness of their melodies,
I might at sunset be serene and proud
Because a few had seen me in the crowd.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

SOME TROUBLESOME INSECTS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The squash bug is a hard proposition to handle. Though we have assigned him to the squash, he does not take kindly to the limits imposed by his name, but is equally at home on pumpkins, cucumbers, watermelons, and all other of the melon tribe.

He is a sucking insect, piercing the plant to get the juices, and marches right on in defiance of doses of stomach poison.

Emulsions of kerosene and the like if made of sufficient strength will kill him and guard against the appearance of his brothers, as it kills the plants also.

The most beneficial measures are preventive. As the nights grow cool, they seek shelter beneath boards, leaves, etc. Shingles, cloths, and other small articles may be placed where they can creep under, and in the morning the bugs may be destroyed and the traps reset.

Later they will seek shelter in fences, barns, sheds, and even houses, where their presence is revealed by the peculiar, powerful and indescribable odor.

In spring watch for the first insects and their clusters of shining, golden-bronze eggs on the lower side of the leaves. Destroy them, and give the plants a chance.

The plum curculio does its work chiefly at night when with its long curved snout it makes a crescent shaped cut in the fruit in which the egg is laid.

By jarring the trees over cloths the infested fruit and many insects may be gathered, or hogs and poultry may be allowed to run under the trees.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

EDUCATING BOYS FOR AGRICULTURE.

One of the most promising signs of the times is the increased interest manifested by principals of great business enterprises, in the subject of agriculture for the farm-raised boy.

This attention from other fields of activity has given both encouragement and impulse to professional farming. There is need of this, and there are further requirements, in the way of the improvement of the system used in the modern tilling of the soil, for as our population increases, greater and stronger will be the demands upon the resources of the soil.

The wide-awake farmers are conscious of this and their sons are not blind to the future of the farm and the part it is to play in the economy of the nation.

No thoughtful young man of the farm can afford to let slip the grand opportunities which present themselves to those whose interests are centered in modern agriculture.

The old fogy idea that farming can be made a success by any one who has failed in other lines of work is no longer extant. In its stead is the growing sentiment that brains, practical skill, industry and business ability are as essential to success on the farm as they are in any other profession.

The day of simply plowing and sowing in any kind of soil, no matter what its nature or what kind of a crop is wanted, has gone by. A new day has risen for the farmer of the present. Science and enlightenment are now his strong, healthy partners and he realizes that his is the most important profession in this country.

To this profession all others must pay homage, not by choice, but of necessity, because it is the one upon which they must chiefly depend for their food and raiment.

Already capitalists and corporations are recognizing the high place now occupied by agriculture and they are hastening to ally themselves with the farmer, well knowing that his condition means either success

or failure to them in their great transactions. And as time passes, so will this importance of agriculture wax greater, and more dependent upon this calling will the great business world become.

In order to meet the coming demands upon the farm, the future farmer must prepare himself accordingly. He must prepare himself to cope with all the different phases of agricultural life and education along his peculiar line, must necessarily be broad and comprehensive, yet practical and sane. Just as the doctor or lawyer must fit himself by training in his particular school so must the prospective farmer prepare for his chosen profession in the agricultural school. The times demand it of the young farmer, and if he would get the most in enjoyment and profit from farm life, the training afforded by a good school of agriculture will certainly pave the way to success.

Coupled with a good preparation for agriculture should be the essential of good business ability. In this day and in the coming day the farmer must possess both these to insure substantial returns from his labor.

The young farmer's education should comprise a working knowledge of botany, familiarity with the physical and chemical composition of the soil and its adaptability to production of crops, practical understanding of drainage principles, the care and feeding of live stock, and a fund of general information which will enable him to deal intelligently with farm problems as they present themselves.

In fact when one faces the subject of agriculture squarely it has every earmark of a well developed science, and little wonder that it requires a good mental make up as well as a good physical equipment to make it pay.

There is no more promising field of useful activity for young men than that presented to-day by agriculture (this both literally and figuratively). Our national educators have fallen into line with the general advance of the agricultural idea, so that one sees to-day that the principal colleges and universities of our land have developed strong schools of agriculture to meet the growing demand for education towards the farm. This feature in the educational world evinces a decisive awakening to the real value of practical, professional agriculture.

The young man, on the farm, grown weary of the hard work, should consider what the present indications for the future of farming are, and what they really mean.

The best step a young farmer can take is to pursue a course in agricultural study in some well-established college or university. When he has completed his course the possibilities of farming will be real to him and he will return to the farm and operate it successfully, in the light of his increased knowledge and broadened experience.

This is the period of education towards the farm and for the farm. The lad who chooses to equip himself for the profession of agriculture will find some day that he has chosen wisely.—*H. S. Chamberlain, in Prairie Farmer.*

VALUABLE RUBBER REPAIR HINTS.

HAVING formerly been a shoemaker, and as a great many farmers find it more convenient as well as less expensive, to do their own rubber boot and felt overshoe repairing, I thought perhaps a few remarks along this line would be in season, especially in such a time of mud and wet as we have had in the past few weeks.

In half-soling rubbers a mistake is often made; first, by wearing them too long before repairing, for when the soles are worn through it is then difficult to make them waterproof; second, by using sole-leather, which is harsh and inflexible, causing the rubber to crack just back of the sole.

This may be prevented, to a great extent by making the sole tapering next the shank, and allowing the pointed sole to extend back half way on the shank. The pate of harness leather is more pliable than sole-leather, is less expensive and will usually outwear the rubber.

I believed my experience covered every line of repairing, but the other day a problem came up, the solving of which I thought was worth passing along to others.

While repairing a hog pen, I removed a board with nails in it and laid it down just back of where I was working, intending to use it again; but forgetting about the nails, I stepped backward upon one of them, which pierced my new felt overshoe, felt foot, sock and foot far enough to injure me.

Of course the shoe leaked, and it being new and the sole heavy, I did not wish to put on a sole, thinking that would make it clumsy, and so I commenced to conjure some way out of the difficulty.

I made a heavy waxed end, such as is used for sewing, put on plenty of wax, drew it into the hole made by the nail, cut it off, inside and out, when, lo! the shoe was entirely waterproof.—*F. B. George, in Farm Journal.*

THE FARMERS' CREED.

"WE believe in small farms and thorough cultivation.

"We believe that soil loves to eat, as well as its owner, and ought, therefore to be liberally fed.

"We believe in large crops, which leave the land better than they found it—making the farmer and the farm both glad at once.

"We believe in going to the bottom of things, and, therefore, in deep plowing and enough of it—all the better than the subsoil-plow."

"We believe that every farm should own a good farmer.

"We believe that the best fertilizer for any soil is a spirit of industry, enterprise, and intelligence. Without this, lime and gypsum, bones and green manure, marl and guano, will be of little use.

"We believe in good fences, good barns, good farmhouses, good stock, good orchards, and children enough to gather the fruit.

"We believe in a clean kitchen, a neat wife in it, a spinning-wheel, a clean conscience.

"We firmly disbelieve in farmers who will not improve; in farms which grow poorer every year; in starving cattle; in farmers' boys turning into clerks and merchants; in farmers ashamed of their vocation, or who drink whisky until honest people are ashamed of them."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

PROFIT IN WEEDS.

A WEED has been defined as a plant in the wrong place. This implies that there are right places for most plants, and that in such places they have a value. Secretary Wilson said recently: "I have often wondered why some of our wide-awake and resourceful farmers have not gone in for drug-plant cultivation. The United States last year bought $64,000,000 worth of drugs and dyes, and nearly every dollar's worth of this material could have been secured from plants and weeds grown in the United States. A large and promising field here has been neglected by our people."

Among the weeds grown for profit, mint and horseradish at once come to mind as cultivated crops, and belladonna, burdock, yellow dock, snakeroot, pokeroot, and mustard are some of the more common weeds that suggest themselves for their medicinal value.

In former times the kitchen-garden was generally supplied with a variety of herbs for housewives' remedies, but the home drug-store has gone with the home spinning-factory, and a field is now opened for a profitable specialization in weed-culture. A wise caution should be observed in developing any such line so that it is not overworked, as was the case, within recent years, with the culture of ginseng. Opportunity is offered, however, to make the waste places on the farm profitable through some such crops.

INDIANS AND NEGROES IN OFFICE.

THERE have been many Indians who have held highly important civil and military positions, and an even greater number of Negroes who have served creditably in similar capacities. Perhaps one of the most conspicuous of these among American Indians was the famous Tecumseh. He was born in 1768 and killed at the Battle of the Thames in 1813. Although a Shawnee, he took sides with the British and became a brigadier general in command of a mixed British-Indian force of two thousand or more.

Another Indian general who won for himself a name for bravery and shrewdness was Chief Watie of the Cherokee nation. There was a slight strain of white blood in the veins of this man, however. He was a Colonel, and afterward a Brigadier General in the Confederate army, commanding an Indian brigade of two regiments and three batteries.

Originally the Cherokees were one of the nations of the Atlantic coast, and spoke a language similar to that of the Iroquois, but were greatly retarded in civilization by being transferred to a desolate tract of country beyond the Mississippi. Yet despite their many hardships and the numerous interventions that have tended to retard their progress, they are among the most highly cultured of all the American Indians. In 1824 a Cherokee named George Guess invented for his people a complete alphabet, and with a written language their literature has had a steady growth peculiarly its own. They also print newspapers in both Cherokee and English.

The Rev. Sampson Occam, a full blooded Mohegan, was also an Indian of prominence. He was born in 1732, and died in 1792, was ordained a minister, and was the author of various writings.

Equally prominent was General Ely S. Parker, a Seneca, who was born in 1828 and educated a civil engineer. When the Civil War broke out he enlisted in the Union army, and became General Grant's secretary and an officer of his staff. Later he was promoted to Assistant Adjutant General, then to Brigadier General, and finally became Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Representative Curtis of Kansas was said to have been a quarter-blood Kansa. J. N. B. Hewitt of the Bureau of Ethnology was said to be part Tuscarora; and Dr. Eastman, a noted agency physician and worker, is three-quarters Sioux.

Mexico furnishes the most conspicuous examples of Indians who have risen to high official positions. General Hidalgo, who was spoken of in that country as the George Washington of Mexico, was said to have been an Indian of full blood. Then there was President Juarez of the same country, who was also an Indian, and President Diaz, called the "Maker of Mexico," is also of Indian blood.

Since the abolition of slavery in the United States in 1863, there have been many Negroes who have held official positions. Two have held the position of United States Senators. Twenty-two have been Representatives, two have been Registers of the Treasury, and several have been Lieutenant Governors of States. About twenty have been foreign ministers or consuls. Several have been officers in the army, and six have been recorders of deeds.

The first Negro to fill the position of United States

Senator was Hiram R. Revells of Mississippi. Strangely enough, he was elected to fill the unexpired term of Jefferson Davis, when the latter resigned to assume the position of President of the Confederacy. This Negro was a graduate of Knox College, was a Methodist minister, received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and after his retirement from public service became President of the Alcorn agricultural and mechanical college at Rodney, Mississippi.

The other Negro to become a Senator was Blanche K. Bruce, also of Mississippi. He served a full term in the Senate from 1875 to 1881, was also Register of Deeds, and later became Register of the Treasury, in which position he died in 1898.

The only other Negro to fill the position of Register of the Treasury was Judson W. Lyons, who was appointed by President McKinley.

Prominent among members of his race to serve in Congress was Joseph H. Rainey of South Carolina. He served for ten years, and was considered one of the most influential of the Representatives of his time. Jefferson Long, the only Negro whom Georgia ever sent to Congress, was a remarkably intellectual and brilliant man, as was Robert Brown Elliot of South Carolina. Elliot was graduated from Eton college, England, and was a member of the Forty-second and Forty-third Congresses from South Carolina. In 1879 at the Chicago Republican convention he nominated John Sherman for President, and when Sherman was afterward Secretary of the Treasury he made Elliot special agent of that department at Charleston, South Carolina.—*Selected.*

SONGS OF SCHOOLDAYS.

The Tragedy of Examination Day.

He didd not pass ann so he kannot go
too the neckst room with amy joans uno
butt hasst too stay in the fifth grade wile shee
goes on ahedd a room whare she will be
a favverit with awl the boys, ann wenn
he getts up thare she will be gone agenn.
ann hennry beamus sedd it only shoze
how wun fals stepp leeds up too awl owr wooze
ann he kann neavur be in hur saim klass
in awl his life becaws he didd not pass.

hee didd not think befoar uv wott it mennt
if he shood fale but now his hedd is bennt
becaws he noze heel hafftoo sitt awl day
in skool an no that she is gone away
foreavurmoar, purhapps heel hafftoo look
at sum redhedded gurl hoo kame ann took
the seet she yoostoo have ann it will be
onley a sorce uv hollow mockery
ann wile his eyes with bittur teers awl blurr
the sixth grade boys are passen noats to her.

he looks intoo the bigg geogafee
ware amy rote hur naim on the dedd sea
a yeer-ago ann then he thinks uv how
his dreem uv happinness is over now.
ann hennry beamus sedd his broaken hart
frum loozen hur ann beein toarn apart
shood be a sollum lessun too uss awl
too doo owr verry besst for feer we fawl
a vicktum ann doant pass ann awl owr yeers
bee filled with vane regrets ann bittur teers.

The Blessedness of Appetite.

Wenn u kann ete twelve griddul kakes ann go
rite owt ann play itt onley goze to sho
a millyunair is not so mutch fore he
kann onley ete dri toste ann sum week tee
ur suffer turble panes, butt u kann ete
awl kinds uv stuff ann pi is sutch a trete
u neavur geet enuf ann donuts too
but millyunairs with nuthen else too doo
but ete have gott no stummicks ann thay si
too be a boy agen ann ete mince pi.

ann hennry beamus sedd heed sooner be
a boy ann have ann appetight like he
has alwus gott than be a millyunair
withowt good teeth ann hafftoo ware fals hare
ann neavur look at sossidge ur iskream
the lives uv ritch men are not wott they seme.
ann menny ritch men riden on the seet
uv a bigg otto do not dare too ete
ann thade be glad to trade thare welth ann get
a stummick sossidges wood not upsett.

ann hennry sedd thare is no hewman joy
uz grate uz to have stummicks like a boy
ann wenn we yurn fore munney we shood think
how millyunairs kan onley ete ann drink
the stuff the dockter letts um ann the besst
they dassent ete becaws thay indigesst
thare food so mutch, witch onley goze to sho
we doo not no wotts besst fore use uno
ann things we offen think wood maik us glad
wood onley maik us sorry iff we hadd.

The Blessedness of Peacemakers.

She laffs and joaks uz iff she didunt kare
fore me at awl an iff she goze owt ware
she nose i am she trize to ackt us tho
sheed neavur eaven hurd uv me uno.
but o hur laff is hollo uz a shell
ann awl the time she luvs me jusst uz wel
uz in the olden daze uv longguggo
but she is prowd ann wil not tel me so
an nawl the owrs that shood be brite ann gay
fore uss are sadd becaws itts woomens way.

o foolish pride witch like a too tite shoo
u ware ann no itts mutch too small fore u
ann gives u korns ann yett u will not taik
itt off altho ure very hart shood brake.
iff shee wood onley kum to me ann say
foargive me deer ime sorry for the way
ive treeted u i wood foargive her then
ann be hur loil faithful slaiv agenn
ann let the passt be dedd ann wood foargett
awl she has dun becaws i luv hur yett.

ann hennry beamus sedd i otto go
rite up to hur sumtime ann tell hur so
ann hennry sedd itts onley woomens way
to laff uz tho hur hart was lite ann gay
but awl the time itts only foolish pride
to kuver up hur aken hart inside.
ann hennry sedd iff i wood give him leef
heed go to hur ann tell hur uv mi greef
ann how ime bowd beneeth mi turble woze
ann sheed be gladd to kum haff way he noze.

—J. W. Foley.

NEFF'S CORNER

You've heard of folks that would keep on talking after there was no more to say, haven't you? Well, I'm not one of them, though you may think so if you keep watching this corner a few weeks. No; there is much to say but I may stammer a little now for a while before I get the best thing said. The house and lot proposition for Lake Arthur is practically as heretofore announced. The hay proposition is open, as outlined here two weeks ago. I'm finishing the last house ordered before I called in the house and lot offer. I may build two or three more houses right soon for friends who had bought lots previously. In the meantime I am prospecting. This great Southwest has many good things to offer the settler or investor. I can't tell you all about all of them all at once. So I am waiting a little to give myself time to investigate fully, when I expect to tell you the best there is to tell. I am planning to look around some during the next few weeks and may find a site for another missionary center which we can work to advantage along with these already established.

I'd just be still and drop out of my corner entirely till my plans for the coming fall and winter are all matured, and then talk, but if I'd do that you'd wonder in the meantime what had become of me. Then, too, you'd abandon the habit of looking every week for Neff's Corner, and I don't want you to do that. You are still invited to drop in and spend two or three minutes with us each week, and if you are too tired after plowing corn all day to sit down and write out what you have in mind, have one of the big girls write for you. Sue very likely has some other name and address in mind, but tell her to be sure and address the letter she writes for you to

JAMES M. NEFF,
Lake Arthur, New Mexico.



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Do you know of any more honorable profession for man to follow? Again do you know of any other profession where there are so few workers, and they so poorly distributed? Remember that I am not working for any one particular point. If you know of a place where a colony would do well write me about it. I am continually on the watch for good openings; just recently I received an invitation to locate a colony of our Brethren in Benton county, Wash., where 32,000 acres, under irrigation, are being put on the market, at from $100.00 to $400.00 per acre. The company agrees to set aside a certain number of acres for our people and their friends. A new town is being started. Also here at Wenatchee a new town has been plotted, East Wenatchee. Here will be needed men of every profession. Write me, I own town site property in East Wenatchee, and in the near future business opportunities of every kind will be open. If you have not had a copy of The Land Man, be sure and write for it. It is published monthly and is mailed free to any who are interested.

In it I will give items that will interest you if you are thinking of changing your location. You will do well by coming West.

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THE RAGGEDY MAN.

O The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
  Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shook a' apple down fer me—
An' nother'n, too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' nother'n, too, fer The Raggedy Man.—
  Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgicum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er' 'Lizabuth Ann!
  Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man!
    Raggedy! Raggedy, Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he
Was makin' a little bow-'n-orry fer me,
Says, "When you're big like your Pa is,
Air you go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what air you go' to be, goodness knows!"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
  I'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
    Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

GRANNY'S COME TO OUR HOUSE.

Granny's come to our house!
  An' ho! my lawsy-daisy!
All the children 'round the place
  Is ist a'runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
  An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
An' fetched a pear fer all the pack
  'At runs to kiss their Granny!

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
  An' Wade, an' Silas Walker,
Both's a'ridin' on her foot,
  An' 'Pollo's on the rocker;
An' Marthy's twins, from Aunt Marinn's,
  An' little Orphant Annie,
All's a'eatin' gingerbread,
  An' giggl-un at Granny!

Tells us all the fairy tales
  Ever thought er wondered—
An' 'bundance o' other stories—
  Bet she knows a hundred!
Bob's the one, fer "Whittington,"
  An' "Golden Locks" fer Fanny!
Hear 'em laugh an' clap their hands
  Listenin' at Granny!

"Jack the Giant-Killer" is good—
  An' "Bean Stalk" 's another—
So's the one of "Cinderell'"
  An' her ol' godmother—
That-un's best of all the rest—
  Bestest one of any—
Where the mices scampers home
  Like we runs to Granny!

Granny's come to our house!
  Ho! my lawsy-daisy!
All the children 'round the place
  Is ist a-runnin' crazy!
Fetched a cake fer little Jake,
  An' fetched a pie fer Nanny,
An' fetched a pear fer all the pack
  'At runs to kiss their Granny!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.

I know as my life grows older,
  And mine eyes have clearer sight
That under each rank wrong somewhere,
  There lies the root of right.
That each sorrow has its purpose,
  By the sorrowing oft unguessed
But as sure as the sun brings morning.
  Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
  As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished
  Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
  Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
  But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors,
  In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together,
  For the final good of man;
And I know when my soul speeds onward
  In its eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
  Whatever is—is best.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE BROOK.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
  I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
  To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
  Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
  And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
  In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
  And babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
  By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
  With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
  With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
  And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
  Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery water-break
  Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
  I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
  That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
  Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
  Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars,
  In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars,
  I loiter round my cresses;

And out again, I curve and flow
  To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

—Tennyson.

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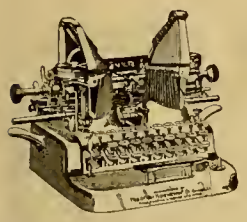
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